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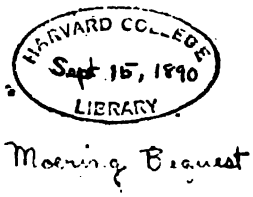

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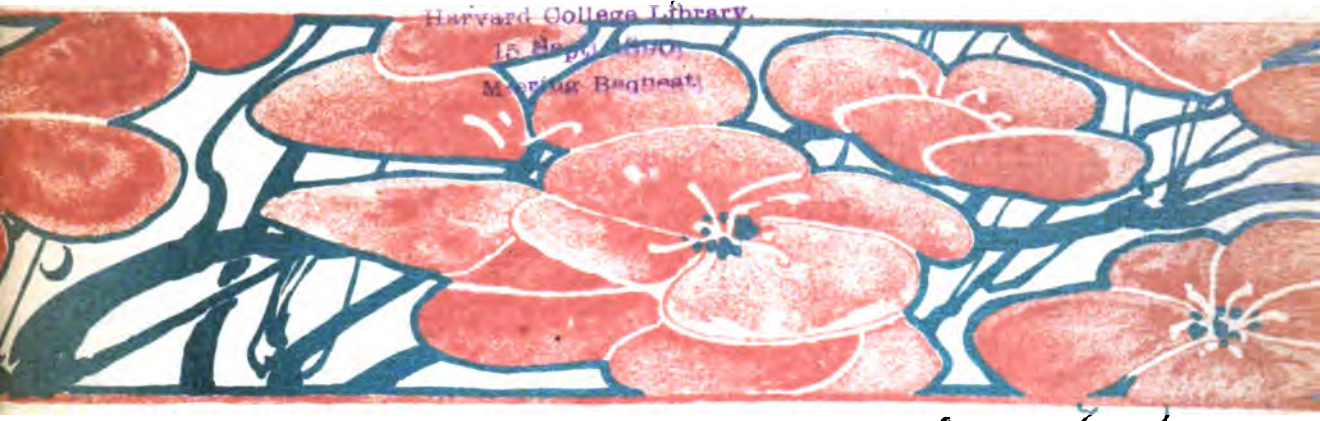

WIDE AWAKE

AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE

EDITORS ·
CHARLES·STVART·PRATT·
ELLA·FARMAN·PRATT·

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THE WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE.

EAST MACHIAS, Me.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am a little girl thirteen years old, and live in the eastern part of Maine, within three miles of the seashore. I would like to tell you about some very curious rocks around this place. Nearly six miles from us, so near the sea that they are completely covered at high-tide, are what are called "Pictured Rocks." They are flat rocks covered with pictures which look as if they had been drawn with some sharp instrument. There are pictures of deer, dogs, horses and some picture-writing. It is very interesting to try to puzzle out the different figures. They are supposed to have been made by the early inhabitants of this country, but are fast being defaced by the action of the waves.

Twelve miles away are what are called the "Painted Rocks," which are cliffs formed of shell-rock. They are green, red and yellow, and look very handsome. These shell-rocks, when they were soft, got mixed with small shells and hardened. The forms of the shells can be traced very plainly. In summer we make excursions to these and many other pleasant places.

Here is a conundrum that perhaps you may think worth publishing. The answer is a word of five syllables. The first two syllables are what Gladstone likes; the last two, are what Gladstone hates. The whole, pronounced slowly, is what Gladstone would like to do; the whole, pronounced fast, is where some people would like to have Gladstone go. MABEL A. HARRIS.

BETHLEHEM, Pa.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

The following verse is my own composition, and I would be very glad if you would print it, though it is perhaps very foolish;

A little old lady in Kent,
Had in every dress a big rent;
"O! I ne'er can go out,"
She said with a pout,
"Until all these big holes I can rout."

If you print this, please do so under the name of
LINNET LANE.

SAN MATEO, Fla.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I cannot tell you how pleased I was to see my letter in print last October. My object in writing this time is to tell you of the place, and a fair that was held here for the church last week; there were two large fancy tables, one apron table, one candy table and a supper room. It was held in the evening. There were a great many different kinds of aprons; some were muslin trimmed with embroidery and ribbons, others were gingham and house aprons, but the most interesting of all were for orange-pickers with a large pocket for the oranges and a smaller one for the scissors. The candy was delicious, made by a young lady of the congregation. Everything was very pretty, and it was very successful.

This is one of the prettiest places I have ever seen, covered with large numbers of pine forests and orange groves — but, oh! how the latter have changed within the last two weeks; once laden with oranges and now covered with blossoms. Last night it was extremely cold, and this morning it is unpleasantly so; we were afraid the trees would be frozen, but the wind saved them. Some of the ladies make baskets with Florida wire-grass, used when partially dry — I will learn how next week. Not long ago I saw a quantity of little alligators for sale — seventy-five cents and a dollar apiece; they were six or seven inches long, and had eyes like a cat when the pupils are like slits going straight up and down. LOUISE HALL.

NICOLLET, Minn.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am going to tell you how to blow soap-bubbles. I have blown them eight inches through, and they are very bright when the light shines on them right.

The suds must be made of soft water, and must be very strong. I do not use a pipe, but have a corn-cob whittled smooth on the outside, and it should be about three inches long. The cob must have the pith whittled out. The hole where you blow through should be about half an inch through, and the other end should be an inch through. I have used a pipe and it is not near so good, for the bubbles are not as large. If dropped on a piece of flannel they will bound and then settle down and stay a short time.

My father takes the WIDE AWAKE and we like it very much. I am going to watch and see if my letter is published. I think that "Those Cousins of Mabel's" is a very nice story. RUTH F. DRAKE.

WESTFORD, Vt.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

Last December I wrote to you saying I would like to correspond with some girls of my age. Soon after I received a great many very nice letters from girls and boys in all parts of the country — from Maine to California and from New York to Louisiana. I would gladly have corresponded with them all, but it was impossible. I should have had time for nothing else. So I selected four or five of those nearest my age and whose letters came first, and am enjoying a pleasant correspondence with them.

I would say to the others who may read this letter, that

I thank them for writing, and hope they will pardon me for not answering their letters.

I enjoy the WIDE AWAKE very much, and think it is even better than last year.

We have had a long cold winter and the snow is now quite deep, but in a few weeks it will have disappeared, and the farmers will be busily engaged in making maple sugar. I wish all the readers of the WIDE AWAKE could know how nice it is to eat maple sugar waxed on snow.

WINNIE E. BATES.

WAHPETON, Da.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have never seen a letter from Dakota, so I thought I would write one. A kind aunt sent you to us for four years and we have subscribed for the fifth. I like all the stories in WIDE AWAKE, especially "A Midshipman at Large" and "The Crew of the Casabianca."

We live on a four hundred and eighty acre farm, twelve miles and a half from Wahpeton; sometimes in winter we do not get any mail for more than a week; once we did not get any for a month, and there was about half a bushel of it.

There are a great many large farms here; there is one near us which contains over six sections, and another a great deal larger with over two hundred head of horses and mules. All of these farms are wheat farms of course, and there are seven elevators within a radius of ten miles of us.

I have a small collection of minerals, stones and shells. I should like to make exchanges with the readers of WIDE AWAKE. I have Indian arrow-heads, flint, stones and some stones or crystals of curious formation that we find in the yellow clay — they look like pieces of glass — and some of lime which are also found in the yellow clay, and take all sorts of shapes.

I will take in exchange all minerals except lead and copper, and all sea-shells except scallops, razor shells and gold and silver shells.

I should like to obtain an alligator's tooth, and I have some buffaloes' teeth which I will exchange if any one would like them.

R. D. CRAWFORD.

N. ATTLEBOROUGH, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

We saw in the Post-Office that Josie would like to correspond with us. She asked us to give our addresses which are: Molly W. Keyes, N. Attleboro', Mass., and Alice A. Blackinton, N. Attleboro', Mass.

We are both collecting stamps; Molly has one hundred and forty-nine, and Alice one hundred and eighty.

We are getting up the play of "Cinderella" for our dolls; Molly's is Prince, one of Alice's Queen, and another, Fairy Godmother, a cousin's doll is Cinderella. Her ball dress is pink silk and white tarlatan with tinsel, but her wedding-dress is going to be all white. The Prince's costume is black velvet and cream-colored silk. The Queen's dress is red plush and imitation ermine, and the Godmother's is pink and white tarlatan. We shall have it as soon as the costumes are finished; the scenes are painted. We have albums with furniture appropriate for different rooms pasted in them; we call these paper doll-houses. We have families cut from fashion plates, to live in these houses, and it is great fun to play with them.

We hope to hear from Josie soon, and will answer promptly.

MOLLY and ALICE.

PLANTERSVILLE, Tex.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am a little girl eight years old and take BABYLAND and LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, and my sister takes you. She says she likes you very much. In my State cotton and corn grow.

FANNIE BAKER.

GREEN BAY, Wis.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you for some time, but never have written you as I have often intended. The continued stories this year I think are very nice. I am deeply interested in the trials and hardships of Phyllis and Wilhelmina in fashionable society.

I am not going to school at present, but am studying at home in order to enter a higher grade next year, which will be the second class in the High School. Three summers ago I took a very pleasant trip and visited many interesting cities; among them was Boston, but while there I did not visit the WIDE AWAKE publishing rooms — a pleasure which I lost on account of the shortness of our stay there.

I should very much like to correspond with some WIDE AWAKE reader from thirteen to fifteen years of age.

CARRIE E. THOMAS.

PARIS, France.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

While reading "A Stray Shot" in your March number, I happened to glance up at the author's name and saw it was Hartwell Moore. The name seemed very familiar to me. A few minutes after in looking through the "letter box" I saw the few lines from M. E. M. D., it suddenly flashed upon me that that was Mrs. M. E. M. Davis who wrote the "In War-Times at La Rose Blanche" stories, which I enjoyed so much, and that Hartwell Moore was her "brother Hart." I don't know why, but when I saw through it, it sent a thrill of pleasure through me.

I am a Southerner myself, and so, naturally, I am always very much interested in the Southern stories, especially in dear Mrs. Davis' charming ones.

Mrs. Davis makes one feel that her people are not story-book people, but real ones, and that her tale is a real tale. One gets to know her heroes and heroines as one does their friends.

EDNA H. ANNIS.

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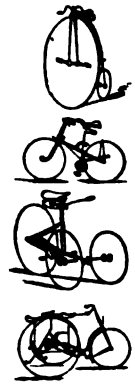

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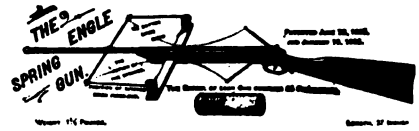
THE LEADING "ENGLISH SPARROW" GUN.



Shoots 500 feet. 228 shots for 10 cents. A Hazleton Boy of 12 killed 28 ENGLISH SPARROWS in one day. Boys of New York get 2 cts. for every sparrow killed. Descriptive Circulars on receipt of 2-cent stamp. One Gun and 125 Projectiles by Registered Mail for $1.75. By Express, securely boxed, charges paid, for $2.00. Mention this Paper.

ENGLE SPRING GUN CO., Hazleton, Pa.

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The Story of New York

By Elbridge S. Brooks would seem naturally to start the series because in a distinctive American sense the Empire State has led the rest. Mr. Brooks has already shown his skill in historical writing, but this volume is almost in the line of a new departure. His "New York" is the story of a typical Knickerbocker family, descendants of one of those Dutch emigrants of Stuyvesant's day who came to New Amsterdam to "grow up with the country" and who has lived on, in sons and grandsons, until the days of 1888. Upon a background of historic facts is thus thrown a photograph of the people who made the Empire State and whose story is its story.

The Story of Ohio

By Alexander Black, sketches the rise and progress of the Buckeye State in so graphic and entertaining a manner that one loses, in the picturesque details, all the burden of a prosaic historical element. Absorbed in the stirring records of Indian warfare, pioneering endeavors, and all the later episodes of a State's development the reader, wherever his home and whatever his local prejudices, learns a new respect for the founders, the up-builders and the defenders of that great Western Commonwealth which is this year celebrating its first centennial.

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12-foot jointed rod, brass tips and ferrules, bob, sinkers, 36-foot line, dozen assorted hooks, pickerel trolling-hook, ganged hooks with hair or gut snell, flies and bait-box. Every lad who delights in fishing will consider this outfit a decided acquisition. Every part is good and substantial. Price $1.10; postage 20 cents.

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These footballs are make of heavy canvass coated with rubber and are very stout. Blown up with a key. Prices: 6 inch, $1; 9 inch, $1.50. Postage 10 cents.

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Length 35 inches. The rubber cord is adjustable to the strength of the user. Powerful; but all such toy guns may be looked on as dangerous, or otherwise, according to the care used in handling them. Price 50 cents.

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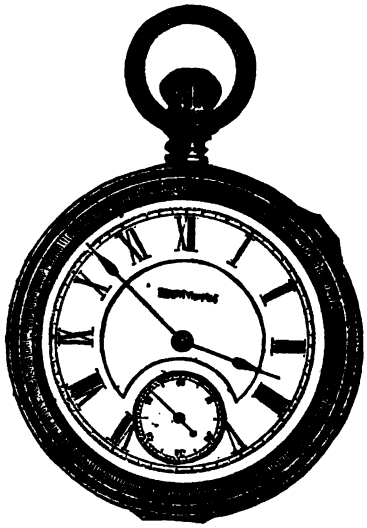
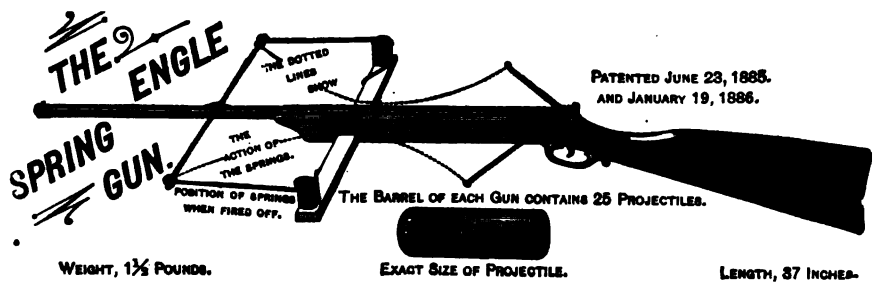


By "best watch" we do not mean the highest priced; but we do mean the best for a moderate price. Unquestionably the Seth Thomas Watch, which we are enabled to give for $10, (argentine case), or $15 (2 oz. solid silver case), is the best American-make watch in the market. One of these watches, selected at random and carried continually, has been compared with a $75 gold Waltham watch and has kept equally good time. All may not do this; but there are none but what are superior in every way to foreign watches costing twice or three times as much, both in movement, and time-keeping qualities. We buy the movement separate. There is no established price as we send it out. But we are giving it for the smallest amount of subscription money that we possibly can.

The Seth Thomas Watch is open-face, has seven jewels, is stem-winder and stem-setter. The argentine case is a substitute for silver, substantial, keeps its silver look. The argentine case is plain, the silver is chased. The movement is the same in both argentine and silver case.

Every watch is carefully adjusted before leaving the makers, and is run by us for at least twenty-four hours before we send it out. If it falls below the standard in any respect we do not send it. But we cannot guarantee any watch *after leaving our hands*, for we cannot know the care it will receive. Neither can we assume responsibility for possible damage received in the mail. We pack carefully and register every watch. Our responsibility ceases then. A neat, plain, nickeled chain is sent with each watch. The watch is made only in gentleman's size. For $10 or $15 in new subscriptions, according to case. The postage and packing is 20 cents cash additional.

The Engle Spring Gun.

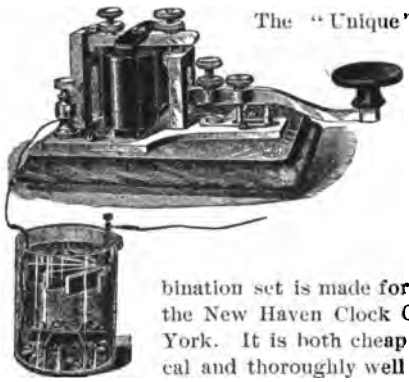


The Engle Spring Gun, and 125 projectiles. Given for $2.00 in new subscriptions; sent postage paid.

This gun is 37 inches long, and more nearly resembles a real gun than any other toy gun we have used as a premium. The barrel is hollow, made of steel. The projectile is forced through this barrel with great force by the action of the spring. The spring fixture is easily removed and the gun is then ready for drilling purposes.

This gun is dangerous in the hands of a careless person, as is a bow and arrow, or any gun throwing darts or slugs. The slugs are made of wood, tipped with a blunt-pointed piece of lead. 125 slugs accompany each gun. Price of gun and projectiles, $1.25. Postage 40 cents.

Price of extra slugs (100 in a bag) per bag, 15 cents; given for 25 cents in new subscriptions. Postage 8 cents. No. 2 buckshot will answer as ammunition.



The "Unique" Telegraph Outfit. Given for new subscriptions amounting to $5.00.

This simple and neat combination set is made for our use by the New Haven Clock Co., of New York. It is both cheap and practical and thoroughly well made. Designed for use of learners, it is no toy, but may be used on private lines from a few feet to several miles in length.

We give one outfit for $5.00 in subscriptions; but two outfits of course are needed if two persons wish to both send and receive messages. The two cells will operate a line not exceeding 100 feet in length; an extra cell should be added for every 1200 feet. Full instructions, alphabet, etc., accompany each outfit. Price $3.75.

The Outfit must be sent by express at receiver's expense.

We will furnish extra cells, parts of cells and extra wire either for cash or on most favorable subscription terms.

Kindergarten Drafting Outfit. Given for 75 cents in new subscriptions. Postage 7 cents.

With this fascinating outfit the children can make garments for their dolls, just as the dressmaker cuts and makes garments. It teaches children while playing to draft, trace and join correctly. Play and instruction combined. We have had the outfit tested and know that it is really practical. The patterns provide for two sizes; but by cutting others smaller or larger, various sizes of garments may be made to fit different dolls. Most children of six to eight years can understand the plain instructions, and girls of twelve to fourteen will thoroughly enjoy the outfit. Price 50 cents. Postage 7 cents.

Nickeled Collapsing Cup in a watch-case. Given for 60 cents in new subscriptions. Very handy when on excursions, camping out, etc. May be carried in the vest-pocket. Price 50 cents. Postage 7 cents.

Victor Electric Bell Outfit. Given for $3.50 in new subscriptions. Sent by express.

It is our aim to frequently place before our readers articles that are of value to all the household — the older folks as well as the children — and thereby enable every family to possess many choice things at little, if any expense.

The Victor Electric Bell outfit is such an article. A luxury to many, yet it is a most useful servant. The entire outfit is easily put up or changed about as occasion may require. In connection with a sick room, chamber, etc., this outfit will prove of inestimable value. It saves many steps.

The Victor Electric Bell Outfit complete consists of a Leclanché Battery; 2½ inch Victor Bell, nickel plated, with black walnut base and box; one button; paper of tacks for putting up wire; 70 feet of insulated wire. Everything in this outfit is first class. It will be given for new subscriptions amounting to $3.50. Price $2.75. Sent by express at receiver's expense. The charges will usually be small.

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Door Spring or Window Spring; either given for 35 cents in new subscriptions. The door (or window) cannot be opened without causing the bell to ring. A valuable burglar alarm. Price 25 cents each.

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Extra push buttons; one given for 25 cents in new subscriptions; price 20 cents each.

Any or all of these attachments may be connected with this one bell outfit.

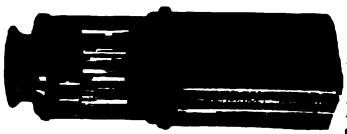
Nothing poisonous is used in the battery and there is no danger whatever. Sal Ammoniac (price 10 cents a bag postpaid) and water only are used. The supply sent with the outfit will last a long time.

Two outfits will make a good telegraphic set for the young folks — for a short line only, of course. The regular code of signals can be used — the short ring of the bell answering to the dot, the longer ring to the dash.

Britannia Collapsing Cup in a tin box. Given for 25 cents in new subscriptions. Postage 7 cents.

Holds somewhat more than the watch-case cup, though not so compact. Price 20 cents. Postage 7 cents.

Microscope No. 45. Given for 75 cents in new subscriptions. One of the most popular forms of simple microscopes. Adjustable as to focus. Price 60 cents. Postage 4 cents.



Seed microscope No. 42½. Given for $1.00 in new subscriptions. Postage 4 cents. The brass cylinder forms a case for protection of the glass when carried and also acts as a stand when in use. Price 85 cents. Postage 4 cents.

Handy Microscope, Given for 60 cents in new subscriptions.

The central tube is a case to hold the lenses seen at either end. One lens is of high power, used only for

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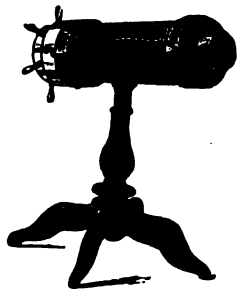
Pocket Magnifying Glass. Three lenses, horn case. Given for $1.10 in new subscriptions. Each lens of a different power. The three combined make a powerful microscope. Price 90 cents.



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The burr cuts the pulp, dislodges the juice and saves it all without squeezing the bitter oil of lemon out of the rind. No seeds, no waste, no spattering. Price 35 cents.

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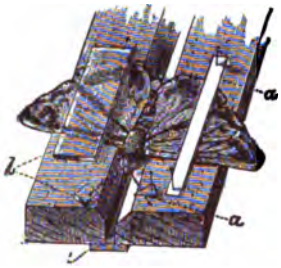

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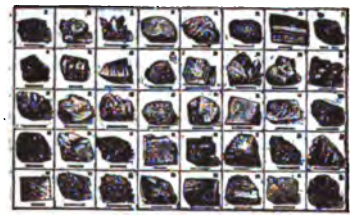
Hints about camping out and life in the woods.



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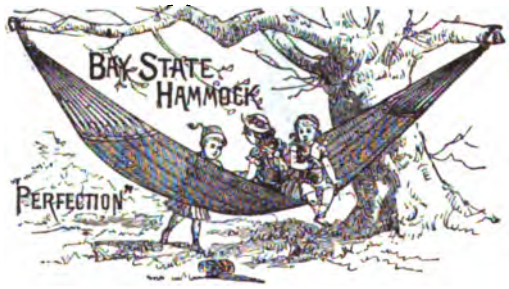

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Spy-glass No. 75. Given for $3.25 in new subscriptions. Postage 12 cents.

When fully drawn out the glass is 15 inches long; 6 inches when closed. Magnifies 13 times. Price $2.50; postage 12 cents.

Spy-glass No. 76. Given for $4.25 in new subscriptions. Postage 13 cents.

A size larger than No. 75, and magnifies 16 times. One size is as well made as another, the only difference being in the magnifying power. Price $3.50 postage 13 cents.

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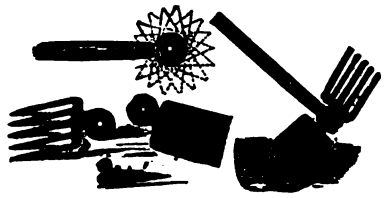
This glass is very powerful (magnifying about 25 times—that is, diameters). 30 inches long, drawn out, 10 inches when closed. The object glass is 1 5-8 in. in diameter. An object half a mile distant will appear to be about ten rods away with this glass. Price $7.00; postage 50 cents. Or by express.



Universal Garden-tool. Given for $1 25 in new subscriptions. Postage 35 cents—express may be less.

Many good tools in one: the hoe is also a spade, shovel, scraper and ice-cutter; the rake is also a fork and hook—there may be other uses. The dotted lines shows the positions of both on the handle. Price $1. Postage 35 cents.

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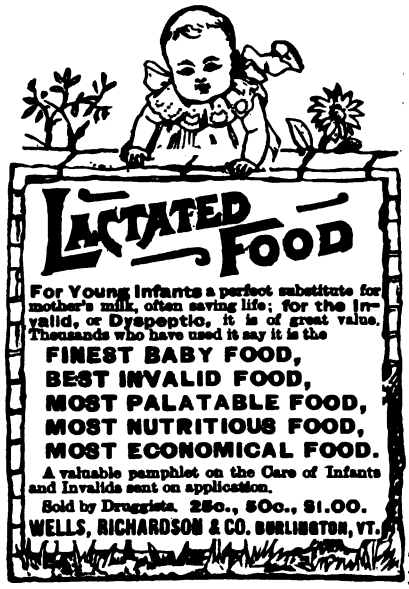

1888 — BABIES — 1888

To the mother of any baby born this year we will send on application a Cabinet Photo. of the "Sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country." It is a beautiful picture, and will do any mother's heart good. It shows the good effects of using **Lactated Food** as a substitute for mother's milk. Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth.

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The "Best" Tonic

Concentrated Extract of Malt and Hops. OF PRICELESS VALUE to Nursing Mothers. It aids Digestion, Strengthens the System, Restores sound Sleep and is an excellent substitute for Solid Food. It is recommended by eminent physicians and for sale by all Druggists. Superior to any imported article. Manufactured by Specialty Dept.: PH: BEST BREWING CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

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ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS.

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A Special Preparation for ye Complexion.

AS uſed and recommended bye *Miſtreſs Adelina Patti, Miſtreſs Lillie Langtry, and* othere beauteous Ladyes. Ye Soape is marvellous for improving ye Complexyon, and for keepynge ye handes inne nice ordere. Ye Proprietors of PEARS' SOAP are ye makers bye Royal Warraunt to ye **Prince of Wales.**

☞ Ye faire maidens and matrons, and goodlie youths and menne of America will truly find that ye wonderful virtues of PEARS' Soap, which all ye druggiſts ſell, have not been over-rated.

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POLO.

WIDE AWAKE.

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EURANIA'S BOYS AND HOW THEY KEPT HOUSE.

Margaret Sidney

A BOY from the Western Union office stumbled up the steps to 536 Poplar Avenue. "Tel'gram," he announced laconically to the maid who opened the door, extending a dingy yellow envelope.

"Hey?" Norah had recently said good-by to County Cork, to coin money in the New World. But she had been warned against pedlers, so she said pertly, "Go 'way; we don't want nothin'."

"Go along with *you*," said the boy, grinning at the stupid face under the cap. "Take it in; it's for Mrs. Eu — Eu — bother! something Stebbins. Hurry up now, give her this to sign."

Having disposed of his two papers, the district messenger was free to thrust both hands in his pockets and pound his heels on the vestibule floor.

Mrs. Eurania Stebbins was sitting down to cut out her spring stock of underclothing. The cloth had been sent up the day before, and ever since, she had been longing like a general sure of success, to rush into the fray. She was now clashing her freshly-sharpened shears, and only pausing to call out to her two boys bustling around in the next room, "Hurry, boys, you will be late for school," now seated herself at her work-table and began.

At the first exhilarating snip of the shears, in came Norah with the telegram. Mrs. Stebbins threw down her implements and tore open with trembling fingers, the yellow envelope.

"Come at once. Aunt Betty is sick."

The fateful paper fluttered into Mrs. Stebbins' lap.

"O dear, dear!" she cried like a woman, immediately in a spasm of sympathy with no thought of disobeying the summons, "if Charlotte were only home!"

"But Charlotte isn't," said Chris cheerfully. "I'm so glad." Both boys had immediately run out into the sewing-room on the exclamation that proclaimed the advent of the telegram, and now hung over the cutting-table, in various

attitudes of interest, while they endeavored to possess themselves of the news.

"Aunt Betty sick!" cried Julian the younger who was the quickest this time, and waving the message high in the air. "Oh! take me, ma, do."

"He says sign it," interrupted Norah, in the babel, and holding out the other paper.

"Oh, so I must," said Mrs. Stebbins in a flurry. "Do stop, boys, I can't hear myself think. Here, I'll write an answer. Get my pocket-book out of the upper drawer, Chris. Fanny will be worried to death till she knows for a certainty that I'm coming."

"I'm going down to give the message to the boy and pay him," announced Chris marching back with the pocket-book, which he had opened, and spilling pennies all the way.

"No, you go straight to school," said his mother, with a flushed face. "You'll be late as 'tis now. There, each give me a kiss; good-by. I shall take the twelve o'clock train. Now be good boys and mind every single word your father says. I wish Charlotte was home," she repeated again anxiously as the two pairs of arms released her collar.

"It's gay that Aunt Betty wasn't sick till to-day," said Julian, flinging down the telegram, and rushing for his school-bag, "else Charlotte wouldn't have gone yesterday afternoon. Then we'd have been under her thumb."

"I shall go around first to your father's office, and give him special directions about you, on my way to the train," said their mother, rapidly writing and counting her words. "*I will go to Portland on the noon train*"—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine words—there! Mr. Stebbins says I never say anything in ten words. I'm sure I've done it now, and in nine."

"Ding—*ding!*" pealed up over the staircase.

"Sure and that bye'll break the bell!" cried Norah with a County-of-Cork jump.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Stebbins, fishing out a quarter of a dollar from the pocket-book, "those boys never can wait a minute. Hurry, Norah, before he rings again," thrusting into the girl's hand the message, the receipt and the money, the last of which jingled out of Norah's stiff fist at the top of the stairs. Mrs. Stebbins could hear it roll, thumping each step to drop on the hall floor below, so she ran out and called over the balustrade, "Never mind, Norah; do stop prowling around. Come get another quarter. You can find that afterward."

Chris and Julian nudged each other, and made a mental note of the incident.

"Good-by, mother," they shouted, cramming on their caps, and flying down-stairs. "We'll be good," and went off with the messenger boy with whom, as there was no one else to talk "base-ball," they engaged in a lively discussion till the corner was reached.

Mrs. Stebbins, giving Norah directions to put away the cotton cloth with the patterns and shears, beside packing her bag, had very little time to spare after an interview with the cook, and the hasty planning of meals for at least two days, especially as that presiding genius of the lower regions had one of her off-days as regarded temper.

"Going off, is it?" she cried, throwing the knives, handles and all, into the dish-pan.

Mrs. Stebbins pretended not to see this, and looked at the clock. "Yes, my aunt is very sick. I must catch the twelve o'clock train. Remember, Ann, to give them a good breakfast to-morrow morning. Make a ham omelette and let the boys have cocoa. And you'll have to look out for Norah, of course."

"Humph!" grunted Ann, determining to do just as she pleased about that, as well as the other things.

"And tell Peter to be careful about washing the windows, he must take more pains than yesterday, and ask Mr. Stebbins about everything. I'm going to stop at his office on my way to the train, so he will be home early this afternoon. Good-by. There's the car. I shall come back day after to-morrow probably."

The conductor when she asked him the time, told her twenty-five minutes to twelve, and as she pulled out her own watch triumphantly pointing with a, "It can't be—mine's quarter past eleven," said, "What did you ask me for, if you knew, then?" and she had the double satisfaction of seeing everybody in the car smile, while all hopes of stopping for a word at her husband's office, were at once demolished.

"If I hadn't sent the telegram I'd take this train," she lamented to herself, while nervously

hunting a nickel to satisfy the irate conductor who stood before her, impatiently shaking his fingers. "I would wait till four o'clock, but Fanny'll get into a nervous fit like as not if I'm not at the depot, and" — down fell the nickel in the straw.

The conductor pushed the mass with his big foot. "I'm not going to hunt for that; you'll have to give me another."

"I see it," volunteered a kind-hearted passenger who being very near-sighted, now squinted frightfully at the straw. Thereupon all the others not to be outdone in such disinterested benevolence bent over and peered industriously for the missing nickel, which with depravity usual in such a case, cunningly rolled deeper yet in the twisting straws.

The conductor pulled the strap, and flew to the plaform to help on a fat woman; when he returned, the poking-over process was at its height, intense sympathy depicted on each of the faces bent over the straw.

"Hurry up and hand over another nickel," he demanded crossly. "Gracious! if that ain't meanness for you!" he added with a gratuitous thrust at the passenger who had offended him.

"I'm sure I don't want to be mean," said Mrs. Stebbins, her face now of a lively red; "they said they just saw it. Here, I'll give you another," trying to find the back breadth of her dress for her pocket-book again.

"Just saw it!" repeated the conductor, ready to enjoy his privilege of conversation where no well-behaved person ought to answer back. "Yes, you might see it till doomsday, and never set your thumb on it. Come!"

His large red palm being the most prominent thing before Mrs. Stebbins' eyes, she sat thereon a fresh nickel, and clutching her bag, sat quite erect, her mind having nothing now to worry over, but fear that she would not catch her train.

But she did, after running down every one in her way, who heaved a sigh of relief when they saw her fairly aboard.

Just at this time Mr. Stebbins' office boy jumped up the steps of his residence and handed in a note to the lawyer's wife. It not being sealed, the two domestics were well acquainted with its contents, but showed great surprise when Chris read it out at luncheon — the cook listening in the butler's pantry.

"DEAR EURANIA:

Harkins has just come in, and says the case is on for the fifth. This necessitates my catching the one o'clock train for New York. You understand. Don't worry about me. I don't need a bag. I'll buy what I want. Take good care of yourself and the boys. I shall be home Saturday.

Your affectionate husband,
EZRA STEBBINS."

"Here's a lark!" cried Chris, pounding the table with his brawny fist while Julian squealed in a transport. "Father catching the one o'clock train, mother running for the twelve, and best of all, Charlotte safe at Uncle Henry's. What can't we do?"

"I sha'n't eat this hash, I know. It's three days that Ann's made us swallow this. Tell her to cook me something else," commanded Julian, the first delightful shock over. "Hurry, Norah, I'm awfully hungry."

"You've eat it most up," said Norah, grinning at the empty plates.

"You're not to talk," retorted Julian, tipping back his chair and looking at her, "only to carry out my orders."

"Orders, is it?" said Norah, not so fresh from the Green Isle but that she had a few Boston ideas generously donated by her new housemaid friends. "I ain't hired by you, and I ain't a-going to take your jaw."

"Well, I'll dismiss you," said Julian, quite grandly arising from his chair, and swelling up. "My father and mother's away, and we're head now, and" —

"Oh, gracious!" cried Norah, her big red face tilted up scornfully. "Head? oh, gracious!"

"You needn't stay till your week's out, either," declared Chris quickly, anxious to do some of the ordering, and getting out of his chair to march up and down the room as he had seen his father do.

"Be still," cried Julian hotly; "I'm attending to her. You've no business to interfere."

"I'm the oldest," said Chris, determined to make a stand for his rights, "and of course I take father's place."

"Well, then, I take mother's," said Julian, accepting the situation quickly, "and she always turns off the girls — so!"

"I'm a-going any way," declared Norah. "I wouldn't stay for two days, nor for wan, in the house alone with yez imps, and Ann's a-laving too. He — ee!"

"Ann must not go," cried Chris, rushing off into the kitchen to meet the presiding functionary pulling in her head from the butler's window. "Who ever heard of such a thing! Who's going to cook breakfast, say?"

Ann airily wiped her hands on the first dish-towel that presented itself and winked at Norah, who now lent herself to the scene, leaning against the door. The housemaid burst out into a noisy laugh.

"Orders is it?" cried Norah shrilly. "Oh the likes of it! B'yes is it, yez are, or p'raps yez ud like to make us belave yez are min."

"We are the heads of this house anyway," cried Chris in a hot wrath, while Julian pranced up and down crying out pompously, "Who is if we aren't, say? Well, you sha'n't be paid any wages if you run off this way. Now we've got the best of you!"

"Stop your tongue, Norah," cried the cook in the midst, "and leave things to me. Your mother paid us up last night," she vouchsafed to the boys; then she tossed lazily away the dish-towel, surveyed her face in a small mirror hanging for that purpose under the clock-shelf, and hummed a bar of "Climbing up the Golden Stair."

"If I'm goin', catch me doin' up them dishes," exclaimed the housemaid, tearing herself away from the supporting door, to come conversationally near the cook.

Ann now deserted the mirror to lay her head close to Norah's, when a brisk and smothered conversation, interlarded with much laughter of a spasmodic character on the housemaid's part, ensued. Chris and Julian tired of waiting for signs pointing toward a general conversation, left the field, rushed out to play, and in five minutes forgot all about it.

Six o'clock brought them in speedily to the delights of a hot supper. Peter the indoor-man was just departing through the back gate as the boys raced around the corner.

"Hulloa, Pete!" they sang out trying to tell him that father and mother were both away, but that individual having private reasons of his own for getting home early, preferred to show no intimation of hearing.

Chris and Julian therefore thrust back on their own resources of conversation, whooped over the steps and into the house, thanks to the latch-key by which Mrs. Eurania saved the steps of her housemaids.

"Plague on that Norah!" exclaimed Chris, opening the vestibule door. "I'll give it to her for forgetting to light the gas. Give us a light, Norah!" he screamed out, stumbling along to the top of the basement stairs.

All was silent below, in place of the high revelry that Norah's interminable cackle and good spirits set in motion.

"You can't get anything out of her," said Julian scornfully. "I'll light the gas myself," which was scarcely said before it was done. And running through the different rooms, the younger son of the Stebbins family speedily had the lower part of the house ablaze. "There," he said in satisfaction, "now we'll see what's what!" to turn full upon the astonished face of his brother, breathless after an exploration below stairs.

"They're gone!" gasped Chris, his pale blue eyes roving wildly, "and everything's dropped just after dinner; it's black as an old kettle down there, the fire's out in the stove, and" —

"They're up-stairs," said Julian, coolly enough, though his heart seemed to stand still in the face of such a declaration. "Come on, let's order 'em down."

But all the pounding on the door of the domestics' room, and screaming by both boys of "Ann — An-n, No-o-rah" failed to bring any reply, so in the boys marched to find indeed an empty apartment, as far as the presence of either servant was concerned.

"Here's a how-d'ye-do!" cried Julian who generally took refuge in the words of others on great occasions. "Well!"

Chris said nothing, but rushed over to the further side of the room, lighted the gas, and then set up a violent rummaging of the closet, to finally cast himself on the floor that he might peer under the bed.

Julian burst into a loud laugh at that. "Fancy Ann's two hundred pounds under there, Chris. Come on; they've struck, and gone. Who

cares? we can have what we like for supper now."

And they did.

When they could eat no more of the varied assortment culled from Mother Stebbins' cake and preserve closets, Chris got out of his chair, and went slowly along the hall to the front door.

"Come on, Jule," he called, "find that quarter of a dollar, while I get the paper on the steps."

"I'll get the paper," said Julian, proceeding with difficulty to follow him, and feeling as if a hundred silver quarters would not tempt him to an all-fours hunt for the stray bit just then.

"No, you won't either," said Chris, throwing wide the door. "Oh, ah, what do you want?"

"Does Mr. Stebbins live here?" asked a man, certainly not favored with a prepossessing countenance or demeanor.

"Yes," said the oldest son, involuntarily bringing the door to, and peering through the crack.

"Is he in?" and it seemed to Chris that he winked with his left evil eye.

"No," said Chris; "not yet. What do you want of him anyway?"

"He's gone out of town," cried Julian, eager to have some part in the conversation, and rushing up as well as he could.

"Ah? He is?" the man gave an easy lounge up toward the door, which Chris immediately clapped to, at the risk of shutting in the visitor's nose, and turned the key.

"What did you tell him that for, you goose?" he demanded in a loud whisper of Julian. "He's a tramp, or a burglar, and I wanted him to think father was coming home."

"A burglar, good!" cried Julian. "I've never seen one. I'm going up-stairs to look out of the window."

"You better go down-stairs and see if the kitchen door is locked," said Chris. "He'll be there the first thing you know."

All Julian's desire of seeing a burglar now vanished, and he declared his willingness that his elder brother should have this privilege of locking up the kitchen, so that Chris was forced to descend the basement stairs in a very knock-kneed condition, while the younger brother hung over the banister and listened for a possible fray.

"There wasn't anything to be afraid of," said Chris, coming up magnificently. "You're so little though, of course you felt scared;" which sting Julian endured silently all the evening.

"I was going to look in the paper for the advertisements," said Chris, standing up like the man of the house as he was, "but now of course I can't get it. Never mind, I'll go to an intelligence office in the morning and bring home a cook."

"I shall go too," cried Julian, beginning to assert himself once more.

"Indeed you'll not. You'll go to school," cried Chris in an authoritative way.

"I sha'n't. I guess I ought to help engage

"TAKE IT THEN; NOW YOU'VE GOT TO PAY YOUR DEBTS."

the cook; I might not like her. You don't know everything. I'm going with you."

Chris paid no heed to this, considering it the cheaper way to watch his chance and steal off when the time came, than to prolong a present discussion.

"All right. Now let's find that quarter. Norah never'd think to look for it again."

The brothers were on their knees investigating the carpet surface when the door-bell was pulled violently, bringing up the two heads suddenly to a listening position.

"There now, see what you've done," cried Chris, "you've brought that old burglar back. Now we'll be murdered, and the forks and spoons all taken."

"He can't murder us if we don't open the door," said Julian, shaking dreadfully under his blouse.

"But he'll hang round here all night, and break in and kill us in our beds," said Chris with cheerful determination.

"He won't. I sha'n't go to bed," said Julian.

"Well, he'll get in — they always do if they make up their minds," said Chris, "so we'll be killed and the forks and spoons taken just as I said," delighted to see that Julian was at last growing white around the mouth.

Meanwhile the bell was at intervals pealing violently. At last a peculiar whistle close to the door, brought the brothers to their feet.

"It's the boys!" declared Chris, springing to answer the call. "I was just going to say so."

"Of course," gasped Julian, rushing after, "so was I" — as Chris turned the key, flung wide the door, and five or six boys tumbled unceremoniously in.

"Goodness! I rang sixteen times" said one.

"What's the matter with your old bell?" cried another, "we were just going off if you hadn't come."

"We haven't got any cook or second girl," answered Chris calmly, "so there isn't any one to go to the door."

"Yes, and father and mother, and Charlotte are away," cried Julian in a burst with the best of the news.

"Are you *sure* Charlotte is gone?" cried one boy doubtfully.

"Hi — what a lark!" cried the others. "Do ask us to stay all night," begged one boy.

Chris and Julian started with delight. "Indeed we do. Oh, do stay!" Now if the burglar should come, all would be well, each brother reflected.

"I'll run home now and ask mother."

"Step in at my house, Jack, that's a good fellow, and tell my folks I'm going to stay over night at the Stebbinses."

"All right." Jack dispatched himself in a trice.

"No use to ask pa — I'm to be home at nine," said another boy dismally, "but I'll lark it till that time," he added, brightening up.

"That's my hour," said the other two boys. "Now, Chris, what are you going to do first?"

"First," said Chris, with the air of deep experience, "you want something to eat," and he led the way to the jam closet.

"We'll get the spread ready for Jack and Claude," cried the others, joyfully ransacking the jars and glasses of the sacred precincts.

"I've found a prize," announced Ted Jones, running in from the hall where he had gone for the handkerchief in his coat pocket. "Anybody lost a quarter?"

"Yes, it's ours; that is, it belongs to the house; we were just looking for it when you came," cried Julian, "give it here."

"It's mine; I'm the oldest," said Chris, dropping a pot of strawberry jam like a coal.

"'Tisn't my fault that I'm the youngest," growled Julian, "and I'm going to have some of the good things. If you don't hand that quarter over here, Ted Jones, I'll punch your head."

And Ted preferred to relinquish the twenty-five cents, which Julian immediately pocketed and swelled up and down the room like a millionaire.

"You've got to give it back just as soon as mother gets home, so what good will it do you?" said Chris with a provoking laugh.

"I'll keep it till then anyway," declared Julian, jingling it in his pocket against his knife, "and mother'll say 'Keep it, Julie,' I know she will."

Chris' face fell anxiously. He knew too. "It's mean of you, when you know I need a quarter awfully."

"So do I," said Julian with not a trace of pity. "I owe ten cents to Tom Hungerford, six cents to the taffy man, and five cents to that old show of Pete Hayes — he wouldn't let me in till I'd promised to pay as soon as I'd got any money — and ten cents to our D. Y. K. Society tax; and I'm going to spend the rest as I like."

A shout greeted this. "How much are you going to have left," cried Chris, "after you've paid up?"

"I haven't paid yet," said Julian with a red face, aghast as he realized the extent of his indebtedness, "keep still, you fellows, it's none of your affair."

"I shall tell Pete and Tom and the taffy man and the treasurer of D. Y. K. that you've got money coming to you, so they'll swoop on it," said Chris, his cheerfulness returning as he saw

this pleasure in store, and he returned to his strawberry jam with renewed vigor.

"I'll spend it first," cried Julian savagely.

"Then you'll be arrested for debt," said another boy, "if you've got money and won't pay, and we'll all tell on you."

Thus stung, Julian ran his hand into his jacket pocket, and pulling out his lately-acquired treasure, flung it over the table at Chris. "Take it, then; now you've got to pay up your debts."

"I haven't got any," said Chris, seizing the money, "paid 'em up yesterday; Charlotte gave me fifteen cents just before she went, 'cause she shook me for telling Mr. Bacon that she said his brother Fowler danced like a giraffe."

"Charlotte didn't give me any fifteen cents," cried Julian with an envious howl.

"Well, she didn't shake you, did she?" demanded Chris, "that's the difference; I earned it. She was afraid she'd get killed on the railroad, I s'pose."

The other boys now returning with the announcement, "All right, we're going to stay all night," private discussions were dropped to give undivided attention to the feast.

About eleven o'clock four sleepy boys crept up stairs, Chris and Julian bearing the fire shovel and tongs, for what purpose, they did not say. But in the middle of the night the two visitors found out, for a terrible clattering awoke them from the uneasy slumbers into which the feast had plunged them.

"What is it?" they cried, sitting erect in the middle of Mrs. Stebbins' best bed, from which the spotless spread and stiff pillow-shams had slipped in a heap to the floor. "Chris — Ju-li-*an!*"

"YOU'VE CALLED ME LITTLE, TWICE. NOW COME ON!"

"I guess I'm big enough to take care of a burglar!" cried Julian strutting in, wearing his night-robes as pompously as a Roman ever sported his toga. "You couldn't have driven 'em off, Chris Stebbins, with all your bragging. There were three of 'em."

"What have you done?" cried Chris, who had jumped out of bed at the frightful noise, and running in from their room across the hall.

"Flung the tongs down stairs," said Julian promptly, with another flourish of the toga.

"Flung the tongs down stairs?" repeated Jack, while Chris gasped, "Did you really see him?"

Julian pretended not to hear this question; but after his brother had carefully locked the door, he proceeded to extort by means he knew very well how to employ, the information desired, so that at last it came. "No, but I heard 'em as plain as day, they were coming up stairs — I've scared 'em off."

"I don't believe a word of it," cried the two visitors, hopping out of bed. "I'm going to look over the banisters and see." Which they did, first lighting the gas at the top of the stairs.

"Mee-ew — mee-ew" — and then a soft purring, and a pat-pat over the hall matting — and a big maltese with the air of a pet, ran in between their feet, to the two brothers waiting within the guest-room.

"Phoh! it's the cat!" roared Claude doubling up — "Jule Stebbins, flung your tongs down stairs at the cat. Hoh-hoh!"

It seemed to Julian as if they never would get through with their amusement. At last Jack peered again down stairs. "I see something white on the floor — it's all in little bits. You've smashed something, Jule Stebbins!"

At that all four boys ran down, while the cat jumped up to the middle of the deserted bed and rolled herself into a sleepy ball.

"It's mother's big royal Worcester vase," said Chris in tones of horror. "You've knocked it off from the bracket. Oh — oh!"

Julian's eyes were wild with fright, and he collapsed on the lowest stair.

"And all because you got so scared. If I were you, I wouldn't get up to fling tongs at a cat. But then you're so little," Christopher finished, straightening up his slim figure at least a head taller than his unfortunate younger brother.

The destruction of all the royal Worcester vases in the world could not quench the fury that now possessed Julian. He arose from his collapse, and advanced with hard little fists, and a desire for satisfaction in his eye, on his brother.

"You've called me little, twice," he said, with bated breath, "now come on and see if I can't whip you."

"I'm not going to fight in my night-gown," said Chris with a superb air of knowing the rules of an honorable encounter.

"And nonsense to you!" cried Claude and Jack, each seizing an arm of the would-be valiant, "we're all going back to bed. Here, give us a hand, Chris, and pitch this fellow up stairs."

So instead of exhibiting a splendid prowess to turn the spectators green with envy, Julian was hustled summarily up stairs, and amid much laughing, tumbled unceremoniously into his bed, to reflect on his woes, the chief of which was, to use his own words, "that he wasn't big enough to whip those three chaps out of sight."

"But I'll do it some day," he said savagely burrowing into his pillow.

The consequence was, the next morning he overslept. Chris, slipping out softly, his shoes in his hand, caught a hasty breakfast, with the two guests, left the kitchen door unlocked for Peter the indoor-man to get in, and the three departed, Jack and Claude turning off at the corner while he ran on in the direction of Tremont street.

"Say — where is the nearest intelligence office?" he asked a policeman down by the Common.

That city official pointed with his thumb up the thoroughfare. "There's a plenty, and on Washington street too. I don't know the numbers." And he hurried off to help an old woman over the crossing.

"I'll take Tremont street first," said Chris to himself, "and wherever it looks good, I'll go in," which resolution he carried out to find himself face to face with a frowsy girl raising a furious dust in sweeping out a long room.

"You're too early," said the girl leaning on her broom, to look at him when he preferred his request. "They hain't come in. But you can sit down and wait," indicating a settee against the windows.

"No, I can't wait," said Chris, feeling a qualm at the strange odors, and wondering if his mother ever enjoyed the delights of these mysterious regions that turned out ready-made cooks and maids. "You send up a cook, a good one, as soon as you can, to 536 Poplar Avenue" — and he buttoned up his coat quite like a man.

"I'll write that down," said the girl, dropping her broom — "Miss Higgins'll 'tend to it. What's the name?" and she went over to the table, and began laborious work with a stubby pen.

"Mr. Ezra Stebbins' house. 536 Poplar Avenue."

"All right," said the girl, wiping the pen on her thumb nail.

"Send her right up," said Chris with an important air as he went out. "Phew! I wish I'd eaten more breakfast."

As Julian was still asleep, Chris shut the bedroom door gently and went down stairs very much elated with his work, to wait for the cook. About nine o'clock a person as thin as Ann her predecessor had been fat, rang the front door bell, and presented a dingy paper on which Miss Higgins gave her all the possible and impossible virtues and graces of womankind.

"You can go down to the kitchen," said Chris ignoring the paper and pointing to the basement stairs.

"Where's the lady?" asked the person with a survey of as much of the interior as she could manage.

"What?" asked Chris.

"The lady — your mother — boy?" said the new cook, bringing her gaze to his countenance. "I'd like to see her."

"She's coming," said Chris quickly. "You go along down to the kitchen and begin work." And though astonished at herself, the thin woman felt her way over the stairs and entered the cook's domains, Chris wisely letting her have that pleasure alone.

"She can find out the work by herself," he said, "a woman always does, now I'll go to school."

Julian, in the midst of an exciting dream of knocking down three wild men of the desert with the table-caster, was at last rudely shaken to consciousness by a vigorous hand that was not satisfied with its work until the boy sat erect and stared at her.

"For the love of the Virgin, shpake," cried the figure, "and till me what does this mane?"

"I don't know," said Julian, as much in the dark as she was. "Leave your hands off me," he commanded crossly, and shaking himself free.

"Where is the bigger b'hoy?" asked the woman, "and the lady? I've been all over this house, and the ghost of a person," crossing herself, "can I find at all — at all. Is't crazy yees all are?"

"You'll find out," declared Julian, in a passion, "if you don't leave me alone and clear out," which seeing that it was all she was likely to get, the woman proceeded to do, and only pausing on her way down stairs, to pick up Mrs. Stebbins' gold thimble, probably as an amulet to preserve her from the general witchcraft into which she had unluckily fallen, she hastily got out of the house and as soon as possible into Miss Higgins' astonished precincts, where she related to the assembled domestics by this time

"IS'T CRAZY YEES ALL ARE?"

gathered, her experience in the house 536 Poplar Avenue, all which strange account speedily went down in the annals as a warning to respectable females with unimpeachable testimonials as to character, against such a crazy locality.

Chris running home from school, delighted with his executive ability, rubbed his eyes to see a cab before the door, and a trunk marked C. R. S. on the rack. Yes, it surely was Charlotte's. There was the scraped place on the top where he had tried his new knife; he should know it among a thousand. What could it mean?

He soon found out, as Charlotte was just descending the cab-step.

"The children broke out with the measles," she said, not pausing in the act of paying the cabman. "Take the trunk up into the upper hall."

"Mother's gone to Portland," announced Chris, "Aunt Betty's sick."

"Is she?" said Charlotte coolly. She was a wholly composed young lady under all circumstances with which life confronted her. "Well, here she comes now."

Chris whirled, to see, emerging from the horse-car at the corner, his mother and her well-known bag. He gave a feeble gasp, and waited till she came up.

"So ends my preparations for a nice time," observed Charlotte after the first greetings were over, "all because those stupid children must needs have the measles now."

"O Charlotte!" cried her mother in dismay. "Well, I've been on a fool's errand too. Aunt Betty had only a fit of the nerves, and Fanny was scared to death, and pulled me off from my work." This last was said as the two women ascended the steps.

Charlotte stooped and picked up a letter. "From father," she said, passing it on to her mother. "I didn't know he'd gone to New York."

"He hasn't," said her mother carelessly taking the letter.

"Look at that," said Charlotte, who never made statements that could not be proved. So now she triumphantly pointed to a printed line in one corner — 'Ezra Stebbins, Counselor at Law' — and it's postmarked 'New York'; see for yourself, ma."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbins, setting down her bag on the upper step and tearing open her letter, "what does it mean?"

"I should like to know why Norah does not answer this bell," said Charlotte, with another pull.

"I'll let you in," said Chris, accomplishing the steps, and speedily putting his latch-key to use, and forgetting to enter himself.

"HOFFMAN HOUSE, 11.30 P.M.

"DEAR WIFE" — Mr. Stebbins letter ran — "Have seen Harkins. Shall get through sooner than I thought. Cousin Eliot and wife unexpectedly ran over in the *Cephalonia;* got in to-day, and are at this hotel. Shall bring them up with me to-morrow for a little visit. We will take the four-thirty train.

Your aff. husband,

E. STEBBINS."

Mrs. Eurania looked at Charlotte, and Charlotte calmly returned the attention. No words came, till a voice pealed over the staircase, "I'll tell you, I know all about it. Chris is the one to catch it, and there's been a crazy woman here; she's just gone out, and I don't want to keep house again."

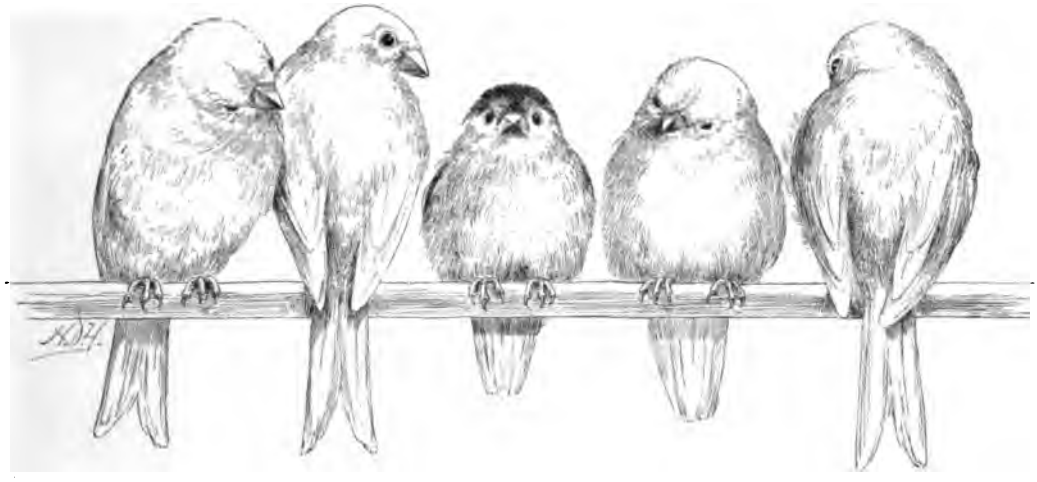
Mrs. Eurania Stebbins found it impossible for some unexplained reason to get a domestic from any intelligence office to enter her service. As soon as they heard the address, 536 Poplar Avenue, they mildly shook their heads and declined the great privilege, and thus waiting till the smart girls from the country could be hired, she had the felicity of dividing with Charlotte, the housework and the entertainment of their English relatives.

"There ought to be, ma," said that young person one evening (the lawyer had just escorted the visitors to the Hotel Victoria to a dinner at which the two housekeepers were too tired to present themselves in proper hotel dress), "a place provided where a family suddenly called out of town, could lock up its boys for safe keeping, until the heads of the household got back. If I were rich, I'd start one, and open it formally by entering Chris and Julian."

Mrs. Eurania, with her heart on her household wrecks, looked up. "But it was hard for the poor things, and I can't blame them," she said stoutly.

"There — Charlotte — ar-r!" cried two voices triumphantly out in the hall.

HER FIRST MOUSE.



THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE.

Margaret Eytinge

FIVE very plump birds met one pleasant Spring day,
And seated themselves in a row on a rail;
The two biggest sat with their backs turned this way,
And straight as an arrow hung each little tail.
Then four of them merrily sang, "Summer's coming,
And soon we shall hear the brown honey-bees humming,
And see brightest sunshine — oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"Except when it rains," said the one in the middle.

"And there will be roses, red, yellow, and pink,"
Sang the four in a chorus once more; "and the rill
Will give us the sweetest of water to drink,
And grass-seed be plenty in field and on hill,
And a host of our kindred their way will be winging
Toward our home, all the news of the sunny South bringing,
And we'll feast them on berries — oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"Some berries are poison," said the one in the middle.

Then, "Don't be so cross," said the four coaxingly,
As they looked kindly at her, "for certainly, dear,
There is not the least reason that glum you should be
When the time that we've wished for all winter is here.
Come, be happy and gay and cease trouble to borrow,
Take good care of to-day — hope the best for to-morrow
And join in our singing — oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"I won't, and that's flat," said the one in the middle.

WILD CATTLE OF CADZOW FOREST. (*Photographed from life.*)

THE WILD WHITE CATTLE OF ENGLAND.

Amanda B Harris.

SOMETIMES a foolish rhyme will stay by one's memory when things of importance can get no lodgement there; and how a little incident out of history, a picturesque passage, even a name that sounds romantic, will cleave to one!

Long time ago, in idly turning over the leaves of a book, my eye was caught by a bit about some cows — a herd of white cows with red ears. These white cows passed across a page of English history, and vanished, but the picture remained with me as distinct as if it had been photographed. To me it was a wonderful thing never to be forgotten. I have been on the lookout for those beautiful cattle ever since, and every now and then, along the years, have had a glimpse of their kind, on some page of romance or poetry or record of travel.

They are historic cattle; and the subject to one who loves animals is a delightful one. There are actually in England at the present time, preserved in the parks of some of the nobility, a few herds of the same breed that roamed the island in aboriginal times; a perfectly distinct stock from all others so far as can be ascertained, retaining the race marks, being invariably white or cream-white, and having certain distinguishing colors about the muzzle and ears, either in red, brown or black — of which more hereafter.

One of the best accounts is to be found in a recent illustrated work called *Extinct British Animals*, where minute descriptions and a list of herds is given. We are told that the best authorities claim that they are direct descendants of the native cattle of Britain, and it is

their kind meant by the *Ursus* (*Bos primigenias*), of Cæsar; and as "the *Ursus* belonged with prehistoric times, coeval with man of the elder Stone age" (remains having been found in the fens and elsewhere), the evidence is that they are of very remote origin.

One likes to think of them — the same kind of white cattle there since the very beginnings of England, through all the changes that have taken place; that though

> "Men may come, and men may go,"

and though men have come and gone, Britons, Romans, Picts, Scots, Danes, Saxons, Normans, have intermingled, or have died out, or lost their identity, these have remained not materially changed. There is a trifle of sentiment about it, a poetic and romantic side; but then, one must love cattle to feel it, and to like to think of those foregoers, those wild, untamable, beautiful creatures that belonged there even before the earliest kings.

There is the head of an ox on the obverse side of a coin of Cunobelin — and who was Cunobelin but the Cymbeline of Shakespeare, who kept his court at Silchester, the capital of Hants, now Hampshire? The cattle were familiar to the Roman invaders, the Roman legions, the Roman builders of the great roads. Over what long, long stretches of time they were to be encountered! King Alfred must have had to shun them in his wanderings, for they were almost as dangerous as the wild boars and wolves; they were hunted by Robert Bruce, known to Robin Hood and his merry men!

They ranged what is now Great Britain, from the wilderness where London is to the fens of Lincolnshire; from Northumberland on the Border through the vast Caledonian Forest even to "Far Lochaber;" and were all through the wild places of wild Wales. They are mentioned in the forest laws of Canute and other sovereigns; and in Wales, away back nine centuries or more ago, "white cattle with red ears" were paid as a penalty for certain offences. How explicit the wording, as if the fair color and the ear-marks made them distinguished and valuable! A woful tale is to be found in the history of King John of England, how, out of revenge, he had William de Braouse and his children put in prison and there starved to death, and how the distressed Lady de Braouse, hoping to propitiate the tyrant before it was too late, sent to his queen at Winchester a present of four hundred cows and a bull "all milk white with red ears."

In the ancient metrical romances the wild cattle appear. King Arthur (to put the words in modern English),

> "He made a feast, the sooth to say,
> Upon the Whitsunday,
> At Cardiff that is in Wales,
> And after meat there in the halls,"

Sir Colgrewance recounted to the Knights of the Round Table a tale of adventure in the forest, where were wild beasts and cattle and a man who could charm them around him, as St. Francis of Assissi could have done, or perhaps the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Not such, however, the case of Guy Earl of Warwick in the Saxon legend of King Athelstane's time. There was no charming then, but, according to the verses, a most dire fight with a "dun cow" on Dunsmore Heath — "dun" is a word of frequent occurrence in such description in the old ballads, and is as likely to mean a tawny white as anything else. As to the ferocity of these cattle, Sir Walter Scott speaks of it in not less than three of his novels, besides in the spirited ballad of "Cadyow Castle." In *Kenilworth*, at the close of Chapter XVII., he makes Wayland compare himself to the "Scottish wild cattle," and in the note, as in several other places, refers to those kept at Chillingham. In *The Bride of Lammermoor*, Chapter V., it was one of them that put Lucy Ashton in the deadly peril from which the Master of Ravenswood rescued her; an animal of "a dingy white, or rather a pale yellow, with black horns and hoofs." In *Castle Dangerous* many pages are devoted to a hunt of wild cattle; the savage country is described and the animals of the chase; a meet was appointed in the morning outside the barricade of Douglas Castle for a solemn hunting match, and in the afternoon the "recheat" was sounded to summon the huntsmen together beneath a big oak in Douglas Dale, where a great out-of-door feast was eaten Robin Hood-like. Sir John de Walton was the

WILD WHITE CATTLE OF CHILLINGHAM. (*From the painting by Landseer.*)

only one who had killed one of the formidable Caledonian cattle, though of other game there was no lack.

It is to be noticed that Sir Walter and many writers sometimes use the word "park" and at others "chase." Both represent tracts of land which, according to Blackstone, the sovereign granted to the nobles, while he reserved the forests in general for his own diversion. A chase was not inclosed; a park was an inclosed chase. Is not the latter a captivating and meaning-ful word? There is a witchery in certain words, in the very sound of them; they are whole poems and stories to us — they suggest so much, and set our imagination wandering. I appeal to the romance in you if it is not so! Think of Chevy Chase and the famous ballad; of "The Talking Oak" of Tennyson with the lilt of its rhyme! —

> "Once more the gate behind me falls,
> Once more before my face,
> I see the mouldered Abbey-walls
> That stand within the chase."

And the apostrophe to the oaks — just such oaks as there are here and there over England:

> "O, hide thy knotted knees in fern,
> And overlook the chase."

As the population increased, the wild cattle were routed from their native haunts, just as deer and buffalo were in the far West of our own country, but they were saved from extermination in the parks that the great nobles were permitted to inclose, and that is "the clue to the history" of the preservation of herds for so many years; at least sixteen were known which have now become extinct, though several, as will be shown, still remain. In two of the cases they became so savage or troublesome that they had to be killed; in one, they all died out from sickness.

Different marks distinguished some from the Chillingham cattle, which are considered purest. In a few instances they had no horns. At one place they were pure white except the muzzle and inside of the ears which were black; at another, the tips of the tails were likewise black; at another, the hoofs. One herd was white with black ears; another had black muzzles, black ears, and a fine black circle around the eyes. But whatever the variations, all must have been beautiful animals. What pictures they must have helped to make in those magnificent forests of old England, as they stood knee-deep in the fern under the giant oaks and beeches, or were seen among the lush grasses of the fens, or on the purple moors, or far down the vistas of wildwood places, in spaces of light or spaces of shade on the greensward, in such a scene as that where *Ivanhoe* opens, or such as we come upon in English story, and which English ballads are full of!

There are bits of genealogy and little incidents that might be given about some of these parks and estates; thus, Barnard Castle in Durham, where there was once a herd, was in the royal chase of Marwood, and belonged successively to the Baliols, Beauchamps and Nevilles, earls of Warwick, but became by marriage the property of Richard III., whose favorite abode it was till he was king. Concerning the herd kept at Gisburne Park in Yorkshire, there is a tradition that they originally belonged to a certain Abbey in Lincolnshire, but when the monks were turned out by Henry VIII., the cattle were "drawn by the power of music," to the new place. That may be pure invention, or it may not be wholly such, for we know that many animals are very sensitive to music and can to a certain extent be influenced by it. That other story, however, that the bulls had "manes like lions" is a myth, since it is a fact that they have almost no manes, though on some the hair is long or curly.

At Bishop Auckland in Durham, there was, says the old narrative, "A daintie, stately parke," "a faire parke by the castille, having fallow deer, wild bulls, and kin" (kine); the cattle, all white, were killed out during the civil wars of the time of Charles I. This was a part of the forest of Weardale: note the beautiful forest names, like Englewood, Needwood, Sherwood, Norwood, Bowland, Teesdale.

There exist now (or did not long ago), a small, inconspicuous herd at Kilmory on the island of Arran, and one at Somerford Park, Chester, the latter so changed from the original type that they have tiny black spots on the neck, sides and legs. At Lyme Park, Chester, a few

are kept in the family of Legh, and the breed is as ancient as the park, which was granted to Sir Piers Legh, standard-bearer of the Black Prince at the battle of Crecy. It contains a thousand acres, over which roam the cattle (these have red ears, or sometimes black or blue black); in the summer keeping off on the high ground, in the winter they resort to the woods, and at that season they used to be fed "on holly boughs before holly became so scarce."

And now we come to the three most noted herds, at Cadyow (or Cadzow), at Chartley, and at Chillingham. Cadyow Castle is in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and the park is a part of the vast Caledonian Forest where Robert Bruce hunted the wild bull in 1320, and James IV. in 1500. It is the seat of the Hamilton family, to whom it was granted by Bruce just after the battle of Bannockburn. There are oaks in existence there, of which Scott said that they might "have witnessed the rites of the Druids." Pictures have been made of them, and they are famous as the "oaks of Cadyow"—giants of the days primeval, gray and shattered, gnarled and time-worn, but sturdy and showing immense girth. There are kept, where their ancestors roamed, a remnant of the wild cattle. Scott describes them in the introduction to the ballad of "Cadyow Castle," where of the hunt, he writes:

> "From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
> The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
> For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound,
> Has roused their mountain haunts again.
>
> Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
> Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
> What sullen roar comes down the gale,
> And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?
>
> Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
> That roam in woody Caledon,
> Crashing the forest in his race,
> The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.
>
> Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,
> He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
> Spurns with black hoof and horn, the sand,
> And tosses high his mane of snow."

Chartley Park is in Staffordshire, overlooking the Trent, belonging to Earl Ferris, and is likewise an estate of great antiquity. Elizabeth was there once as a guest, and Mary of Scots as a prisoner. The park is a part of Needwood Forest, and a large tract of it is wild moorland: "the turf is in a primitive state." The cattle have fine pointed horns tipped with black, black muzzles and ears; and the inference is that there are occasional departures even from this type, for a legend runs in the Ferris family that if a black calf is born a member of their race dies; therefore, says the story, the keeper immediately puts to death any such ill-omened new-comer—perhaps averting the calamity by concealing evidence of the event. There is a curious bit in a quaint *Natural History of Staffordshire*, by Robert Plat, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, to the effect that if cattle eat the grass that grows in certain localities in that county "they will surely turn out *whitish dun*." He had got fact and fiction confused.

Chartley was visited by Elihu Burritt, who wrote of the cattle as "a kind of white buffaloes, which doubtless in their day and generation supplied the Druids with raw beefsteak." He goes on to say that they are quite untamable, and "the keepers must keep at a respectful distance;" "the touch of a human hand is an abomination to them." When the calves are born far out in the wilderness and need care, the keepers run two fork-handles under them, and so carry them, as on a litter, to the shed. The mothers would desert them if a hand touched them. Bewick, who went to see the cattle and made an engraving of a cow, with great, limpid eyes having a startled look like a hind, tells about the same story, and that if one goes near the calves, "they clap their heads close to the ground, and lie like a hare in form, to hide themselves," and if one should cry out, the whole herd would come bellowing to the rescue.

The herd at Chillingham is best known, and the purest, of beautiful form, with straight backs, "horns of fine texture bending forward and upward," graceful and of distinguished movements, their eyes, eyelashes and tips of the horns black, inside of the ears red or brown. Great pains is taken to keep the stock in perfection and beauty, and if any calves are born feeble they are killed. They are described as having "a thousand peculiarities," some of the ways of

deer, and their cries are like those of wild beasts instead of like ordinary cattle. In the summer they are so shy that one rarely can get sight of them, but in winter they "come down to the inner park" and it is even possible then to go among them, especially on horseback. They come winding down the forest in single file, and they have a habit of wheeling about and galloping off, then wheeling again and facing the supposed danger, then, as if seized by a sudden panic, dashing away to some of their hiding places in the depths of the wood. Much interest has been taken in them by antiquaries and scientific men, and by and by more will be known about the white cattle and their progenitors.

Chillingham Castle belongs to the Earl of Tankerville, and is in the north of England, in Northumberland County on the Scottish border. It is a region of renown; the domains of the Percys of Chevy Chase bound the park on one side, and the Cheviot Hills are near by.

THE CRUISE OF THE BOATS.

(*A Ballad for the Little Ones.*)

Kate Putnam Osgood.

JUST out of sight of the old red mill
With its whir of wheels in the drowsy air,
The house stands half-way up the hill
That climbs to the sky like a great green stair.

And looking up, and looking down,
From the farthest green to the farthest blue,
Between the stems of the branches brown
The colors play where the sun shines through.

By door and window that open stand,
Fitfully come, on the wandering breeze,
Faint sound and scent from the meadowland,
Where the clover-blossoms are thick with bees.

One o'clock of a midsummer day,
And the farmhouse dinner over and done.
The men in the fields are making hay,
And Archie and Jimmy are ripe for fun.

For Jimmy, just from the smoky town,
Is wild as a bird from the cage set free;
Hither and thither, and up and down,
A spirit of mischief and mirth goes he.

And no one hinders the happy elf
That deafens the house with shout and song,
When, catching his boat from the chimney shelf,
He summons Archie to come along.

But Archie's mother has bade him see
That nothing happens to Cousin Jim;
And the boy makes answer, sturdily:
"Yes, mother, I'll take good care of him."

Over the track down the long green hill
Four little feet in a gallop go;
But pause in their race at the old red mill
To call for Fred and his brother Jo.

Then on again through the meadow-grass,
And the yellow lilies tall between;
By the beaten path where the cattle pass
And the great elms over the water lean;

Beside the brooklet, below the weir,
And down to the darkling pool beneath,
Set round with the flag-root's long green spear
And the dog-tooth-violet's spotted sheath.

On come Jimmy and Archie and Fred,
And, lagging behind them, little Jo —
Canter and trot, with a trampling tread,
Close to the brink where the bank is low.

The ground-sparrow out of their pathway flits;
Whiz! overhead goes the dragon-fly;
And the great green frog on a stump that sits
Dives under the leaves as they hurry by.

The launching over, an eager band
  Watches and waits for a favoring gale:
Four little lads on the shore that stand,
  Four little ships on the stream that sail.

Hurrah! hurrah for the cruise of the boats!
  And Jimmy's *Foam* is the farthest now.
Proudly over the wave she floats,
  And proudly he follows her tossing prow!

Alas for triumph of boat and boy,
  Since ever a fall comes after pride!
A clash, a crash — and the broken toy
  Swings at the mercy of wind and tide.

He hears her say, with a pitiful sigh,
  How Jim has no mother to care for him;
And feels her kiss, as she bids him try
  That nothing happens to Cousin Jim.

Silently Archie moves aside
  From the talk of Fred and little Jo.
He watches the boats on the rippling tide,
  And Jimmy down on the bank below.

Warily, warily, little lad!
  The pool is dark, and the pool is deep!
Far under the floating lily-pad
  By reed and by weed the waters creep!

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE "FOAM."

Says Archie: "I'll give you the *Maid-o'-the-Mist*,
  And rig yours over to-night, at home."
But Jimmy turns, with a doubled fist —
  "That for your boat that's broken my *Foam!*"

Flushes an instant the tingling cheek;
  Rise a moment the clinching hand;
But the voice of his mother seems to speak,
  In gentle pleading, her last command.

Armed with a long green willow-wand
  He pilots the *Foam* where she hangs and heaves;
A slip, a slide, by the treacherous pond —
  And Jimmy is under the lily-leaves!

Fred, in a fright, runs round and round,
  And Jo goes crying after him,
But Archie turns with a sudden bound
  And into the water he follows Jim.

Clinging to Archie, with gasp and groan,
  Jimmy is up on the shore again;
Rubbing his eyes as he stands alone,
  And calls to Archie — but calls in vain!

Dark are the eddies that creep and crawl
  By tangle of leaf and oozy bed!
Under the weight of their stifling pall
  Can mother's darling be lying dead?

But look! for at last the clamor wild
  Has brought the men from the meadow near.
Haste, haste to rescue the drowning child!
  In the warm, sweet clover lay him here!

Oh, motionless form, and cold white face,
  Where Jimmy's tears like the rain run down!
Oh, weary time, till the watchers trace
  A quiver of life in the lashes brown!

And — listen! listen! what words are those,
  The first faint murmurs that fall from him,
As slowly the heavy lids unclose?
  "I'll take — I'll take good care — of Jim!"

Brave little lad with a hero's heart,
  Mother your meaning will surely know.
High on the hay in the swinging cart,
  Cradled with Jimmy and Fred and Jo.

Back once more by the old red mill,
  Across the stretches of rolling grain,
Over the stair of the long green hill,
  Archie goes home to his mother again.

Alas, alas for the cruise of the boats!
  For ship and sailor, for wreck and rout!
Unscared the fly on the water floats,
  And frog and sparrow came boldly out.

But here is a secret you must not say:
  When Archie's uncle, the father of Jim,
Comes down from the busy town, some day,
  He will bring two boats to the farm with him:

Two beautiful boats as were ever built,
  And finished alike from stern to stem.
So then — hurrah for another tilt!
  And which do you wish may win, of them?

MABEL'S ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

Frances C. Sparhawk.

"RUTH, dear," said Mabel Brinley, aged fifteen, fingering a bunch of keys with one hand in the pocket of her pretty apron, and holding the other hand tightly closed over something still more precious, "it's full time you were getting ready for school." For, as if nothing were to be wanting to convince the speaker that she was a grown-up young lady and a housekeeper in good earnest, her own summer vacation had begun, while Ruth had still two weeks of school, Maysville being a place which Mabel with her city experiences called still very mnch the country, although she loved it dearly.

"Yes," answered little Ruth, twelve, "only, Mab, do wait until the train has got out of hearing with mamma and papa before you put on such tremendous airs, even if you have got a hundred dollars to spend all yourself. It isn't all for you, you know, it's for the whole of us. Part of it is mine, too."

"Certainly, dear, only I am to spend it for you; it is for the benefit of the whole family. But don't talk about it so loud, Ruth; and don't tell anybody — not until afterward, or somebody might steal it."

"I guess my friends don't steal," retorted Ruth.

"No, child; but then somebody might overhear, might be hid in the bushes, or somewhere."

"Oh," said Ruth, looking with new interest at the clump of syringas. "We'll have a jolly time, though, Mab, if you don't hold too tight a rein over a fellar."

"Ruth!"

"Well, I won't any more. We shall miss father and mother awfully, though. But it'll be only for ten days."

"Perhaps a fortnight," corrected Mabel.

"Say, Mab, are—"

But a hand laid for an instant over her mouth checked her.

"Ruth," cried Mabel, "I would rather have you talk any slang than begin your sentences with '*say*.' Nothing can be more vulgar. Now, ask properly what you have to ask."

"'Say'—nothing," answered the little girl.

"Very well, then. I must go at once and see about having the dinner sent up. Hurry, and I'll drop you at your school on my way. I shall take Roger when Dennis brings him back from the station." And with a stately step Mabel swept into the house.

Ruth stood looking after her, at first with a sigh. Then she consoled herself with the reflection that by and by Mab would forget her new importance and be jolly again. "*I* should feel big to be a housekeeper," she said to herself. "I wonder if I ever shall be. But there's that old school to be got through with first. No, Mab hasn't finished hers. I know what I'll do. I'll keep on growing, and look out for vacations." And Ruth measured her height against the doorpost as she still stood on the piazza, and then before going to make ready for school sent her glance wandering over the lawn green as June could make it, and up into the branches of the elm-tree at hand half hidden in their masses of leaves, and beyond these into the brilliant sky that smiled upon her so that Ruth could not help smiling back again, and ran off smiling.

Mabel's first care was to put away her money. She changed its hiding-place twice before she found one secure enough. How faithful she was going to be with this money! Yes, of course faithful, but how judicious! She would surprise her mother who had been a little anxious about giving her this responsibility, and justify her father's confidence in her. She went into the kitchen.

"Mary," she said to the cook, "I shall send up some beef for a roast for dinner, and the vegetables. How many pounds shall I get? You know I don't want to have any of us starve."

"No, indeed, Miss," answered Mary as she told her; "and I am shure ye'll make the beautifullest housekeeper that iver was, barrin' yure mother, and jist as good as herself, and why not, now?"

Mabel saw no reason for disagreeing with her.

In the stores she walked about examining her purchases with a judicial air which expressed more knowledge than Mrs. Brinley had ever felt herself to possess. But she sent home a fine dinner, and did not forget strawberries for dessert. After this was bought she let her eyes range from shelf to shelf of the stores to see if there was anything that might be wanted which Mary had forgotten to mention. For she had heard her father tell her mother in speaking of the amount of money to be left with Mabel, that he was determined to do the thing handsomely. Mabel also was determined to do it handsomely. It struck her that she and Ruth would be able to do very little toward disposing of all that she had been buying. But then there were the two girls in the kitchen, and Dennis, the out-of-door man. And she had her reputation as a housekeeper to make. And besides—the "besides" was that she invited two friends to dinner. Mrs. Brinley had advised her to ask her mates, so that she and Ruth should not feel too lonely while their parents were away.

"You know it is for Mr. Brinley?" Mabel said in leaving the stores. And the complaisant shopkeepers assented, and filled her orders with no less alacrity, understanding that payment was to come when the head of the house returned. Credit is one of the few things in the universe that strengthens by want of use, and Mr. Brinley's was so untried as to be perfect.

But the money that he had given his daughter? Surely he had not meant that she should tax his credit. Mabel did not mean it, either. It was her purpose to pay for everything that she bought, as her father had told her to do. But she had a plan.

Just before leaving home she had taken out the hundred dollars and stood with it in her hand, deliberating. It so happened that she had never seen a one hundred dollar bill before, and its amount impressed her responsibility upon her. She knew from her experience with fives

and tens that the fragments of broken bills have immense facility in scattering, and although the fragments of this one would be either so much larger, or so much more numerous than in ordinary cases, that the evil day of nothingness would be postponed, still she recognized the fact that the tendency was the same. She had said to herself, therefore, that since money was much more easily kept in a hundred dollar bill than in twos, and fives, and ones, this was the way in which she would keep hers. What she was going to get for dinner would be a mere trifle out of so much, yet it would spoil the whole. No, she would manage better; she would leave the bill untouched now, and at the end pay for everything together. As she had put back the money into its hiding-place, her eyes had sparkled with delight in the thought that she had discovered the secret of economy. But for the present this was to remain her secret. Time would prove its wonders, the short time of two weeks would prove her possessed of a financial judgment which would do credit to gray hair. Full of the happiness of this conviction, she had run down stairs and taken her place beside her sister in the two-seated wagon which had returned from carrying Mr. and Mrs. Brinley to the train.

That afternoon Mabel gave her friends a long drive. Ruth, who had but one session of school, went with them. It looked like rain when they started, and when they had gone between two and three miles, it sprinkled. But they did not mind that in a carryall. It rained fast; they put up the boot and went on. Then there came a gleam of sunlight, and they gloated over their perseverance, and drove to the next town where they paid visits to their friends in common. There came no more sunshine, the showers were frequent, and it thundered and lightened, though not sharply. But four merrier faces never peeped from under cover to meet the splashings of the rain, and four happier girls never met under Mr. Brinley's hospitable roof. When the guests had gone home, Ruth threw her arms about her sister's neck and declared that Mab was perfectly splendid. And Mab, before she went to sleep, had one more look at her triumph, as she began to name her unbroken bill.

The days that followed were more or less like this one. At the end of the week the girls' two cousins, Constance and Kenneth Brinley, arrived unexpectedly. They had arranged to come a month later, but a change in their plans brought them now. They were twins, nearly eighteen, city people, and lived in more style than Mabel, but not at all more comfortably. They were very welcome, but the young girls felt the responsibility that had fallen upon themselves. Mab even condescended to consult Ruth, whose bright wits were full of resources, as to amusements. One day it was a picnic for her cousins, a small party that Mabel invited and for whom she chartered the prettiest picnic wagon in town. Had she not a hundred dollars untouched?

The following week Mabel resolved to give a small party for her cousins, that is to say, recollecting that they were used to city assemblies, she called it small; but as she issued fifty invitations and nearly all were accepted, it seemed to her quite an affair. She had long confidences with Mary, who was an excellent cook and would do anything for Miss Mabel, and the result was a supper that Constance pronounced "*recherché*."

In Mabel's new method she had bought at the stores without asking prices; she had but to assure herself that she had a hundred dollars, and all doubts dissolved. Before the party, however, she indulged in one expense that she realized was somewhat costly for a temporary housekeeper. The ice-cream plates would fall short. She rejected Ruth's suggestion that mamma would make up with saucers and the cream would be so nice that nobody would notice. Her mother had been meaning to buy some of these plates. Here were necessity and opportunity. She ordered three dozen, so pretty that Constance went into raptures over them, which confirmed Mabel in her judgment, and one dozen spoons — her mother had often said that they needed them for an extraordinary occasion, and had not Mabel the money? One hundred dollars, untouched, would do a great deal.

Nothing could be more successful than the party was. Mabel's own enjoyment set her guests at ease. But there was a dignity and sense of propriety about her which kept her from deteriorating into romp.

The next day but one after the party Mabel strongly expected her mother and father. The fortnight was not quite out, but they were due by any train after ten days had gone by. Therefore, as she drove out that morning with her cousins, she stopped at the different stores and collected her bills which she put unopened into her pocket.

Two hours later Ruth said to Constance, "Where's Mab?"

"In her room. I'm afraid something is the matter. I called her, and she didn't answer, and then I knocked, but I don't believe she heard me. The door was locked."

Ruth flew up-stairs. "Mab, Mab," she cried, "let me in, right away."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

The door was unbarred, and Mabel with eyes red and swollen, drew her sister into the room, and bolted the door again.

Ten minutes afterward there was a sound of wheels on the drive. A carriage stopped. Mr. and Mrs. Brinley had arrived. Ruth flew to meet them. She was warmly greeted, and Constance and her brother were made welcome. Then Mr. Brinley cried, "But where's Mab?"

Ruth drew him aside cautiously.

"Hush! papa," she said. "Now, promise you won't be angry with her. It's about the money. We've been adding up the bills, and, oh, papa, they are one hundred and forty-nine dollars and eighty-seven cents, and we can't make 'em any less, and Mab can't imagine how it happened."

"Bills?" cried Mr. Brinley.

"Yes, papa. Dear Mab was so very, very careful of that hundred dollars she would never break it for fear it should go too fast." And Ruth explained her sister's method. "And I don't see about this," she added, "and she's just found it out" — and Ruth gave a sympathetic sob — "but she has been awfully lovely, and we've had, oh, just the very jol — best of times, and, papa, you won't be angry, will you?" And Ruth held her father's hand fast, and looked into his eyes. There was something reassuring in their glance as Mr. Brinley answered,

"I won't be angry long."

After he had explained to Mabel the dangers of her financial system, and had given her the money to clear away her debts, he handed her another hundred dollars, and told her that as he did not approve of people giving up beaten, he wanted her to try another fortnight, on the cash system.

Mab looked at him with tears of gratitude.

"Oh, papa, I'll do so well," she said.

And she did.

Mr. Brinley afterward apologized to his wife for this temporary usurpation of her place.

"I couldn't stand the poor little wounded pride," he said.

THE ABSENT-MINDED TAILOR.

By L. J. B.

THE tailor's wife to the tailor said,
"Go fill the water-pail,
And measure off a yard of cloth —
Now, mind you do not fail."

The absent-minded tailor went:
The pail filled with nainsook,
And measured off a yard upon
The surface of the brook.

PLUCKY SMALLS: HIS STORY.

CHAPTER I.

ME'N' THE TINKER.

I WAS a wharf-rat. Do you know what a wharf-rat is? If you know what it is to lie out in all sorts of weathers, to have nothin' in particular to eat, to sleep on dust-heaps in comp'ny with old glass bottles, down by the river, or in a barrel, or an old wagon, or on a shelf made o' one o' the planks a-stickin' out under a wharf; if you know what it is to have no clothes to cover you, except the old rags that hang on, nobody knows how; if you know what it is to take blows an' curses aimed at you (the blows needn't hit, but the curses stick in your ears sometimes); if you know what it is to just hate the blue sky, an' the sun a-shinin' in it, to hate everybody, an' everythin' in Heaven an' earth; if you know what it is to have nothin' pleasant to think of in the days you've had to live, an' nothin' to look ahead to in the days that's comin'; if you know what it is to be hungry an' cold an' starved an' tired an' to wish you was dead mor'n forty times a day, an' not have the pluck to do it — then you know what it is to be a wharf-rat — leastways, such a wharf-rat as I was.

It was down by the river that I had my beat. It was safe an' quiet over there at the dumpin' ground, an' there warn't much of any one to interfere. My mate was "the Tinker" — why the Tinker — he don't know, an' I don't know; p'rhaps because he was always a-tinkerin' up little bits o' things that he'd find lyin' round in the ash-piles. Sometimes he'd make a little boat with an old knife he'd found in the ashes, or else it 'ud be a little table or a chair, like doll's furniture, like what him an' me has seen in the shop windows up on Broadway. Anyhow — however the name come to him — he was called just the Tinker; an' *as* the Tinker I always know'd him.

We used to sit round an' loaf, Tink and me (Tink I called him for short), an' wonder if anythin' ever *would* happen to make our lives any different. He used to tell me stories, Tink did — he was older, an' bigger'n me, an' know'd a heap; an' dark nights, when the rain was pourin' down, an' the wind a-blowin' fit to take your head off, he'd lie there an' yarn an' yarn, all about Knights an' Princesses, an' Highwaymen, an' Murderers, 'till you couldn't rest. He got 'em out of old novels he'd find lyin' round. Tink was awful up in novels, an' I'd fall asleep with my head on Tink's shoulder, an' jest dream, an' dream 'em all over again — Tink used to call 'em adventures.

Sometimes we'd loaf over to the docks of the steamboat comp'nies, an' we'd watch those great big worlds start off for foreign places. To Newport, the cook told us, an' England, an' Baltimore — bless you! in those days I didn't know whether Newport was a big country, or England a little American town — an' then we'd beg somethin' to eat, that is, if we happened to see the second cook or the under steward, an' many's the time I've dove after the leavin's that they throw'd overboard from the galley. Sometimes Tinker an' me would go up as far as Broadway, askin' now an' then at basement doors for somethin' to eat — bread, or cold puddin', or anythin' — an' when the cops wasn't round we'd loaf a good bit. Sometimes we got it. More often we didn't. But there was one house that we was always pretty sure of; meat sometimes, an' cold corn bread, an' once she giv' us each a apple. I swear to gracious! No? Well, I won't, then, but a feller gets used to sayin' worse'n that, an' can't stop it off too sudden. Well, I was a-goin' to say that I really an' truly *do* believe that if it hadn't ov been for that very house in Grove street, that Tink an' me would have starved outright. Sometimes we found things in the ashes where we lived, for we lived

at the dumpin' ground. Once I found a twenty-five-center. Oh, my! *Oh, my!! didn't* we have a dinner up to Tomkinses in West street, just on the corner, you know, under the pop-shop; boiled mutton an' gravy, an' mashed potatoes — *hot!*

Sometimes the coppers would come in to the dumpin' ground an' look 'round kind o' sharp, an' searchin'. "Lie low," says the Tinker to me, or me to him, 'cordin' as to who sighted the cop first-off, an' down behind a ash-heap we'd plump; an' then the cop findin' it a uninterestin' sort o' place an' nobody round, he'd go off an' up West street, leavin' us, as Tink'd say, "Masters of the Field." Cold? You bet; but then the ashes was nice. Sometimes after the dump-carts was gone we'd go round an' poke in 'em 'till we found a real nice warm heap — many's the time I've seen a live coal in 'em — an' we'd snuggle down under the lee of 'em, out of the wind, an' sometimes I'd bury myself in 'em, right up to my neck, an' sleep there all night. Once the Tinker got on fire, but there was the whole river to draw on, an' I soon put him out.

"That's a *great* way, isn't it?" says Tink, says he, "endangerin' a feller's life by leavin' live coals in the ashes — oh, them cooks."

Well, as I was a-tellin' you, we was wharf-rats, Tink an' me, an' wharf-rats we would ha' been till now, or worse p'rhaps, if things hadn't fell out different.

One mornin' early Tink an' me heard a lot of sounds on the rickety old wharf, jest the other side ov our fence. We looked through a hole in the boards, an' we found they meant somethin' more'n common. The old wharf was a-bein' patched up. Carpenters was there, an' loads ov planks, an' there was sawin' an' poundin' an' cuttin' an' hammerin' all day long. Those big piles ov boards made nice houses for me an' Tink. We picked the best, an' we made ourselves the bossest kind of a palace — Tink called it a palace. We made 'em after the carpenters had gone home nights. Sometimes when they'd tumbled down our last palace, to use the boards, an' we hadn't had time to build a new one, we'd jest creep into the carpenters' chests — the big ones — an' pile the shavin's over the tools, an' go to sleep — jest as easy. "*Fuss?*" I tell you — fuss enough — but after that we'd pull the shavin's out before they'd come again in the mornin'. "*Locked?*" Oh, yes, but Tink's uncle used to make burglars' tools — him as Tink lived with before he ran away — an' when the Tinker skipped, he skipped with his pockets full. "*Pick a lock?*" You jest ought to see Tink pick a lock! Why, he doesn't care what it is, don't Tink (or didn't, for that's all over now). *Any* lock, I don't care what it was, from a plain an' simple to a pad — Tink could pick 'em all. Beats all how he did it. Jest a leetle crooked piece ov iron, put in an' twisted round, an' there you are. I wanted Tink to learn me.

"No, my boy," Tinker would say, drawin' himself up, an' lookin' kind o' holy. "It's dangerous knowledge." Tink used to talk awful big sometimes, used to get it out o' novels. "It's dangerous knowledge. When all your other resources fail you, then we'll talk about it, maybe." My *other* resources! An' then Tink an' me would look at each other an' jest bust out a-laughin' — I tell you it was as good as a play.

An' now while they was a-patchin' up the old wharf Tink an' me had fine times, I can tell you. The men was kind enough, an' we helped 'em fetch an' carry, an' they paid us by givin' us what was left ov their dinners. Sometimes it was doughnuts or sandwiches, or cold biscuit or a slice of ham, or a hard boiled egg. Sometimes more — sometimes less — but we always made a square divvy. "What?" Oh! well, that means we divided fare an' square, whatever there was. If it was only one cracker, we each had half, even to the smallest crumb; if there was three sandwiches an' a half a one, we'd each have one an' a half an' a quarter — we'd break the half one, jest as even; sometimes there was so much we'd put some by for supper, an' real feasts we'd have, sittin' there inside our piles of boards, with the sun a-shinin' all red in at one end, jest as he was a-goin' down over Jersey way. Somehow things seemed better after the carpenters came, an' I didn't wish I was dead mor'n once or twice while they stayed.

Well, bymeby the wharf got finished an' the carpenters began to pack up. They got their tools together, an' the wagons came rattlin' down over the new planks, 'an they histed up

the chests an' carried 'em off. (Tink an' me kind o' felt as if they was takin' our property, for we'd slept in every one of the big ones.) An' then the men put on their coats, an' some on 'em said, "Good-by, youngsters," an' some on 'em didn't say nothin' — jest left; an' the Boss carpenter's black-an'-tan Grip jest laid his nose in my hand, an' then started off kind o' slow, lookin' back sometimes with his head on one side, jest as if he thought we ought to come too. But nobody else wanted us if Grip did. I felt kind o' lonely after they was gone, an' wished I was dead jest a little, till Tinker started up.

"It won't do to be settin' here," says the Tinker, says he. "You jest play 'foller my leader,' young feller;" an' with that Tink began to hand planks round — those that was left — an' pile 'em up, an' we made another palace, a'most as good as those we'd had, an' there we lived for more'n two days.

Well, one mornin' we went over to the Avenue to try to pick up somethin', for since the carpenters had knocked off work, we hadn't had anythin' to call a square meal. We picked up a scrap here an' there — some cold buckwheats, at the house in Grove street — an' we come over across West street, an' down to the dumpin' ground, eatin' our cold buckwheats as we came. We walked down towards the river through the piles of ashes, an' came to our hole in the fence. We never came down the big wagon road on to the wharf, for we was afraid the cops would wonder what we was a-doin' there. Tink climbed through the hole in the fence.

"Well, now," says Tink, stoppin' short.

I climbed through the hole after the Tinker, an' I stopped too, an' looked where Tink was a-lookin' with all his big eyes, an' there I see the masts of a great big 'square rigger', an' there she was lyin' snug an' close right up to our dock, an' then I started to move, an' nearly broke my nose, goin' down over a big hawser that they'd got fast and tight acrost our doorway.

"If that doesn't beat all!" says Tink. "To come sailin' right up into a man's back yard, without sayin' 'by your leave,' an' put your hawser right acrost his doorway. Well! well! the impudence of some folks *is* astonishin'!"

I agreed with Tinker that it did beat all, an' we clim' over the hawser, an' crawled into our palace an' had a 'coundsel ov war' — that's what Tink called it. We talked ov everythin' that could be done, but none ov 'em seemed no good. At last Tink looked up with a awful handsome smile.

"Let's us cut her out," says Tink. "I've read all about it, an' it's the bossest kin' ov a thing to do."

"What *air* you talkin' about, Tinker?" says I. "'Cut her out,'" says I. "'Cut her out' — *how?* Cut them there hawsers?— why, they're big as my body. An' what with — that old hoe that you whittle with?"

Tink looked awful pained. He said he'd warmed a viper, an' I'd up an' stung him. I told him I hadn't, but if he didn't want the cops to come down on us an' hustle us out, he better not talk about hackin' at them ropes with a old jack-knife.

"Well," says Tink, weakenin', an' drawin' himself up, an' drawin' himself down again pretty sudden, for our roof was pretty low — an' rubbin' the top ov his head, "let's go an' examine the situation."

So out we crawled again, an' walked down the wharf, pretty near to where the square rigger was lyin'. She was tied up pretty snug, an' there was a gang plank from the wharf up to a hole in the side ov her. Wasn't she big? Tinker looked solemn when he saw the round cannon pokin' their black noses out through the holes in the side ov her, an' he said kind o' trembly, "Do you think they're a-goin' to shoot?"

But I hadn't no time to answer, for down over that gangway came trampin' some splendid-lookin' soldiers, all glitter an' guns, an' they walked right down the wharf all in step, an' then stopped, jest as sudden, an' stood in two long lines, an' first they held their muskits straight up by their sides, an' then let 'em fall all together with a thump that made me an' Tink jump, I can tell you! Good thing that old wharf was mended or they'd a-gone through! When they had flourished their guns around a good while, they got an order from their head man, an' he was jest as splendid as the rest ov 'em only a little more so, let me tell you, an' they all clapped' em up to their shoulders, an' pointed

'em right straight at the Tinker an' me, an' when their boss said *Fire!* I expected nothin' else than to drop dead with the officer an' Tink. I shut my eyes, but the locks only clinked, an' nobody dropped; but I wouldn't resk it again.

"Cut," says I to Tink, "cut — they missed us that time."

"I ain't prepared to die," says Tinker as well as he could, bein' on the dead run, an' all out o' breath, "if that there officer is, so scoot it is!" An' we scooted behind 'em an' nearer to the side ov the ship.

"It's the *Morines*," says Parkeses boy who was standin' round. An' then a quiet-lookin' man came to the side an' looked over. He was dressed in a blue cap an' a blue coat an' big goldy lookin' buttons, an' had gold stripes all over him, an' Tink said he must be some high-up feller, he slung his orders round so kind o' careless.

"Sergeant," says he, kind ov short an' quick.

"Sir," says the boss soldier, an' he touched his hat an' he stood there jest as stiff, Tink said, as if ramrods was his everlastin' diet.

"Take your men further up the wharf," says the blue-coated man, an' then the sergeant touched his cap again an' off they went. I s'pose the high-up feller thought it wasn't safe, an' I agreed with him.

An' then Tink an' me, we come up a little closer, an' we saw on what was the very stern of the ship — away up on the upper deck — two ladies an' a woman with a little chap in her arms, an' a lot o' blue-coated men. The Tinker told me they was officers. One ov the ladies was walkin' up an' down with two officers — one on each side ov her, an' she was a-laughin', an' a-talkin' an' a-shakin' a red umberell, an' on her hands she had those long browny-red gloves — jest the color ov the boss carpenter's tan terrier, an' they was all pulled down to her wrists in big wrinkles, an' on her arms she had jest millions ov big silver rings an' on 'em there was jest thousands of little bells an' things, an' they jest jingled an' jangled, an' she laughed an' talked, an' was so awful gay an' han'some — I declare! she looked jest good enough to eat.

There was another lady there with a awful *good* face, an' I saw her come to the stairs leadin' down below an' start off the nurse with the little kid. He looked about four years old. My! wasn't that nurse a gay one? She was lookin' all round, smilin' first at a sailor, an' then at a morine, an' not payin' over much 'tention to the youngster.

"Good-by, mamma!" shouted the little chap. (Oh! my, jest to think ov havin' a mother an' one that looked like that!)

"Good-by, my darlin'," called the lady. "Take good care ov him, Susan." An' then down the plank come Susan an' the kid; helped down quite polite she was, by a morine, an' a sailor carried the little chap down in his arms an' set him down on the wharf. An' while Susan was a-turnin' to say a word to the morine, an' to thank the sailor, the little feller started on a dead run.

"Wait for me, Master Harry," says Susan, but he was off like a elevated train; I never in all my born days did see a little chap run so! An' out to the edge ov the wharf he skipped, an' before you could say Jack Robinson, plum! over he shot into the water. I only heard one screech from the deck where the ladies was, an' then — I was overboard myself. "*Afraid?*" Bless you! why, I was always *in* the water as much as *out* — summers — that was my campin' ground, an' I know how the old river runs in under those docks — you see Tinker an' me has played hide-an'-seek there by the hour on a real boilin' August day. An' that was the danger. I know'd I could get the little chap, an' that he'd be right enough if he didn't hit ag'in the piles. Under the wharf he went, and under I went after him, an' it wasn't two minutes before I had him out an' alongside the dock.

"Bear a hand, Tinker," says I, an' I shinned half-way up one of the piles, an' held on to an old plank, an' hauled the little kid up by his dress. There was plenty more to bear a hand besides Tinker — the young one's mother was there, an' the tall gentleman I'd seen on the deck — the one with the whiskers — an' he jest grabbed the boy from Tinker, an' run up the wharf, an' up that gang-plank a-callin' for the doctor.

They all stampeded, every blessed one ov 'em, an' Tink an' me was left, as he said, "alone in our glory." Then we wandered up the wharf a-ways; we was shy about goin' to our

palace, for fear they would find out about it an' tell the cops. You see we didn't believe in friends in those days, Tink an' me didn't. So we went off quite another way, an' I took off what coat I had, an' lay down in the sun to dry. We talked an' talked a long time, an' at last I dozed off. All of a sudden Tinker gin' me a dig in the ribs.

"Stow that," says I, a-doublin' up my fist.

"It's the gentleman — can't you see?" says Tinker. "He's a-speakin' to you. No, sir, it wasn't me, I'm only a humble instrument," says Tink, rememberin' his readin' jest in time. "Here stands the hero," says Tink, slappin' me on the back where I was a-lyin' in the sun an' the dust. My shirt, what there was left of it, was a-stickin' to my back, an' the water was runnin' little rivers out of my hair. "This is him, sir, this is the young hero who saved your che-ild. This is Plucky, sir, Plucky Smalls. I'm proud to call him my friend."

The whiskered gentleman seemed kind o' taken aback by the Tinker's speech, an' then to me he says:

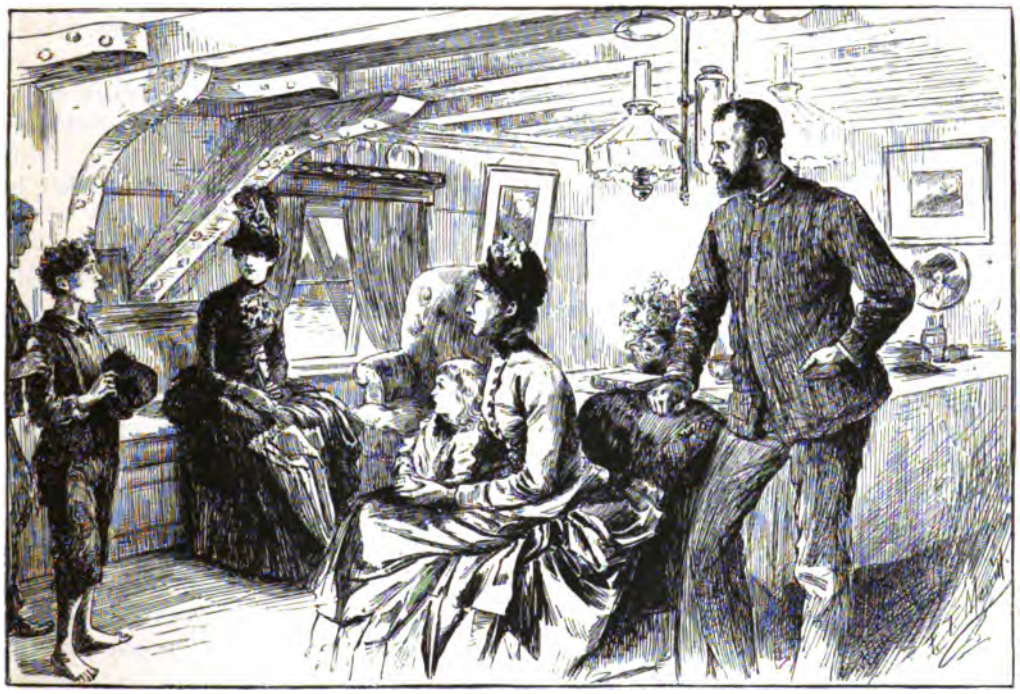
"Poor little fellow! You're wringing wet. Well, you come on board. My wife wants to thank you."

"I'd rather not, sir, if it's all the same to you," says I. "I'm all wet an' dirty, I — I'll come some other day, sir," says I, wonderin' at the same minute if Tink an' me could walk to Harlem before night.

"You *must* come," says the whiskered gentleman, "you *must* come. My wife will never forgive me if you do not."

So up I got, an' picked up my old hat — it hadn't any brim, not to speak of — an' I put it on, an' I walked with the gentleman down to the ship. Didn't I wish a hole would open and let us through! An' when I got there an' see the *good*-faced lady lookin' over at us, I jest got hot — *jest* as hot — down to my very toes. I stopped short. "I can't go, sir," says I. "I'm not fit," I says, lookin' down. The lady was a-leanin' over the side. "Fit," she calls over, soft and gentle-like, "*fit?* you're fit for Heaven. Come up here — if you don't I'll come down."

The gentleman laughed. "You see we'll



"PLUCKY," SAYS MY LADY, "I'M GOING TO BE YOUR FAIRY GODMOTHER."

have to go," he says. So up the gang-plank we three went; the gentleman goin' first, an' me next, an' Tinker comin' behind; he seemed to think I'd run away. I've kind o' thought since then it was a good thing that Tinker *did* come behind — an' there he was, jest the reg'lar old Tink, talkin' his dime-novels talk, an' praisin' me up to the gentleman, an' makin' me blush awful.

When I got way up in the stern of that big three-decker, with all the splendid woodwork an' shinin' brass, an' saw those officers all blue an' gold, an' the ladies all dressed off so fine, an' all ov 'em a-lookin' at me, I jest felt as if I was a-fire. My head was so hot, an' I nearly dropped in my tracks, an' then that Tinker, who never seemed to have any shame, jest pushed me ahead an' says he, "Here he is, ma'rm, here is Plucky Smalls! Here's the hero who jumped overboard after your cheild."

"Come here, Plucky," says the good-faced lady, smiling jest as if she was a-goin' to cry; an' seein' me sort o' hesitate, she jest come up to me, an' she put out her two white hands, jest a heavenly blaze o' glory with shinin' rings, an' she put her two arms round my neck an' — *kissed me!* Well, well! I can't believe it now no, sir, I can't.

"An' then, Plucky," says she to me, "no one on earth ever did for me what you have done to-day, an' I shall never forget it, never!" I tell you I felt as if I was in church, she spoke so solemn. The han'some lady sat there with a kind o' mockin' look on her face, but those officers all walked away an' looked over the side.

"Now, what can I do for you?" says the lady.

"'Twar'n't nothin', ma'rm," says I, findin' my voice at last; "'twar'n't nothin' at all. Why, I jumped in after the boss carpenter's black-an'-tan, an' after Parkeses boy's little brother — why, I'm *'customed* to bein' *in* the water 's much as *out*, summers."

"Come here, Harry," says she, an' she took the little chap from the nurse-girl's arms. I can tell you Miss Susan was a-sittin' pretty quiet now.

"Say 'Thank you, Plucky, for savin' my life!'"

The lady's cheeks was all wet.

"Thank you, Plucky, for savin' my life," says the little chap — jest as cunnin', but I didn't know what to say, an' I was just dyin' to get away.

"Can I go now?" says I, sort o' edgin' towards the steps that led down to the lower deck.

"Go? No, of course not. Bring him down into the cabin, Henry," says the lady, an' I followed the whiskered gentleman who Tink said was the Kimmander, an' Tink followed me. My! Oh, my! Wasn't that cabin a pretty place jest? There was a table all set out fit for the Aldermen, an' silver, an' glass, an' posies till you couldn't rest, an' a peanner in one corner, an' books an' work in han'some colors, all lyin' round kind o' careless — an' sweet! *My!* it smelled like those gardings they have up the river, where I used to go with Dad sometimes in his sloop, before he took to drink, an' fell overboard an' was drownded.

"Beats the books!" says the Tinker in my ear.

"Come in, Tinker," says Missis Kimmander. "Isn't that what they call you?" Beats all how pat she had our names!

"Plucky's friends is my friends," says she, smilin', an' Tinker an' me, we felt as ef we'd ben carried off to those furrin' shores Tink's always talkin' about, and it reelly seemed 's ef I must wake up in a minute, an' find myself sleepin' on the planks, with the stars a-shinin' over my head.

Then the han'some lady she come down from deck an' come in the cabin.

"What a fuss," she says, "Laura, about a little wharf-rat. Why don't you give him a dollar an' let him go?"

"A dollar," thinks I, "a whole dollar!"

"Plucky," says *my* lady turnin' to me, "I'm goin' to be your fairy godmother. Now, what would you like more than anything else in the world? Be careful — think slow. What would you like better than anythin' in — the — whole — wide — world?"

The gentleman — the Kimmander, I s'pose I should say — stood behind the lady's chair, a-smilin' at me over her head. I didn't have to think long.

"To be aboard this ship, ma'rm," says I, "an' to see you every day" — an' I gets redder'n ever.

With that the han'some lady laughed. "Quite a courtier, I declare!" says she.

"I have no doubt that the child means just what he says, Isabel," says Missis Kimmander, an' I did, *jest*.

"Well, perhaps we can manage it for you, Plucky," says *my* lady. "Ask this gentleman."

"Even to the half of my kingdom," says the lady she called Isabel, with another laugh.

The gentleman did not wait to be asked. "Do you *reelly* mean it, my boy?" says he. "You know, perhaps, that on board this ship we train jest sech boys as you to be seamen, an' we try to make 'em happy an' give 'em a good home. Do you want to come with us?"

"Is she — is Missis Kimmander goin' too?" says I, noddin' to where *my* lady sat.

"Well, sometimes she will be here," says the Kimmander in a kind way — laughin' too, as he talked. "But you can't see the lady always; you must remember that, an' you'll have to study an' mind rules — it won't be only good eatin' an' good clothes."

I looked at the Tinker. He looked kind o' down.

"Ef it wasn't for leavin' Tinker," says I; "me and Tink's always ben together."

"Oh! don't think of me, my boy," says Tink, kind o' choky. "Seize the golden opportunity while" —

"Oh! stow that, Tink — beggin' your parding, ma'rm," says I to *my* lady.

"Perhaps Tinker would like to go too," says the han'some lady, awful scornful.

"Thank you, Isabel," says the Kimmander *jest* as quiet. An' then turnin' to Tink, "*Would* you like to come," he says, "if Plucky here, does?"

"I would *jest!*" says Tink.

An' so it come about that me an' Tink was reg'lar enlisted on board the Trainin' Ship. Poor old Tink! It didn't come easy to him; he chafed some. After we had been entered on the books, an' dressed, the Kimmander said, as became apprentice boys of the United States Service, I caught old Tinker a-lookin' out o' one o' the ports forrard at our old palace on the wharf. Some men had come with a cart, an' they was a-pullin' down one plank after the other an' putting 'em on the cart. Tink hove a sigh — I guess he'd forgot all the hungry days we'd pulled through — an' says Tink, says he, "There's where we've spent many happy days an' nights, Plucky, my boy! But now," an' Tink struck his readin' attitude, "but now to Libbutty a long an' sad farewell!"

Things went along pretty well first off. You see it was all new to me an' Tink, an' it seemed kind o' pleasant. I'm a good deal older now than I was in those days I'm a-tellin' you about, an' when I look back I jest wonder and wonder what I'd have been if the Kimmander's little kid hadn't tumbled into the water. It did seem pretty hard after turnin' into a fellow's hammock at night an' gettin' what seemed like the first good sleep, to hear that old Bose'n's Mate Ticklepitcher (that was his name, honest; anyway it was the name he give, an' they had him so on the muster-roll — Timothy Timpkins Ticklepitcher — an' at muster it was all the boys could do to keep from a-laffin' right out, when the Paymaster's clerk would call his name, but he'd answer up jest as solemn, "Bose'n's Mate, sir." They tell me that in the old days, long before I entered the Service, that they'd answer "Here, sir," but nowadays they answer to their rating — that is, their rank). Where was I — oh yes — about the Bose'n's Mates, an' their piping to turn out.

That old Ticklepitcher — he seemed to take real comfort in hollerin' right in your uppermost ear, "Up, all hands" — this way: "*Up, a-a-a-ll ha-a-a-a-nds!*" It *did* seem as if he never would have done with that *a-a-a-ll*. An' then came that old fife an' drum, a-playin' "Peas upon the Trencher," or "Kinlock" Tink said it was, or some such pizen tune, till you couldn't rest. Then would come that Bose'n's Mate's whistle again, an' he would roar enough to wake the dead: "*Up, a-a-a-a-ll* hammocks!" — that *a-a-a-ll* a little longer, an' louder, an' threatenin'-er than the last. An' up we got, you better b'lieve, an' skinned into our clothes, an' lashed up our hammocks, an' stowed 'em in the hammock-nettings on the spar deck. I wasn't very spry that first mornin'. I was onused to a hammock, an' as I hadn't been in one before, I didn't fall asleep as easy as I did in the old ash-heap. We was tied up to a wharf, an' the ferry boats came into their slips alongside — at the bow an' the stern of the

old *Manhattan*, an' that made her roll a little; at any rate she was oneasy, an' so was I.

I heard somebuddy round the head of my hammock, but it was all new to me. An' I didn't suspect nothing — when I heard a cut an' a rip — an' down I went, head-first, on the deck an' hit my head against a ring-bolt. I jest rolled over, an' saw under the other hammocks where one pair of legs was drawin' up in a mighty hurry. You can bet I jest went for that pair of legs an' the fellow that owned 'em, an' if I didn't pummel him till the Master-at-Arms come an' dragged me off! I thought I was in for the "brig" sure. But when the Master-at-Arms saw my hammock with the ropes cut, he says, says he — "All right for you! Pandy, I'll report you in the mornin'."

Then I tied up my hammock the best way I could, an' I slept pretty well until ole Ticklepitcher come along with his thunderin' whistle.

Pandy was taken up to the "mast" next day. "That's our Bar of Justice," says the Master-at-Arms. "There you'll see judge and jury all in one, youngster."

I had to go as witness. I tell you I was scared. There was the Kimmander an' Mr. Wilkins — all in their uniform — an' there was Pandy lookin' frightened to death, an' me lookin' frighteneder to death. *I* didn't want to tell on Pandy — an' I wouldn't have told on Pandy — but when I pummel'd him (an' I *did* pummel him *good*) the Master-at-Arms found out the whole business.

"What! you here already, Smalls?" says the Kimmander, lookin' awful stern.

I only hung my head way down.

"He isn't to blame, sir," says the Master-at-Arms, an' then he told the whole business.

"That's nice treatment," says the Kimmander. "A poor boy too — give him three days in the brig."

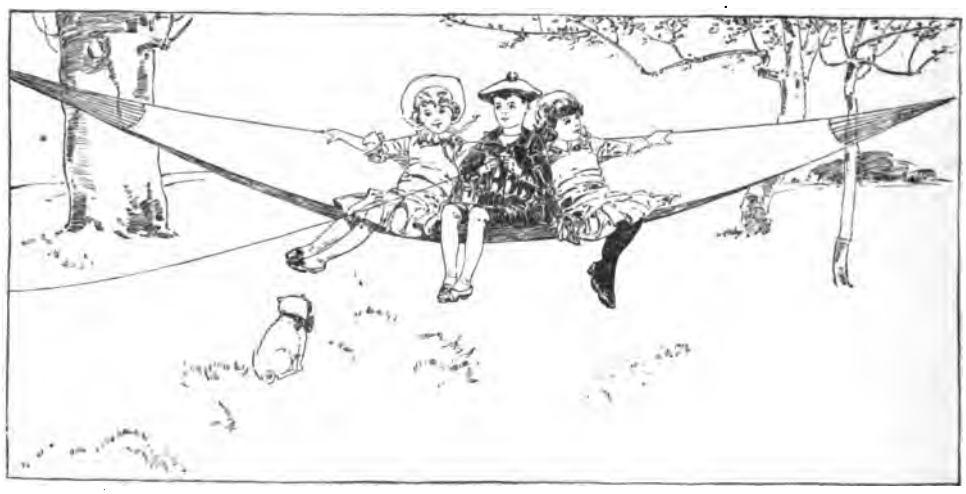
"Please, sir," says I, fingerin' my cap — bashful enough I was too — "please, sir, if you'll look at Pandy I think you'll say he's been punished enough — for I did pummel him *good*, sir."

The Kimmander couldn't help but laugh a little, but Mr. Wilkins, he just scowled fiercer than ever.

"Perhaps that will help him to remember it then," says the Kimmander. An' then to the Master-at-Arms, "Three days in the brig," says he. "An' see," he says, turnin' to Pandy, "that it does not happen again."

"If I doesn't serve you out for this," growled Pandy at me, as he walked forrard; "an' it wun't be long neither."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



ENVY.

THE WHITE ORCHARDS.

A MAY SNOW STORM.

By Margaret Deland.

FAR in the deep of the blue soft skies,
The shore of the shining cloudland lies;
It is white, and still, and dreamy fair,
Lapped by the tranquil seas of air.

Over the sunbeams in happy flight,
Dancing along in the golden light,
Blown like a bubble, the green world sails,
Rosy with blossoms on hills and dales!

Columbine dances, and surly bees
Drain clover horns to their honied lees,
Cowslip cups, brimming with sunshine, swing,
Brushed by a butterfly's velvet wing.

Through the white orchards the warm winds pass,
But scarcely they bend the deep soft grass,
Not even the shadows are stirred, but, lo—
There's a whirl of apple-blossom snow.

A MONSOON.

(*Around-the-World Stories.*)

Olive Risley Howard

THE typhoon is only an occasional visitor, to particular localities at special seasons, in Asiatic waters, and never appears on the equator.

The monsoon is a different kind of wind altogether. It is a feature of the system of regularly alternating air-currents which blow over India and the Indian Ocean, and to which the sailors long ago gave the name of "trade-winds."

In the winter season dense, dry air flows from the interior of Asia, southwestward, over the Indian Ocean, and pours the cool breath of temperate regions into the vacuum at the equator made there by the powerful action of the sun's rays, which draws the moist heated air away from the surface of the earth into the upper regions of clouds. These benign currents are the northeast monsoons.

But in summer, when the air-currents have passed over the long stretches of heated sands on the plains of Asia, they become warmer than the air over the Indian Ocean, and the latter flows northward, to carry its freight of moisture over the parched plains — a southwest monsoon.

At the seasons when these air-currents are shifting from one monsoon to the other, seafaring men keep a sharp lookout, for then severe local storms occur, and the blows become dangerous.

We began our voyage to Java just as the northwest monsoon was setting in. It blew pretty hard, but our ship, a Dutch steam packet, built of teakwood, gave us a sense of security which was fully maintained by the good order and discipline on board. She was the *Stoom Schepen Konigen der Nederlanden*, of the Dutch Steam Navigation Company, one of the oldest commercial lines in the world.

The return voyage from Java, the delicious island, was destined to be a less easy one. We were again on board a Dutch steamer, the *Singapore*, bound for the port of Singapore, and carrying a cargo of cattle.

Our first look at the *Singapore* gave us no good impression. She was cramped and narrow, and was two days late in sailing; our confidence was utterly shaken in her, soon after leaving port, by a somewhat novel experience.

A few hours out, and while we were steaming rather inland than toward the open sea, a rebellious cow among the cargo tossed her head in the air, jumped overboard, and struck out boldly for the shore.

The *Singapore* gave chase, and the chase lasted for several hours. It was often hard to tell which had the best of it, the ship or the cow; but at last the poor cow was overtaken, lassoed, and hauled on board. The plucky swimmer had, however, so nearly outstripped the *Singapore*, that thereafter we felt no pride and but little faith in the power or the speed of our ship.

Not long after this excitement we ran into the monsoon, now fairly set, and blowing hard and steady from the northwest. Drenching rain fell in spouts like condensing steam. The *Singapore* labored in a dull heavy sea. When the sun set, lightning began playing mad freaks in all the wonderment of its dazzling equatorial beauty among the fast-flying, thirsty-looking clouds.

The stuffy staterooms were close and intolerable, and we improvised cabins on deck, out of benches with sails hung round, where we tried to rest.

Unable to bear a suffocating odor of mingled fog and tar any longer, I folded back my flapping sail-screen, at midnight, and sat upright. The absence of all sound or movement near me proved that my sister and friends slept undisturbed behind their shelter, which was more breezy than mine.

The night was black. Inky waves swept now and then across the bows; thunders from the

deep seemed rising to meet the sharp resounding clashes in the sky, while, at intervals, lightning flashes made near objects as distinct as day. A stationary table, draped now, and covered over with tarpaulin sheets, stood midships on the deck of the *Singapore.* In the day we had seen this table divided by racks into partitions, spread with a few sea biscuits, and many decanters filled with spirits, "schnaps" and liqueurs, which were often tested by the Dutch passengers, but never by the ship's officers, while the crew conspicuously avoided so much as a whiff of the odious fumes. This peculiar custom on board the Dutch steamers plying in Indian waters, is never, so far as I have noticed, copied elsewhere at sea.

The captain, a serious, gruff-voiced old seaman, was still on deck, giving the night's commands in Dutch, all hands speaking that uncouth tongue which is so strangely unintelligible to all unfamiliar as I was, with its sound. He passed near our cabin encampment, where I sat alone on the dismal bench, while making his last round of the ship. His keen far-seeing eyes beamed kindly, and he seemed inclined to speak, but there was no interpreter at hand and he passed by. An unusually heavy lurch of the ship, a vivid streak of lightning and a peal of thunder which seemed resounding to the poles, caused him to turn back, and coming nearer to me he said, with great earnestness, and deliberation :

"*Er is* GEEN GEVAAR, *mejufvrouw, ga gerust slapen en heb* GEEN VREES."

I knew no word of what he said, nor how to answer, and only bowed my head, while his prophetic gravity kindled all my smouldering alarms.

The air of importance which belongs to any ship's commander worthy the responsibility of such absolute authority as he must exercise at sea, in enforcing that discipline and obedience upon which many lives may depend, was emphasized in our Dutch captain. His impressive words now conveyed no meaning to my ears, but they carried a warning to my sharpened senses which determined me not to slumber nor rest until I knew what danger he feared enough to cause him to put me on my guard so sternly.

The second officer came on the watch when the captain went off, and there was much clatter among the crew, and walking to and fro on deck.

A remittant sound of hammering, coming from the interior of the ship, had made itself heard, for some time, above the din. At two o'clock this sound had become an incessant tap, tap, tap, hammer, hammer, hammer, on a hollow, metallic substance. What could it mean?

Suddenly the hammering ceased, and some one came up the gangway. A flash of lightning revealed a tall, gaunt man, bareheaded, his sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, turning face to the wind. His brawny arms were lifted above a shock of red hair, which crowned his redder face. His red flannel shirt was in keeping with his general fiery appearance, but the dark line on his gray trousers-legs, showed that he had been standing ankle deep in water.

After breathing in some deep draughts of fresh air, the ruddy apparition cautiously proceeded to uncover the decanters on the stationary table, then hurriedly poured out and swallowed a dram of schnaps and darted below; shortly afterwards the hammering recommenced.

For one hour, and more, I watched this florid tar come and breathe, and drink, and go below, and for one hour and more I listened to the sound of tapping, hammering, pounding, as it rose, and fell, alternately, with his coming and his going.

Each time that he came on deck, the wet guage-line on his trousers-legs stood higher. He held excited debates with the officer on watch, from which I learned that he was an Englishman and engineer of the ship. These talks were followed by surreptitious visits to the schnaps decanter, by the engineer, when the officer's back was turned.

The lightning showed these details in snatches; but between the glare all was dark and still, save the roaring sea, the wind, and the roll of distant or nearer thunder.

When at last the engineer appeared, looking as if he had stood in water to the knees, I made bold to ask him the meaning of this sign, and of the hammering. He answered reluctantly, and in a thick, peculiar speech, that the condenser had given way, and that he was trying to mend it, but that water was coming into the engine-room faster than he could bail it out. Later, he

said the machinery was going worse and worse, the ship rolling like a log, and for his part he saw no way but to take to the life-boats. We were not far from land, he continued, and were more than likely now to be drifting toward a lee shore.

Presently two of the ship's officers began examining the life-boats, and sailors brought sea bread and jars of fresh water which they stowed away in them hurriedly.

After this, the second officer came to me with the engineer, who acted as interpreter, to say that it would be well to get such things together as we might need if forced to put off in the ship's life-boats, for some near island; that they were making everything ready, beforehand, to save confusion when the time came for the captain to give the final order.

The officer made little of saying this, but to me there was something truly dreadful in the prospect. It was like choosing between a hawk and a buzzard to say which was safer at dead of night — the steamer, now disabled, which at her best, in open day, had been nearly beaten in speed by the swimming cow, or a little life-boat in such a sea. The nearest coast possible was that of the island of Borneo, which for fifty miles around is an impassable swamp, inhabited by felines, reptiles and orang-outangs. This island jungle was the scene of some of the boldest and most fantastic yarns the young ensigns on the *Monocacy* had told us before the typhoon blow, and it was no comfort to remember now that they said the cannibals of Borneo dwell in the interior of the island, reached only by rivers and streams, for they also told us of the reckless character of the plain pirates who lurk on the immediate coast.

What preparations should one make for such a voyage to such a country? My friends still slept, my sister close beside me, and I determined not to rouse her sooner than need be, and went alone to the hold of the ship, with one faithful servant, to get from our trunk such articles as might be most useful in an open boat at sea, or if we become stranded on a desert island shore.

We had one trunk full of articles which friends had made and given to us when we started on our travels, to provide for our comfort in any emergency. I naturally thought of this trunk in this extremity. In it were, indeed, bags, and boxes, and cushions, and cases, and photograph-frames and racks, brush holders, and hooks, housewifes and sachets, and other beautiful, useful things — but nothing suited to our present needs. I learned now, to my surprise, that these pretty things belong only to conditions of plenty and luxury, and are only useful when people already have every thing that they require for life and comfort, and I also learned how many trifles, apparently most desirable, one can do without. I recalled Robinson Crusoe's plight after the grounding of his ship, and the list of things he found in the hold of the wreck, and which went to make his cave so cosey and his life so cheerful in a distant island solitude, and I closed my trunk with a sigh. Robinson Crusoe would not have found what he needed in *this* hold.

It was in fact a very perplexing question to decide, for I could carry only the barest essentials, the things one would want first, and part with last. Money? My sister and I had saved up a few bright eagles, intending to exchange them in India for some specially rare or beautiful thing; they mocked me now, and I passed them by, recalling Crusoe's apostrophe to gold under similar circumstances:

> "O, drug! what art thou good for? . . . I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving!"

But like Robinson Crusoe, who upon second thought changed his mind on the subject of gold, I reconsidered the eagles, put them in a little chamois-skin bag, and tied them around my neck. Next I selected, one by one, some photographs, a *few* books, some pens, ink, and paper, a roll of rugs, a small, but conveniently-packed dressing-case of necessaries, and gladly turning from the stifling hold, made my way back to the tempestuous scene of the deck.

When the officer by the life-boat saw what I considered my very modest collection of comforts, he said it would not do. There would be no room for rugs; photographs, books, pens, ink and paper were out of the question; bottles of *eau de cologne*, and even Pond's Extract,

could not be thought of; soap, brushes, and sponges were not necessities! He allowed me to keep a cup, tied around my waist by a silver chain, and also two little utensils chosen from the dressing-case abundance, which I could carry in my pocket, and which even the Dutch subordinate admitted were useful at all times.

An umbrella was now placed in the life-boat, and it was pronounced provisioned and ready to be launched at a moment's notice.

Meantime the heavy gale blew onward from the northwest, and the hammering rang louder from the engine-room. The boatswain's whistle seemed never tired of shrieking challenges to the wind; pale lightning flashes showed the faces of officers and crew blanched and anxious; and then again, amid thunder-rolls and the ship's deep lurches, the trackless sea merged black around us.

My sister still slept, unconscious of the ordeal through which I was passing. O, home seemed very far away, and my eyes, weary with the vigils of the wild night, strained to find a reality among the phantom coasts which loomed beyond the darkness.

Suddenly some streaks of crimson light shot upward to the clouded sky, from the horizon, east, toward America, like a greeting to my anxious heart from that dear land.

And truly a message of hope and good cheer did come with the crimson light, for the sun in his daily round had passed our continent, and was now bringing to the other side of the earth the good-morning which our friends were sure to have wished for us when his last shining rays sank below their western horizon, to beam again in daylight for distant Asia.

The captain was on deck now, and sharp, brief commands, carried from bow to stern and back again, were executed in haste and good order.

The hammering ceased, and word came from the hold that the condenser was "all right."

My sister, awake now, learned with amazement, in the early morning hours, how distracting the night had been to me. I showed her the life-boat sparingly provisioned with hard-tack and fresh water, pointed out the solitary umbrella, and described my visit to the hold, and how, by the light of the ship's lantern, I had painfully chosen such things as I thought we would have cared most to take to a desert island.

"What did you choose?" asked my sister eagerly.

I told her of all I had chosen, and showed the two little things which the officer had allowed me to keep.

While not disputing the good sense of my selection, my sister thought she would have chosen a little differently had she been in my place. She rather regretted, than was pleased, that I had not called her to share my memorable watch; for now, when it was passed, she found it hard to realize how near we had seemed to those experiences which fancy always clothes with romantic interest — the perils of the sea — and could hardly bring herself to believe that for hours, shipwreck and starvation, cannibals or pirates, had in imagination successively stared me in the face.

At breakfast the captain, all smiles and compliments now, explained what had seemed a shocking want of discipline the night before.

The ship's regular engineer, a Hollander, had fallen suddenly ill as we were about leaving Batavia, and this had detained the ship. The only substitute to be found on such short notice was the harum-scarum, raw Englishman, who was out of a place and glad to engage for this one passage. His first act was in flagrant disobedience of the rule of this and every other good service — that no man on duty shall touch spirits; and he not only indulged too freely himself in the potent schnaps, but induced the quartermaster, also a green hand, to follow his example. The strong stimulant quickly muddled their brains, and the engineer took to pounding on the boiler, which had doubtless bulged a little in the race with the cow, and when he discovered that the condenser was sprung, his excitement and incoherence caused the panic among the mates and men, which I witnessed, and which later the captain's few hearty rebukes put an end to.

The regular engineer, better now, straightened things out in the engine-room, where he found that the pumps had not been used at all.

There had been, it seems, a series of blunders and misunderstandings all around, which

the captain made plain and also related what he knew about monsoons, having sailed in them going and coming, he said, for nearly forty years. These great winds rise and fall with the tides, and as the day waxed now, the monsoon lulled.

The captain with the help of an interpreter told me that foreseeing a rough night, likely to make lands folk fearful, he had taken care, just before going off the watch, to reassure me, and he hoped I had enjoyed a good sleep. The real meaning of his solemn-sounding admonition was now made known, and the Dutch words: "*Er is geen gevaar, mejufvrouw; ga gerust slapen, en heb geen vrees,*" translated into English mean, "There is no danger, young lady; go to sleep and have no fear."

It was not strange, perhaps, after my first grievous misapprehension at the captain's kind advice, that the spirit of confusion and discord, abroad in the elements that wild night, seemed to me to have entered the ship's staid company. In the scene I witnessed, by lightning-light, from my tented perch in the stern of the *Singapore*, the pale, immovable faces of the dark-bloused Dutch sailors were images of dismay, while the figure of the apparent leader and chief of the tumult and mischief, the erratic engineer, with waving arms, and hair aflame, illuminated like the rest, now here, now there, looked not unlike a Salamander in a vision of furies.

I have found it easy, since that dreadful night, to understand young sailors, who verily come to believe that they have necessarily passed through the horrors of storms, dangers of shipwreck, or even the desolation of castaways on cannibal and piratic shores, which their older shipmates relate as the likely experiences and common adventures in "a life on the ocean wave."

POLO.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

When the English conquered India a century ago they found the young nawabs and regales of that singular land playing a game that had been the sport of Asiatic horsemen from prehistoric times.

This game was polo.

It was a Persian game originally and in finding its way into India across the Himalayas, it had brought with it as its name the Tibeta *pulu* which means a ball. This was speedily softened into the now familiar word of polo.

Thus from Persia to Afghanistan, over into Western China and Tibet, across the lofty Himalayas to India and so to England and over-sea to America came our now exciting American game of polo.

We all know what it is even without looking at the frontispiece of this number of Wide Awake. It is simply "shinny" on horseback.

Each player in the game needs to be a strong and skillful horseman; if he is not it is safer to wait until he can learn to keep his saddle, no matter how much his pony rears and plunges, leaps and turns — for those movements are a part of the game.

Goals eight yards wide and two hundred and fifty yards apart indicate the extent of the polo ground. The object of the game is to drive a ball, three inches in diameter, through the enemy's goal the largest number of times within a certain prescribed limit of time.

This may be difficult in "shinny;" how much harder, then, must it be when it needs to be accomplished on pony-back.

Each player is mounted upon a reliable pony that must not be more than fourteen hands high. He provides himself with a polo stick, four feet long, and having a crotch or cross piece at one end, with which to strike the ball.

Sides may consist of from three to six players

each. In a "match game" however only four players to a side are allowed.

An umpire for each side is appointed, and each side selects one of its players as goal keeper.

The ball is placed in the centre of the field, each side takes its position behind its goal posts, then the game is called, a flag is dropped and the players (excepting the goal keepers) dash into the field to endeavor to get the first strike at the ball. The rush and struggle over the little ball is of much the same character as in "shinny," but the skill necessary and the risks taken are both greater.

All plays are governed by rules: the ball must be driven through the goal limits or no count is allowed; when a ball passes outside the goal space the side defending the goal is allowed to hit it back from the goal line; if it goes out of bounds one of the umpires must throw it into the field again; the duration of a game is a limit of one hour and ten minutes with five-minute rests after every twenty minutes of play.

Hinderances and impediments are allowed under restrictions. Players may "hook sticks" but not underneath nor over the pony; ponies may be forced in each other's way but never so as to cause collision; players who drop their sticks must dismount and pick them up, but must not strike at the ball while dismounted; a player who breaks his stick must himself ride off for a new one; a player who gets before one of his own side while a ball is being hit is out of the game until a hit is made by his antagonist. These are but a few of the rules, which though simple are still imperative.

The methods of play in the American game are given at length in the Official Playing Rules of the New England Association of Polo Clubs, published annually by Wright & Ditson of Boston. These rules also hold good for ice polo, or polo on skates.

Polo is a game of skill and agility and is to be tried only by expert riders on safe and trained ponies. Boys should not attempt it under other conditions, but when they are sure of their saddle, can check and guide their ponies with ease, are sure of eye and cool in action, polo is one of the most picturesque, most exciting and most athletic of all the out-door sports.

AT THE DREAMLAND GATE.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

THE winds go down in peace, dear child,
The birds are circling o'er the sea;
The Dreamland gate before thee swings
With murmur soft as drowsy bee;
Now enter in, dear child, nor fear, nor fear lest harm should come to thee.

Beyond the gate I cannot go,
But here I'll stand, nor stir away,
While, 'mong the Dreamland children, thou
Shalt frolic till the break of day;
Fear not to enter in, dear child, for close beside the gate I'll stay.

And, if in Dreamland's lovely woods
Some harmless giant lie in wait,
Some straggler from thy fairy tales,
He'll take to flight disconsolate —
Just say, "Away! or I will tell my mother at the Dreamland gate!"

ROSINA'S KITTEN.

By E. Cavazza.

"RED RIDING-HOOD."

ROSINA'S kitten was so good
She made for it a crimson cloak
And called it her Red Riding-Hood;
And to the kitten thus she spoke:
"You darling little sweet, you!
No wolf shall ever eat you—
And neither would I ever dream,
For all you are so good,
Of trusting you to carry cream,
My own Red Riding-Hood!

THE STORY OF BOSTON COMMON.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Edward E. Hale.

BOSTON COMMON is now a pretty park, not very large as the parks of large cities go, and with nothing in it much different from what you would expect in any such place. A fountain on a holiday, a tall column in memory of the civil war, a flag-staff for days of ceremony, a drill-ground where boys can play ball, and where soldiers can parade: these can hardly be called peculiarities. Then there are long walks, some of which it is the local custom to call "malls," shaded by elms or by other trees.

It is not very easy to imagine this rather dainty place as it was two hundred and sixty years ago. That was, I suppose, about the first year when there appeared on the Common any of the race of men who were afterwards to take comfort from it. William Blackstone may have strayed over it in the year 1624. We need not spur up our slow imagination. At the end of that century there was still living an old lady whose name was Ann Pollard. Her picture is preserved and you can get a fair idea of it from any of those little dolls which people make for fairs with shagbarks for the heads, and with the eyes just indicated by the point of a pin.

But Ann Pollard was not always an old lady. In the summer of 1630 she was a spirited girl, fond of a frolic, and on one fortunate summer afternoon, by great good luck for us it happened that she joined a party of her young companions and that they all came over in a boat from Charlestown, where the little colony was spending its first summer. I do not know what they did, but I think they picked berries; I dare say they broiled a fish on the coals, and I dare say that some friendly red-skin taught them how to bake clams. What I do know is, that some seventy years after, Ann Pollard remembered this frolic of her girlhood and described this western side of Boston as she saw it then.

You may see just such a place to-day at a hundred points between Plymouth and Mt. Desert on the shore of New England. It was not heavily wooded, but here and there would be a clump of red cedars, just as you may see now at Squantum or at Savin Hill. A few ledges of rocks poked out their corners green and gray with lichens. But most of the rocks were not ledges, but were bowlders, left there by old icebergs which had drifted down over the White

THE FROG POND CURBED WITH THE FAMOUS WISHING STONE.

Mountains or Katahdin, some hundreds of thousands of years before. What Ann Pollard remembered best were the huckleberry bushes and the brambles. And this I do not wonder at. if, as I suppose, they all went across for berries.

That same autumn most of the colony moved across from Charlestown to Boston, this same William Blackstone having told them that they would find good water on this side. Blackstone himself lived not far from the Common, near where the corner of Beacon street and Charles street is to-day. What is now the Common was recognized as his land when the people came over from Charlestown and settled Boston. But he did not remain long. There was quite too much of a crowd for him, and he abandoned Boston.

Then it was that in 1634, the people of the town bought of him all his land but six acres. Every household was taxed six shillings, and many paid more. Blackstone bought cows with his money and removed to the valley of the river which bears his name. He called his new home "Study Hill." The sum paid to him was thirty pounds. The selectmen "laid out" their new purchase as a training field — that is, they appropriated it to the common uses — instead of sub-dividing it into separate allotments, as was the rest of the town.

This measure was at first unpopular. Everybody would have had a bigger garden, had there been no Common. It seems that there were about eighty "householders," each of whom had paid six shillings for this land. Why should not each have half an acre of it for his own?

So much opposition was made to the plan that Winthrop, who had been Governor from the beginning, had only two majority in an election for Selectman of the town. He would not serve on so small a vote. It was not until Mr. Cotton, the eloquent minister, had preached on the subject at a Thursday Lecture, that they gave Winthrop a stronger support. To that firmness of his and of Cotton's the Boston people owe the Common to-day.

For, whatever the grumbling, nobody was ever bold enough to subdivide the Common. Probably its use for pasture land for the town began to appear so soon that the very malcontents who had opposed Winthrop's election, may have been notified by their wives that the cows throve well by the frog-pond, and that they were not to press any plan for cutting up the town's pasture into house lots. It was in this way that women then exercised the suffrage.

However this may be, the Common remained common. Before long we begin to hear of it as a place for parade, where the train-band was mustered for exercise and review. It was quite "out of town" as you must observe. Most of the town was north of what we now call Scollay Square — with a straggling street running along the line of Washington street — and some mills and stores on the water's edge. As late as 1859, when the Prince of Wales visited Boston, Russell, the "*Times* Correspondent" who was with the party, when he described the Review which the Prince went to see on the parade ground of the Common said that he went "out of town" to see it.

The early votes about the Common in different town meetings show the uses to which it was put. On the eighteenth of December, 1634, after Cotton had preached to them, the town chose seven persons to divide the public land "leaving such portions in common for the use of new comers and the further benefit of the town as in their best discretions they shall think fit." Under this vote Winthrop and his friends had full power, and in their "best discretions" they reserved what we now call the Common.

But the lower part of it was then under water at high tides, as was almost the whole of what we now call the Public Garden. The original shore line ran up in one part almost to the edge of the long straight path which to-day runs from Park Square to Spruce street. On the thirtieth of March it was voted that "henceforth there shall be no land granted either for house lot or garden to any person out of the open ground or common field which is left between Centry Hill and Mr. Colborn's End." By the Centry Hill is meant the old Beacon Hill, and Mr. Colborn's End was at Frog Lane, now Boylston street. Mr. Colborn's house and garden were near what is now Washington street. This vote has been strictly obeyed, from that time to this time, excepting that some encroachments seem to have bent Tremont street toward the northwest, so

that the original line of the Common at the end of West street has been lost.

In 1646, the privilege of pasturage had become so important that it was ordered in Town-Meeting that "no new inhabitants shall have the right on the Common unless he hire it of those who have it already." It was also voted that only seventy milch cows should be kept there. This probably shows that the number of Freemen or Commoners at that time was only seventy. Excepting these cows, no animals were to be kept there except Elder Oliver's horse. Elder Thomas Oliver was at this time nearly eighty years of age. He was an elder in the First Church. They seem to have had great difficulties in keeping the Common even decent. People would throw all their waste and dirt there. But, on the thirty first of May, 1652, it was voted by the selectmen that

"no person. . . . shall throw forth or lay any entrails of beasts, or fowls, or garbidge, or carrion, or dead dogs or cats, or any other dead beast or stinking thing, in any highway, or ditch, or Common, within this neck of land of Boston, but enjoined to bury all such things that so they may prevent all annoyance unto any.

"Further it is ordered, that no person shall throw forth dust, or dung, or shreds of cloth or leather, or any tobacco stalks, or any such things into the streets."

Five years later, the town passed a vote, providing a fine of twenty shillings for all such offences.

On the thirtieth of March, 1639–40, the present Beacon street was laid out from the Tremont House as far as the State House, and, in 1660, Centry street, which we now call Park street, was laid out, and thus the burial ground which we call "Granary Burial-ground" was cut off from the Common. Beacon street became a pathway or roadway down toward the water, and nothing to the north of Beacon street has ever had the name of the Common. Below the beach, a long row of large rocks was heaped together, nearly on the line which Beacon street now follows. This line of stones showed the direction in which the northern line of the Common then ran.

For more than a hundred years, the Common probably remained very much what Ann Pollard found it, so far as ornament or any improvement by human hands would go. But where there were seventy cows, the native shrubbery would steadily decrease, and when in her old age Ann Pollard told her story, oh! it was many, many years, I think, since any one had picked blackberries or huckleberries there. Of those early days, the Frog Pond and what is left of the Old Elm seem to be the only visible memorials on the spot for the period. For the best computations show that the Old Elm was standing, not then so very old, when Blackstone owned the land.

I am tempted here to say that when Dean Stanley visited Boston in 1882, when I asked him what he wanted to see here, his first reply was, "Show me what is left of the Old Elm; I know it is blown down, but you must show me what is left of it." What the young readers of the WIDE AWAKE see to-day is a thrifty young elm which grows from among the roots of the old one.

Where the Monument stands, James and Peter Oliver were permitted to set up a windmill in 1652. Quite to the west of this hill, rising from the marsh where is now the Public Garden, was another smaller hill called Fox Hill. Thomas Painter was permitted to erect a windmill here. But this hill was gradually dug away, by anyone who wanted sand or clay, and cared to go there for it.

As has been already said, bowlders and perhaps ledges cropped out from the ground in different places, so that the Common was a convenient quarry for people in the town who wanted stone for the foundation of their houses. They went there perfectly freely, and carried off any such stone when they chose, until the Common was almost entirely cleared of rocks. I think the last which remained was the Wishing-Stone which was near where the Gingko-tree now stands, opposite the foot of Joy street. If you will go to the place there, where the two broad paths diverge, one to Winter street, and one to West street — you will stand near where it was. Now, they did say, that if you would walk around the Stone nine times with your back to it, whatever you wished would come to pass. There were very wicked people who said that this was more certain if you said the Lord's Prayer backward. But this was certainly not true. And for the rest, it really depended much on what you wished whether the wish was fulfilled or no.

It was blasted to pieces — and grass was planted where it once was. I think that the stone was laid around the Frog-Pond — when they put the curb around it, and it is there to this day. And I once proposed that the Mayor and Aldermen should walk around the Pond with their backs turned to it, holding fast hand in hand, and wish with all their might that the City Debt might be paid. But they have never done this — and sometimes I have thought that they had no such wish.

The tradition is that Ann Hibbens, who was hanged for a witch, and Mary Dyer, the resolute Quaker, were hung from a bough of the Old Elm. But we know perfectly well that as early as 1656 there was a gallows on one of the hills of the Common. And the tradition is entirely mistaken, when it supposes that Mary Dyer was hanged from the tree. On the thirty-first of March, of 1656, it was ordered that the gallows should be removed to the next knoll of land before the next execution. Poor Ann Hibbens was hanged in June of that year. From that time till 1812, there was occasionally a "hanging" upon the Common.

But the great public use of the place was for a "training field." From the beginning, every man who could carry arms was trained to do so, for these people had not the slightest idea of relying upon any foreign army for their defence. Twice a year at least, the military force of the town was paraded here, and on the first Monday of June the artillery company with ceremony went through its evolutions, and the officers received their commissions from the Governor. The custom was not very unlike what it is at present.

TRAINING DAY ON BOSTON COMMON.

Of all these parades, the most dramatic and terrible was that of the sixteenth of September, 1661. All the companies had been under arms both horse and foot. Humphrey Atherton was the major-general. As he was riding home to Dorchester, a stray cow struck his horse, and the horse threw his rider. It was at six o'clock in the afternoon, but the unfortunate general was taken up speechless and senseless and at

one o'clock in the morning died. Ten foot companies and a troop of cavalry attended his body to the grave. On his gravestone is cut a naked sword, and this inscription :

Here lies our captain and major of Suffolk was withall
A goodly magistrate was he and major general,
Two troops of horse with him here came such worth his love did crave
Ten companies of foot also mourning marched to his grave
Let all that read be sure to keep the faith as he hath done
With Christ he lives now crowned his name was Humphrey Atherton.
He died the 16th of September, 1661.

You will hardly understand at first why I bring together the death of Mary Dyer and that of General Atherton. But there is, alas, a sad connection, as you will see.

Mary Dyer was a Quaker. She was exiled from Massachusetts because she was a Quaker. But she felt bound by the spirit to return. She was sent off again and returned again. And at last the magistrates hanged her. They said they did not hang her for her opinions, but for returning; but, as you will see, that line was a difficult one to draw.

It is a cruel story, indeed — and how one wishes it had never been written. But written it was — and we should do no good if we shut our eyes and said we would not read it. They brought her out from the prison which was nearly where the court-house is now and "with a band of soldiers, she was led through the town the drums being beaten before and behind her, and so continued that none might hear her speak all the way to the place of execution, which was about a mile. With this guard she came to the gallows — and being gone up the ladder, some said to her, that if she would not return she might come down and save her life." This means if she would leave the colony.

"To which she replied, 'Nay, I cannot, for in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, — and in his will I abide faithful to the death.' Capt. John Webb said that she was guilty of her own blood. 'No,' she said, 'I came to keep blood-guiltiness from you, — desiring you to repeal the unrighteous and unjust law of banishment upon pain of death, made against the innocent servants of the Lord, — therefore my blood will be required at your hands.' Wilson, the old minister of the 1st church said, 'Mary Dyer, Mary Dyer — O repent, O Repent, and be not so deluded, and carried away by the deceit of the devil.'

"To this Mary Dyer answered, 'Nay, man, I am not here to repent.' They asked if she would have the people pray for her and she said she desired the prayers of all the people of God. In answer to some question she said, 'Yea, I have been in paradise several days,' and spoke of the eternal happiness she was now to enter. So she died a martyr of Christ."

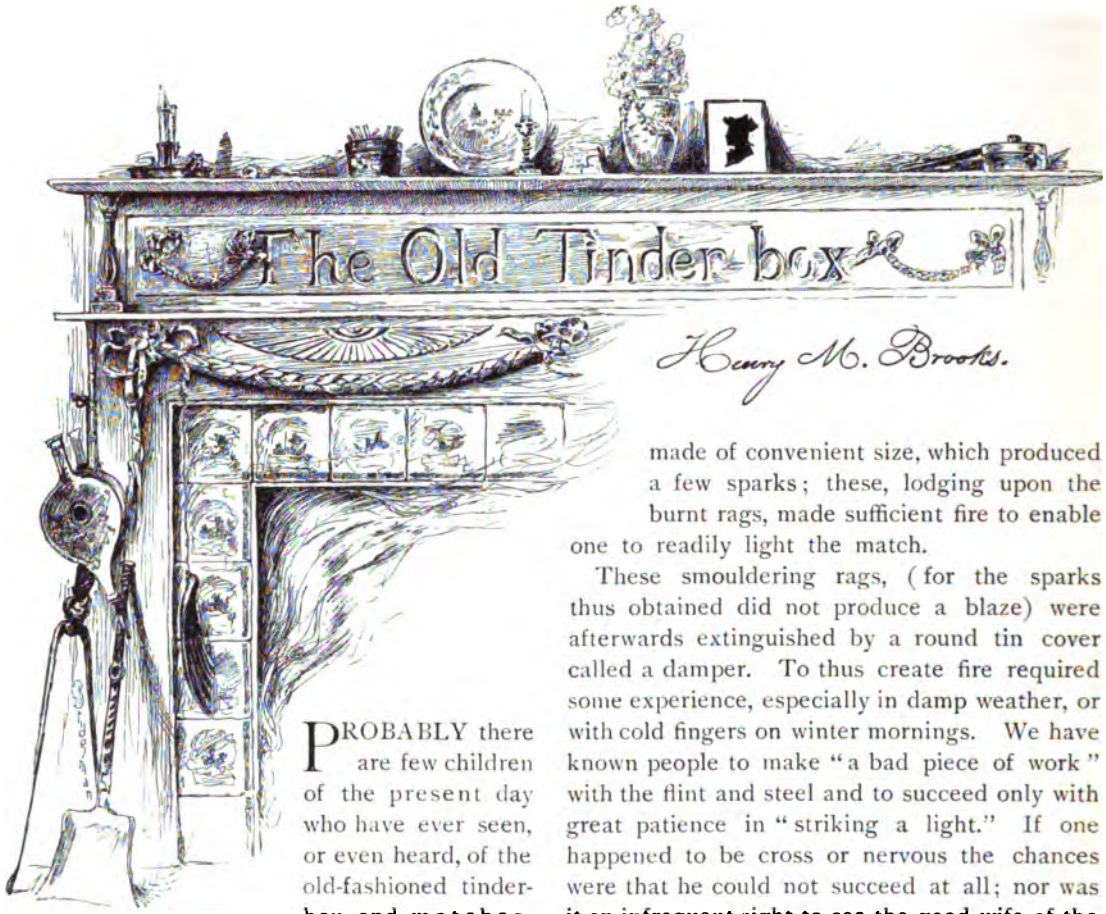
This is the account given in William Saul's history — and the same book describes, in similar detail, the execution of Leddra, on the fourteenth of March, 1661. Other Quakers were held in custody. But news of Leddra's execution was carried to Charles II., and he issued an order which compelled the colonial government, which had enough other quarrels with Charles, to release them all.

It is clear enough that there was a good deal of popular indignation felt at these cruelties. The soldiers would hardly have been under arms had there been no fear of some interruption of the execution. John Hills, the treasurer — who was as bitter as any one against the Quakers — says once and again in his diary that the public opinion was not what he thought it should be.

Sewell preserves the opinion which the Quakers had regarding the death of Atherton.

"When Mary Dyer was hanged, he said scoffingly and in an insulting way, that she hung as a flag, for others to take example by — and when Christisan, another of the Quakers was condemned, he said the judgments of the Lord God are not come upon us as yet. But how he himself was struck by these judgments, and served as an example for others, we are to see now.

"He, upon a certain day — having exercised his soldiers, and riding proudly on his horse toward his house — when he came about the place where they usually loosed the Quakers, and called, from the cart, after they had whipped them, a cow came and crossed that way, at which his horse taking fright, threw him down so violently, that he died, his eyes being started out of his head, his brains out of his nose — his tongue out of his mouth, and his blood out of his ears. Thus God's judgment came upon him suddenly and unawares."



The Old Tinder-box

Henry M. Brooks.

PROBABLY there are few children of the present day who have ever seen, or even heard, of the old-fashioned tinder-box and matches. Yet fifty years ago the friction match, now so universally used, had but just been invented, and did not come into general use for many years.

Before the year 1836, or thereabouts, housekeepers were obliged to use matches of domestic manufacture. These were small pieces of white pine wood, perhaps twice the size of our match, the ends of which had been dipped in melted brimstone. A small iron skillet in which to melt the brimstone was once a common kitchen utensil in many families in New England, if not elsewhere.

The only way to light one of these brimstone matches was to bring it in contact with a spark of fire. For this purpose there used to be kept in every house a small tin box filled with burnt rags, and this was called a tinder-box. In order to obtain a light a common gun-flint was struck with considerable force against a piece of steel made of convenient size, which produced a few sparks; these, lodging upon the burnt rags, made sufficient fire to enable one to readily light the match.

These smouldering rags, (for the sparks thus obtained did not produce a blaze) were afterwards extinguished by a round tin cover called a damper. To thus create fire required some experience, especially in damp weather, or with cold fingers on winter mornings. We have known people to make "a bad piece of work" with the flint and steel and to succeed only with great patience in "striking a light." If one happened to be cross or nervous the chances were that he could not succeed at all; nor was it an infrequent sight to see the good wife of the house running across the street with a shovel to borrow a shovelful of "live coals" from a neighbor, the chimney-smoke of whose dwelling proclaimed that she had a fire. The change to the match of commerce was one of the first of what we now consider modern conveniences. In many families it was one of the "children's chores" to prepare wood for the matches, and to dip the ends in melted brimstone. These matches were sometimes to be bought in shops, but New England economy more frequently led each family to prepare its own. Still it was not uncommon

"STRIKING A LIGHT."

for poor children to make a trifle of money by selling bunches of matches to their more fortunate neighbors.

In sparsely-settled neighborhoods great care was exercised at night by the head of the house to "keep the fire." He took precaution that there should be a good bed of "live coals" at the hour of retiring; these he covered with many shovelfuls of ashes to prevent them from burning out. The next morning the coals were usually found to be "live" on raking open the ashes, and served to start the day's fire. It was not an impossible feat to thus preserve the family fire through the year, without recourse to tinder-box and matches.

The modern friction match was welcomed by most housekeepers, although here and there some old people objected to it, considering it a dangerous article, as no doubt it is when carelessly used or left lying about.

The first friction match invented required to be drawn across a piece of fine sand-paper in order to produce a light. This was called a lucifer, and was much safer, although not so convenient, as the present match. Then came the present patent friction matches, which used to be called "loco-focos." There were no fancy match boxes in "old times" and the tinder-box was not considered an ornamental article, but was kept out of sight in the cupboard or on the kitchen mantel-piece.

We find in a Salem newspaper of June 30, 1836, the following:

A WONDER.

"Notwithstanding the convenience of those dangerous little articles, friction matches, which are in almost everybody's hands, but which with all their charms bid fair to prove a heavy curse to the community, we learn that there is one man in Salem, a respectable tradesman, who keeps a store where we should generally expect to find such things, but who has never sold them, nor allowed them to be used on his premises. At his house and shop, he sticks to the old-fashioned flint, steel and tinder. He shows his wisdom in so doing. How many more can say as much?"

LIGHTING THE MATCH.

"LOOK AT HIM, HAPPY AND FREE!"

A BIRD IN THE BUSH.

By M. E. B.

NAY! never be sad, little maid, for the bird that has flown away;
Come sit in Grandmamma's arms, and hear what she has to say;
And lend me those wise little ears till I teach you to understand
That sometimes a bird in the bush is worth ten birds in the hand.

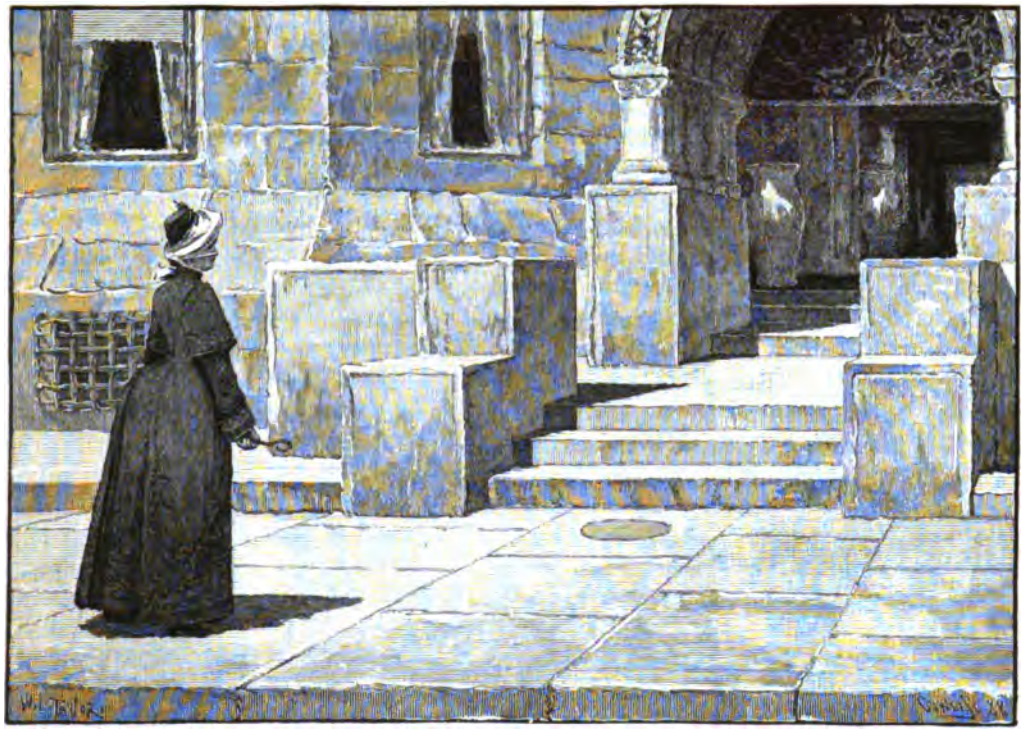
For what is a bird, after all, but a beautiful climbing voice
That floats through the summer air and teaches the soul to rejoice;
A love-thought, blown by the wind, that rises and soars and sings,
And lifts its heart to the sky on shining uplifted wings!

What is a bird, after all, but a leaf afloat on the breeze
Free as the wind and the light, swept through the tips of the trees,
Darting above and below, swayed by the balmy air,
Or swinging a-top of a weed, joy-tipsy, with never a care!

Close up a creature like that inside the bars of a cage!
Poor little body in chains, poor little heart in a rage!
What is there left him to do, but pine and weaken and die,
Lost to the joy of the world, lost to the blue of the sky!

But he was all your own! Dear, when his song rings true
Like bells through the jubilant air, and his glad wings cleave the blue —
Is he the less your own that others can hear his tune.
And open their hearts at his voice to the joy and the glory of June?

So, never weep, little maid. Fitter by far he should be
Blown like a thought of delight for others to hear and see;
Look at him, happy and free; now, can you understand
How one little bird in the bush may be worth any ten in the hand?



PHYLLIS IN TOWN.

DOUBLE ROSES.

M E W Sherwood.

CHAPTER I.

TWO young girls from the West, even if they have had a preliminary experience of fashionable life at a watering place, are apt to be somewhat dazzled in a splendid New York palace, and the life of a New York woman of fashion seems to them to be something like what they suppose to be the daily walk and conversation of Queen Victoria.

Phyllis, whose passionate and turbulent nature had the most active and perfect outcome in the life of a great city, found herself amused and gratified beyond measure with the movement and the change, so much of it as she was allowed to share. Wilhelmina, younger and more timid, already put under the hand of masters, and sent for a few hours daily to a French school, was not so happy; her little bright brain measured the situation, comprehending not at all the nature of the oils which were feeding the flames. She knew as yet nothing of social ambition, fashion, love of position, nor that greed of wealth which sent her gray-haired uncle to Wall Street every day.

Sometimes seeing them all come home very tired and rather cross, she asked, "What are you all working so hard for? Why don't you take it easy?"

It was a question that made them all laugh, but none of them answered it. Perhaps they could not tell her that it was the oxygen in the

American atmosphere. Perhaps they did not know it themselves, but it was true — they all worked like horses, Mrs. Bestwick especially. She was a model housekeeper, systematic and thoughtful. She had a little kingdom to govern, and she did it well. Mr. Bestwick admired her so much (and he had reason) that he never interfered with her at all. He gave her a blank check-book, and used to ask her, humbly, what dinners and what balls she meant to give, and when Mabel's wedding was coming off — as if he were some abstract gentleman who had come to make a visit.

On her side Mrs. Bestwick had brought him a true wifely devotion, had given him a model daughter, and was most ornamental to his great wealth. He was very proud of her beauty, and used to take Phyllis across the Opera House to look at her aunt in her box, saying, "Isn't she young-looking for her age?"

It was a very different lot, this of Mrs. Bestwick, from that of the matrons of Haffreysburg amongst whom Phyllis had been brought up; and all these country cousins regarded Mrs. Bestwick as "horribly worldly."

But as Phyllis lived on week after week in the well-regulated New York mansion and saw Mrs. Bestwick's life, she came to the conclusion that if she did not wash dishes, cook and make gowns, as her aunts did at Haffreysburg, that she worked a great deal harder.

In the morning, Mrs. Bestwick remained in her own room until twelve o'clock, rarely seeing any one but her daughter and her maid; but once or twice Phyllis had been admitted, when she found her aunt in a comfortable wadded gown, sitting at her table writing lists for the cook, the butler, and the coachman, auditing her accounts, and attending to a correspondence which Phyllis thought must be quite as voluminous as that of the President. She also received sometimes a plain woman, Miss Higgins, a Bible-reader, who was her almoner, her messenger to the poor; for Mrs. Bestwick had a heart open as day to melting charity, although she did her almsgiving very discreetly — a rich woman in New York must do that, else she is the prey to every adventurer in the world.

Mrs. Bestwick had marked out a life for Phyllis and Wilhelmina, before coming to New York, which gave them something to do every hour of the day, and they had grown to feel that she had an iron hand in a velvet glove. They obeyed, sometimes not too willingly, for wild fawns caught on the prairie do not trot in harness at once without an occasional skittishness; yet they obeyed, and when they rebelled she was always sure to convince them that they were in the wrong.

For had she not Mabel, that sweetest of ambassadors, to send to them? Mabel, whose wedding was to take place later on, had promised them both that they should be her bridesmaids; Phyllis, nearest and dearest, and Wilhelmina, a child-bridesmaid, walking in first, with another little girl just her own age. Oh! that consoled Wilhelmina when everything else failed, when French verbs and German verbs seemed too hard, when her governess was inflexible, and when her dancing-master was most unpleasant about her turning in her toes — yes, there was a Paradise beyond. She was to be a child-bridesmaid.

For one great disappointment had awaited these Haffreysburg cousins. They had expected that when they came to New York they were to be dressed like two peacocks. They had been clad by Mrs. Bestwick in plain dark merinos, gray ulsters, stout shoes, and the excellent English useful toggery for the street; and here Phyllis had rebelled decidedly at first, as she looked at the gorgeous raiment which was coming in for Mabel's trousseau.

However, when she saw herself dressed for the opera in a lovely simple white gown of her aunt's choosing, and had to confess before her mirror that she was a far better-looking girl than she had ever dared to hope, she became less rebellious, although she did sigh for a hat with two scarlet birds in it, which she passed daily at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Bestwick preferred that the beautiful red which Nature had hidden in the cheek of Phyllis should have no such rivalry; but she was too wise and too dignified to tell her so. Like all great generals, Mrs. Bestwick gave her orders but kept her strategy to herself.

Each day at one o'clock Mrs. Bestwick appeared in a plain, well-fitting dark silk, and presided at the luncheon, which was always her

breakfast but the girls' dinner; for as yet Phyllis, not being out, was not included in the seven o'clock dinner which, once a week, was a grand banquet, and which was always a ceremonious affair, to which many of the young friends of Mabel, and some of the members of the new family into which she was to be introduced, were invited. Then Mr. and Mrs. Bestwick were asked out to dinner a great deal; therefore a quiet and simple repast was served to the governess and the two girls at seven o'clock up in the schoolroom — a custom which they both thought a great wrong and nuisance.

For both, especially Phyllis, were overflowing with curiosity, and both had always lived in the country, where, if the arrangements were somewhat "higgledy-piggledy," as Wilhelmina expressed it, they were cheerful, social, and most amusing. They therefore gave Miss Cameron much trouble, as they complained loudly of this social isolation, this dreadful banishment from the "halls of light" down-stairs. Miss Cameron only said: "But, my dears — your time will come, my dears. It would not be proper for you to go to grand dinners yet, you know, and still, my dears, Mrs. Bestwick is very kind. Miss Phyllis goes to the opera twice this week, and once next, and to a fair on Thursday. You both go to the theatre with your uncle next Friday." Miss Cameron took from her pocket a written paper as she spoke, and Phyllis recognized her aunt's handwriting. "Mrs. Bestwick gives you all the amusements proper to your age, far more, my dears, than I have seen given to young girls in England."

"I don't see the need of all this fuss and these regulations, as if we were soldiers, or worse — prisoners," said Phyllis. "There are horses and carriages and servants enough in this house to take us all to the opera every night, and we might eat at the table anyhow."

Miss Cameron's look of shocked propriety amused sharp little Wilhelmina, who said, "Why, Miss Cameron, you look as if you had seen a ghost. Do girls have such stupid times in England?"

"We don't call it 'stupid times,' my dear. We call it propriety. If Mrs. Bestwick did not arrange your young lives, when would you have time for study? And then, let me ask you where would her great establishment be if she had not rules as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians — you remember, Wilhelmina, our lesson of yesterday? She produces comfort and time for everybody with her system, and I do not know such a thoughtful mistress. My dears, you are very fortunate. Now, shall we repeat our French fables, or shall we play duets this evening — this is our hour of recreation."

Both girls felt entirely unlike either French fables or duets, so Miss Cameron wisely let them alone.

They tapped on the window pane and looked at the gay carriages as they drove down the brilliant Fifth Avenue, loaded with their dressy freight. Ah! had it been at Haffreysburg, they would both have been tumbled into a sleigh perhaps going off to a country ball, and what a "good time" they would have had!

Miss Cameron had been judiciously chosen. She was the poor daughter of a half-pay officer in England, who had been trained in the hard school of genteel poverty to the profession of a governess. She had lived in several good English families where she had been treated well or ill as the temper of her employers differed, but always with that repression which is a part of the social system in England, but which is totally unknown in the United States. In England she had been allowed to come to luncheon, but never to dinner. She had been brought in, to play on the piano after dinner, or to play accompaniments for her young ladies; she had always, with her many accomplishments, been systematically snubbed and kept in the background. To her, Mrs. Bestwick's ample salary, twice what she received in England, the good food, the occasional airing in the carriage, the thoughtful present of a fur jacket or a new silk dress, the liberty to go home to see her family with her ocean passage paid by the large-hearted Mr. Bestwick — this had made her life with the Americans a bit of poetry. To be sure she had only tried the experiment of bringing up Mabel, so far, who was, as she knew, a very exceptional nature, a girl whose natural qualities were so refined that she had been a perpetual pleasure.

Now Miss Cameron found herself with two

beings so free and so untrained that she thought constantly of the anecdotes she had read of the grizzly bear and other native creatures. How should she manage these tempestuous natures? How should she approach a girl like Phyllis, who dared to abuse her aunt to an inferior?

For this educated Englishwoman considered herself an inferior, and would without any shame have spoken of herself as such. It is one reason why English governesses and English housekeepers cannot be employed in the United States; they do not understand the kindness with which they are treated.

A fortunate inspiration seized her. She lighted the lamp, she stirred the fire, she made the room look attractive, and she even glanced at the mirror to see if her own face looked pleasant; and then drawing two low chairs to her side, she said: "Come, my dears, how would you like to have me tell you a story? Shall I tell you the story of my own life?"

Both the girls turned their faces from the window panes, against which a storm was driving, and came gladly to her side; a story was quite another thing from French verbs or duets.

Miss Cameron was not bad-looking. She had a neat little figure, smooth hair drawn down over her ears, and pretty little soft white hands. She passed one of them over Wilhelmina's rebellious curls, and one over the hot brow of Phyllis. Perhaps there was a bit of magnetism in the touch.

"My first recollection," said she, "is of living at a beautiful house, twelve miles out of London, where we children were sent while my father and mother were in India. Here we had a park and garden to roam in, and our ponies — mine was named Raglan, I remember — and a lovely lake on which we were allowed to sail, and row our boats. There were many servants in the house, but we children knew but one — he was the head gardener, named Donney, and he used to superintend all our sports. I have often thought the People's Palace ought to have owned Donney, he was so famous for suggesting games and amusements, and although under his direction we learned to ride, to swim, to row, and to play ball and tennis, to shoot an arrow and a gun, we never had an accident. All the time that we were out of the schoolroom we were amusing ourselves under Donney. We had eleven dogs: two Newfoundlands. I could tell you a volume about them — a retriever who even knew enough to tell the time of day, and a dear little pug as soft as a muff, beside all the Irish setters, greyhounds, Scotch terriers and mastiffs that could be got together. I wish I could linger over this part of my life, but it did not last long. Whenever you feel like it, ask me to tell you a story of Trevor Hall, and I will try to remember some of these days. My chief companion was my brother Gresham, a splendid boy. He could do everything. Donney said he would be in the cavalry later — that was my father's branch of the service. There were five younger children than Gresham and I, when one day my grandmother called us in, and said that we had to leave Trevor Hall, and were to go with her to Bournemouth to live for the winter, and my mother was coming home.

"We went, and we began to notice that every one about us was very sad. Our clothes grew plainer, and our food less to our taste. Our mother, a pale woman, spoke very little, but urged us to be good children, and study hard. Gresham was sent off to a military school, and somehow, the whole world appeared to have grown gloomy and cold. A child — such I was, I was not as old as you are, Wilhelmina — does not ask questions, does not know what is in the atmosphere. She only feels that what was pleasant has become dreary. I often found my mother in tears. I used to ask her what it was, but she would say, 'No matter, my child, go and play with Walter.'"

"'Who was Walter?' said Wilhelmina, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"He was the next brother to me — my sailor brother," said Miss Cameron, putting one of her little hands on her heart.

"Then one day my mother came to me and said, 'Ellen, you are to go to France to school. I have an opportunity to send you next week, and you must be a good girl and study hard, for perhaps — perhaps, Ellen, you will have to be a governess and support your younger sisters. Papa has had great misfortunes, and we are very poor.'

"'But where is Trevor Hall?' I asked.

"'That is gone, too, Ellen; you will never see it again.' And here poor mamma broke down.

"'What has become of Raglan, and Donney, and the dogs?' I asked.

"I never got an answer to this question. When ruin comes it sweeps everything away. My little dream of luxury and pleasure was a short one. I have never known what became of my pony.

"The next week I was tossing on the channel very seasick, with no hope but that I might reach land wherever it was. As I lay wrapped up under a shawl on deck, I heard the old soldier servant, who was taking me across, tell his comrade whom he had found on the deck who I was.

"'She is poor Colonel Cameron's little daughter,' said he. 'She is going over to France to be educated for a governess, a good change for her, now! He was falsely accused of embezzlement, you know, out in India, but the powers were against him, and all his own and his wife's fortune has been sacrificed. I suppose they lost Trevor Hall where I used to take the children.'

"He went on thinking I was asleep. Alas! he had ruined sleep for me for a long time. When we got to Calais, he unwrapped the shawl, and looked at my pale face, and said astonished,

"'Why, little Miss, you look quite a woman.'

"'Yes, Sergeant,' said I, 'I am grown a woman.'

"This was my story, was it? My noble soldier father whom I had seen but twice, but whose picture was my idol, he whom Gresham hoped to follow, who had been always the hero of all Donney's stories, who could ride like a centaur, fight like Alexander, who was so beautiful and so good that my grandmother used to kiss her hand to his picture — he was a *disgraced man!* and I was his poor little girl who was to be educated by charity, to attempt to support his children!

"Ah, my dear little girls," said Miss Cameron, drawing them to her side, "I trust you will never land on the shores of France with a heart as heavy as lead in your bosoms!

"I remember very little about my arrival in Paris, although the dear old sergeant took me to a kind and sweet old sister of his, and they tried to amuse me. They took me to see sights. I remember the Jardin des Plantes, and the monkeys, and the soldiers, and the Invalides, where the sergeant took off his hat by the tomb of Napoleon; but I saw nothing, I cared for nothing, and I begged to be taken to my school.

"That was soon done, and I found myself at Passy, in a pension where I was one of a hundred little girls like myself, and where I was put into a cap and apron.

"I was a quick-witted child, and I soon learned French. I was not starved, although the plain bread and black coffee in the morning made me ill at first. The teachers were machines, but they were not unkind, and soon I learned to adapt myself to their routine. All I lived on was a weekly letter from my mother, and news of Gresham, and of Walter and the others.

"When we were marched through the streets in our solemn little procession, I used to say my mother's last letter by heart, translating it into French, and I remember our teacher asking me why I always said '*Faites vous frictionnée, faites vous frictionnée*' as if it were a line of poetry. It was my attempt to translate my mother's advice to me to have a lame shoulder rubbed, for the cold of the French school gave me a rheumatism.

"Dear girls, I will not tell you how I suffered from cold, from loneliness, from sorrow. The French are wise to give their children what they call relaxation; we had fêtes and went to see the '*saltambanques*' at Neuilly, but it did not reach the heart of the poor little English child. All that she asked for was news of her home, and of her Gresham."

Phyllis and Wilhelmina were lost to all else but the sorrow of poor Ellen, having forgotten that she was their Miss Cameron, whom they thought stiff and formal, and sometimes too severe over the French verbs. Their petty ill-temper over the exclusion from the gay dinner was all gone; they saw what real sorrow is, how full some lives are of it from the cradle to the grave, and Miss Cameron had preached better than she knew. So interested were they that they could have pursued the fortunes of the Cameron family long into the night, had not a knock at the door aroused them from the absorbing recital.

Who should it be but Mabel! their dear

Mabel. She was in her beautiful dinner dress, with flowers in her hands, and they all surrounded her to know why she had come to them.

"Such a strange change of programme," said she; "instead of going to Charlie's uncle's, we have just heard that a fire has broken out next door to their house, and Charlie and papa have gone up to see if the fine gallery of pictures will be saved or burned. Mamma has succumbed to a headache and has gone to bed.

"Now here is a 'saison manque' as they say down at Nice — after the earthquake or the cholera — and I bethought me with joy (although I do not wish Charlie's uncle to have his picture gallery threatened, or his ball given up), that I could take Miss Cameron and you two girls to see the Solar Spectrum, and the Stellar Spectrum and the stereopticon views, and I don't know what down at Chickering Hall, and we can have an hour at least there. If you will get ready I will get off this smart gown, and be at the door where the carriage is waiting at this moment, and we at least can get a good breath of this fine snowy air as we drive up and down. Old Peter the coachman is buried in furs, so he will not feel it. What do you say?"

They all accepted joyfully, as they did everything that Mabel proposed. She was at the door almost as soon as they were, and they were soon listening to an admirable lecture about the stars, which if they did not understand still had the effect of raising their minds to a higher altitude, which is good for us all whether we understand it or not.

But Phyllis sat silently with the tears gushing from her eyes. She could not forget Miss Cameron's story, and she wondered whether Gresham ever got to the cavalry regiment. Hers was the emotional nature, a great burden to carry through life; to weep with others' woes, to smile when others smile, to feel deeply, to make mistakes, to be mistaken, to indulge in a foolish and a chivalric generosity, to be a wind-harp played upon by every breeze — such was Phyllis.

It was the temperament of genius. She did not know it. The swan learns to sing her song through the teaching of the rustling rushes, the cold lake, the warm sun, the enamored breeze. Phyllis was destined to be a much-loved, and interesting human being, but the joy of calm she was never to know.

Mabel, who was calmness personified and who could enjoy anything from a baby to a telescope, did not in the darkened room see the tears of Phyllis. It was only when a gleam of light surprised a diamond glittering on the long lashes of her big black eyes, that she became aware of her emotion. Mabel's hand sought hers, and she whispered, "What is it, dearest?"

"Only Miss Cameron's story. She was telling us all her sorrow and disappointment and her early life as you came in."

"Yes, I know," said Mabel. "She is a model of patient sweetness, and has been a second Providence to her family."

"But it is so sad! so sad!" said Phyllis.

"Yes! but look at her now," said Mabel.

Miss Cameron's face was lighted up with a bright smile, she was amused and enlightened by the subject. She was sitting beside Wilhelmina, listening to her rather ignorant questions, and answering them in a soft whisper. Miss Cameron was not unhappy. She had learned to make the most of small enjoyments, and she was not nearly so much moved at her own story as was Phyllis.

"How do you suppose she can forget?" said Phyllis.

"Oh! occupation and discipline, I suppose," said Mabel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IF we, my deary, were butterflies with purple winglets and golden eyes,
We would not adore the roses alway, and nobody else, on a sunny day!
If we, my baby, were butterflies with purple winglets and golden eyes,
Far away, far away, over land or sea, we would come to the honey we love in thee.

DON.

By F. Anstey.

"DAISY, dearest," said Miss Millikin anxiously to her niece one afternoon, "do you think poor Don is quite the thing? He has seemed so very languid these last few days, and he is certainly losing his figure!"

Daisy was absorbed in a rather ambitious attempt to sketch the lake from the open windows of Applethwaite Cottage, and did not look up from her drawing immediately. When she did speak her reply might perhaps have been more sympathetic. "He eats such a lot, Auntie!" she said. "Yes, Don, we are talking about you. You know you eat too much, and that's the reason you're so disgracefully fat!"

Don, who was lying on a rug under the veranda, wagged his tail with an uneasy protest, as if he disapproved (as indeed he did) of the very personal turn Daisy had given to the conversation. He had noticed himself that he was not as active as he used to be; he grew tired very soon, and now when he chased birds (he was always possessed by a fixed idea that, if he only gave his whole mind to it, he could catch any swallow that flew at all fairly), he felt the heat considerably.

Still it was Don's opinion that, so long as he did not mind being fat himself, it was no business of anybody's else — certainly not of Daisy's.

"But, Daisy," cried Miss Millikin plaintively, "you don't really mean that I overfeed him?"

"Well," Daisy admitted, "I think you give way to him rather, Aunt Sophy, I really do. I know that at home we never let Fop have anything between his meals. Jack says that unless a small dog is kept on very simple diet he'll soon get fat, and getting fat," added Daisy, "means having fits sooner or later."

"O, my dear!" exclaimed her aunt, now seriously alarmed, "what do you think I ought to do about it?"

"I know what I would do if he was my dog," said Daisy, with great decision, "diet him, and take no notice when he begs at table; I would. I'd begin this very afternoon."

"After tea, Daisy?" stipulated Miss Millikin.

"No," was the inflexible answer, "at tea. It's all for his own good."

"Yes, dear, I'm sure you're right — but he has such pretty ways, I am so afraid I shall forget."

"I'll remind you, Aunt Sophy. He sha'n't take advantage of you while I'm here!"

"You're just a tiny bit hard on him, Daisy, aren't you?"

"Hard on Don!" cried Daisy, catching him up and holding him out at arms'-length. "Don, I'm not hard on you, am I? I love you, only I see your faults, and you know it. You're full of deceitfulness" (here she kissed him between the eyes and set him down). "Aunt Sophy, you would never have found out his trick about the milk if it hadn't been for me — would you, now?"

"THAT PATHETIC LITTLE YELP."

"Perhaps not, my love," agreed Miss Millikin mildly.

The trick in question was a certain ingenious device of Don's for obtaining a double allowance of afternoon tea — a refreshment for which he had acquired a strong taste. The tea had once been too hot and burnt his tongue, and, as he howled with the pain, milk had been added. Ever since that occasion he had been in the habit of lapping up all but a spoonful or two of the tea in his saucer, and then uttering a pathetic little yelp; whereupon innocent Miss

Millikin would as regularly fill up the saucer with milk again.

But, unfortunately for Don, his mistress had invited her niece Daisy to spend part of her summer holidays at her pretty cottage in the Lake District, and Daisy's sharper eyes had detected this little stratagem about the milk on the very first evening!

Daisy was fourteen, and I have noticed that when a girl is about this age, she not unfrequently has a tendency to be rather a severe disciplinarian when others than herself are concerned. At all events Daisy had very strong notions on the proper method of bringing up dogs, and children too; only there did not happen to be any children at Applethwaite Cottage to try experiments upon; and she was quite sure that Aunt Sophy allowed herself to be shamefully imposed upon by Don.

There was perhaps some excuse for Miss Millikin, for Don was a particularly charming specimen of the Yorkshire terrier, with a silken coat of silver-blue, set off by a head and paws of the ruddiest gold. His manners were most insinuating, and his great eyes glowed at times under his long hair, as if a wistful loving little soul were trying to speak through them. But though it seems an unkind thing to say it must be confessed that this same soul in Don's eyes was never quite so apparent as when he was begging for some peculiarly appetizing morsel. He was really fond of his mistress, but at meal times I am afraid he "put it on" a little bit. Of course this was not quite straightforward; but then I am not holding him up as a model animal.

How far he understood the conversation that has been given above is more than I can pretend to say, but from that afternoon he began to be aware of a very unsatisfactory alteration in his treatment.

Don had sometimes felt a little out of temper with his mistress for being slow to understand exactly what it was he did want, and he had barked, almost sharply, to intimate to the best of his powers — "Not bread and butter, stupid — cake!" So you may conceive his disgust when she did not even give him bread and butter; nothing but judicious advice — without jam. She was most apologetic, it is true, and explained amply why she could not indulge him as heretofore, but Don wanted sugar, and not sermons. Sometimes she nearly gave way, and then cruel Daisy would intercept the dainty under his very nose, which he thought most unfeeling.

He had a sort of notion that it was all through Daisy that they were just as stingy and selfish in the kitchen, and that his meals were now so very few and plain. It was very ungrateful of her, for he had gone out of his way to be polite and attentive to her. When he thought of her behavior to him he felt strongly inclined to sulk, but somehow he did not actually go so far as that. He liked Daisy; she was pretty, for one thing, and Don always preferred pretty people, and then she stroked him in a very superior and soothing manner. Besides this, he respected her: she had been intrusted with the duty of punishing him on more than one occasion, and her slaps really hurt, while it was hopeless to try to soften her heart by trying to lick the chastising hands — a manœuvre which was always effective with poor Miss Millikin. So he contented himself with letting her see that though he did not understand her conduct towards him, he was willing to overlook it for the present.

"What a wonderful improvement in the dear dog!" Miss Millikin remarked one morning at breakfast, after Don had been on short commons for a week or two. "Really, Daisy, I begin to think you were quite right about him."

"Oh, I'm sure I was," said Daisy, who always had great confidence in her own judgment.

"Yes," continued her aunt, "and now he's so much better — just this one small bit, Daisy?" Don's eyes already had a green glitter in them and his mouth was watering.

"No, Aunt Sophy," said Daisy, "I wouldn't — really. He's better without anything."

"I wish that girl were gone!" reflected poor Don, as he went sulkily back to his basket. "It's enough to make a dog steal, upon my tail it is! I'm positively starved — no bones, no chicken, only beastly dry dog-biscuits and milk twice a day! I wish I could rummage about in gutters and places as Dan does — but I don't think the things you find in gutters are ever really nice. Dan does — but he's just that low sort of dog who would!"

Dan was a humble friend of his down in the village, a sort of distant relation to the Dandie Dinmonts; he was a rough, long-backed creature, as gray as a badger, and with a big solemn head like a hammer. Don was civil to him in a patronizing way, but he did not tell him of the indignities he was subject to, perhaps because he had been rather given to boast of his influence over his mistress, and the high consideration he enjoyed at Applethwaite Cottage.

Now Daisy used to go up for solitary rambles on the fells sometimes, when she generally took Don as a protector. He was becoming very nearly as active as ever, and now there was a stronger motive than before for pursuing the swallows — for he had a notion that they would be rather good eating. But one morning she missed him on her way back through the village by the lake; she was sure he was with her on the pier, and she had only stopped to ask some question at the ticket-office about the steamboat times and, when she turned round, Don was gone.

However her aunt was neither angry nor alarmed. Miss Millikin was not able to walk as much as Don wished, she said, so he was accustomed to take a great deal of solitary exercise; he was such a remarkably intelligent dog that he could be trusted to take care of himself — oh, he would come back.

And towards dusk that evening Don did come back. There was a curious air about him — subdued, almost sad; Daisy remembered long afterwards how unusually affectionate he had been, and how quietly he had lain on her lap till bedtime.

The next morning, when her aunt and she prepared to go for a walk along the lake, Don's excitement was more marked than usual; he leaped up and tried to caress their hands; he assured them in a thousand ways of the delight he felt at being allowed to make one of the party.

After this, it was a painful surprise to find that he gave them the slip the moment they reached the village. But Miss Millikin said he always did prefer mountain scenery, and no doubt it was tiresome for him to have to potter about as they did. And Master Don began to give them less and less of his society in the day-time, and to wander from morn to dewy eve in solitude and independence; though whether he went up mountains to admire the view, or visited ruins and waterfalls, or spent his days hunting rabbits, no one at Applethwaite Cottage could even pretend to guess.

"One good thing, Aunt Sophy," said Daisy complacently one evening, a little later, "I've quite cured Don of being troublesome at meals!"

"He couldn't be troublesome if he tried, dear," said Miss Millikin, "but I must say you have succeeded quite wonderfully — how did you do it?"

"Why," said Daisy, "I spoke to him exactly as if he could understand every word, and I made him thoroughly see that he was only wasting his time by sitting up and begging for things. And you got to believe it at last, didn't you, dear?" she added to Don, who was lying stretched out on the rug.

Don pricked the ear that was uppermost, and then uttered a heavy sigh, which smote his mistress to the heart.

"Daisy," she said, "it's no use — I must give him something. Poor pet, he deserves it for being so good and patient all this time. One biscuit, Daisy?"

Even Daisy relented: "Well — a very plain one, then. Let me give it to him, Auntie?"

"NOT BREAD AND BUTTER, STUPID — CAKE!"

The biscuit was procured, and Daisy, with an express intimation that this was a very particular indulgence, tendered it to the deserving terrier.

He half raised his head, sniffed at it — and then fell back again with another weary little sigh. Daisy felt rather crushed. "I'm afraid

he's cross with me," she said, "you try, Aunt Sophy." Aunt Sophy tried, but with no better success, though Don wagged his tail feebly to express that he was not actuated by any personal

DON SIGHS AND REFUSES THE BISCUIT.

feeling in the matter — he had no appetite, that was all.

"Daisy," said Miss Millikin, with something more like anger than she generally showed, "I was very wrong to listen to you about the diet. It's perfectly plain to me that by checking Don's appetite as we have we have done him serious harm. You can see for yourself that he is past eating anything at all now. Cook told me to-day that he had scarcely touched his meals lately. And yet he's stouter than ever — isn't he?"

Daisy was forced to allow that this was so. "But what can it be?" she said.

"It's disease," said her aunt, very solemnly. "I've read over and over again that corpulence has nothing whatever to do with the amount of food one eats. And, oh! Daisy, I don't want to blame you, dear — but I'm afraid we have been depriving him of the nourishing things he really needed to enable him to struggle against the complaint!"

Poor Daisy was overcome by remorse as she knelt over the recumbent Don. "Oh, darling Don," she said, "I didn't mean it — you know I didn't, don't you? You must get well and forgive me! I tell you what, Aunt," she said as she rose to her feet, "you know you said I might drive you over in the pony cart to that tennis party at the Netherbys, to-morrow. Well, the young Mr. Netherby is rather a 'doggy' sort of man, and nice too. Suppose we take Don with us and ask him to tell us plainly whether he has anything dreadful the matter with him?"

Miss Millikin consented, though she did not pretend to hope much from Mr. Netherby's skill. "I'm afraid," she said, with a sigh, "that only a very clever veterinary surgeon would find out what really is the matter with Don. But you can try, my dear."

The following afternoon Miss Millikin intrusted herself and Don to Daisy's driving, not without some nervous misgivings.

"You're quite sure you can manage him, Daisy?" she said. "If not, we can take John."

"Why, Aunt Sophy!" exclaimed Daisy, "I always drive the children at home, and sometimes when I'm on the box with Toppin, he gives me the reins in a straight part of the road, and Paul and Virginia pull like anything — Toppin says it's all he can do to hold them."

Daisy was a little hurt at the idea that she might find Aunt Sophy's pony too much for her — a sleepy little "slug of a thing," as she privately called it, which pattered along exactly like a clock-work animal in urgent need of winding up.

Don seemed a little better that day, and was lifted into the pony-cart, where he lay on the india rubber mat, snuffing the air as if it was doing him good.

Daisy really could drive well for her age, and woke the pony up in a manner that astonished her aunt, who remarked from time to time that she knew Wildfire wanted to walk now — he never could trot long at a time, and so they reached the Netherbys' house, which was five miles away towards the head of the lake, well under the hour, a most surprising feat — for Wildfire.

It was a grown-up tennis party, and Daisy, although she had brought her racket, was a little afraid to play; besides, she wanted to consult young Mr. Netherby about Don, who had been left with the cart in the stables.

Mr. Netherby, who was a good-natured red-faced young soldier, just about to join his regi-

ment, was not playing either, so Daisy went up to him on the first opportunity.

"You know about dogs, Mr. Netherby, don't you?"

"Rath-er!" said Mr. Netherby, who was a trifle slangy. "Why? Are you thinking of investing in a dog?"

"It's Aunt Sophy's dog," explained Daisy, "and he's ill—very ill—and we can't make out what's the matter, so I thought you would tell us perhaps."

"I'll ride over to-morrow and have a look at him."

"Oh, but you needn't—he's here. Wait—I'll fetch him—don't you come, please."

And presently Daisy made her appearance on the lawn, carrying Don, who felt quite a weight, in her arms. She set him down before the young man, who examined him in a knowing manner, while Miss Millikin, and some others who were not playing just then, gathered round. Don was languid, but dignified—he rather liked being the subject of so much notice. Daisy waited breathlessly for the verdict.

"Well," said Mr. Netherby, "it's easy enough to see what's wrong with him. I should knock off his grub."

"But," cried Miss Millikin, "we have knocked off his grub, as you call it. The poor dog is starved—literally starved."

Mr. Netherby said he should scarcely have supposed so from his appearance.

"But I assure you he has eaten nothing—positively nothing, for days and days!"

"Ah," said Mr. Netherby, "chameleon, is he? then he's had too much air—that's all."

Just then a young lady who had been brought by some friends living close by joined the group. "Why," she said at once, "that's the little steamer dog. How did he come here?"

"He is not a little steamer dog," said Miss Millikin in her most dignified manner, "he is my dog."

"Oh, I didn't know," said the first speaker, "but—but I'm sure I've seen him on the steamer several times lately."

"I never use the steamers unless I'm absolutely obliged—I disapprove of them: it must have been some other dog."

The young lady was positive she had made no mistake. "You so seldom see a dog with just those markings," she said, "and I don't think anybody was with him; he came on at Amblemere and went all round the lake with us."

"At Amblemere!" cried Daisy, "that's where we live; and, Aunt Sophy, you know Don has been away all day lots of times lately."

"What did this dog do on the steamer?" asked Miss Millikin faintly.

"Oh, he was so sweet! he went round to everybody, and sat up so prettily till they gave him biscuits and things—he was everybody's favorite; we were all jealous of one another for the honor of feeding him. The second time we brought buns on purpose. But we quite thought he belonged to the steamer."

Young Mr. Netherby laughed. "So that is how he took the air! I thought I wasn't far wrong," he said.

"Put him back in the cart, Daisy," said Miss Millikin severely, "I can't bear to look at him."

Don did his best to follow this dialogue, but all he could make out was that it was about himself, and that he was being as usual exceedingly admired. So he sat and looked as good and innocent and interesting as he knew how. Just then he felt that he would almost rather they did not offer him anything to eat—at least not anything very sweet and rich, for he was still not at all well. It was a relief to be back in the cart and in peace again, though he wondered why Daisy didn't kiss the top of his head as she had done several times in carrying him to the lawn. This time she held him at a distance, and said nothing but two words, which sounded suspiciously like "You pig!" as she put him down.

Miss Millikin was very grave and silent as they drove home. "I cannot trust myself to speak about it, Daisy," she said, "if—if it was true, it shows such an utter want of principle—such deceit, and Don used to be so honest and straightforward! What if we make inquiries at the pier? It—it may be all a mistake."

They stopped for this purpose at Amblemere. "Ay, Miss Millikin, mum, he cooms ahn boord reglar, does that wee dug," said the old boatman, "and a' makes himsel' rare an' frien'ly, a'

do — they coddle him oop fine, amang 'em. Eh, but he's a smart little dug, we quite look for him of a morning coomin' for his constitutionil, fur arl the worl' like a Chreestian!"

"Like a very greedy Christian!" said his disgusted mistress. "Daisy," she said, when she returned to the pony-cart, "it's all true! I — I never have been so deceived in anyone, and the worst of it is, I don't know how to punish him, or how to make him feel what a disgraceful trick this is. Nobody else's dog I ever heard of made his mistress publicly absurd in this way. It's so — so ungrateful!"

"Aunt Sophy," said Daisy, "I've an idea. Will you leave him to me, and pretend you don't suspect anything? I will cure him this time!"

"You — you won't want to whip him?" said Miss Millikin, "because, though it's all his own doing, he really is not well enough for it just now."

"No," said Daisy, "I won't tell you my plan, Auntie, but it's better than whipping."

And all this time the unconscious Don was wearing an expression of uncomplaining suffering, and looking meekly sorry for himself, with no suspicion in the world that he had been found out.

Next day he felt much better, and as the morning was bright he thought that, after all, he might manage another steamer trip; his appetite had come back, and his breath was not nearly so short as it had been. He was just making modestly for the gate when Daisy stopped him. "Where are you going, sir?" she inquired.

Don rolled over instantly with all his legs in the air and a feeble apology in his eye.

"I want you for one minute first," said Daisy politely, and carried him into the morning-room. Was he going to be whipped? — she couldn't have the heart — an invalid like him! He tried to protest by his whimpering.

But Daisy did nothing of the kind; she merely took something that was flat and broad and white, and fastened it round his neck with a very ornamental bow and ribbon. Then she opened the French windows, and said in rather a chilly voice, "Now run away and get on your nasty steamer and beg, and see what you get by it!"

That seemed, as far as he could tell, very sensible advice, and, oddly enough, it was exactly what he had been intending to do. It did not strike him as particularly strange that Daisy should know, because Don was a dog that didn't go very deeply into matters unless he was obliged.

He trotted off at an easy pace down to the village, getting hungrier every minute, and hoping that the people on the steamer would have brought nice things to-day, when, close to the turning that led to the landing-stage, he met Dan, and was naturally obliged to stop for a few moments' conversation.

He was not at all pleased to see him notwithstanding, for I am sorry to say that Don's greediness had grown so upon him of late that he was actually afraid that his humble friend (who was a little slow to find out when he wasn't wanted) would accompany him on the steamboat, and then of course the good things would have to be divided.

However, Don was a dog that was always scrupulously polite, even to his fellow-dogs, and he did not like to be rude now.

"Halloo!" said Dan (in dog's language of course, but I have reason to believe that what follows is as nearly as possible what was actually said). "What's the matter with you this morning?"

Don replied that he was rather out of sorts, and was going down to a certain lane for a dose of dog-grass.

"A little dog-grass won't do me any harm," said Dan, "I'll come too."

This was awkward, but Don pretended to be glad, and they went a little way together.

"But what's that thing round your neck?" asked the Dandie Dinmont.

"Oh," said Don, "that? It's a bit of finery they put on me at the cottage. It pleases them, you know. Think it's becoming?"

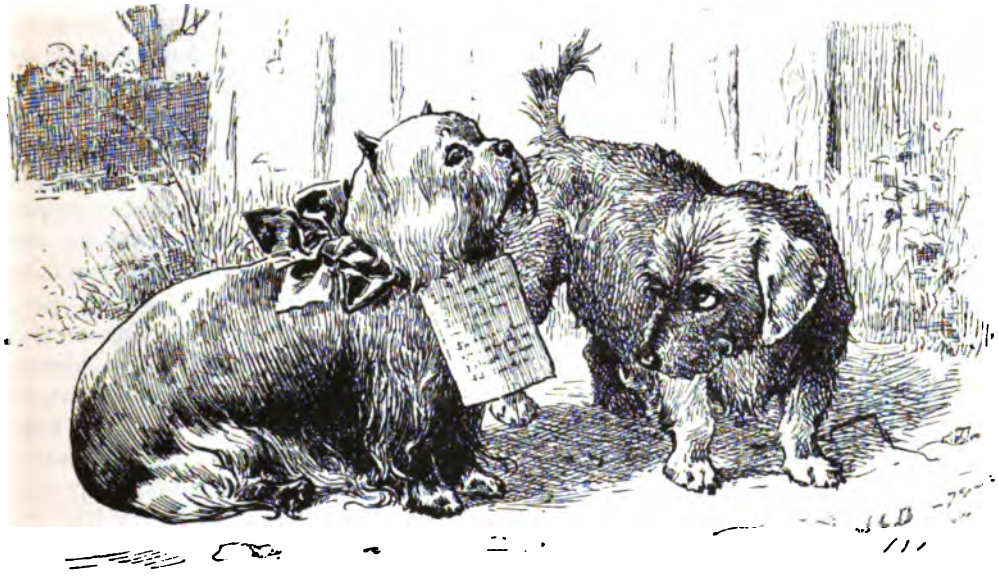
"Um," answered Dan; "reminds me of a thing a friend of mine used to wear. But he had a blind man tied to him. I don't see your blind man."

"They would have given me a blind man of course if I had asked for it," said Don airily, "but what's the use of a blind man — isn't he rather a bore?"

"I didn't ask, but my friend said he believed the thing round his neck, which was flat and white just like yours (only he had a tin mug underneath his), made people more inclined to give him things — he didn't know why. Do you find that?"

"How stupid of Daisy to forget the mug!" thought Don, "I could have brought things home to eat quietly then. I don't know," he replied to Dan, "I haven't tried."

He meant to put it to the test very soon, though — if only he could get rid of Dan.



"THINK IT'S BECOMING?" ASKED DON.

"By the way," he said carelessly, "have you been round by the hotel lately?"

"No," answered Dan, "not since the hostler threw a brush at me."

"Well," said Don, "there was a bone outside the porch, which, if I hadn't been feeling so poorly, I should have had a good mind to tackle myself. But perhaps some other dog has got hold of it by this time."

"I'll soon make him let go if he has!" said Dan, who liked a fight almost as well as a bone. "Where was it, did you say?"

"Outside the hotel; don't let me keep you. It was a beautiful bone. Good-morning!"

He did not think it worth while to explain that he had seen it several days ago, for Don, as you will have remarked already, was a very artful dog.

He got rid of his unwelcome friend in this highly unprincipled manner, and strolled on to the pier full of expectation. Steamers ply pretty frequently on this particular lake, so he had not to wait very long. The little *Cygnet* soon came hissing up, and the moment the gangway was placed Don stepped on board with tail proudly erect.

As usual, he examined the passengers, first, to see who had anything to give him; then, who looked most likely to give it to him. Generally he did best with the children: he was not fond of children (Daisy was quite an exception), but he was very fond of cakes, and children he had observed generally had the best cakes. Don was so accomplished a courtier that he would contrive to make every child believe that he or she was the only person he loved in the whole world, and he would stay by his victim till the cake was all gone, and even a little longer, just for the look of the thing, and then move on to some one else and begin again.

There were no children with any cakes or buns on board this time however; there was a

stout man up by the bows, dividing his attention between scenery and sandwiches, but Don knew by experience that tourists' sandwiches are always made with mustard, which he hated. There were three merry-looking, round-faced young ladies on a centre bench eating Osborne biscuits. He wished they could have made it sponge-cakes, because he was rather tired of Osborne biscuits, but they were better than nothing. So to these young ladies he went, and, placing himself where he could catch all their eyes at once, he sat up in the way he had always found irresistible.

I don't suppose any dog ever found his expectations more cruelly disappointed. It was not merely that they shook their heads, they went into fits of laughter — they were laughing at him! Don was so deeply offended that he took himself off at once and tried an elderly person who was munching seed-cake; she did not laugh, but she examined him carefully, and then told him with a frown to go away. He began to think that Daisy's collar was not a success; he ought to have had a mug, or a blind man, or both; he did much better when he was left to himself.

Still he persevered, and went about wagging his tail and sitting up appealingly. By and by he began to have an uncomfortable idea that people were saying things about him which were not complimentary; he was almost sure he heard the word "greedy," and he knew what that meant; he had been taught by Daisy. They must be talking of some other dog — not him, they couldn't possibly know what he was!

Now Don was undeniably a very intelligent terrier indeed, but there was just this defect in his education — he could not read; he had no idea what things could be conveyed by innocent-looking little black marks. "Of course not," some of my readers will probably exclaim, "he was only a dog!" But it is not so absurd as it sounds, for one very distinguished man has succeeded in teaching his dogs to read and even to spell, though I believe they have not got into very advanced books as yet. Still, it may happen some day that all but hopelessly stupid dogs will be able to read fluently, and then you may find that your own family dog has taken WIDE AWAKE into his kennel, and firmly declines to give it up until he has finished it. At present, thank goodness, we have not come to this, and so there is nothing remarkable in the mere fact that Don was unable to read. I only mention it because, if he had possessed this accomplishment, he would never have fallen into the trap Daisy had prepared for him.

For the new collar was, as you perhaps guessed long ago, a card, and upon it was written, in Daisy's neatest and plainest round hand:

"I am a very greedy little dog, and have plenty to eat at home,
So please do not give me anything, or I shall have a fit and die!"

You can easily imagine that, when this unlucky Don sat up and begged, bearing this inscription written legibly on his unconscious little chest, the effect was likely to be too much for the gravity of all but very stiff and solemn people.

Nearly everybody on board the steamer was delighted with him; they pointed out the joke to one another, and roared with laughter, until he grew quite ashamed to sit up any more. Some teased him by pretending to give him something, and then eating it themselves; some seemed sorry for him and petted him; but nobody liked to disobey Daisy's written appeal.

Poor Don could not understand it in the least; he only saw that every one was very rude and disrespectful to him, and he tried to get away under benches, but it was all in vain. People routed him out from his hiding-places to be introduced to each new comer; he could not go anywhere without being stared at, and followed, and hemmed in, and hearing always that same hateful whisper of "Greedy dog — not to be given anything," until he felt exactly as if he was being washed!

Poor disappointed greedy dog, how gladly he would have given the tail between his legs to be safe at home in the drawing-room with Miss Millikin and Daisy! How little he had bargained for such a terrible trip as this!

I am sure that if Daisy had ever imagined he would feel his disgrace so deeply she would not have had the heart to send him out with that tell-tale card around his neck; but then he would not have received a very wholesome lesson, and would certainly have eaten himself into

a serious illness before the summer ended, so perhaps it was all for the best.

This time Don did not go the whole round of of the lake; he had had quite enough of it long before the *Cygnet* reached Highwood, but he did not get a chance until they came to Winderside, and then, watching his opportunity, he gave his tormentors the slip at last.

. . . . . .

Two hours later, as Daisy and her aunt sat sketching under the big holm-oak on the lawn, a dusty little guilty dog stole sneakingly in under the garden gate. It was Don, and he had run all the way from Winderside, which, though he did not appreciate it, had done him a vast amount of good. "Oh!" cried Daisy, dropping her paintbrush to clap her hands gleefully, "look, Aunt Sophy, he has had his lesson already!"

Miss Millikin was inclined to be shocked when she read the ticket. "It was too bad of you, Daisy!" she said; "I would never have allowed it if I had known. Come here, Don, and let me take the horrid thing off."

"Not yet, please, Auntie!" pleaded Daisy. "I want him to be quite cured, and it will take him at least till bed time. Then we'll make it up."

But Don had understood at last. It was this detestable thing then that had been telling tales of him and spoiling all his fun! Very well, let him get alone with it — just once! And he went off very soberly into the shrubbery, whence in a few minutes came sounds of "worrying."

In half an hour Don came out again; his collar was gone, and in his mouth he trailed a long piece of chewed ribbon, which he dropped with the queerest mixture of penitence and reproach at Daisy's feet. After that of course it

HOW LITTLE HE HAD BARGAINED FOR SUCH A TERRIBLE TRIP AS THIS!

was impossible to do anything but take him into favor at once, and he was generous enough to let Daisy see that he bore her no malice for the trick she had played him.

What became of the card no one ever discovered; perhaps Don had buried it, though Daisy has very strong suspicions that he ate it as a mark of revenge.

But what is more important is that from that day he became a slim and reformed dog, refusing firmly to go on board a steamer on any pretense whatever, and only consenting to sit up after much coaxing, and as a mark of particular condescension.

So that Daisy's experiment, whatever may be thought of it, was at least a successful one.

RETREAT.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, Lock Box 46, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO MAY TANGLES.

33. Shadow.

34. Clover.

35. APRIL
PRONE
ROUTE
INTER
LEERS

36. Re; era; gear; range; manger; manager.

37. Clock.

38. P TARMI C
E R OSI O N
ST E R N UM
SAF F RON
CL EME N T
P R ODU C T
S ERPEN T

39. BESTIR
ENTUNE
STARVE
TURBID
INVITE
REEDEN

No. 1. ADDITIONS AND TRANSPOSITIONS.

I. Add a letter to a Latin diphthong and make a liquor; add another letter and transpose, and make to bound; add and transpose and make a legal term; add and transpose and make a printer's implement; add and transpose, make a small anchor. L. E. T.

No. 2. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is on old saying, composed of 27 letters.
My 5, 16, 11, 19, 22, 8, 27, 21 is a fighter.
My 4, 6, 10, 2 is to be at liberty.
My 15, 16, 17, 20, 2, 6 is a substance obtained from cream.
My 12, 5, 23, 6, 25 is a musical play.
My 7, 24, 6, 26 is crooked.
My 1, 13, 3, 18 is to dispose of.
My 9, 14 is an abbreviation used very much.

J. C. C.

No. 3. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Six-Letter.)

A Brazilian bird; brass or copper gilt; the hedgehog; a vehicle of the chariot kind; an herb; refined spirit. Primals: a trick. Finals: one of the stones of a mill.

"ANNA GRAM."

No. 4. RIDDLE.

Flower of beauty, flower most true,
On mountain, moorland, robed in blue,
Reign with modesty so rare,
Graceful, sweet and ever fair;
Ever bright with starry eye,
Tinted by the cloudless sky.
My thoughts it draws to Heaven above,
Emblem thou of purity, love.
No word more said 'mong parting friends,
To cheer the soul which sorrow bends.
Type of fidelity most kind —
And now my name I pray you find.

No. 5. EASY WORD SQUARE.

A color; uncommon; an open space; a period of time.

L. M. B.

No. 6. DIAMOND.

A letter; to leap; a member of the solar system; a festival day; ruled; those making a display of knowledge; a bamboo frame used in India as a screen; an affirmative; a consonant. MARQUIS.

No. 7. WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Take an animal from an officiating minister and leave the end of a thing.
2. The name of a heathen goddess from officiating ministers and leave animals.
3. An animal from argued and leave an act.
4. To peruse from putting silk into the eye of a needle and leave any substance.
5. The entire sum from silly and leave an exhibition.
6. Illumination from treating with neglect and leave to vocalize. CYRIL DEANE.

No. 8. CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In petal not in flower;
In trousseau not in dower;
In urgent not in haste;
In eating not in taste;
In ancient not in new;
In yellow not in blue.
Refinement is my whole.

SOLVERS.

April tangles were solved by M. J. Taber, L. W. D., Maud E. Palmer, Abraham Taber, Viola S. Slocomb, W. A. Gardner, Rolfe Bell, Rob Hunt, G. Fred Moore, Louise Hill, S. Clarine Mellen, S. Hay, F. E. French, Charles W. Frazier, Geneva and Annie Wheeler, Luie E. Taylor, Louise J. Kellogg, O. Clark, Anna Blackie, C. Minta Rutter, W. J. Alexander, O L. Spaulding, Jr., Walter Dewey, Tudor Jenks, Frances E. Hill, S. Sophie Keeler, Blanche C. French, Sanborn Brothers.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Complete list, none.
Best incomplete list, Maud E. Palmer, New Bedford, Mass.
No. 28. Luie E. Taylor, Providence, R. I.
No. 32. Louise Hill, Yorkville, Ill.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for the first solution of this month's Tangles:

First complete list, WIDE AWAKE six months; or any $1.25 book on D. Lothrop Company's list.

Next best list, any books to value of $1 on D. Lothrop Company's list.

No. 3. A nice pocket (magic) pencil.

No. 6. Box of fine drawing pencils; or a good microscope.

All answers must be received by June 10th. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, old and young, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original puzzles for publication as above directed.

LA FONTAINE "THE GOOD."

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

"*La Fontaine's Fables are like a basket of strawberries: you begin by taking out the largest and best, but little by little you eat first one, then another, until at last the basket is empty.*" Madame de Sevigne.

READERS of Charles Dickens's *Child's History of England* will readily call to mind the famous chapter relating to Charles II., so often called "The Merry Monarch." In this chapter the writer in a strain of the bitterest irony proceeds to relate many of the most objectionable acts of that royal profligate, applying the adjective "merry" to each of them. The satire is doubtless overdone, for Dickens seldom knew when to draw the line between moderation and excess in passages of this kind, but nevertheless the chapter serves to point with terrible distinctness the frightful mockery of the term when applied to Charles II. True, the king was merry enough, but it was mirth for which his people paid dearly.

But the irony which applies the title "good" to one whose life outraged the social virtues is sharper than that which styles a good-natured, and yet a vindictively cruel king a "merry monarch." In both cases the irony was unconscious. King Charles certainly made merry with his favorites and they did not dream of there being anything incongruous in the title as applied to him. La Fontaine in his life-time was personally known to comparatively few. Long after his death, when he was known to posterity mainly through his *Fables*, he came to be styled "*Le bon La Fontaine*" with perfect sincerity; his readers, who did not trouble themselves to look up the history of his life, doubtless imagining that a man who could write so wisely could hardly be other than "good."

Let us glance at his career and judge for ourselves how far he merits the title which seems almost to put him into the calendar with the saints.

Jean de La Fontaine was born July 8, 1621, at Château-Thierry in Champagne, France. His early education was obtained at a small village school and later at Rheims, a town of which he often spoke fondly in later years. At nineteen he was sent to the seminary of Saint Magloire to study for the priesthood at the suggestion of one of the canons of Soissons who fancied he saw in the young man an inclination to that profession. But his indolent nature rebelled against the rigor of seminary rules and at the end of eighteen months he returned home. It was no doubt a fortunate decision on his part, for it is not easy to see how one of La Fontaine's temperament and disposition could have reflected any honor upon the calling of a priest. While it is of course possible that he might in this profession have led an upright, helpful life and been "an ensample of godly living" to his parishioners, the weight of probability is much against such a supposition.

When he was twenty-two his father, who was government Inspector of the Woods and Forests, relinquished this office to his son whom he married soon after to Marie Héricart, a young woman of great beauty, and, as was proved later, of much sharpness of temper. It does not appear that La Fontaine desired either the office or the wife, but his habitual indolence led him

to submit to being guided rather than be at the trouble of remonstrating or of making an independent choice. Knowing this we are not surprised to read that his Inspectorship, which he held for twenty years, was constantly neglected by him, and that his marriage proved anything but a blessing. After some time he and his wife

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

were separated by mutual consent, but he continued to communicate with her by letters at intervals.

The elder La Fontaine had all his life been given to verse-making and he vainly tried to induce his son to follow in the same path. What example and precept, however, failed to do, was accomplished at last by accident. Dining with some military friends at Château-Thierry, an officer present recited an ode of Malherbe. La Fontaine listened to the recitation silent with admiration, and on returning home he set himself to committing to memory the whole of the volume which contained the ode, and thereafter devoted himself to original versification.

In 1665 his first work of importance appeared, the *Contes et Nouvelles en Vers*. No reputable author of the present day would venture to publish a book of the character of this one, which while brilliant was at the same time exceedingly gross. However, it was thoroughly in keeping with the taste of the age and this fact must be borne in mind ere we condemn too severely its author. Nothing can be more intolerant than to judge the character of a man of an earlier century by the moral standards of our own time. Until the present century a grossness and freedom of speech was tolerated in common conversation to an extent that we cannot now comprehend. People of irreproachable morals indulged in what would at this time be called extreme indelicacy of expression, with very little idea of there being anything reprehensible in the practice.

In 1667 La Fontaine published a second collection of *Contes* and in 1671 a third. Twenty-one years after the appearance of this third series La Fontaine fell suddenly and dangerously ill. All his life up to this time had been a career of pleasure undisturbed by any serious thought of what was to come of it all. In an age of speculation and philosophic inquiry he had remained untouched by its spirit. He had literally taken no thought for the morrow either from the standpoint of faith or of scepticism. He had lived as the gay world immediately around him lived, and like the nominal Christians of his time he turned to religion only when pleasure had no more in store for him. During his illness he was visited by Father Poujet, vicar of the parish of St. Roch in Paris, who undertook to bring back this careless butterfly soul to the Church. Poujet was most assidious in his visits, and La Fontaine, always intellectually indolent, was at this time when enfeebled by illness little disposed to question seriously concerning points of faith. The result is easy to foresee. La Fontaine was reconciled to the Church. The few objections raised by the poet were successfully met by the priest who as a condition of the Church's forgiveness required that La Fontaine should make an authentic recantation of the *Contes* and a formal expression of his sorrow for having written so immoral a book.

It is by no means probable that the poet at all realized the force of Poujet's objections; it is doubtful if his mind was so constituted that he could do so. He yielded nevertheless, and

even burnt an unpublished comedy of his own to which his confessor objected and this, which he esteemed his best work, was no light sacrifice for him to make.

To La Fontaine's greatest work, the *Fables* which bear his name, Father Poujet could fortunately bring no objection. The year 1668 was the date of the publication of the first of these in a volume dedicated to the Dauphin and entitled *Fables Choissies Mises en Vers.* La Fontaine at first seems to have limited himself to versions of the Æsopian fables as rendered in Latin verse by Phædrus, who flourished in the time of Tiberius; but later he drew from the old French fables of Marie de France composed in the thirteenth century, as well as from subsequent narrators of fables.

These fables met with speedy recognition, and for two hundred years and more have never been named but with praise. Says a recent writer:

"The fables have long since passed out of the region of criticism; where copies or imitations, they are held by the assent of all men to have surpassed their originals, and where original, they take the foremost rank amongst the gems of European literature. The profoundness and at the same time their infinite simplicity, are consigned unalterably to the author's credit in his contrasting, but equally undisputed titles of 'The Inspired Innocent' and 'The Solomon of Poets.'"

A period of ten years elapsed between the appearance of the first and second collections of *Fables*, the latter being published in 1678–79. As in the first collection, a number of the fables were dedicated to individuals and many of them were inspired by contemporary events. At this time the poet was at the height of his reputation and his popularity, except at court, was very great. For the composer Lully he wrote about this period the opera of *Daphne* which was the beginning of his efforts in dramatic composition.

Doubtless few poets of the present day would feel moved to celebrate in verse the virtues of any medicinal agent, least of all that of quinine, but at the suggestion of the Duchesse de Bouillon La Fontaine wrote a poem of two cantos on the subject, called *Le Quinquina.* The poem was published in 1682, soon after the use of quinine had become popular. Thirty years before the chief of the Jesuits in America had carried powdered quinine to Rome where it was sold for a long time at most exorbitant prices as the *poudre des pères* or *poudres des Jesuites.* An Englishman named Talbot in 1679 introduced a mode of infusing it in wine, and in France it then became known as *le remède Anglais.*

In 1683 he obtained the great prize of literary ambition in France — a seat in the French Academy — though not without some opposition in the course of which the immorality of the *Contes* was repeatedly urged as a reason for his non-admission.

After his recovery from the illness before mentioned he gathered into a volume the fables he had composed in the years following the issue of the second collection of apologues, and also wrote several hymns. But he was now past seventy years old and there was little more for him to do. His slender remaining strength was devoted to the practices of religion and it was found after his death that the hair shirt of the austere penitent had long been worn next his skin. His death occurred on April 13, 1695, at the house of one of his friends, M. d'Hervart, and he was buried beside his friend Molière in the parish churchyard of St. Joseph.

In some respects La Fontaine remained a child to the hour of his death. He was incapable of taking care of himself in ordinary affairs of life and was always dependent upon one protector or another. He was almost entirely without resentment and the simplicity of his nature presents a refreshing contrast to the duplicity of many of his contemporaries. That in an age when virtue was the exception to the general rule La Fontaine was conspicuous for his violations of moral obligations may be accounted for by the fact that his was a nature which found it difficult to take account of moral distinctions. He seemed to have been born with very clouded moral perceptions, if indeed he can be said to have had in some directions *any* moral sense at all. His native indolence made vice not only easier to him than virtue, but with his constitutionally perverted sense of right and wrong often made it appear the only natural course to pursue. This does not clear him from blame, for some degree of free agency he certainly possessed, but after all is said that can be urged against him there remains much to his credit. If he were not "good" in the ordinary acception

of the term he possessed some desirable attributes of goodness. We read of him that he was "unaffected, truthful and compassionate; he stood firmly by his friend in trouble, and was invariably patient and forgiving." He was capable of strong attachments and in one very notable instance stood manfully by the friend who had once befriended him, the Minister Fouquet, in the disgrace that befell his former patron and did much to allay popular indignation against that fallen dignitary.

In society his absent-mindedness became almost a proverb and his manners were very frequently taciturn, even boorish. In discussions he never listened to his opponents and talked on, hearing only the sound of his own voice. On one occasion in a conversation on dramatic art La Fontaine strongly condemned the custom of stage "asides," saying that nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that an actor could be heard in the gallery and not by people beside him. The discussion became a heated one, and the poet's voice rose high above all the rest. He did not know that all the while Despréaux, one of the company, was incessantly calling him aloud all kinds of names — "La Fontaine is a scoundrel, a blockhead, a calf, an owl," etc. — till every one around him was laughing. On his then inquiring what the matter was, Despréaux said: "Here am I calling you all the hardest names I can think of and you don't hear me, although I am near enough to touch your elbow; and yet you think it extraordinary that one actor should not be able to hear another who may be ten paces away from him."

One of the most serious indictments against La Fontaine is his neglect of his son. The youth was educated by a friend of La Fontaine's, and from the time of his removal from his father's notice the poet seems to have forgotten him completely, never inquiring for or alluding to him. After the youth's college course was completed a meeting was arranged between the father and son who had not met for nearly six years. The occasion was a dinner, and after it was over La Fontaine's friend asked him what he thought of the young man who had just left them. The poet replied that he seemed modest and quite well informed for his age.

"It is your own son," said his friend.

"Ah, indeed," replied La Fontaine; "I am glad to hear it." Then he suffered the matter to drop as if it were a trifling episode of a pleasant nature which had merely served its turn.

It is a nature full of contradictions — this of the great French fabulist — and it is open to much well-deserved blame, yet there is not a little in it to attract, and in thinking of him it is well to bear in mind the words of his dear friend Maucroix:

"We have been friends for more than fifty years, and I thank God for having allowed the extreme friendship I bore him to continue up to a pretty good old age without interruption or coolness, as I can say that I have ever loved him with affection as much the last day as the first. May God in his mercy, take his soul into his holy rest! His was the sincerest and most candid heart I ever knew. Never any disguise. I do not know if he ever told a lie in his life."

TWO WAYS OF USING A BIRTHDAY BOOK.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

By Dorothy and Susan Holcomb.

(*Dorothy tells her way.*)

NOW is there any possible way," I asked myself, "to get something new out of a Birthday Book?" What an old story those books have got to be! But one *must* have them, for new ones keep coming out every year, and they *are* neat things for a present, I *will* say. Dear me! I wonder what will come next! I suppose we can't get along without them, now we are used to them, but what did we do before they were invented, and how did we get along without calendars, too?

Two of us, Susan and I, said we *would* see

if we could not devise some other use for them besides having names written. Now in all well-regulated and commendable Birthday Books the spaces are roomy, and there are whole blank pages and parts of pages at the ends of the months. I will have nothing to do with a Birthday Book that is made upon a stingy plan, all crowded together. Mine *must* be, *shall* be, and *is* a beauty — the *special* one, I mean — with broad spaces, all lined off as truly as plummet and rule can make them. As Dick said, "There's lots of waste room." But that is exactly what I don't mean it shall be. I mean to fill it all. I will leave place for just two persons to write their names under each date, and it stands to reason that *that* will be enough, for is it likely I shall ever ask *more* than twice three hundred and sixty-five persons to write in one Birthday Book? *No;* when I get seven hundred and thirty, I'll stop or get another. There will be something *new* by that time. Any way, I am allowing for two to a date, which is not likely to happen very often.

Well! mine is a Jean Ingelow book, and there is room for five lines sure. My plan is to look up important or interesting events that happened on such or such a date, and fill them in. I know it is not *wholly* original, but it is mostly. Mine is going to be — there! I've hit upon just what I want to say. The right word usually comes to me, sooner or later, but sometimes sooner, when I need it. I can trust a certain something, not exactly impulse, though it has the force of impulse; it is not the result of thought either; perhaps it is what Buckle calls intuition. At any rate, it answers *my* purpose. It *comes*, and that is the main point. Well then, it is — you catch my meaning, don't you? — a kind of "Search-Question Book." Why, no, how stupid I am! — I don't mean *that*. That is, I don't mean *questions* — those are supposed — I mean the *answers* to — the questions that are not there. It is "A Search-*Answer* Book." How will that do for a name? — for I *have* to search, oh! how faithfully, discouragingly, too, sometimes, but persistently, to find things of interest that happened on a particular day; ancient, modern, literary, biographic, historic, social.

Now I will show you how it is; that is, I will show you what I mean. My space will hold five or six lines in a fair-sized hand. I forgot to say that whoever tries *my* way of using a Birthday Book *must* write a neat, legible hand, neat as well as legible, which is as much as to say, I suppose, that *I* do. Well, if I do, it is no merit; I ought to. I ought to be ashamed *not* to, and I worked hard enough to learn. I will not have untidy things about me. My books all are kept nice. There are no "lifts" started, no corners knocked, no soil or stains, I don't put my books open face down, or spread them wide open, or set a cup of hot tea on the covers, though I have seen all these things done. So it follows that my books are fresh-looking enough to go back into the bookstore. But of course I am keeping them for a library; I shall have a lovely library, and I think books are the best furnishing for a room. Well, it is a beautiful Birthday Book I have, to begin with. I do not let slovenly folks write in it. I don't, even if I care ever so much about them.

But where was I? Why, I'm rambling like De Quincey. Why, no, that is an absurd comparison — the great De Quincey! I'm as bad as the Widow Bedott, or Josiah Allen's Wife, or Peppermint Perkins. I should be sorry to get in the way of rambling on from one thing to another, though my teacher encourages me to express myself on paper. She says it will be easier to suppress exuberance of expression by and by than to overcome a reluctance to writing at all. She says she would rather have too much of anything than too little, but I think when she said that, she forgot about Mrs. Partington and the Atlantic Ocean.

I told her one day I thought if I was going to write composition, I ought to have self-control enough to keep right to the point. And I *will.*

"Search-Questions," I said, but I meant "Search-Answers." It will read like this — I'll take a date at random to illustrate. What date is this? Dec. 13. Well, under that date (leaving space for two names, as I said) I will write in my best hand:

Christina Rossetti born	1836
Napoleon Bonaparte died	1827
The Battle of the Nile fought	1817
The Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument laid	1842
Pendennis published	1830

Now there are so many facts — five; events that happened on that day, biographic, historic and literary, and all worth remembering. And I shall remember them, from association. It will be a way of cultivating my memory, an aid. I do not easily remember dates, but that will fix them. There will be at least *one* I shall be interested in, and all the rest will stay because they are with *that*. Not that any of the events I have put down ever happened on the thirteenth of December, or on the year given. Of course you know better than that. Neither Christina Rossetti nor Lord Nelson, nor Napoleon Bonaparte had anything to do with that day. I am merely giving examples, and I put down what came into my head. But you catch the idea, do you not? It is really, if you follow my plan, a capital little chronological table. And I am sure if any of you have had as much difficulty as I have, to remember the proper dates with the events they belong with, I am sure you will feel like thanking me. I know — I really do know — some grown-up persons who are not sure of but *three* dates, actually three connected with the history of our country: they know when America was discovered, when the Pilgrims landed, and when Independence was declared. Now *I* say, such individuals would be all the better for searching about the Presidents, and the battles, and great events, and putting them down in a Birthday Book. And now, indeed, haven't I made out a Birthday Book for your friends' names, for national facts, for distinguished persons, and so on, and on, all in one little volume?

Now, Susan, it is your turn.

(*Susan speaks.*)

Oh! mine is not anything after Dorothy's. Mine is just for my family, our own friends, and guests, and any chance acquaintances I may like to have in it. I always have my Birthday Book handy, and I always take it with me if I go away from home. I mean to keep mine always, to look into, or back to, the same as Dorothy; only mine is a sort of memorial or remembrance book. It is a suggestion book, too, and a reference book. This is my way; that is, I will give some instances: we were so happy once as to have General H—— here for a guest, who was very distinguished in the army, so I had him write his name, and then I made memoranda about him on the margin in red ink (I bought a bottle of beautiful scarlet ink on purpose to make notes with in manuscript books and other places. I had seen it done, and I think it is an excellent way, because the color calls your attention to the note). I also put the date when he was with us. Doing this makes my Birth Book in a small way a kind of diary. I had an important fact, too, that had never been in print, which he told us about the battle of Gettysburg, for he was there. His autograph was a treasure, and the fact was a big bonanza.

One day a distant relative came to see us, and he told us, at dinner, the name of the person who he was almost absolutely certain wrote *The Bread Winners*. Of course against his name (he was Professor in a Western college), I wrote about himself, and the name of the author. Of course I shall not divulge the well-kept secret here, but it is in my book. At another name I put: "The oldest surviving friend of my mother, aged eighty, our guest Aug. 11, 1885."

I fill out my spaces the same as Dorothy does; only mine is a home and guest book, and a book with minutes of travel, but mostly domestic in its associations. I got my idea partly from seeing memoranda in old almanacs; but I began to do it chiefly to be able to know on just what day such or such a friend came to see us, or to fix some little interesting thing that took place.

And some very interesting things have happened from my doing it. Some of the family are always asking, "Now, Susan dear, just run and look in your Birthday Book and see what day such a thing happened."

One time mother said, "Susan, I want you to see when it was that Aunt Prudence was here. It is very important that your father should know."

You could never guess what the important thing was. My date — actually *mine* — was to determine the testimony of a witness in a lawsuit!

"Susan's book will tell," said mother, "for that day Aunt Prudence was here we gave her a basket of Bartlett pears to carry home, and Dorothy went as far as the Four Corners with

her to help carry them, and when she came back she said the Doctor's house was on fire. Now that date, and that fire, and a certain witness belong together."

Was it not singular? But then, as mother said, that was a primitive way, but a good and sure way of remembering one thing by something else — the law of association.

Perhaps I have said enough. I have all manner of interesting items about the people who come to our house, and the places where I have been, and the people I have met, whose names are in the book. No gossip, or silly things, or sentiment, but facts, in just as few and fitting words as I could put them, because the space is too scant to allow of any circumlocution. Mother thinks both Dorothy's plan and mine are good. She says we are learning to do things in a neat and tasteful manner, to write a clear, distinct hand (because we have to be very careful), and to be correct. She thinks our Books with the scarlet memoranda are very pretty. And they are. We shall keep them always. And when Dorothy and I are old ladies, how interesting it will be to look them over and read the names and all the rest!

THE RED, RED COPPER.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

By A. M. Griffin.

THE gate stood invitingly open, and Eben Howley did not stop running till he stood upon the piazza and gave the gong a good turn. It wound up on the outside of the door like the crank of a hand-organ — you could hear it clang half-a-block away — and he flushed at making such an uproarious demand to be let into Dr. Day's trim household. He had not really meant to go in, but he had been on a steady run, and the open gate had offered no hinderance, nor anything, indeed, until he was ashamed of making such a noise about his intention. Barney Day opened the door and bobbed out his round head and rounder face.

"Halloo," he said, "you are just the fellow I want, Eben. Come along in."

Eben gave a sigh of relief. "I didn't know but everybody in the house would come to the door that new bell fires such a salute; I'm glad you happened to be around."

"O," said Barney, "if you heard it go off ten times a night perhaps you would get used to it. I suppose it is still a novelty to the neighbors, though. Come up stairs and see my new copper."

Up in the attic there was a little room made about the window under the eaves where Barney and Ward kept such treasures as a printing-press, a scroll saw, a collection of insects and birds' eggs complete, stamps, curiosities, and, latest of all, Barney's "noo," as it was called; being short for numismatic, or coin collection. To be sure, the case was decorated so far with just such coins as some really ordinary human beings carry about in their pockets; but that did not make the pieces any the worse, and as they were representative pieces the fact of other people merely looking at them in the light of spending them did not lessen their value at all in Barney's eyes. A nickel, very shiny, a dime, a half-dime, some tiny California gold pieces, and a very few foreign coins, were all Eben had seen.

"Ward had to go down the street," said Barney, throwing open the door of the Museum, which was the ambitious name the boys gave their room; "you know he had the printing of the Athenæum tickets, three hundred, but the blue cards gave out at two hundred and ninety, so he wanted to see if they wouldn't let him make ten complimentary tickets, and get up something handsome.

"Aren't the blue handsome?" asked Eben, breathing a little short after his efforts to run fast up three flights of stairs on tiptoe and not kick the stair-rods, either.

"The printing is handsome," replied Barney cautiously. "Ward is just a Benjamin Franklin at the printing-press."

"Suppose they don't want to give ten complimentary tickets?" suggested Eben.

"Well, I don't believe we thought of that," said Barney, "but I think it is pretty stingy if they don't out of a whole three hundred. Now — there is my copper!"

The boys were standing before the tray with a glass top which was placed on one of those old-fashioned nests of small tables which had been banished up here long ago from the rooms below; Ward and Barney both thought it a fine curiosity. It was not a very steady support for the tray, but it looked well, and if the coins were jogged occasionally it did not hurt them. Each coin had below it a neat little label telling its date; that below the copper described it as one of the original or first minting, giving the date that was plainly visible on the coin itself.

Eben gave an admiring whistle. "He is ancient, isn't he? He is the great-grandfather of all the others. And how big and round he looks beside those little gold fellows! Why, I do believe he is worth more money!"

"Of course he is," said Barney proudly.

"Ten dollars!" read Eben, "worth ten dollars! Did they pass those old pennies once for ten dollars?" he added in a voice of awe.

"No, sir," said Barney, "they didn't. But it is worth that now; you could sell it for that price. It is just as good, really, as a gold eagle, or a greenback; because it is such a fine specimen, so well preserved, and one of the original copper pennies. My cousin, Dr. Crittenden, was given it by a patient of his, whose family had kept it ever since it was coined. It wasn't such a rich beautiful red as this; he said the verdigris and dirt did not make it more valuable, and he cleaned it with some kind of acid before he sent it to me. It is beautiful."

"So it is," assented Eben; "it is a red red, I should say — and worth ten dollars, too!"

This fact did not seem to impress Barney half so much as the beauty and value of his specimen, and after he had given a few more moments of rapt admiration to it, the boys turned about to examine the very nice piece of cherry from which Ward was making a remarkable bracket. While they were still engaged with it there was a clatter of feet on the attic floor outside and a voice, very much like Barney's, asked for admittance for himself and the boys. He threw open the little door as hospitably as a little door will consent to open, and when it closed again there were six boys in the room and it was about crowded. It was getting late in the afternoon, the window looking towards the north admitted but a scanty light, and it became necessary to get very close to an object if you wished to see what it was like. The boys who had just entered bent over the coins while Barney exhibited his new possession, but Eben stood by the scroll-saw talking with Ward, who told him privately he had no doubt he could make a fortune out of it, and would not exchange it for ten of Barney's coppers.

"That," said Eben practically, "would make one hundred dollars. If you had all that money you might keep one coin for your collection and buy ever so many nice things beside, with a scroll-saw thrown in. But if I were Barney I'd rather have the ten dollars anyhow."

"I wouldn't refuse a ten," said Ward; "if anybody wanted to give it for my cherry bracket, but any other way it would, of course, be popped into an old bank or something just as uncomfortable, and what good would that do? Oh, I know all about that sort of thing."

"I never had so much for myself," returned Eben, "in a bank or out of it, but I know what I would do if I had."

"I wonder what you would?" asked Ward.

Eben paused before he replied; then he said slowly, "Now that the ice has come it is pretty rough on Christine and me to be without our skates — there are two things right off — and you can't get a real first-class pair under five dollars."

"If a fellow is going to rope his sister in," said Ward, "of course he will get rid of money fast enough; but I do think it is too bad you can't have the skates."

"I don't suppose we are the only boy and girl who can't have everything they want this year," observed Eben quietly.

Ward understood what he meant. During the past summer there had been a great fire in the town which had even left some people without

a home and without the money to get another. Mr. Howley's loss had not been quite so heavy but yet sufficient to make money very scarce for anything but actual necessities, and as their house and everything in it had gone the way of smoke and ashes the children's store of books and treasures was vanished too.

The boys having had enough of the "noo" now came over to the saw; Eben stepped away to make room for them, and Barney stood behind the three looking over their shoulders, for Ward began to work his saw, carefully, because the light was poor and scroll-saws have a trick of flying into pieces without much provocation. Eben went back alone and bent again over the case with the coins. Once he looked over his shoulder, but all their backs were towards him. While they were still engaged this way, Eben turned to the window quickly as if he were listening, and in a moment or two exclaimed with a kind of excitement:

"Boys, hark! isn't that the alarm?"

They all straightened and listened; the wind carried away the sound, but indistinct as it might be there was no mistaking the harsh stroke.

"Fire!" shouted Barney, and made a leap for the door; the others followed pell-mell; fire meant a great deal to them since the last summer. They all clattered down through the house, even Eben, shy as he was, forgetting to tread softly.

In the hall Ward said to one of the boys, "Why, Ben, where is your cap?"

He put his hand to his head, and looked at the rack. "I must have left it up in the Museum," he replied, "I never thought;" and ran back. The others raced away down the street, but Ward did not like to go off and leave Ben to take care of himself in his house. He waited impatiently some little time before he appeared, but Ben explained as they ran that he had to look for his cap; it was way down behind the case of coins, regularly jammed in and he was quite sure it was not heavy enough to get itself in that position if it should fall, and he was sure he never stuffed it there. But Ward paid very little attention to him — he was in too great a hurry to reach the fire which already was reddening the sky.

The first of the boys who reached the burning building was Eben; he pressed through the crowd of spectators to get near it, very much excited, and panting for breath, partly from that and partly from hard running. It was a barn on fire, and a light but steady wind scattered the million sparks from blazing hay and straw in a glittering shower on the roof of the dwelling; twice already the shingles had smoked, first in one place and then in another, and all the family were anxiously busy bringing out their valuables. Once and awhile one member would run forward and look eagerly up at the roof for a sign of smoke or flame, while the others hurried in and out of doors, the firemen, hoarse from shouting, shouted all the louder, the flames crackled, and roared, and leaped up, the engine puffed and whistled, and the streams of water went pouring on the house and on the barn. Eben had forced his way up to the firemen and he heard one of them say, "There goes that gable again! Enough water don't reach it; the only way to do is for one to get up on the gutter of that pointed roof, stand in line, haul up buckets, and keep it wet until the barn goes in. But it wants a light weight up there, and pluck, too, to stand the heat."

"I can do it," said Eben, "let me do it."

When Ward and Ben reached the scene Eben's figure, perched upon the far corner of the gable, stood out black in the vivid light of the burning barn, with the sparks falling all around him, keeping the shingles wet from the buckets passed up in line from the old well. There was not a boy there but wished he was in his place. By and by the barn fell in and the flames began to die down, while the house stood safe and empty, all the furniture tumbled over the fence in a neighbor's back yard.

"Well, I would rather have taken the risk," said Barney, as Ward and he walked home; "there is even the piano out there, piano cover, legs on, and all; and they can't any of them remember how they did it, and they don't know how they shall ever get it back again, for in the excitement they have hauled it over the fence."

"Eben showed more sense than any one," said Barney admiringly, "and real grit, too, Ward. I tell you, a fellow must have a good deal to him to sit on just as good as a point, under a roasting fire, and — "

"Baste himself with pails of water," broke in Ward laughing, "for every drop that went on the roof was bound to splash him too."

It so happened that Barney did not go into the Museum for a couple of days; he occupied himself with a sore throat which he had caught at the fire with no difficulty whatever. "It would be a great deal better, I think," he said confidentially to Ward, "to say a cold caught me."

"It depends on the way you look at things," Ward replied. "You might catch a ball of pitch pretty easy, but I would like to see you get rid of it pretty easy."

Barney looked dolefully after his brother, as quite content with his logic, he went up-stairs to finish the Athenæum tickets. That day and the next the red copper was not on exhibition; on the third Barney was able to go about the house again, and he hurried to the attic to see how his treasure would look once more. Ward was studying in his own room, he had both his hands plunged into his hair with his thumbs in his ears and his little fingers occasionally closing his eyes to take them conveniently off the page while he found out if his memory had been doing its proper work. Awaking from one of these experiments he saw Barney standing before him with a face of great displeasure.

"Come, hand out my copper, Ward," he said, "I don't think it was fair to go and play tricks on me when I was sick."

"Hey? What?" exclaimed Ward staring.

"To go and play practical jokes," said Barney, "I wouldn't hurt any of your things."

"I wouldn't hurt any of yours," returned Ward indignantly; "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Haven't you taken my red copper?" asked Barney, the look of displeasure gradually fading for one of trouble.

"No, sir, I have not even looked at the 'noo'; I've been too busy."

"But it is gone!" exclaimed Barney, staring at him.

"Oh, nonsense," said Ward, "it couldn't; how could it? it hasn't legs, Bar, you know, even if it is a curiosity."

"It's gone," said Barney once more.

With that Ward sprang up-stairs to assure Barney it was all a mistake, he was so convinced of it that he did not feel he needed any assurance himself. But there was the vacancy in the case and no copper visible, there, nor anywhere, in any crack or crevice, search as they might. The boys looked at each other.

"Look here," said Ward, with the air of one who has made a discovery, "it couldn't go without hands."

"Yes," replied Barney, "but it has; there isn't a hand in this house would take it."

"I didn't say there was," retorted Ward indignantly, "it is some one out of the house; have there been any plumbers or painters around?"

"An expressman the first day I was sick," said Barney seriously.

"Who walked in the front door with a box on his back and out again," Ward added; "I think we won't fix on him."

"It isn't pleasant to go around picking out people for a thief," said Barney slowly; "I would rather think of some other way of its going."

"I should, too," said Ward, "but we have thought and there isn't any other; and the reason why somebody might take it is because he could get ten dollars for it — you've kindly written that fact out plain to see. But, you see, any regular thief would have made a clean sweep of all the money, so it wasn't a regular thief. What boys were in here that last day?"

"Oh, don't, Ward," cried Barney in distress; "I would rather lose my copper."

"That is all nonsense," said Ward, "of course we won't go suspecting our friends, but perhaps some fellow was in here — there was Eben, and Ben Miller, they're all sound, Dave Boyse, and — who was the other fellow?"

"I don't remember," replied Barney, "and I don't want to; that is no good, Ward."

"Well," he said, sitting down on a box with his hands in his pockets and looking his brother in the face, "I can tell you, Barney, I've finished the Athenæum tickets and I am going to find your red copper if it takes every cent I've made to do it — that's flat!"

"It is a mean thing to suspect one of the boys," said Barney stoutly.

"Did I say it could be Eben, or Ben Miller,

or Dave Boyse? They are fellows with some principle. But there was Jim Benson, who didn't think it wrong to keep your penknife, if he found it kicking around. He kept mine once, and he knew it was mine, too, because I had showed it to him only a few days before, and he never would have given it back if I hadn't seen him — why, look here," shouted Ward, suddenly springing up, "Jim was the other fellow! He was along with Dave and Ben and I could not help asking him in too — oh!"

Barney rubbed his head excitedly. "Yes, it was Jim," he said, "but we can't say he took the copper because he was in the house and once kept your knife when he found it, that isn't even circumstantial evidence. Besides it may have been in its place the next morning."

But the chain of evidence the boys were trying to link together brought back everything as it had happened that evening to Barney's memory and that could scarcely fail to establish Jim's innocence. At the time they were looking at the "noo" he had stood directly before Barney, and after they had turned away he had himself replaced the coin and shut the case. When they ran for the fire he himself had been the last out of the room. Ward was obliged to agree to this, but if Jim hadn't taken the copper, who had? and he was strongly inclined to think it Jim in spite of evidence to the contrary.

To establish the fact whether it was in its place the next morning the boys called up their sister Nellie. That day Barney had been confined to his room and he had sent her up to the Museum for a book, whether she had been near the case had to be established. She was fortunately within calling distance at that very moment and proved a most important witness as she had improved an opportunity, not often given her, of inspecting the boys' treasures without the boys, before she went down with the book, and she remembered perfectly well being much disgusted at the absence of the precious copper, for she had intended to make a thorough examination of it. She now volunteered to help take everything out of the room and sweep it, as the best way to begin the search, but Ward's contempt of this practical method was so great that she cheerfully gave it up and went downstairs singing.

No matter how many times they went over that evening Barney and Ward could not arrange the boys so as to bring Jim Benson in any position but under their continual eyesight; there was an amount of perversity in it that was aggravating, that the only suspicious party in the room should have so carefully kept himself perfectly free of suspicious positions. The arrangement had been of itself so simple throughout that it could not but be plain to both of them that Eben was the only boy who had been separated from the group at any time, and that he alone had been unnoticed and alone. Ward felt a real disappointment that such a beautiful case should be spoiled by this pointless fact, but he was perfectly convinced Jim was a party to the loss and from the force of example Barney began to believe he was himself.

The disappearance was duly made known to the household. Everybody sympathized, and wondered, and visited the room, and examined the case, the floors, and the walls, and then Dr. Day gave his opinion that Barney had put his treasure away somewhere for safety, but he would give him all the help he could to find where; and Mrs. Day firmly objected to a proposition of Ward's to take up all the carpets and shake them, which, he said, wasn't a bit worse than the housecleaning his mother was so particular about, and for a far better object. For several days the boys might have been seen at all spare moments with a small broom diligently sweeping out corners and under beds; and they acquired strange habits of prying, peering, darting with joy, and relaxing with disappointment, upon many objects of suspicious size and color.

And in the meantime the red, red copper was no doubt hugging itself with wicked joy at the commotion it had excited — but where?

"I tell you what," said Ward, starting up one fine afternoon from the book the had been attentively reading, "I've got a present'ment."

"A what?" asked Barney, opening his eyes.

"A feeling," said Ward, "that if I should go outward, I might, you know, find out something or come across something."

"What stuff!" said Barney.

"Well, somebody has it here in Scott, anyhow, and as I've got the feeling I might as well

go. I'll hunt up Benson and interview him, it won't do any harm."

"Nor any good. He's not going to tell anything. Shall I come along?"

"I think you had better not," said Ward, "I'm going out for adventures."

It was not one half-hour later he burst into Barney's presence, breathless, shut the door carefully and with a pound on his brother's back, said, "Bar!"

"Oh!" said Barney, rubbing his shoulder, "I suppose you've had an adventure."

"I should think so," cried Ward, with evidence of high excitement, "I've found the copper. That is" — he added, as his brother made a forward plunge, "I've tracked it."

IBN EL ARÈIB, SONS OF THE EVENING LAND.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens.

LET us glance at the third and last branch of the Semitic race — a nation as full of vigor to-day as in those prehistoric times when their earliest tribes, headed by Joktan (the son of Heber) or Khatan the Hercules of Arabian story, overran the country called El Arâ'âb, the Arid Land, by the Hebrews, but by the invaders El Arèib, The Evening Land, because it lay toward the setting sun, west of the Euphrates valley, their first halting-place after quitting the highlands of Bactria.

With nothing to check their vast activity, they settled themselves in El Arèib; a sterile tableland without a single navigable river, but furrowed by channels filled in winter with muddy streams which roar and thunder along their shallow beds, but which in summer are dry beds of burning sand. Nevertheless, concealed beneath the loose gravelly surface of this arid and thirsty land are inexhaustible springs, which bubble up through the hot sands, and breaking out here and there, create a Wadi, or green spot, sometimes large and fertile enough to become the site of a thriving town. This green spotted land naturally divides into three parts: sterile and rocky in the north, Arabia Petræa; treeless and sandy, Arabia Deserta, in the south; but in the southwestern corner, owing to a range of hills sufficiently high to intercept and rain down as streams the passing clouds, green and fertile, lies Arèib El Yemen, Arabia the Blest, of the ancient world.

Here they built cities. Here was that ancient and romantic kingdom of El Yemen so renowned in the days of the Pharaohs, for its groves of frankincense, its oases of date-bearing palms, its forests of fragrant gums and spices, its coasts abounding in pearl oyster beds, its pastures full of fine sheep, herds of cattle, noblest horses in the world, milk-white mules, fleet-footed dromedaries; its dark wilds inhabited by savages — the Afreets or evil spirits of the *Arabian Nights* — who lived on platforms in the trees, and whose strange half-human and half-brute appearance gave rise to the fabulous monsters of the *Thousand and One Nights.*

Of this early period of Arabian story — which may be divided into two parts, the one before, and the other following the Mohammedan era — we have but glimpses, bright, stirring, and picturesque, dotting like their own oases, the sands of Time. We are told that the followers of Khatan, unconfined as the wind, swept through the whole peninsula of Arabia, and established not only three great kingdoms — Hira in the north, Ghassan in the south, and El Yemen in the southwest — but spread themselves toward Central Asia on the one hand, and on the other to the very boundaries of the Celestial Empire.

Let us turn to the story of Mohammed.

In the year A. D. 568 a pious Bedouin of the Khorèish tribe named Abdallah took to wife, in the presence of the chiefs of his family and within the Hall of Councillors at Mecca, a young

girl named Aminah. The Arabian poets describe Aminah as possessed of a strangely religious disposition and a beautiful but extremely delicate form and face.

Two years after, Abdallah died, and a few weeks later, A. D. 570, there was born to Aminah a son of beauty so remarkable, that she called him Mohammed, Worthy of Praise. Aminah dying shortly after, the child was entrusted to a Bedouin woman named Haleemah, who nursed him with the love and affection of a mother, and brought him up to the age of six, which she always declared, owing to Mohammed's delicate health as an infant, was a miraculous interposition of Alla Sa'âlla.

At the age of six Mohammed was adopted by his paternal uncle, Aboo-Tâlib. In this home, which consisted of a number of houses inclosed by a wall within the sacred city of Mecca, he was kindly treated, but forced to share the hardships of a numerous and very poor family. He herded the sheep and goats of his uncle, learned whatever he could pick up, but had not even such education as was commonly given to Arabian boys in his day; and while tending his flocks often satisfied his hunger by gathering the berries of the low brushwood of the desert.

Handsome, serious, and affectionate, Mohammed had one great constitutional defect, which not only separated him from other boys of his age, but threatened to overcloud his whole life. He was subject to cataleptic fits. During these attacks he lay in a sort of trance, unable to speak or to move a muscle, but without the loss of his consciousness. Before his mind's eye passed strange visions, fearful spectrès, and angelic forms, at the same time he heard voices speaking to him. When he recovered he always felt as if he had been for the time translated to a world of demons and angels. It was in passing through these fearful cataleptic fits that he learned to repeat to himself the word, by which he afterwards baptized his religion, "Islâm, Resignation to the will of God."

At twenty-five, by the command of his uncle, the young herdsman entered the service of a rich and remarkable Bedouin lady, a widow named Khadîjah. She became interested in the strange young Bedouin, attended him personally during his sudden fits, and wishing to benefit his health sent him with goods and camels to make commercial journeys for her to Palestine and Northern Arabia.

In these journeys Mohammed received impressions of Hijir, the rock-cut dwellings of the extinct inhabitants of the region around the Dead Sea, of Palestine, of Jerusalem, of the Holy Sepulchre, of the Redeemer Jesus, and came in contact with the Jews, visited and conversed with the Christians, and, to use his own words, "God upheaved his soul within him as He upheaves the ocean."

His growing nobility of character so impressed Khadîjah, that she made Mohammed her business partner, and finally he married his kind patroness.

A BEDOUIN BOY.

It was the custom of Mohammed, now his own master, to retire to some solitary spot outside of Mecca for prayer and meditation. On one of these occasions he fell under a cataleptic seizure. He declared that the angel Gabriel appeared to him, and holding a silken scroll before his eyes compelled him to read what was

written thereon. In great distress Mohammed returned home, and told his wife what had befallen him, fearing that he was becoming possessed by some evil spirit. But Khadîjah, insisted that the words which he repeated to her were those of a messenger from God.

Full of doubts and misgivings, Mohammed continued his life of prayer and solitary meditation, when again he saw the same form, heard the same message. In great excitement, the perspiration streaming from his brow, he came rushing to Khadîjah and said as was his wont before falling into the fit, "Wrap me up, wrap me up," and then and there fell into a swoon in which he lay rigid, for twenty-seven hours. When he awoke out of this trance, with bristling hair, eyes, wild and rolling, and distorted countenance, he rushed out and preached to the Meccans of the Unity of God, and the wickedness of the idolatry of the Cáâba.

"Was it figured or real?" "Insanity or Revelation?" "Truth or Artifice?" "From above or from below?" were the questions which the Meccans asked one another, and which his countrymen took sides upon, and which are asked and unanswered even to-day.

Persecution met him on every side. Still he continued his vigorous preaching against the idolatry of the Cáâba. His wife and family were his first converts, then his grave old uncle, Aboo-Tâlib, then most of the slaves of the Meccans; soon after he won over to his views two important Bedouin chiefs, Hamzah and the great Omăr, with all their households. While Mohammed betook himself to a cave near Mecca to prepare the Koran or sacred book of Islamism, two great sorrows fell upon him; he lost his devoted wife and his uncle Aboo-Tâlib.

After the funeral of his uncle was conducted in accordance with the new religion, he sent Hamzah and Omăr as missionaries to preach Islamism in Medina, while he himself fled to the cave to escape the fury of the Meccans. On the eve of the Hejira or Flight, at the dead of night, at the very moment when Mohammed had sunk into the deepest despondency, he heard voices and footsteps. "Islam!" said Mohammed as he sprang to his feet. "Islam!" shouted voices in joyous response, and there stood before the astonished prophet his Moslem missionary, Hamzah, with a body of stout Bedouin warriors, and his own white camel Al-Kaswa to bear him away to Medina, a large city inhabited by Moëst Arèibs and Jews.

At the first blast of Hamzah's trumpet, the people of Medina came out to meet and welcome Mohammed as the prophet of the true God. Here was the turning-point in the drama of Moslemism. In one night Mohammed was visited by the extremes of fortune. At sunset hunted as a criminal, at dawn received as the messenger from the great Alla Ta'âlla. As he rode into Medina his camel trotted along to an open space, the Banu Najjar, where he suddenly knelt for his master to dismount; and this spot Mohammed then and there selected as the site for the first Moslem mosque and his own residence in Medina. This mosque, which was seven years in building, became the great military headquarters of the Arabs, and the motto, "*La Illah, Illa Allah, Mahmoud, Rous il Allah*—There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," the watchword of the Moslem Army; for the new religion was propagated with the sword.

In ten years from the Hejira Mohammed was absolute master—spiritual, moral, and civil—not only of Arabia, but Persia, Greece and Syria lay at his feet, subjugated empires.

But this did not suffice Mohammed. He deliberately planned the conversion of the whole world to Islamism. He sent authoritative letters to all the Christian kings, emperors and popes of Europe, commanding them to send in at once their submission to Islam. In A. D. 632, while fitting out an expedition against Greece, Mohammed died suddenly, urging the work of reformation with his last breath.

After his death the khaliffs ruled with the same absolute and despotic power. In course of time Hindostan and the wilds of Africa, where Arabian arms never penetrated, became Moslem; and even in the wilds of Soudan every boy is to-day taught to read and write in Arabic, which is now the religious and official language of the greater part of the Dark Continent of Africa.

Now let us see what the despotism of the Moslem prophet accomplished for his far-off European cousins.

A crowned Arabian king raised Spain to a height of prosperity it has never since attained. The metropolis of the Arabian Empire in Spain was Cordova. The great mosque of this city was one of the wonders of the mediæval world; but greater than the mosque was the fact that here every town possessed a public library, that every child was by compulsion taught to read and write, and Arabian ladies won honors as grammarians, poets, botanists and musicians. In the colleges of Cordova learned men were studying the sciences of astronomy, algebra, and medicine; history and geography were the pet sciences of Arabian scholars. And never was a conquered nation so royally treated as were the Spaniards under the Saracen rule. Perfect toleration and perfect freedom prevailed, and Cordova became the university of Europe.

The Arab in the thirteenth century seemed to have accomplished his destiny in Europe. The Moslems became luxurious and disunited, and fell an easy prey to Ferdinand of Castile. A century and a half later Granada was added to the crown of Castile; in the seventeenth century the last of the followers of Mohammed were driven out of Spain, leaving behind them, among many notable works, the mosque, now cathedral of Cordova, and the wondrous Alhambra — the most beautiful specimens of architecture to be found anywhere in Europe.

The language of the Phœnicians has vanished out of the world, leaving nothing behind save some alphabetic characters and a few inscriptions; all the other Semitic languages have passed into the region of dead tongues; but the Arabic lives. The words in which Mohammed preached twelve hundred years ago are not only now being studied by scholars side by side with the Hebrew in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Boston, Bombay, Calcutta, Benares, and Delhi, but the language over half the earth is spoken in Mecca where he was born, in Medina where he died, in Cairo, in Fez, in Constantinople, in Damascus, in Bassorah, in Bokhara, in Cabul, in Pekin, in the steppes of Central Asia, in Southern Russia, in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and in lands yet unknown on our maps, in the oases of thirsty deserts, and in obscure villages situated by unknown streams in the heart of the Dark Continent.

The doctor, says Renan the great French savant, can tell us the name of the malady which made the fortune of Mohammed. But whether it was disease or inspiration, the religion of Mohammed founded as it is on the grand moral law of Moses, and in spite of its now being mixed with many wild, crude and undigested opinions

MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE IN BEYROUT.

of the savage tribes of Arabia and Africa, and even with its doctrine of fatalism, which tends to sear the human conscience by representing our actions as the result of Kismêt or inevitable destiny — in spite of all these errors, the religion of Mohammed is high, pure, moral and even spiritual, when compared with the gross and superstitious faiths from which it has rescued a large portion of the human race; and it was the means of a very marked progress in culture, refinement, knowledge and science throughout the mediæval world.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF THE EMPIRE.

(*Search-Questions in Roman History.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

121. What famous remark of Augustus is recorded concerning the architecture of Rome?

122. What famous building of the time of Augustus bears the inscription, *M. Vipsanius Agrippa, consul tertium?*

123. What city of the empire at this time ranked next to Rome in importance?

124. What were the chief officers of the various Roman provinces called?

125. What was the chief city of Gaul at this time?

126. What was the object of the establishment of the prætorian guard?

127. Name an important king of Judea at this time.

128. What important decree was passed by the Senate upon the death of Augustus?

129. Name the most important Roman commander in the reign of Tiberius.

130. Who was Arminius?

131. What celebrated trial took place in the Senate in the year A. D. 20?

132. Who were the Delatores?

133. Who was the chief friend of Tiberius?

134. What woman was more powerful than Tiberius?

135. What important change did the character of Tiberius undergo in the latter part of his reign?

136. Regarding this change what year does Tacitus consider the turning point in the reign of Tiberius?

137. Where did Tiberius go upon leaving Rome?

138. When did Tiberius make his last journey towards Rome?

139. Name at least three important historical authorities for the events of the reign of Tiberius.

140. What important difference exists between the accounts of the earlier and later historians?

ANSWERS TO MAY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

81. It was followed by no proscriptions of his enemies.

82. The reformation of the calendar.

83. The festival of the Lupercalia on the fifteenth of February. The celebration consisted in a symbolic purification of the land and the people.

84. Act I. Scene 2.

85. Casca.

86. The public proclamation of Cæsar's will.

87. The murder of the poet Helvius Cinna who was mistaken for Cinna the conspirator.

88. Cicero.

89. The issue of a Proscription.

90. At Philippi in Macedonia.

91. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV. Scene 3. Lines 145–155, and lines 187–190.

92. See Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. Scene 2.

93. Sextus Pompey.

94. At the deposition of Lepidus.

95. By his infatuation for Cleopatra.

96. The battle of Actium.

97. By the bite of an asp.

98. In the year 29 B. C.

99. The title of Augustus.

100. The corruption of all classes and the constant civic dissensions which rendered a despotic government almost a necessity.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.

MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *ten cents* in postage stamps to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

No answers to Search-Questions can be credited later than the first day of the second month after the publication of the Questions.

Prizes can be awarded only to those Searchers who are Members of the C. Y. F. R. U., *and have paid their yearly dues* into the Secretary's office, Plainfield, N. J., and who are bona-fide subscribers to either WIDE AWAKE or the JOURNAL, and have purchased the Required Books. *Where several members of a family answer the Questions for the month, and but one copy of the magazine and one set of the required books are taken by that family, one prize-book only can be sent to that family.*

Address answers to Search-Questions to Editors of WIDE AWAKE and JOURNAL, 32 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., with the words, "Search-Questions," on envelope.

Prizes will be awarded each month to those who send complete sets of answers as follows: For each complete monthly set, any 75c. book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash; for two complete monthly sets, any $1.50 book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash. Always specify the month for which prize is due. *Catalogues mailed free.*

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR JUNE.

First Week: Poets' Homes, Celia Thaxter; La Fontaine "The Good" (*Dear Old Story-Tellers*).

Second Week: Poets' Homes, Edmund Clarence Stedman; Two ways of using a Birthday Book.

Third Week: Poets' Homes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Ibn El Arèib (*Our Asiatic Cousins*).

Fourth Week: Poets' Homes, Review; The Red, Red Copper — The Disappearance.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

First Week:

I. Roll Call, answered by readings from La Fontaine's Fables, by each member.

II. Ten facts about La Fontaine; by one of the club.

III. Recitation: "The Sand Piper"; Celia Thaxter.

IV. Short Paper on the French Academy. Each member should study up the subject, and be able to add, if possible, to the account given.

V. Lighthouse Stories. Written by the members. Each story containing the description of some famous lighthouse. The boys and girls should use their ingenuity to make the stories as entertaining as possible. Any old legends or true stories may be used if told in the writer's own language. See Mrs. Crowninshield's *All Among the Lighthouses*, published by D. Lothrop Company.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call, answered by quotations from Stedman's poems.

II. Short Paper on Edmund Clarence Stedman.

III. The Story of Alice of Monmouth told in turn.

IV. Recitation: "The Cavalry Song," and other selections from Alice of Monmouth.

V. Question Match on Search-Questions for the past few months.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call, answered by naming the most important persons in the article on Ibn El Arèib, and stating briefly who each was.

II. Map Drill on Arabia.

III. Recitation: "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed;" Caroline Norton.

IV. Question Match on Ibn El Arièb.

V. A short recitation from Aldrich's poems, by each member: "Baby Bell," "Before the Rain," "After the Rain," "A Turkish Legend," etc.

VI. Paper on Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

VII. Reading: "Selection from the Story of a Bad Boy."

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call: Review of *Poets' Homes*. Each member will come prepared to give five facts about some one author, without revealing the name. The club guess from the facts who the author is. If the club is small, each member should take more than one author, so as to make the review complete.

II. Quotation Match: Quotations from all the authors in *Poets' Homes*.

III. Short Papers on "Old Colonial Coins," and "A Description of a Mint."

IV. Music.

V. Reading: "The Story of the Pine Tree Shillings," Hawthorne.

New England again comes to the front this month in local union work, Unions being in prospect at Lewiston Me., and Dorchester, Mass. The secretary of the C. Y. F. R. U. at Cambridgeport, Mass., a most flourishing organization, gives some excellent suggestions for an entertainment a little out of the usual order, and sends also a programme of a recent meeting of the club. We quote from her letter as follows: "Our C. Y. F. R. U. is progressing finely and now we have sixteen members. Our meetings are held every other Tuesday evening at half-past seven o'clock. A very interesting programme is given at each of the meetings. I have had an entertainment sent me which may give some ideas if anything out of the general order is wanted as a kind of a frolic and yet instructive, Let each member bring a quarter of a pound of nuts, each person having a different sort. All are to sit around a long table and let each member in turn tell all he can about the nut he brought. Some may write five-minute papers on the nuts assigned them. Let the committee on programme assign to each member the nut he is to bring, and when the programme is made, leave room for music. Each boy should have the nut which he represents tied to his button hole, and the girls can make necklaces of their nuts. After the essays are over, mix the nuts up and serve them in plates. This may be called 'A Nut Social.'

J. MAUDE DURRELL."

We give below in full the programme of the Cambridgeport Union for April 3:—

C. Y. F. R. U.

1. Roll-call answered by giving the name of some famous battle, the commanders on both sides, when and where it was fought.
2. HISTORY OF OLD PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF BOSTON *Allen Sawyer*
3. SHERIDAN'S RIDE . . . . . *Carroll Bangs*
4. PIANO SOLO . . . . . *Maude Durrell*
5. CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE . . . *Marion Brooks*
6. SKETCH OF MISS ALCOTT'S LIFE . . *Alberta Sprague*
7. PIANO SOLO . . . . . *Grace Parker*
8. ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE . . . *Charles Whittier*
9. SPELLING MATCH . . . . .

Tuesday evening, April 3, 1888, at Miss Annie Richardson's home, 803 Main Street.

Reports from the South include Birmingham, Ala., where a club of about thirty members is being organized, and Bastrop, Tex., which has had a working club for several years. In Ukiah, Cal., the Amethyst Circle, a scientific and literary society which was organized last year, have recently learned of the C. Y. F. R. U., and ten of its members have sent their names for membership. We hope for more additions from this little band on the Pacific Coast.

Don't forget, dear C. Y. F. R. U.'s, that—

"Time is with materials filled,
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

Correct and complete lists of Answers to April Search-Questions: Beulah Green, Annette M. Davis, Lila McChesney, Mary E. Lovell, John H. Woods, Alexander G. McChesney, George E. Metcalf, Henry J. Howland, H. C. Pierson, Jack Spaulding, R. A. Byam, St. George L. Sionssat, H. L. Blackmar, Allie G. Reynolds, E. J. Kimball, Louise W. Jones, Mrs. H. J. Peavy, Katie D. Orgain, Frank R. Parker, Belle C. Schonaker, Minnie Green, Mary C. Merriwether, J. Withrow, Walter C. Yeatman, Charles L. W. Pettee, L. Carwile.

Incorrect or incomplete lists of Answers to April Search-Questions: Edith Johnson, Joseph S. Harper, Mrs. U. S. Harper, Manson White, Mrs. A. F. Darrow, Ethel May Adams, Harry Matthews, Jessie E. Harpel, May Abbott, Jennie D. Fellows, Addie Mansur, Dora Barstow, Madeline Adams.

Additional correct and complete lists of answers to the March Search-Questions: Lydia Deal, Grace Moffatt, Josie Green, Henry L. Eaton, Rebie E. Hill, Nellie Ward, Alice M. Morgan, Helen L. Bacheller, Susie E. Houghton, Minnie E. Waite.

Additional incorrect or incomplete answers to March Search-Questions: Clifford B. Daniels, Winona Parker, Mrs. B. L. Brown, Rachel W. Davis, Mary E. Lovell, Manson White, Clifford L. Reynolds, Clara Lincoln, Frank A. Fall, "X. Y. Z.," Ethel May Adams, Jack Spaulding, Walter C. Yeatman, Mary E. Drew, M. H. Lindsay, Addie Mansur, Belle Kimball, Madeline Adams, George M. Churchill.

A large number of answers arrived this month without date, place of residence, or name, and therefore could not be acknowledged.

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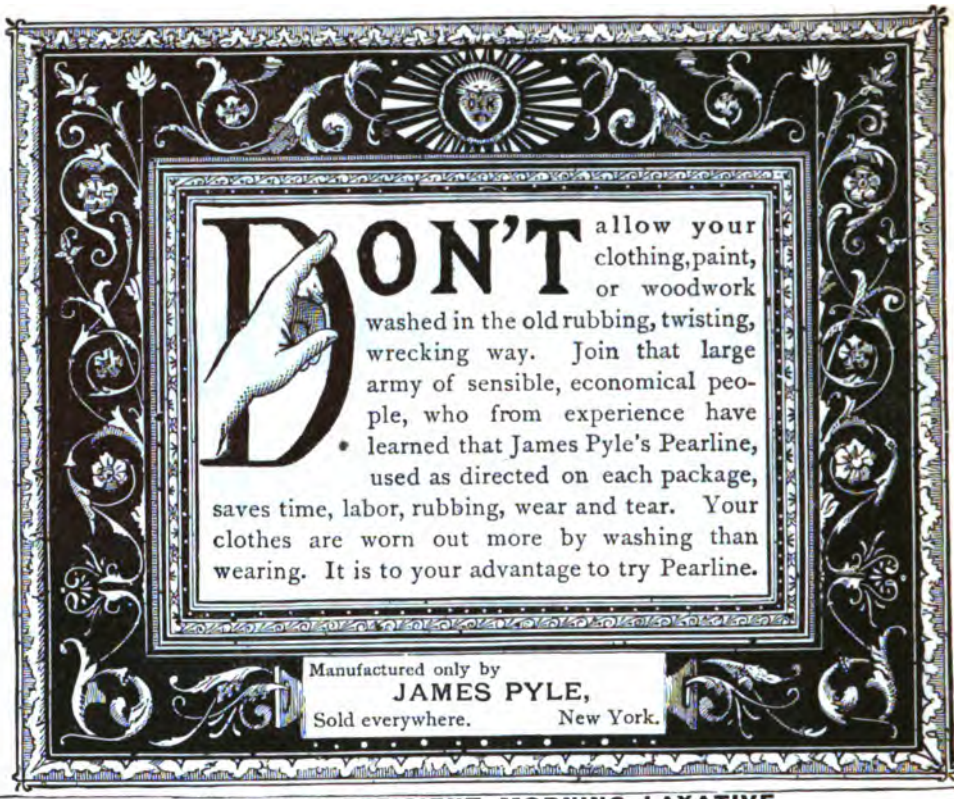

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TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT	Cures all Disorders arising from Imperfect Digestion or Inactive Liver.	TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT	Cures Headache, Constipation, Sour Stomach Vomiting and Heart-burn.	TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
Cures Biliousness, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, and Fevers.	TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT	For 44 Years Prescribed by the Best Physicians.	TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT	All the Druggists Sell it.

SOLD BY REPUTABLE DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Lothrop Literature Prizes.

$2000 in 94 prizes, running from $500 to $5. Competition open to all school people, scholars and teachers, public or private, religious or secular. *MSS.* may be in prose or verse, long or short, only suited to WIDE AWAKE.

"*What shall I write about?*"

Probably each of the hundred thousand readers of WIDE AWAKE among school people have asked themselves this question.

Why should not boys and girls shape into story the most remarkable experience in their family history — most families have something notable within the memory of father or mother or grandfather or grandmother — or put into crisp verse the funniest saying or doing of little brother or sister, or the queer story papa always tells of their or his boyhood?

Why should not teachers write just the sort of stirring, dramatic poem or prose episode they wish their scholars would learn for the weekly declamation, or a short story, or serial in half a dozen chapters, of school or other life which they know their boys and girls would read with delight and be aroused to noble action by reading?

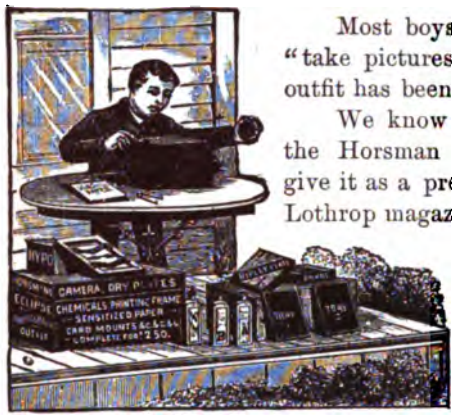
Of course, though, you are at liberty to chose any subject.

For particulars see WIDE AWAKE for February or March. This page is only for hint and reminder.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston.

A COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT GIVEN AS A PREMIUM.

PRIZES FOR BEST WORK.



Most boys and girls have at some time wished that they could "take pictures;" but, until recently, even the cheapest photographic outfit has been beyond the means of the average boy.

We know of no cheap outfit so satisfactory, in all respects, as the Horsman "Eclipse." The Eclipse No. 1 sells for $2.50. We give it as a premium to any one obtaining new subscriptions for the Lothrop magazines to the amount of $2.75.

The following conditions must be observed:

I. The sender must not include his own subscription. II. No subscription from the sender's family can count. III. No renewals will be allowed. IV. All subscriptions must be sent direct and paid for at full subscription rates.

Outfit No. 1 consists of a camera, six dry plates, chemicals and trays for developing, printing-frame, sensitized paper, instructions — everything necessary for making a photograph. Postage 60 cents cash additional — express may be less, especially in the Eastern States.

You can secure photographs of your own home, beautiful scenery, etc.; but don't expect too much of the camera. Views containing persons or groups may be photographed with good results.

For those who desire a better camera, we have arranged to use the "Eclipse No. 2 Outfit." This outfit consists of a polished cherry camera with leatherette bellows; brass-mounted lens; plate holder, carrying two plates; tripod, and a wooden carrying case. The other part of the outfit consists of the chemicals, paper, dry plates, etc. The price of this outfit is $5.00; but we give it for new subscriptions amounting to $6.50. *Read the above conditions.*

The No. 2 is much preferable to No. 1, as any desired number of plates may be carried in extra plate holders. Extra holders, 50 cents each; for 75 cents in new subscriptions. Postage and packing 8 cents cash additional.

No. 2 must be sent by express at receiver's expense. It weighs about 13 pounds.

A Prize Competition for the Best Photographs Made with the Eclipse Outfit.

Six prizes are offered: First prize, $8.00; second prize, $5.00; third prize, $3.00; fourth and fifth prizes, WIDE AWAKE one year; sixth prize, WIDE AWAKE, six months. *The conditions:*

Each competitor must send three different views, mounted, made with the Eclipse Outfit. He must secure the outfit as a premium. A cash purchaser cannot compete.

A certificate will be required from each winner, signed by his parents, stating that the photographs are wholly the results of his own labor. Our object is to stimulate the perceptive faculties of the young people. The young folks are at liberty to pick up all the information they can by reading, or asking questions — the more the better. But they must not be shown how to do the work, nor have any part of it done for them.

The awards will be made on the following points: Neatness, variety of subjects, excellence in quality of work. Competitors must be under eighteen years of age.

All pictures must be sent prior to July 15, to the Premium Department, care D. Lothrop Company. Inquiries will be answered in the Post-Office Department of WIDE AWAKE from month to month.

A sample photograph taken with an Eclipse camera sent on receipt of five cents.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Franklin and Hawley Sts., Boston.

Water-Color Outfits as Premiums

WITH PRIZES FOR BEST WORK.

We mean to make it an object for every reader to send us at least one new subscriber for some one of our magazines. We shall adapt the premium articles with which we pay for this work, to the various wishes of our young friends. It will be worth *your* while to carefully watch for our announcements. This premium offer is made for the encouragement of our young friends who have a taste for painting and drawing.

We have printed a series of Six Pictures in Outline drawn especially for us. The designs are accompanied by suggestions for coloring. We will send two sets of these designs and a box of "Non-poisonous Water Colors" to any one sending us one dollar's worth of new subscriptions to the Lothrop Magazines, in accordance with the conditions below.

For a new subscriber for WIDE AWAKE (at $2.40) the sender will be entitled to *three* of the complete outfits offered in Competition A; or *two* of the complete outfits (paper and water colors), offered in Competition B. The extra supply of paper and colors will be very useful for practice.

Or, premiums may be selected from the full premium list for the balance.

The following conditions must be observed:

I. The sender's own subscription does not count. II. No subscription from the sender's family can count. III. No renewals will be counted. IV. All subscriptions must be sent direct and paid for at full subscription rates.

The colors are perfectly harmless, and mother need not fear if the little folks get paint on hands or lips. The colors flow freely and are good. Each box contains twelve colors and two good brushes. We sell the box of paints for 40 cents; the designs for 15 cents a set.

PRIZE COMPETITION — A

Ten prizes are offered for the best sets of these Outline Designs *colored with this outfit*. First prize, $5.00; second, $3.00; third, a year's subscription to WIDE AWAKE; fourth, $2.00; fifth, sixth and seventh, each, books to value of $1.50 from D. Lothrop Company's list (winner's selection); eighth, ninth and tenth, each, a subscription to any of the Lothrop Magazines to value of $1.00; or books of same value from D. Lothrop Company's list (winner's selection). The conditions governing the competition are as follows:

Each competitor must have secured the full outfit *as a premium*. *No one purchasing the outfit can compete.*

Competitors must not be over twelve years of age. Reading and seeking advice is encouraged; but every stroke of the brush must be your own.

PRIZE COMPETITION — B

We also announce a Prize Competition for the older young folks, as follows:

For the best original water-color drawings *made with the outfit described below*, ten duplicate prizes will be awarded on the same basis as in Competition A. Any subject may be selected, but it must be original; that is, the subject, be it landscape or still life or figure, must not be copied from any painting or drawing. The size of the drawing is optional with the competitor. It is the quality of the work that will win.

For new subscribers to the amount of $1.00 (for example, one PANSY, or two BABYLAND subscribers) we will send a box of "Fine School Water Colors." These colors are not non-poisonous, but not more poisonous than any of the better grades; any water colors are safe if not taken into the mouth. A package of two dozen sheets of paper, made especially for water-color painting, will be sent for new subscriptions to the amount of fifty cents. Each sheet is 7x10 inches. We sell the box of colors for 75 cents; the package of paper for 35 cents.

The conditions governing Competition A will govern this Competition also. Both Competitions will be open till August 1st.

Competitors must not be over sixteen years of age. If unsuccessful designs are to be returned, stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

All drawings must be addressed Premium Department, care of D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass, and marked "In Competition."

25 CENTS FOR 3 MONTHS SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PANSY

And a fine portrait of "Pansy."

This offer is made for the months of May and June to those sending the coupon below with remittance.

We know there are thousands of our subscribers and readers who are admirers of "Pansy," and of her writings — with whom her books are among the most treasured volumes of the home.

And who will not gladly welcome the opportunity of possessing the portrait of this favorite writer?

The Pansy magazine contains much of Pansy's own writing and is full of the same spirit that is characteristic of all her work.

Every household where there are young folks from eight to fifteen, should have this magazine. It is with the object of introducing The Pansy where it is not taken now, that we make the above trial subscription offer.

The portrait is a fine example of lithographic work and is on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing. Size 8x10 inches.

.....1888

To D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston.

Enclosed find 25 cents for which you may send The Pansy three months to the address below. This will also entitle me to the portrait of "Pansy."

Name.....

P. O......

State.....

Postage stamps may be remitted if more convenient.

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?

Is "Pansy" one of your favorite writers

Are you aware that more of her books are sold every year than of any other American author?

Do you know that "Pansy" is editor of The Pansy magazine, and contributes largely to it?

Would you like to have a fine portrait of "Pansy" suitable for framing?

Particulars will be found on the previous page.

THERE is nothing that is so essentially a part of a lady as her toilet accessories, her perfumes, her fragrant waters, her lotions, her fine and delicate soaps, and in short, all those delicious adjuncts to the toilet, which give an air of refinement, which assist to preserve beauty, and lend a charm in the absence of regularity of nature, which is sometimes more attractive than beauty itself. Nearly all women of delicate personal habits have a passion for perfumes, and every famous beauty of antiquity, had her special unguents, pomades and pastes often prepared by her own hands, for application to her skin, and to heighten its charms. The science of chemistry had not then been applied to household uses, and the simple processes by which the not very dainty cosmetics were obtained, were performed in the kitchen, instead of the laboratory.

The advance in refinement, and the growth of modern civilization, is well illustrated by the use to which science has been put in the preparation of these personal luxuries, and in the universal demand for articles, the demand for which was formerly confined to a few.

This increasing demand for the best and most refined articles for the toilet is well illustrated by the steady growth of the business of Colgate & Co., who are to-day the largest soap makers and perfumers in America.

More than eighty years ago Colgate & Co. began business at No. 6 Dutch St., where ample accommodations were then found for both office and factory.

As the business increased the factory was removed to Jersey City, where it now occupies more ground than is covered by two city blocks.

In the factory, besides many smaller pans, there are three, each of which is capable of holding 525,000 pounds of soap, and the pipes in use if stretched out in a straight line would extend 14 miles.

The fancy department occupies ½ of the block and is wholly devoted to the manufacture of toilet soaps.

The manufacture of perfumes was not begun by Messrs. Colgate & Co., until 1870, eighteen years ago, but it is now one of the most important parts of the business. To it the firm brought the splendid reputation for excellence, thoroughness, refinement and purity of manufacture, which have always distinguished their soaps, and every article upon which they put their brand, and in the new department as well as in the old, public confidence has been entirely justified. One generation has succeeded another, but the sterling and essential qualities always remain in the proprietors and in their manufactured products. No one is ever disappointed in an article made by this house, whether it is laundry soap for the kitchen, or the delicate Cashmere Bouquet soap and perfume for the bath and dressing-room.

The writer of this has had an experience of over thirty years in the use of Colgate's soaps and perfumeries, has tried others, but always came back to "Colgate's" with the conviction that it was best to be thankful for the "best," and stick to it, not be led away by names and things which must be tested to discover their quality.

The simple secret of success in this case is strength and purity of material, and eternal vigilance and care in manufacture. The toilet waters prepared by this house are the finest to be found, and have almost the strength of extracts. The violet water furnishes the essential principle of a hundred bouquets of violets for a little more than the cost of one. When used, the delicious scent clings to the handkerchief long after the basis has evaporated. When used in the bath, its perfume is intensified, and fills the air with fragrance. The Glycerine Lotion is a delightful preparation, invaluable for summer use, or when travelling, and perfectly free from all deleterious ingredients. For children and ladies with delicate skin: the firm make a "Dermal" soap, the vegetable oils incorporated in which are so gentle and pure, that it may be used by every one with advantage, particularly those who are troubled with tenderness or irritability of the skin. The Dermal soap surpasses any of the so-called skin soaps in the purity of its ingredients and the careful method of its preparation. Unlike other toilet soaps it contains no perfume other than that found in the vegetable oils from which it is made. It is well without equal for softening and whitening the skin, and is particularly recommended as "baby soap."

The statements here made are based on personal experience and knowledge of the mischief which arises from the use of deleterious toilet appliances, as well as the great comfort and luxury of helpful and reliable preparations of this kind.

JENNY JUNE.

A delightful trip by water (and who goes by rail if one's pleasure is considered) is that from Boston to Bangor and Mt. Desert. Enough time is spent to make a complete and restful change for the tired business man; and the breezes of the salt water, and everchanging scenery along the Penobscot, refresh one mentally and physically. Not least to be considered is the fact that the traveller's comfort is carefully looked after by all — from the commander down

IMITATION is proverbially the sincerest flattery. Undoubtedly in most cases such flattery is agreeable, but the owners of a popular proprietary article are pardonable if they resent such imitation. Pearline, an article whose merits have been judiciously advertised and are widely known, has achieved a popularity which makes it the mark of imitators. These latter are being overhauled in various courts throughout the country for peddling a compound put up like Pearline which they represent to be the genuine article. As some persons have been deceived by these unscrupulous tricksters, the exposure of their methods will have the effect of stopping a swindling traffic by which many have been victimized.

PROFILES. By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden) and Mrs. C. M. Livingston. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. It has very justly been said that "no living author has exerted an influence upon the American people at large at all comparable with Pansy's." Her stories combine intense interest with the purest moral teaching, and in the tens of thousands of homes where they penetrate they carry with them influences at once healthful and benign. The present volume contains five such stories. There is not one of them but has its special lesson, and the same may be said of those contributed by Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Alden's co-laborer and helper in all good work. They are girls' stories, full of love and sympathy, and showing what may be accomplished within a girl's sphere of action — however limited by circumstances — by ordinary effort in the right direction. One of the most striking of these is entitled "Clean Hands." In it the author emphasizes the lesson that mental and moral cleanliness are as important as personal cleanliness, and the instances she adduces in illustration are strongly to the point. "Circulating Decimals," "My Aunt Katharine" and "His Friend," are other stories of the volume which are freighted with good teachings, and which cannot help making a permanent impression upon the reader.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, a story for boys, written by Margaret Sidney and published by D. Lothrop Company, says the *Toledo Blade*, "is an entertaining and instructive recreation for children who can rise to its moral and discriminate its delicate shades of character study. Not every adult even can at the first reading grasp the intention of the author, namely, to teach heroism and bravery and unthought for self. The second story, "Kensington Junior," is, although very short, full of the same noble suggestion and thought.

"I Told You So."

"Bless my heart, John, how stout you 've grown since I saw you last!"

"That 's because I 've been taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

as you advised. It has done wonders: strengthened my digestion, cured my liver trouble, purified my blood, and put flesh on my bones."

"I told you so, my boy! Why, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine ever made. I know, because I 've tried it."

"I suffered greatly for years from a low condition of the blood and general debility, and had such severe pains in my back and shoulders that it was impossible at times to do any work. I have been greatly helped by a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and take every opportunity to speak of my cure to those who are afflicted as I was." — WILLIAM P. STEARNS, *9 Free st., Portland, Me.*

"I have sold more of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than of any other medicine in my store, and have recommended it to many. I believe it is unequaled as a blood-purifier."—M. VESSEL, *2629 Girard ave., Philadelphia, Pa.*

"My wife was for a long time a sufferer from humors on her neck. Nothing did her any good until we tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure." — W. S. MARTIN, *Burning Springs, W. Va.*

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier." — W. T. MCLEAN, *Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

DYSPEPSIA

Counts its victims by thousands. Indeed, there are few persons whose digestive organs are uniformly in good working order. One of Ayer's Pills taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief, in the worst cases of Indigestion, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. For all disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the best medicine is

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Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known, as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint." — Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." — Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life." — Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever." — Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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Perfectly nourishes the child from birth, without the addition of cow's milk, and **digests as easily as human milk.** Send for "Our Baby's First and Second Years," by Marion Harland. REED & CARNRICK, New York.

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This is the ***Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient,*** and ***only*** co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only ***Dust*** and ***Dampproof Movements*** made in the World, and are jeweled throughout with ***GENUINE RUBIES.*** The ***Patent Stem Wind and Set*** is the strongest and simplest made. ***They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch.*** Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.

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Highest Award New Orleans Exposition.

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The Finest **Powdered Chocolate** for family use. *Requires no boiling.* **Invaluable** for **Dyspeptics** and **Children.** *Buy of your dealer or send* **10** *stamps for trial can.* **H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.**

THE RIDEAU GRATE.

Burns Hard or Soft Coal or Wood.

Adapted to any chimney, and can be used with or without mantel. Made in two designs with Sliding Blower. Fire kept under perfect control by our Patent Damper. Can be furnished in Plain Iron, Antique Brass, or Bronze Finish. The most Artistic Grate made.

Write for special circulars and name of nearest agent.

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The NEW No. 19 is self-shutting. Strong springs securely shut, safely support and closely clasp the bulky book. Despite this popular competitor the wire holder holds its own. The sales increase yearly. In both holders springs hug the book, keep out dust and aid in handling. Ask your dealer for them or send to L. W. Noyes **99-101 W. Monroe St., Chicago.**

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The Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Bl'k Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition.

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Have introduced for the season of 1888 a superior ***Racket*** **for expert players, called the SLOCUM—price, $6. In addition they offer many novelties in the line of** ***Nets, Balls, Poles,*** **etc.**

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NEW AND RARE FLOWER SEEDS.
HARDY PLANTS, New Moon Flower, Clematis, Spring Bulbs, JAPAN LILIES, New Chrysanthemums, and our Wonderful ORNAMENTAL VEGETABLES. *Everything sent* safely by mail or express *to all points.* We offer Choice NEW THINGS and STERLING NOVELTIES in all departments. Our NEW GUIDE, 100 pages, elegantly illustrated, describes over 1500 NEWEST and CHOICEST Varieties of ROSES, SEEDS, PLANTS and BULBS, and tells how to grow them Free. ☞ If you wish to plant anything, send for it. 20 Years Established. *Over 60 Large Greenhouses.*
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
ROSE GROWERS, WEST GROVE, CHESTER CO., PA.

Ladies Send 20 cents for a package of Plush, Silk, Satin, and Velvet for Patchwork, to F. O. WEHOSKEY, Providence, R.I.

Briggs & Co's Are the best in the world for a lady to stamp Plush, Velvet, Linen or any other Material for Embroidery and Painting. All that is required to stamp these designs is to place the pattern on the article to be stamped and pass a warm iron over the back of the paper and it leaves a clear impression. Do not press on Velvets or Plush, but pass the iron lightly over the paper. A new book showing over 400 designs sent on receipt of 15c.

A sample sheet containing 25 good and useful designs sent on receipt of 25c.
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Caxton Press, $13.00.
COLUMBIA PRESSES, from $25.00 to 50.00, Rotary Presses from $50.00 to $150.00, Boy's Office, $7.00, Press, $5.00. Send 3-ct stamp for catalogue.
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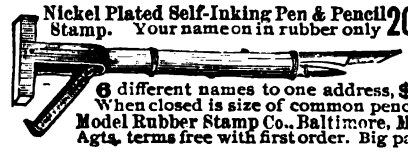

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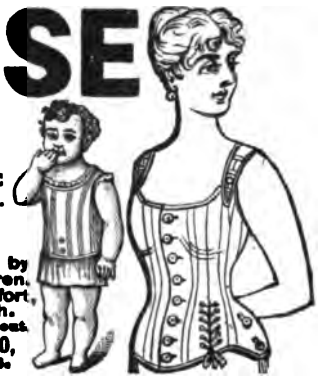

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VALUE OF LIBRARIES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

No adequate idea can be formed of the wonderful change which has taken place in the character, scope and extent of Sunday-school literature within the past twenty-five years except by comparing the books which at that time and before filled the scant shelves of our libraries with those of to-day. The dry, doctrinal essays which even parents shrank from reading, and the milk-and-water stories of good little boys and girls, were alike indigestible, but they were read because there was nothing else to read, and because the appetite of the young attendants at Sunday-school craved some sort of intellectual and spiritual food. The writers of that sort of stuff — for it was nothing but "stuff" — never seemed to have realized the fact that living souls need to be fed on something besides husks; that a book must interest before it can instruct, and that its contents must be in some part adapted to the capacity and understanding of the reader.

To-day some of the brightest and best minds in the country are contributing to the building up of Sunday-school literature, and there are scores of books which for point, general excellence, and genuine interest stand abreast with the products of the finest essayists and writers of the day, with the added advantage that they carry a lesson with them. The more important of the Pansy books, the stories of Margaret Sidney, of Mrs. Livingston, of Ella Farman Pratt, of Faye Huntington, of Julia A. Eastman, of Marie Oliver, and of a dozen others who might be named, have been important factors in moulding the character of young readers, and in starting them in the right direction of thought and action. Children are imitators; paint for them a character which appeals strongly to their imagination, and they are sure to copy its salient points, if possible. And here lies the power of the author to influence through his book for good or evil. By making his characters human, and imbuing that humanity with qualities which compel admiration, the reader may be turned to new and higher standards of thought and action.

A good Sunday-school library is a power in the Church — and even outside the Church. Its influence extends through the entire community. A single book has been known to work a revolution for good in an entire household. But a poor Sunday-school library is worse than none, for it repels readers. Evidently some superintendents have the idea that all the benefit received by the class comes from the teacher, and that the library is merely for entertainment, and therefore of minor importance. But a more erroneous idea never existed. In nine cases out of ten the library has a stronger hold and a deeper influence over the members of the class than the teacher.

Who ever knew a scant, badly-selected library associated with a flourishing and interested Sabbath-school? And who ever knew a well-filled, well-chosen library but the school had well-filled, intelligent and earnest classes? The one is the natural result of the other. It is strange that a fact so patent should not meet with universal recognition, but we could point out churches where the Sunday-school is languishing for the very failure to appreciate it.

It is not so difficult nor so costly a matter to make up a good library as may be supposed. A hundred dollars, judiciously expended, would go far toward it, and a few energetic young canvassers could easily raise that amount without resort to the much-abused contribution-box. Twenty persons who would pledge themselves to lay by ten cents a week for a year would more than make up that sum. Forty would secure it in six months, and there would be plenty who would be willing to advance the money at once and wait for its repayment.

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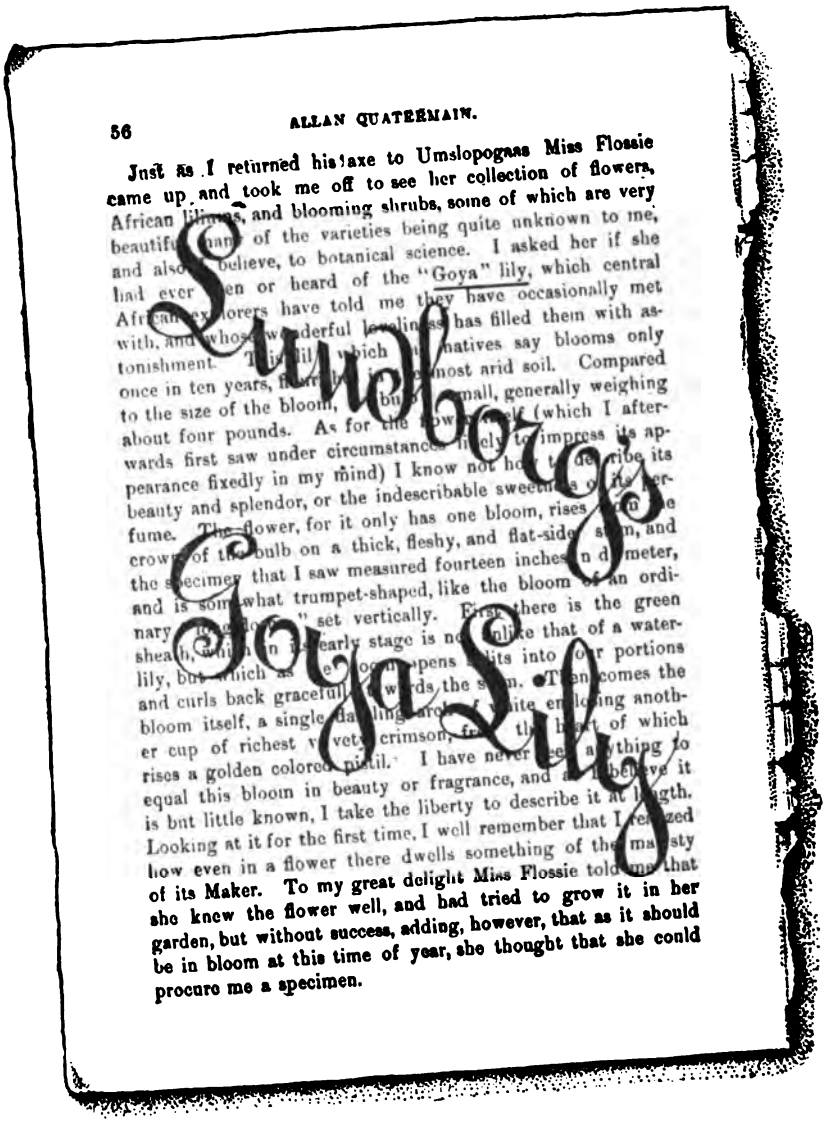

56 ALLAN QUATERMAIN.

Just as I returned his axe to Umslopogaas Miss Flossie came up and took me off to see her collection of flowers, African lilies, and blooming shrubs, some of which are very beautiful, many of the varieties being quite unknown to me, and also, I believe, to botanical science. I asked her if she had ever seen or heard of the "Goya" lily, which central African explorers have told me they have occasionally met with, and whose wonderful loveliness has filled them with astonishment. This lily, which the natives say blooms only once in ten years, flourishes in the most arid soil. Compared to the size of the bloom, the bulb is small, generally weighing about four pounds. As for the flower itself (which I afterwards first saw under circumstances likely to impress its appearance fixedly in my mind) I know not how to describe its beauty and splendor, or the indescribable sweetness of its perfume. The flower, for it only has one bloom, rises from the crown of the bulb on a thick, fleshy, and flat-sided stem, and the specimen that I saw measured fourteen inches in diameter, and is somewhat trumpet-shaped, like the bloom of an ordinary "morning glory" set vertically. First there is the green sheath, which in its early stage is not unlike that of a water-lily, but which as it opens splits into four portions and curls back gracefully towards the stem. Then comes the bloom itself, a single dazzling circle of white enclosing another cup of richest velvety crimson, from the heart of which rises a golden colored pistil. I have never seen anything to equal this bloom in beauty or fragrance, and as I believe it is but little known, I take the liberty to describe it at length. Looking at it for the first time, I well remember that I realized how even in a flower there dwells something of the majesty of its Maker. To my great delight Miss Flossie told me that she knew the flower well, and had tried to grow it in her garden, but without success, adding, however, that as it should be in bloom at this time of year, she thought that she could procure me a specimen.

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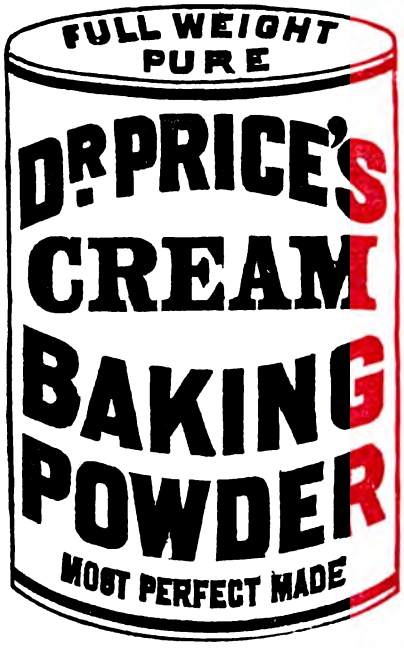

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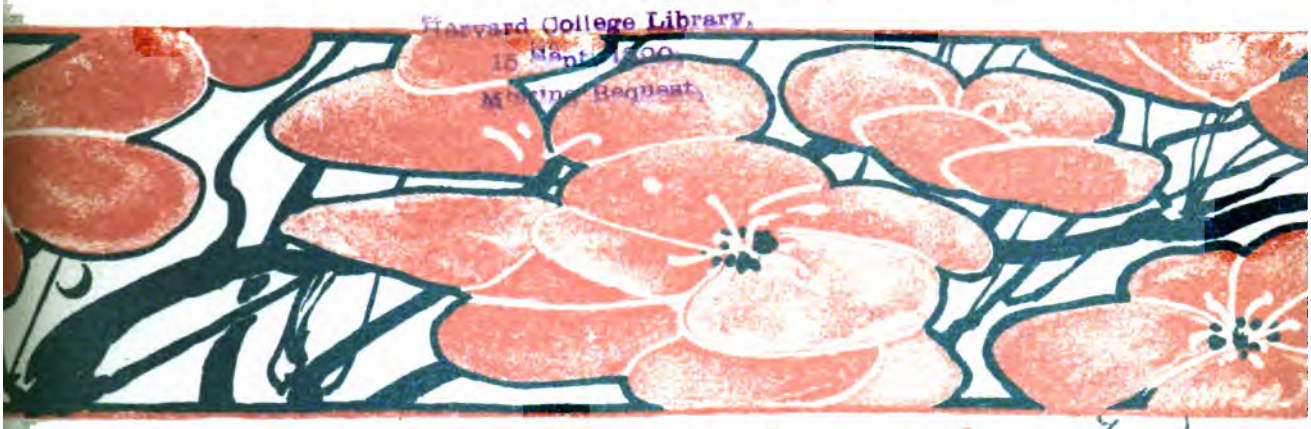

WIDE AWAKE

AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE

EDITORS ·
CHARLES·STVART·PRATT·
ELLA·FARMAN·PRATT·

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·D·LOTHROP·COMPANY
· BOSTON · V·S·A

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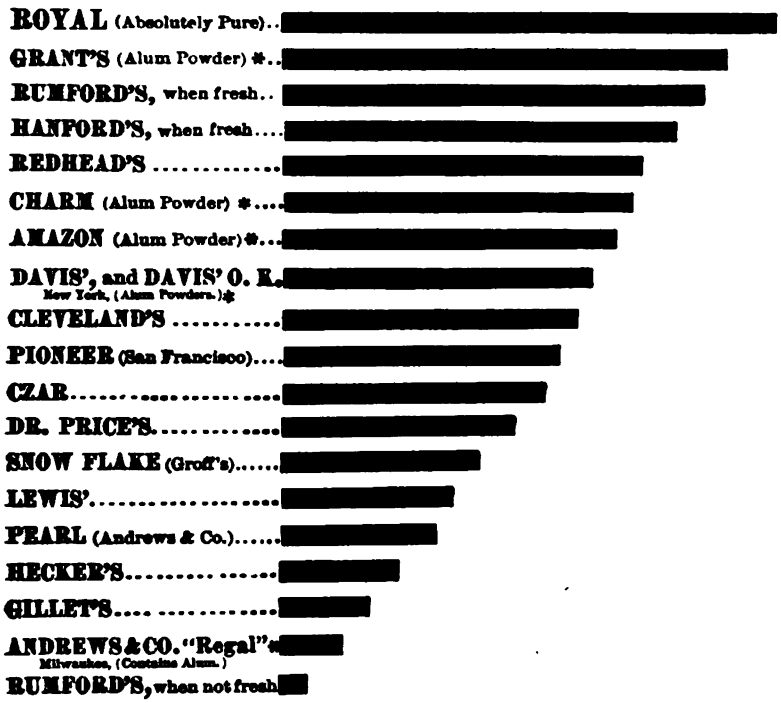
PRESS OF BERWICK & SMITH BOSTON.

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



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* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a comparatively high degree of strength, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

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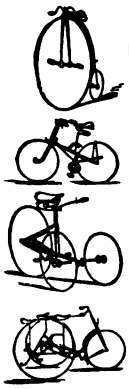

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THE WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE.

In the June WIDE AWAKE, 1887, credit should have been given to *The American Garden*, New York, for that portion of Mrs. Bolton's article upon Mrs. Ella Grant Campbell, in which the successful florist relates her experience; the article, with fuller detail, Mrs. Campbell originally prepared for *The American Garden*, where it first appeared.

BELVIDERE, N. J.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:

Since you were so kind as to publish my letter in August, I have plucked up courage to write again, and hope for success this time also. I wish to express my thanks for the many pleasant letters I have received in answer to my request in the WIDE AWAKE for correspondents. I felt that writing to twenty girls was a little beyond my powers, and I hope the writers of the unanswered epistles will understand the reason their letters have received no reply. I feel very grateful to Guy Townsend for her sympathy, but, though I am ill a great deal, I am not by any means a "maiden all forlorn." My books, and the charming letters I receive are excellent comforters.

I like the WIDE AWAKE this year very much, and feel quite delighted that Mrs. Sherwood is to give us a serial. "Royal Girls and Royal Courts" was most delightfully written, and "Those Cousins of Mabel's" promises to be quite as charming. I hope Mary E. Wilkins will favor us with some of her droll stories this year. "Dill" was so funny! The artist who designed the illustrations must have his "bump of imagination" strongly developed, for I doubt if there are such ridiculous characters in real life. And of all unique ideas which reach the "height of the ridiculous" I think the boarding-house in "The Cow With The Golden Horns," that shut up its doors and windows and went to sleep, takes the palm. Why! oh, why! does not Amanda B. Harris tell us of some more "Pleasant Authors"? There will be wailing and dire lamentation if she deserts us.

I wonder if the readers of WIDE AWAKE know that M. E. B., one of the contributors, has written a perfectly delightful book of travels, *On the Wing*. I advise them to read it.

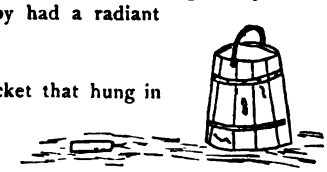
I have been reading *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Bleak House* lately. Was there ever such a mirth-provoking character as "Mrs. Gamp," or, on the other hand, a sweeter, lovelier creation than "Esther Summerfield?"

My sister wishes me to ask if there is any girl fifteen years old, who is exceedingly fond of reading, and who studies German and likes it (though the latter condition is not absolutely necessary) who would like to correspond with her. If so they may address the letter to me. Success to the WIDE AWAKE! MADGE S. WILSON.

Will any of the WIDE AWAKE readers tell me what histories of England and Rome they consider most interesting?

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "OLD OAKEN BUCKET THAT HUNG IN THE WELL."

'Twas the Fourth of July, when this thing took place,
When each little boy had a radiant face.



The Old Oaken Bucket that hung in the well
Was now good for nothing, not even to sell.

So I took a "giant" — a cracker by name —
As all o'er the country those crackers have fame,

And under the bucket I put it this day,
And to wick touched a match without further delay.

I then stood a ways off, to see the thing go,
And I tell you it went, with a terrible blow.

And as for the bucket, 'twas well it was old,
For dear! dear me, the rest can never be told.

But when it fell over, one thing I can tell —
It did not look like the bucket that hung in the well.

CARLIE F. KITTREDGE.

Geneseo, N. Y., July 4, 1887.

CHICAGO, Ill.

MY DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

It is a long while since I have written you, although I have been enjoying your feast of good things in the meantime. I think that I should feel a great something lacking, if you should stop coming every month, crammed from cover to cover with bright, helpful sayings.

I am even more pleased than usual with this year's store. I have already fallen in love with brilliant, wayward "Phyllis," and shall follow her through New York society with great interest. "Warwick Brookes," and "About Crystals," I have also especially enjoyed. The latter is quite apropos, as I am studying chemistry at present, and am intensely interested after the manner of girls.

I wish that you could persuade the author of "Their Club and Ours" to contribute another story of lads and lasses. He certainly was one of the merry party that he described so vividly. M. J. N.

WEST SOMERVILLE, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

Last year my aunt took you for my cousin and myself, but this Christmas my mamma gave you to me as a gift. My favorite stories are — "Secrets at Roseladies," "My Uncle Florimond" and "Those Cousins of Mabel's."

This is my last year in the Grammar School, and I enjoy my studies very much, especially history. I also am very fond of music. I am thirteen years old, and have no brothers or sisters.

I would like to correspond with Bessie Kimball very much indeed, and if she will send her address through the WIDE AWAKE Post-Office I will write first. Also any other WIDE AWAKE girl of my own age.

One of your loving readers, ALICE M. CHENEY.

PORT ALLEN, La.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I like you very much. The stories I like best are "The Lost Medicine of the Utes," "The Story of Keedon Bluffs" and "The Secret at Roseladies." I like to read the children's letters also. I was practising my horse for racing, intending to ride at the Baton Rouge Fair, and when riding at full speed my dog ran in front of my horse, and I, fearing that my horse would run against a tree, sprang to the ground, dislocating my left shoulder very badly. It is better now, but I still have to be very careful. I live in the country with my grandma on a rice farm. I like Universal History the best of all my studies. I would like for some of the boys my age (thirteen) to correspond with me. TOM SENETTE.

PEQUANAC, N. J.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am a new subscriber, but I think it the best magazine or paper I ever saw or read. I have been most interested in "My Uncle Florimond" and "The Foster Children of Washington" and the story by Miss Howe about dogs. The reason I was more interested in the second named is beeause my mother and sister have lately visited Washington and spent a day at Mount Vernon and saw most all the things illustrated in WIDE AWAKE, and mother told me a great deal more about what she saw at Mount Vernon and what a beautiful place it is. She bought a hyacinth bulb at the greenhouse there, and it is now in bloom; so you see I have something beautiful (and alive, too) to look at that came from Mount Vernon.

And now for the reason why I was so interested in Miss Howe's story about dogs. First, mother saw the beautiful picture of Miss Howe at the Corcoran Art Gallery, and then I have a dog named Jumbo who I think is pretty near as smart as some of the dogs Miss Howe told us about. He is part Newfoundland and shepherd; he is a pretty savage fellow to strangers and we have to keep him tied, but if I introduce my friends to him, in a regular manner, when he knows they are my friends I can let him loose from his chain and then we all play together. I have had him five or six years, and he was a Christmas present to my sister and me from my father. He is so kind and gentle to babies when they get acquainted with him; they delight in feeding him, and he will take the tiniest pieces from their little fingers so carefully, so as not to frighten or hurt them. And you should see him with our cat! they think so much of each other; and no matter how hungry he is he will allow the cat to eat first, and politely wait till she has finished. The cat sometimes sits on his large, broad back. He hauls all my coal from the coal-bin near the barn, and pulls me around in the sleigh. He is very affectionate to all the family, and to persons introduced to him, but very savage to strangers. He is fond of water and will bring sticks to me out the river — the Pequanac River which is near our house. We all think him a very nice dog, and would miss him much. I want to have his picture taken, but fear he would not keep still long enough, and so I have written to you about him, and perhaps this is the nearest he will ever get to having his picture taken, so I do hope I shall see this in the WIDE AWAKE Post-Office. A. BURTON ROOME.

KANSAS CITY.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in Kansas City. My brother George and I have just commenced taking you, and I like your stories very much. My favorite story is "My Uncle Florimond." Please print my letter because I want to surprise my papa.

MYRTLE JEFFERS.

MILTON, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am sure that there must be some among your readers who are interested in wild flowers. I am very much interested in pressing flowers, and as I have a number of duplicates, I should like to exchange pressed flowers with any one who wishes to. I have taken the WIDE AWAKE since it first came out. ELLEN L. RUGGLES.

GRAND CROSSING, ILI

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have only taken you since January, and I like you very much. Until about a year ago I took the ——— ———, but I like you better already. I am very much pleased with your stories. I like you so much it seems as if I could not hardly get along without you.

HERBERT COOKE.

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HELEN KELLER — DEAF, DUMB, BLIND.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 27. JULY, 1888. NO. 2.

THE STORY OF HELEN KELLER.

By Sallie Joy White.

EIGHT years ago in June there came to gladden a lovely Southern home a dear little baby. She was welcomed with great joyfulness, and her sweet ways and sweet face made her the household pet. Everybody in the house, from papa down to the lowest of the servants, was this dear little maid's slave.

When Helen — her name was Helen, Helen Keller — was only nineteen months old, just as she was beginning to talk and was sweeter than ever, she had a violent sickness from which it was feared she never would recover. She did get well; but alas! it was with the loss of sight, hearing and speech. Just think of it! the whole beautiful world closed to her, a little child left alone in a great darkness — a deep darkness and silence.

But as she grew well, she seemed to be a very contented little creature, smiling to herself, and having happy thoughts of her own, and enjoying all that was done for her, and sufficient to herself, like a little kitten. Her father and mother were soon satisfied that her mind had been left bright and strong. She had learned to walk before she was sick, and now presently she began to trot around the house again. She kept at her mother's side, and her dear little hand was in most things that were done. She was an animated little creature, improvising all manner of expressive signs and gestures to convey her wishes and her impressions to others. The little fingers would pass over and under and across and about every object near her and she would smile and beam with satisfaction over her discoveries. By touches she distinguished each member of the household, and also her acquaintances. She "remembered faces" by means of her sensitive fingers, as we do by means of our eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Keller were people of refinement and culture and able to make the lot of their afflicted little girl as pleasant as love and care and money could do it; but all the physicians told them that Helen would never speak or hear or see again, and before she was seven years old they became aware of a new source of anxiety about her. Signs and gestures were becoming insufficient to the child. Her mind, her

whole nature, had been growing. Thoughts and ideas were crowding into her brain faster and faster, and she could not find expression for them in signs. It was a great distress to her. She was, as has been said, a child of a very sweet, sunny disposition, rarely crying except some one about her was sad; but now, when she would fail to make others comprehend what she wanted to say to them, she would jump up and down and weep in very despair. You can fancy how great her distress must have been; think how impatient you get, with all your senses to help you, when you cannot make your companion catch your meaning, and then think how much more difficult it was for her to make people understand when she could only convey her idea by signs.

At last, a little over a year ago, Helen's father sent to Mr. Anagnos, at the School for the Blind, in Massachusetts, to know if he had any one who could come to Alabama and teach his little daughter.

There was in the school a young woman who had just graduated with high honors, and of whom the school faculty were very proud. She had come to the Perkins Institution when quite young, not wholly blind, but so nearly so that it was feared she would be entirely deprived of sight, and she could not learn except to be taught as the blind children were. Her early childhood had been unhappy, and her life at the School was the first glimpse of real happiness she had ever had. She was a wonderfully intelligent child, learned easily, and although she had to begin at the very beginning it was not long before she was ahead of girls of her own age. And, what was better than anything else, she began to regain her sight as she grew better in health and had good care and kind friends. Mr. Anagnos had her eyes carefully treated, and a successful surgical operation completed the cure, and she became able to read and write and study, not by the methods of the blind, but just as you and I do.

When the call came for some one to teach the little girl in Alabama, Mr. Anagnos at once thought of Miss Sullivan, and when he told what he desired her to do, she entered into the plan with enthusiasm. It required some special study to fit her for the position, but she mastered every detail, and on the first of March in 1887 she began her duties as teacher to her little pupil, who was destined, under her training, to become so great a wonder that scientific men from Europe, as well as of this country, would study her as a real intellectual phenomenon.

Miss Sullivan found her a bright, well-grown girl of nearly seven years of age, with a clear complexion, and pretty brown hair. She was quick and graceful, with a merry laugh, and fond of romping with other children. You wonder, don't you, how she can run about and play? Well, she will play "tag," and have as great a frolic about it as any child you ever saw. She feels the vibrations of the ground by her feet, and so knows just which way to go, and what to avoid. Indeed her sense of movement is very acute, and she tells often about going to church "to hear the organ play." She knows when it is being played, in the same way that she can tell which way to run in the game of "tag." The floor vibrates and that conveys to her the knowledge of what is being done. It cannot be possible that she gets any real idea of sound in this way, although she must get the rhythmic flow of the music. How much she is able to realize of its beauty and harmony we never will know; but there must be some charm about it, for she is very fond of it.

Would you think that without the ability to hear the music or to see the steps, that she could learn to dance? It doesn't seem possible, does it? And yet she has learned; she was taught by one of her little companions who love her very dearly. She likes always to do what the other children do, and as they were dancing one day she wanted to join them. The little friend took her hand and tried to make her keep time with her in the step. But she could not manage it. Suddenly, as swift as thought, for, with this wonderful child, to think and to act are simultaneous, she slid to the floor, and motioning the little girl to go on with her dancing, she felt the motion of her feet and the bending of the knee. In a moment she was on her feet again, dancing merrily; she had caught the very spirit of the motion through her little fingers. And now dancing is a favorite diversion.

It is doubtful whether any one in possession

of eyesight and hearing can arrive at little Helen's acuteness of touch and sensitiveness to motion. We depend on our eyes and ears and do not call our other senses into full activity, and these "other senses" will best be studied in persons like this little Helen Keller. She can distinguish between the puppies of the same litter, and, now since she has been taught to spell, will spell the name of each one as soon as she touches him. Her sense of smell is so keen that she will recognize different roses by their fragrance, and by the same sense she can separate her own clothes from those which belong to others. She knows if any one near her is sad. Seldom will physical pain make her cry, but she will discover quickly if a friend is hurt or ill or grieved by her conduct, and this knowledge will make her weep bitterly.

Mr. Anagnos says that her wonderful faculties are matters beyond us. The ideas of death and burial had never been communicated to her; but taken into a cemetery on account of some beautiful flowers there, she grew pale and grave, and put her little hand upon her teacher's eyes and her mother's and spelled out "cry, cry," and her own eyes filled with tears. Her teacher says that one day when her brother was coming toward them, as they were walking, Helen knew it, spelled his name repeatedly, and started in the right direction to meet him; and that she gives the names of people she meets walking or riding as soon as their presence is recognized; and that often when she is about to make known some plan the child will anticipate her and spell out the very plan about to be unfolded. Whether this be the action of some sharpened sense already known to us and named, or the awaking and working of some sense not recognized and named, is interesting matter for study.

I dare say you will like to know something about the way she was taught. She had to make friends with Miss Sullivan first of all, and learn to regard her with confidence and affection. When they had grown to be capital good friends — and it only needed a very few days — Miss Sullivan took her to the school-room and began her first lesson. She had a beautiful doll which had been sent her from Boston, and this Miss Sullivan took as the object of the lesson. After her curiosity about it had been satisfied, and she was quietly holding it, Miss Sullivan took her hand and passed it over the doll. Then she made the letters "d-o-l-l" very slowly with the finger-alphabet, Helen holding her hand and feeling the motions of her fingers. Miss Sulli-

LITTLE HELEN AND MISS SULLIVAN.

van then began to spell the word a second time, when Helen dropped the doll and followed the motions of her teacher's fingers with one hand while she repeated the letters with the other. In the same way she was taught to spell the names of other objects, and her delight at finding that everything was identified by a name, and that she could learn it, was unbounded. A new light of intelligence beamed from her expressive face, making it brighter than ever.

The whole story of her quick mental development reads like a fairy tale. It seems to me that the *Arabian Nights* has nothing in it more

wonderful, and certainly Hans Andersen himself, in his most pathetic moods, has nothing more touching. It must have been like the opening of a mysterious world to her, an unknown country of which she had often dreamed, but never hoped to see.

After she had learned the names of the various objects by which she was surrounded, Miss Sullivan began teaching her verbs. She began with the simple verbs sit, stand, shut, open. The spelling of each word was accompanied by the action it represented, performed by Helen herself, so she soon understood its meaning, and she began at once to form sentences. After the verbs came prepositions; then the adjectives. Next she was taught the alphabet in raised letters, then to spell the words, and read sentences. This was followed by writing lessons, and she at once developed the greatest fondness for letter-writing.

In July her mother went away to the neighboring town of Huntsville on a visit, and while she was away Helen wrote her first letter, which is given in fac-simile on page 82.

Remember this was July, and she had been taught only since March. Now what child of seven years in full possession of her senses could write a better letter than this, especially after so short a time of instruction? At that time she had been studying four months, and she had already mastered more than four hundred and fifty words which she could use correctly, and spell without a mistake. She had learned to read raised characters with the tips of her fingers very fluently, to converse freely with the manual alphabet, to write a neat square hand, and to cipher. She is very fond of reading, and delights to "read aloud" to her mother or teacher. The way she does it is by feeling the characters in her book with one hand, and spelling the words out with the other. Her memory is wonderful, for of course she can read much faster than she spells, and often when she is reading on one page, she is spelling the words on the previous page, yet never makes mistake.

Now to see the improvement which has been made by her in less than a year, read the little "story" on pages 84 and 85, which she wrote especially for WIDE AWAKE, and which is reproduced here, fac-simile, as she wrote it.

And now I am going to let Helen tell some of her history herself. She has kept a diary for a few months, and I will give you some extracts from it. It cannot be given in fac-simile, for it is written by what is called the Braille system. That is, the letters are pricked with a pin, instead of written with a pencil. The advantage of this system is, that by its use blind people can read one another's writing, and do not have to get some one to read their letters for them. Helen is very much devoted to this system, because she can read herself what she has written. Here are the extracts, and they are given in her own words without alteration:

"*March* 1st, 1888. I will tell what I did all day. I got up and put on my clothes and washed my face and hands and combed my hair, and went to breakfast. I found oranges and two bananas at my place. I gave teacher one banana. Mrs. Lueddermann sent me the fruit. After dinner I wrote to Miss Lewis to thank her for pretty bag and purse. Teacher took me to walk in bright sun. We went to stores and bought candy, and almonds, and pins, and hair pins. Aunt went with us. I gave Maud and Eva candy. Helen Bynum wrote me a pretty letter. She does think about me much. I love her. We came home, and I ate my orange. Oranges and bananas grow in the warm sunny South. There are many groves of orange-trees and banana-trees in Florida. Oranges look like golden apples hanging on the trees. They have a thick skin, and inside is the sweet juicy pulp and seeds. All boys and girls like oranges to eat. Bananas have a thick, smooth skin, and hang on the trees in long bunches. Men pick oranges and bananas and put them in boxes and send them to cities for people to eat. If one orange costs six cents a dozen will cost seventy-two cents. If eight bananas cost twenty-four cents one will cost one eighth of twenty-four which is three. Father gave me a lovely bouquet of mignonette and jonquils, and heliotrope, and hyacinth and crocuses, and geranium. I learned what view does mean. People can see view, trees and flowers and grass and hills and sky is view. Worms squirm. After supper I talked to teacher and played with Mildred and went to bed.

"*March* 2nd. Mr. Anagnos sent me Geographical Teacher. It tells about the world and countries, and people, and strong forces and water. The ground is firm, and the water is not solid, and it is moving, flowing, and men build our boats and ships to go on water. We build our houses upon ground. We walk and ride on ground. We sow seeds, and trees and flowers and vegetables grow out of ground. People do not build houses on water.

"*March* 7th. I played with dolls and read in my book and ate dinner. Then I went to ride with mother. We went to see Leila. Eva is sick, and I saw Mary Winston and Maud Beauprie. They came to see me, and I ran fast with them. Mother saw Doctor and we went home to see teacher. Aunt went home. Teacher had a letter from Mr. Anagnos. He is in Florida. He will climb trees on ladder and pull sweet oranges, and he is going to Macon to see his friend, and Mr. Wilkins does teach little blind boys and girls and I will ask Mr. Anagnos how many blind children. Mr. Anagnos will go to Tuscumbia to see us. He will tell me about Macon and Florida. I will hug and kiss him.

"*March* 9th. I read stories to mother after dinner. Book did tell about Fanny Lang. She lived in Boston a few years. She is a little sick girl. She did love poetry. Her sister wrote little songs, and made little book. She was blind but could not go to school. I am sorry for her. Teacher had a letter from Miss Mone. She will write me Braille letter. I went to bed then.

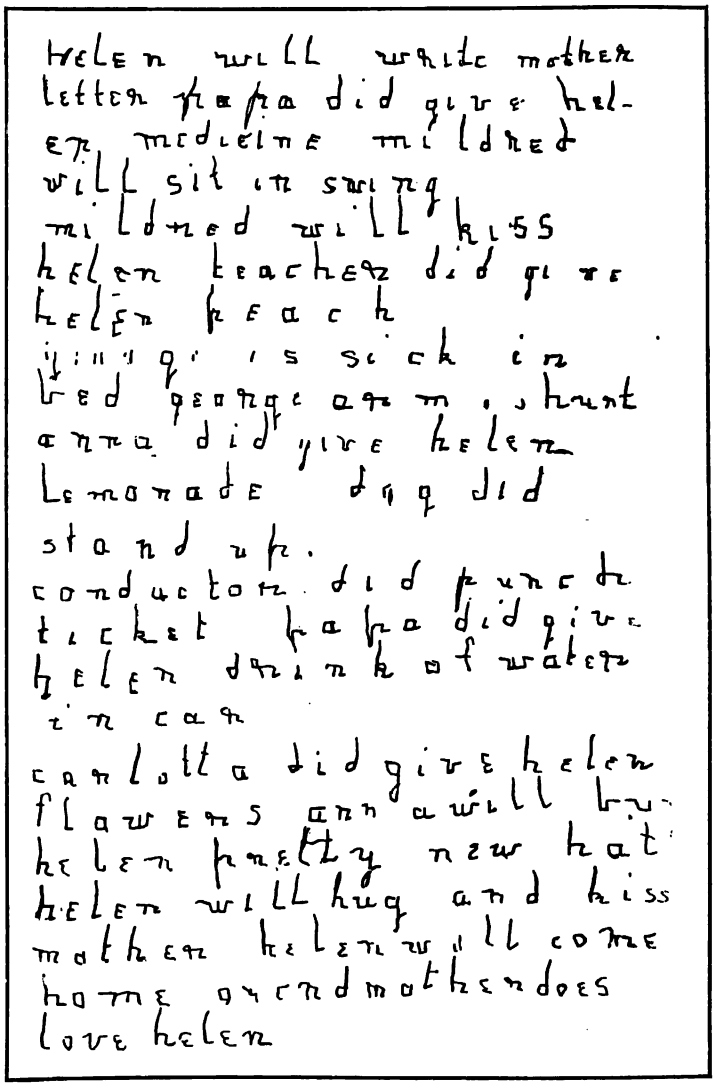
"*March* 22nd. Mr. Anagnos came to see me Thursday. I was glad to hug and kiss him. He takes care of sixty little blind girls and seventy little blind boys. I do love them. Little blind girls sent me a pretty work basket. I found scissors and thread, and needle book with many needles in it, and crochet hook, and emery, and thimble, and box, and yard-measure and buttons, and pin cushion. I will write little blind girls a letter to thank them. I will make pretty clothes for Nancy and Adeline and Allie. I will go to Cincinnati in May and buy another child. Then I will have four children. New baby's name is Harry. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Mitchell come to see us Sunday. Mr. Anagnos went to Louisville Monday to see little blind children. Mother went to Huntsville. I slept with father, and Mildred slept with teacher. I did learn about calm. It does mean quiet and happy. Uncle Morris sent me pretty stories. I read about birds. The quail lays fifteen or twenty eggs and they are white. She makes her nest on the ground. The bluebird builds her nest in a hollow tree and her eggs are blue. The robin's eggs are green. I learned a song about spring. March, April, May are spring.

Now melts the snow,
The warm winds blow,
The waters flow,
  And robin dear
Is come to show
  The Spring is here.

"James killed snipes for breakfast. Little chicken did get very cold and die. I am sorry. Teacher and I went to ride in boat on Tennessee River. I saw Mr. Wilson and James row with oars. Boat did glide swiftly and I put hand in water and felt it flowing. I caught fish with hook and line and pole. We climbed high hill and teacher fell and hurt her head. I ate very small fish for supper. I did read about cow and calf. The cow loves to eat grass as well as girl does bread and butter and milk. Little calf does run and leap in field. She likes to skip and play, for she is happy when the sun is bright and warm. Little boy did love his calf. And he did say, I will kiss you, little calf, and he put arms around calf's neck and kissed her. The calf licked good boy's face with long rough tongue. Calf must not open mouth much to kiss. I am tired, and teacher does not want me to write more.

"*March* 23d. I learned to write one, two, three, seven and nine on my type slate. Teacher told me story about selfish boy. Boy's name was Eddie Smith. When Eddie had a new toy he would not let his little sister May play with it. None loved Eddie, for he was selfish boy. My dear little sister. She loves to whirl and jump and sing. She laughs and cries and loves to dance with me. She hops and runs and falls down. She can hold still for mother to sew buttons on her dress, and tie bows and brush her hair, and Mildred is as sweet as a rose. Lucian came to see me yesterday. He brought

me bunch of hyacinths. I will go to see him to-morrow, and he will show me birds' nests and eggs. Quiet means to be still and rest. When Mildred is sleeping I do keep very quiet. Mild means gentle and kind. Fierce lion is not mild. The cows and sheep are mild animals. Separate means not connected. I do separate the words when I write. I separated teacher's watch from the chain. I will learn more to-morrow. I hope Robert will come to me Sunday if the sun shines.


helen will write mother
letter papa did give hel-
en medicine mildred
will sit in swing
mildred will kiss
helen teacher did give
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anna did give helen
lemonade dog did
stand up.
conductor did punch
ticket papa did give
helen drink of water
in can
carlotta did give helen
flowers anna will bu-
helen pretty new hat
helen will hug and kiss
mother helen will come
home grandmother does
love helen

FAC-SIMILE (REDUCED) OF FIRST LETTER BY HELEN KELLER.

"*March* 24th. I learned to write two, four five, six and eight on type slate, and I wrote some sentences very carefully with pencil. I will write about geography. A book which tells about the earth and the countries upon it and the people who live in the countries is called a geography. When we look around us we see land and the water. The land is firm and solid, we walk and ride over it, we build our houses upon it, we sow seeds in it and soon it is covered with young plants. Trees and flowers and grass grow out of the ground. The water is not solid and it is not firm, we can not walk or ride in carriages over it, and we do not build houses upon it. But we can build ships and boats to carry people upon the water. The earth is round like a very large ball. It is always whirling round. It never stops for a minute. Geography tells about strong fierce animals and strange plants which live on the land and in the water. Day is calm. The breeze does move trees gently and the river flows smoothly. Little birds are happy to sing in the bright sun. Night was not calm. The wind did blow, and rain fell and thunder did shake the house and bed. Teacher and I went downstairs to mother for we were afraid. Rain killed thirty little chickens. Night was stormy.

"*March* 26th. I had letter from Mr. Anagnos. He does love me. He saw thirty-four little blind girls and forty-one little blind boys in Nashville, Tennessee. There are thirty girls and forty boys in the school for blind children in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Anagnos sent me four hugs and five kisses. To-day I did learn to write examples on the type slate; and I learned many new words. Flock does mean many birds near together. Brood means six

little chickens. Herd does mean many cows and calves and horses near together. Litter is four little kittens, or three little puppies or six little pigs. Family is father and mother and brothers and sisters. Daughter does mean girl child, son does mean boy child. Observe means to look at everything very carefully. I observed that teacher's hair was coiled this morning."

Helen takes the greatest delight in keeping this diary, and she puts down in it both what she learns and what she does with the utmost accuracy. She has so wonderful a memory that it is rarely a thing has to be told her a second time. Her intelligence is so keen that I say again it seems as though she must have called into use a sense that is undeveloped in those of us who have our eyes and ears. When her teacher is telling her something new she will interrupt her excitedly, her hands flashing through the air, "I know — I know," and then she will repeat it, and often add her own ideas about it, that are usually very correct. She has a most vivid imagination, and by this means she really appears to know just how the objects look by which she is surrounded. She uses color terms accurately, but no one can tell how much they mean to her, or what notion she has regarding them, or whether her early babyhood view of colors implanted an idea of them and left her memories of the more vivid hues.

She is very sociable, and easily becomes acquainted, and she is specially attracted by gentlemen. A convention of Alabama clergymen met at Tuscumbia a few months ago, and some of them were guests at her house. She entertained them royally, and kept them laughing heartily by her conversation. They were so charmed with her gay manner and sunny disposition that they forgot to pity her. One of them, in speaking to Miss Sullivan about her, said: "She makes you forget that she has an infirmity. Usually one feels sad in the presence of a person who has lost a sense, especially that of sight, but she never seems conscious of her own lack, and no one else can in her bright presence."

She was anxious to go to church, so she was taken to one of the sessions of the association, and I wish you could hear Miss Sullivan's description of it. She was the guest of honor, and all the dignified clergymen came to take the hand of the child, whose everyday life was such

HELEN READING TO HER MOTHER.

a lesson of sweet patience and of perfect happiness over what seemed to them the deepest affliction. After she went home some one asked what ministers were, that she talked so much about them.

"Oh!" she said, "they are men who read from a book and talk loud for people to be good."

Certainly an original definition; and how *did* she know that they "talked loud"?

All winter she had been promised that she should come North this summer, and go to the Blind Kindergarten to see the children, then to the seashore. The description of the sea and the beach influenced her mind very much, and she entertained her clerical guests with the story of her anticipated summer. She described, in pantomime, the sea, the surf rising and falling on the beach; she waded in the water, she filled her apron with shells and sea-weed, and

ended by throwing herself on the floor and going through the motions of swimming. All the time her face was beaming with intelligence and pleasure. Her lips were parted in a sweet smile, and every movement was full of the most exquisite grace. The staid, sober men were carried away by the child's own enthusiasm, and they laughed with her, and entered into the full spirit of it, with her.

"Pity her!" cried one; "it is she who needs pity us. She is far away beyond us all in intellect."

Before we say good-by to Helen I want to quote a little from her teacher's letters about her, written to the one who has done all this work for Helen through her, her teacher and friend Mr. Anagnos; who is too, the friend of all the blind children in the world. Miss Sullivan says: "We took her to the menagerie, which interested her very much. She learned the names of the animals readily and asked many questions in regard to their habits, where they live, and what they do. She has been much interested in the work of carpenters who have been working at the house, and has learned a great deal of tools and their uses. She is extremely social in her disposition. Her genial, social spirit was specially manifest during last Christmas holidays, which she enjoyed exceedingly. She entered happily into the spirit of giving and receiving presents, and seemed to know that it was a festive occasion. During the winter we took Helen to Memphis to visit her grandmother and other relatives. She enjoyed the trip greatly, and wanted to know how many people were on the cars, and the name of every station at which the train stopped. During her visit she met many people who were familiar with the 'two-handed alphabet,' and learned in less than an hour to use it and to converse fluently. She was charmed with a visit to the Memphis Exchange, where the gentlemen were exceedingly kind and attentive to her. On leaving she remembered and wrote the names of all of them legibly. Helen has now a vocabulary of fifteen hundred words, which she uses and spells correctly."

Before you read this Helen will be in New England. She will have made her visit to the Kindergarten for the Blind, and will have become acquainted with the little blind children there whom she has loved so long, and with whom she has corresponded and exchanged gifts. She is probably now living out her anticipated summer by the sea, wading the surf, playing in the sand, picking the seaweed and shells in reality, and no longer in imagination. This glad little letter was written, you see, in anticipation of this visit:

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., *May 3d*, 1888.

DEAR MR. ANAGNOS,

I am glad to write to you this morning because I love you very much. I was very happy to receive pretty book and nice candy and two letters from you. I will come to see you soon and I will ask you many questions about countries and you will love good child.

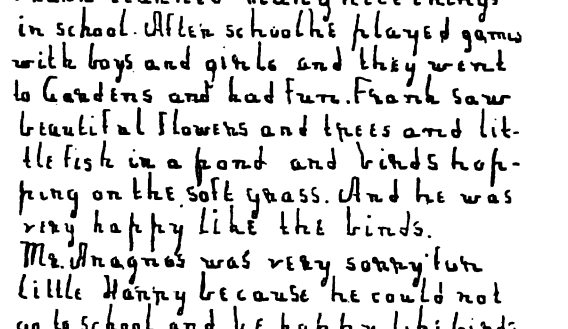
Mother is making me pretty new dresses to wear in Boston and I will look lovely to see little girls and boys and you.

Friday teacher and I went to a picnic with little children. We played games and ate dinner under the trees and we found ferns and wild flowers. I walked in the woods and learned names for many trees. There are poplar and cedar and pine and oak and ash and hickory and maple trees. They make a pleasant shade and the little birds love to swing to and fro and sing sweetly up in the tree. Rabbits hop and squirrels run and ugly snakes do crawl in the woods. Geraniums and roses, jasmines and japonicas are cultivated flowers. I help mother and teacher water them every night before supper. Cousin Arthur made me a swing in the Ash tree. Aunt Ev. has gone to Memphis. Uncle Frank is here. He is picking strawberries for dinner.

Nancy [a doll] is sick again. New teeth do make her ill. Adeline is well and she can go to Cincinnati Monday

Tuscumbia, Ala., March 31st

Teacher told me story about little blind boy. His name was Harry Lane. He lived in Boston with his mother and father and his wee sister Lottie and his brother Frank. Poor Harry could not see bright flowers or the birds or the grass for he was very blind. He could not go to the school for blind children because he was very weak and small. When Frank went to school Harry stayed at home and rocked little sister. Harry's mother could not take him to walk in the warm sun for she had many dresses to make for ladies


Frank learned many nice things in school. After school he played games with boys and girls and they went to Gardens and had fun. Frank saw beautiful flowers and trees and little fish in a pond and birds hopping on the soft grass. And he was very happy like the birds.
Mr. Anagnos was very sorry for little Harry because he could not go to school and be happy like birds and Frank. And he said, I will ask kind ladies and kind gentlemen to give me some money to build a school for small blind boys and girls like Harry have. Then they will be happy and good children. Good people were glad to give Mr. Anagnos much money for they were sorry for little blind children. And carpenters were glad to build nice school for them. When school was all made Harry and nine other little boys and girls were very happy. They learn to make many pretty things in new school. And they play games with balls and marble and hop and skip and jump and they are happy and good like birds and Frank. When Mr. Anagnos gets some more money many little boys and girls will have fun.
Helen Keller.

FAC-SIMILE (REDUCED) OF STORY BY HELEN KELLER.

with me. Aunt Ev. will send me a boy-doll. Harry will be Nancy's and Adeline's brother.

Wee sister is a good girl. I am tired now and I do want to go down-stairs. I send many kisses and hugs with letter. Your darling child,

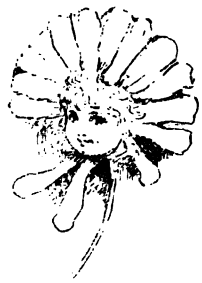
HELEN A. KELLER.

I wish, too, that in interesting you in Helen Keller, I might extend the interest to all little blind children and their education. Think what it is to live in a darkened world, shut out from all the sunlight and beauty. There are very few of them who can have the advantages that Helen has, and many who cannot even go to the Kindergarten that has been established for them, because their parents cannot afford to send them, and the fund for educating free pupils at command of the school is not large enough to take in any more than are there at present. The kind people of Boston have helped to pay for the building; the wife of the Governor of the State has several times opened her beautiful house for entertainments, and celebrated artists have sung and played and read for the little blind children's fund. Even the little schoolgirls have caught the spirit of helpfulness and have held fairs to help the work along. The younger classes at the celebrated Chauncy Hall School had such a fair in May, and sent quite an important little sum to Mr. Anagnos to help him. This might be done everywhere, for the children who come are not merely Boston and New England children, they come from all over the country. The work is as wide as the world, so should the help be.

In one of the rooms in the Kindergarten building in Jamaica Plain, hangs a lovely painted illumination. It says "*Take care of the little blind children.*" Those were the last words that Mrs. Anagnos ever spoke as she lay dying in the glory of her beautiful womanhood. She was the wife of Mr. Anagnos and the daughter of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who had begun the work for the blind and bequeathed it to his son-in-law. She had all her life been brought up to the work for these people, and it was her heart work. Her last interest was the establishment of the Kindergarten for the very little blind children, whom the larger school could not take in, and it was her last thought in life. Mr. Anagnos ever after worked for two, and felt it a consecrated labor. Now, WIDE AWAKE readers, cannot you, too, take a share in the legacy of work left by this devoted woman who loved the blind and do your little part toward helping it on — feeling in everything you do that you are taking care of the most helpless of the world's little ones — the blind children, even if your part is only the smallest — the giving of the cup of cold water in value? If it is all you can do, it is as much as the most munificent gift in the eyes of Him who alone counts the true values.

WHAT DAISY DID.

Margaret Eytinge



ONE day Miss Daisy with much skill
— I don't know where she learned it —
Snipped here and there her wreath until
Into a cap with plaited frill
And long white strings, she turned it.

"And now," she said, "I'll go and see,
As soon as it is shady,
My flower-friends — what fun 'twill be!
For they will all, I'm sure, think me
A little nice old lady."

But loud they laughed to her surprise,
As though they had gone crazy,
When she appeared in her disguise,
And greeted her with merry cries
Of "Oh! you *cunning* Daisy!"

ETELKA'S CHOICE.

Susan Coolidge

ETELKA lived on the very borders of the Fairy Country.

It may be that some of you do not believe that there are any such beings as fairies. In fact, it is not easy to hold to one's faith in them when one lives in such a country as this of ours. Fairies are the shyest of creatures; shyer than the wood-dove. Shyer than the glancing dragon-fly. They love silence, seclusion, places where they can sport unseen with no intruding voice or step to startle them: when man comes they go. And I put it to you whether it is likely that they can enjoy themselves in the United States, where every forest with any trees in it worth cutting down, is liable at any moment to be attacked by an army of wood-choppers; where streams are looked upon as "water power," lakes as "water supply," and ponds as suitable places for the breeding of fish; where distance is brought near by railroads and solitudes only mean a chance for a settler; where people are always poking about the hills and mountains in search of coal mines or silver mines, and prodding the valleys in hopes of oil wells, and where silence generally means an invitation to a steam whistle of one kind or another?

But where Etelka lived no one doubted the reality of fairies any more than they did that of human beings. Her home was in Bohemia in

the outskirts of the *Boehmer-wald*, a vast, unpeopled tract of mountainous country thickly wooded, full of game, and seldom visited except by hunting-parties in pursuit of stags or wild boars. Etelka's people were of mixed Sclavonic and gypsy origin. They cultivated a patch of land under the stewardship of a lord who never came near his estate, but this was only their ostensible occupation; for poaching or smuggling goods across the frontier brought in a great deal more money to them than did farming. There were three sons, Marc, Jocko and Hanserl; Etelka was the only girl. They were lithe, sinewy young fellows, with the swarthy skins and glittering black eyes which belonged to their gypsy blood, and something furtive and threatening in their looks, but she was different. Her hair and eyes were of a warm brown, her features were delicate and their expression was wistful and sweet. All summer long she ran about with her slender feet and ankles bare. A thin little cotton gown and a bead necklace composed her wardrobe for the warmer months. In winter she wore woollen stockings and wooden shoes, a stuff petticoat and a little shawl. She was always shabby, often ragged and on cold days scarcely ever warm enough to be comfortable, but she somehow looked pretty in her poor garments, for beauty is the gift of Heaven, and quite as often sent to huts as to palaces. No one had ever told Etelka that she was pretty, except indeed young Lepperl of the Mill, whom she had seen now and again on her semi-annual visits to the neighboring village to dispose of her yarn, and he had said more with his eyes than with his tongue!

To her family it made no difference whatever whether she was pretty or not. They preferred to have her useful and they took care that she should be so. She spun and sewed, she cleaned the pots and pans, cooked the rye porridge and the cabbage soup, and rarely got a word of thanks for her pains. Her brothers flung her their jackets to mend or their game to dress, without a word of ceremony; if she had refused or delayed to attend to their wants she would have got a rough word, a curse, or perhaps a blow. But Etelka never refused; she was a willing little creature, kindly and cheerful and had no lazy blood in her veins. So early and late she worked for them all, and her chief, almost her only, pleasure was when, her tasks dispatched, she could escape from the hut with its atmosphere of smoke and toil, and get away into the forest by herself.

When once the green and fragrant hush of the high-arched thickets closed her in, she could give a sigh of relief and a sense of being at home took possession of her. She did not feel it in the hut, though she called that home, and it was the only one she had ever known.

Did Etelka believe in fairies? Indeed she did! She had a whole volume of stories about them at her tongue's end. Her great grandmother had seen them often; so had her great aunt. The mother of Dame Gretel, the wise woman of the village, who herself passed for a witch, had been on intimate terms for a long time with a hoary little kobold who had taught her all manner of marvelous things. The same fortunate woman had once seen Rubesl, the mountain demon, and had left an account of him and his looks, which were exactly those of a charcoal burner. Etelka knew the very hollow where Dame Gretel's mother used to sit and listen to the teachings of the kobold, and could point out the rising where a number of the "good people" had once been seen moving a mystic dance, their wings glancing in the darkness like fire-flies. She, herself, had never seen a fairy or a kobold, it is true; everybody was not thus fortunate, but she might some day, who knew? And meantime she had often heard them whispering and sighing in their odd little voices close beside her. You may be sure that Etelka believed in fairies. It was one reason why she liked so well to go to the great forest, which was their well-known abiding place.

One day the desire to escape from home was unusually strong upon her. Her mother was out of sorts for some reason and had been particularly harsh. Her father, who sometimes stood her friend, had gone to the village with a bundle of hare skins which he hoped to trade for oil and brandy. Her brothers, who had some private expedition on foot, had kept her running since early morning. She had grown tired and a little cross at their many exactions, and when, finally, all was made ready, and they set out with their guns and snares and a knapsack

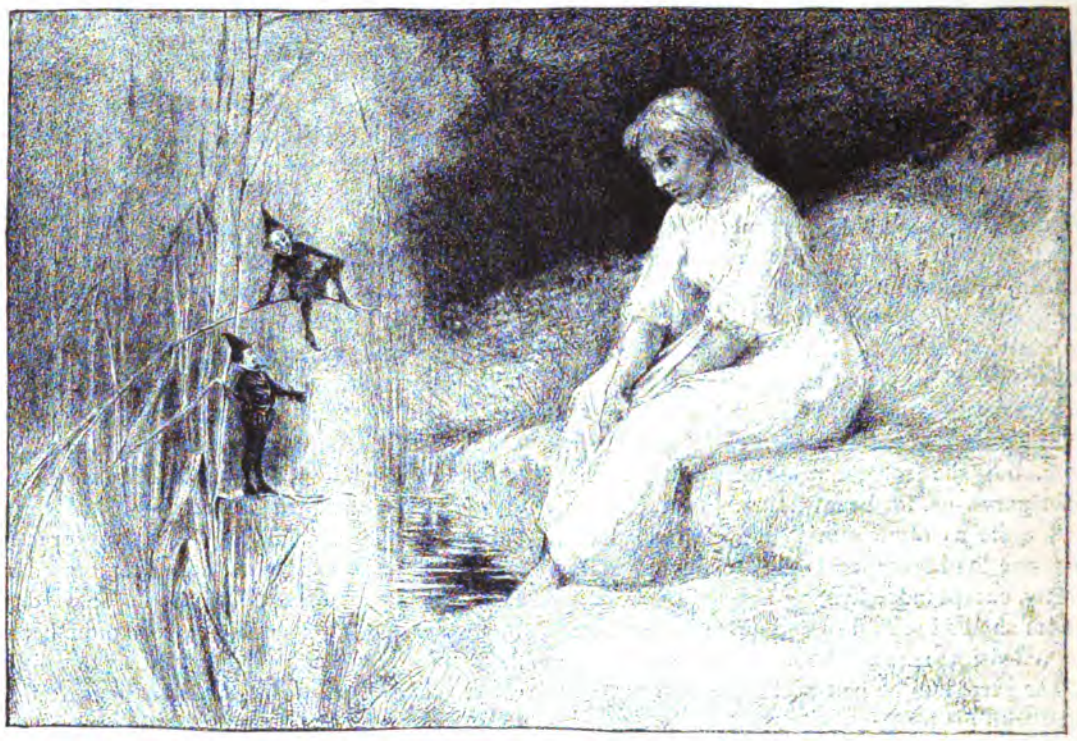
full of food, and her mother, sitting with her pipe beside the fire, had fallen into a doze, Etelka gladly closed the door behind her and stole away. The soup was simmering in its pot, the bowls ready set on the table. She would not be missed. For an hour or two she might feel that she belonged to herself.

The forest felt deliciously cool and still as she walked fast up the little glade which led to the Fairy Spring. This was a small pool of clear water, bubbling strongly up from a sandy bottom, and curiously walled round with smooth stones, which seemed fitted and joined by the labor of man, though in reality they were a freak of nature.

Etelka sat herself down on this stony rim, dipped her hands in the water and sprinkled a little on her hot forehead. A tall spear of feathery grass grew just by. Presently it began to bend and sway as if wind-blown, and dance lightly up and down before her face. She took no notice at first; then it occurred to her as no wind was blowing anywhere else, it was odd that this particular grass blade should be in such active motion.

"How queer," she said, looking hard at the grass blade; "it seems to be alive!"

A shrill, small laugh echoed her words, and suddenly, as if her eyes had been magically opened to see, she became aware that a tiny shape in green, with a pointed cap on its head, was sitting upon the blade of grass and moving it to and fro with hand and foot. The little countenance under the cap was full of mischief and malice, and the bright eyes regarded her with a strange glee. Etelka knew instantly that her wish had come true, and that at last she was face to face with a veritable fairy.



"THIMBLERIG IS HIS NAME," EXPLAINED FAIRY NUMBER ONE; "MINE IS PERTZAL."

"Oh!" was all she could say in her amazement.

"Well, stupid, do you know who I am?" asked the creature in a voice as shrill as its laugh.

"Yes, mein Heer," faltered Etelka.

"Here you have gone about all your days wishing you could see a fairy," continued the

small creature, "and there we were close by all the time, and you never opened your eyes to look. How do you like me now you do see me?"

"Very much, Heer Fairy," replied Etelka, gaining courage. "I think you are beautiful."

The fairy looked pleased at this compliment which was evidently sincere.

"Thou art a good maiden enough, as maidens go," he said, accosting her more familiarly. "I have long had my eye on thee, Etelklein. I have sat up in the roof thatch and heard Jocko and Hanserl scold and hector and the mother order thee about, and I have noted that thou wast almost always kind and humble and seldom answered them back again. Thou art neat-handed, too, and that we fairies think much of. Many a drink of good new milk have I had, which I should have missed had'st thou forgotten to scour the pail. So now in return I will do something for thee. Listen.

"Thou must know that each fairy of the *Boehmer-wald* has the privilege once every hundred years of granting one wish to a mortal. All do not exercise it. Some crabbed ones do not like the human folk enough to be willing to do them a good turn, others again are too lazy or too pleasure-loving to go out of their way for the purpose. I am neither of these. Now hearken. I will give thee the power that every time thou dancest a piece of gold shall lie under thy foot — or, instead of the gold, a flower shall spring up out of the ground; which wilt thou have?"

"Yes; which wilt thou have?" cried another sharp voice, and a second fairy appeared, out of the air as it were, and seated himself on the very tip of the grass blade. "Don't be in a hurry. Think a bit before you choose, Etelka. Why, child, what are you looking so scared about?"

For Etelka had grown pale, and had not been able to repress a little scream at this sudden apparition. She rallied her courage and tried to look brave, but her heart misgave her. Was the wood full of these unseen creatures?

"It is only my gossip," explained fairy number one. "Thimblerig is his name. Mine is Pertzal. He usually comes after me wherever I go. You needn't be afraid of *him*. Now, gold piece or flower — decide."

Etelka was in a whirl of confusion. It was dreadful to have to make up her mind all in a moment about such an important thing. Her thoughts flew to Lepperl of the Mill. He was fond of flowers, she knew; the mill garden was always full of blue flax, poppies and lavender, and Lepperl spent all his spare hours in working over it. Suppose — suppose — the thing over which she had sometimes shyly glowed and blushed were to happen, how pleasant it would be to dance flowers all day long for Lepperl!

Then her mind reverted to the hut, to her mother and the boys who were always craving after the luxuries of life which they could not have, and fiercely envying those who were better off than themselves. Would they not be happier and better and kinder for the gold which she had it in her power to give them? They would never forgive her if she lost such a chance, that she knew. And even so far as Lepperl went, gold never came amiss to a poor man's door. So many things could be bought with it.

"One cannot eat flowers," said Etelka to herself with a sigh; yet still she hesitated, and her heart felt heavy within her.

"Choose," repeated the two fairies, each echoing the other.

"I choose the gold-piece," said Etelka. The fairy faces clouded over as she spoke, and she knew she had chosen wrong.

"Very well," said Pertzal, "have thy wish." He vanished as he spoke. Etelka sat alone by the bubbling spring, and she rubbed her eyes and asked herself if it were not all a dream?

"I will put it to the test," she thought, and jumping up she began to dance beneath the trees, slowly and doubtfully at first, and then with swift and joyful bounds and steps, for as she danced, ever and anon upon the ground beneath her feet, appeared a glittering coin. She danced so long that when at last she ceased she sank down exhausted. The beautiful yellow pieces lay thickly around her, some larger, some smaller, as if their size depended upon the vigor of her movements. She had never dreamed of such wealth before, and she gathered them up and tied them in the corner of her shawl, half-fearing they might turn to brass or pebbles, but when she neared home and looked at them again they were still gold.

Her mother was standing at the door with a black look on her face.

"Where hast thou been, thou idle baggage?" she demanded. "I drop asleep for one moment, and when I wake the fire is well-nigh out."

Etelka glanced at the setting sun. In her excitement she had not marked the flight of time. It was much later than she had supposed.

"I am sorry," she faltered. Then to appease her mother's anger, she untied the corner of her shawl and showed the fairy money.

"See what I have brought," she said; "they are all for thee."

The old woman fairly gasped in her surprise.

"Gold!" she cried, clutching the coins which Etelka held out. "Real gold! More than I ever saw before. Where didst get it, girl? Who gave it thee?"

"The fairies!" exclaimed Etelka joyfully. "And they taught me how to get more when we are again in need."

"Do you dare to make a mock of me?" screamed her mother, aiming a blow at her with the staff which she held in her hand. "Fairies indeed! A fine story! Tell the truth, hussy. Didst thou meet some count in the forest — or the landgrave himself?"

"I met nobody," persisted Etelka, "no one at all except the fairy and the other fairy, and it was they who gave me the gift."

Her mother's staff descended with a whack on her shoulder.

"Get thee in," she said harshly. "Thou art lying." But she held fast to the gold all the same, and when Etelka's back was turned she hid it secretly away.

So the first fruit of the fairy gift was a blow!

Later, when the father came back from the village, there was another scene of severity and suspicion. Neither of Etelka's parents believed her story. They treated her like a culprit who will not confess his guilt. It was worse yet when her brothers returned the following day. In vain she wept and protested, in vain she implored them to believe her.

"It's easy enough to talk," Jocko declared at last, "but to prove thy words is not so easy. If thou hast the power to dance gold-pieces into existence, why, face to work and dance! Then we shall know whether or not to believe thee."

Strange to say this method of proving her veracity had not occurred to Etelka's mind. After her troubled sleep and unhappy day she had begun to feel that the interview with the fairies was no more than a dream, and she scarcely ventured on the test, dreading that the strange gift bestowed upon her might have been withdrawn.

Slowly and fearfully she began to dance, while her family watched every movement with eyes of scornful incredulity. Suddenly Marc, uttering a great oath, stooped and picked up something from the hard-trodden earthen floor. It was a gold-piece!

"By Heavens!" he exclaimed, "the girl spoke true! or" — with a return of suspicion, "is it one of those she gave thee which thou hast dropped?" turning to his mother.

But as Etelka, with heart suddenly grown lighter, went on bounding and twirling, one shining coin after another shone out on the floor beneath her feet, and with howls and screams of joy her relatives precipitated themselves upon them. It seemed as if they could never have enough. If Etelka paused to rest they urged her on.

"Dance thou!" they cried. "Dance, Etelklein, leibchen, susschen, darling of our hearts, do not stop! Keep on till we are all rich."

One hour, two, passed, and still Etelka obeyed their eager behest and danced on. The boys' pockets, her father's pouch, her mother's lap were full, and yet they demanded more.

At last, quite worn out, she sank in a heap on the ground.

"I cannot take another step," she sighed.

"Oh well," Jocko reluctantly admitted, "that may do for to-night. To-morrow we will have some more of it."

From that day all was changed for the family in the forest hut. Every one, except Etelka, fell to work straightway to squander the fairy gold. The sons made expeditions to the distant town, and came back laded with goods of the most incongruous kinds, silks, velvets, tobacco, gold-embroidered caps, bonbons, carved pipes, gayly painted china, gilt clocks, toys of all descriptions; anything and everything which had pleased their untutored fancy. The father and mother smoked all day long till the air of the hut was

dense and stifling. Brandy and *kirsch-wasser* flowed in streams. Etelka alone profited nothing from the fairy gift. To be sure she had her share of the dainties which the others devoured, and her brothers now and then tossed her a ribbon or a brightly colored handkerchief, but for these she did not much care, and her liberty, for which she did care, was greatly abridged. No longer was she suffered to wander at will in the forest. She had become too precious for that. Something might happen to her, they all declared, a bear or a wolf might come along and attack her, or she might slip and sprain her ankle, which, so far as they were concerned, would be just as bad! No, Etelka must run no risks; she must stay at home, and be ready to dance for them whenever they needed her.

Her slender limbs grew very weary and the heart which gave them life was often heavy, as time went on, and more and more gold was needed to satisfy the exactions of her family. Money easily won is still more easily spent. The fairy gold melted fast in the rapacious fingers which clutched it. Soon, for appetite grows by what it feeds upon, the little hut no longer sufficed the growing ambition of Etelka's brothers. It was too poor, too lonely, too everything, they declared; they must all remove to Budweis or Linz; the city was the only fit place for people to live in who had money to spend.

Etelka was not consulted. She was ordered to pack this and that, and to leave the other behind, that was all, and was made to dance a few extra hours to pay the traveling expenses. All the homely old furniture was left in the hut, as not smart enough for the grand city home they were going to. They took only the things they had bought since their good luck began, but these filled a great cart on the top of which Etelka and her mother were perched. She cast one last look toward her beloved forest, to which she had not been allowed a farewell visit. Jocko cracked his long whip, the oxen slowly moved forward. "Good-by to everything," said Etelka in her heart, but she dared not say it aloud.

A quick pang shot through her as they passed the mill-garden gay with flowers, where Lepperl, hoe in hand, was standing. His eyes met hers with deep and silent reproach, then were averted. She did not understand, but it made her very sad. No one had told her that a few weeks before, Lepperl had asked her in marriage of her father, and had been roughly refused. Such an offer would have been looked upon as unheard-of good fortune six months previously; now it was regarded almost as an insult! Marry Etelka! Take their gold-earner away from them! It was out of the question. What was the fool thinking of? But Etelka heard nothing of all this.

Haunted by the recollection of Lepperl's wistful glance, she went her way with the others. Little heart had she for the new home which seemed to them so fine. It was high up in an old building, overlooking a crowded street. The rooms seemed very large and empty after the forest hut, and the first care of the family was to furnish them. With reckless disregard of good taste as well as of expense, Marc and Jocko and Hanserl rushed away to the market and the shops, and presently the stairs began to fill with porters bringing up all manner of things, beds and chairs and tables, gaudy carpets for the floors, ill-painted pictures in showy frames for the walls, a piano on which none of them knew how to play, a music box of extraordinary size which could play without assistance, looking glasses, lamps, wonderful china figures, a parrot in a gilded cage, with a dreadful command of profane language. The rooms were filled and more than filled in no time, and for the payment of all these things Etelka must dance!

And dance she did, but with a heavy heart and no spring in her feet. Accustomed to the quiet of the forest neighborhood, the sounds and smells of the city oppressed her greatly. The crowd and bustle frightened, the roar of noise kept her awake at night, she felt as if she could not breathe. Things grew worse rather than better. Their extravagance provoked notice and the fame of their riches and their ignorance soon brought about them a crew of tempters and needy adventurers. Men with evil eyes and sly, greedy faces began to appear at all hours, to smoke and drink with Marc and Jocko, to gamble with them and win their money. Much money did they win, and all that was lost Etelka must make good. With her will or without it, she must dance, dance always to content her

rapacious kindred. They could hardly endure to spare her for the most needful rest. Time and again when she had sunk exhausted on her bed, to sleep, while dice rattled and glasses clinked in the next room, Hanserl or Jocko had rushed in to awaken her roughly and demand that she should get up at once and dance. Stumbling and half blind with drowsiness the poor girl would do her best, but her movements being less brisk and buoyant the coins would be of smaller value, and she would be sworn at for her pains, and threatened with dire penalties if she did not do better next time.

No wonder that under this treatment she grew pale and thin. The pretty cheeks lost their roundness, the pink faded from them, her eyes were dull and lustreless. A great homesickness took possession of her. Night and day she pined for the forest hut. So wan and unhappy was she, that even the hard hearts of those who profited by her should have been touched by it, but no one noticed her looks or cared that she was unhappy, so long as she would keep on dancing and coin gold for them.

At last came a day when she could not rise from her bed. Marc came and threatened her, he even pulled her on to her feet, but it was in vain, she fell down with weakness and could not stand. Alarmed at last, Jocko hastened after a doctor. He came, felt Etelka's pulse — shook his head.

"What has she been doing?" he asked.

Nothing, they told him, nothing at all! Then he shook his head still more portentously.

"Ah, well, in that case it is all of no use," he said. "She is all given out. She must die."

LEPPERL STOOD TRANSFIXED.

And now indeed those who had let Etelka tire herself to death for them were thoroughly frightened. With her would perish all their hopes, for the gold she had earned for them had been spent as fast as made; nothing had been laid up. They took wonderfully good care of her now. There was nothing she fancied that they would not willingly have brought her, but all the poor child asked for was to be left alone and suffered to lie still, not to be forced to keep on with that weary dancing!

Gradually the spent flame of life flickered

feebly upward within her, and as she gained a little in strength, a longing after the forest took possession of her. The wish seemed utterly foolish to her family, but they would not refuse it, for their one desire was to have her get well and able to earn gold for them again. So the big wagon and the oxen were hired, Etelka on her bed was laid carefully in it, Marc took the goad, and slowly, slowly, the sick girl was carried back again to her old home.

All was unchanged there. Dust lay thickly on the rude furniture which had been left behind, on the pots and pans which hung upon the wall, but no one had meddled with them or lifted the latch of the door since the family went away. The cool hush and stillness of the place was like a balm to Etelka's over-strained nerves. She slept that night as she had not slept for weeks, and on the morrow was visibly stronger. Marc did not stay with her long. The quiet of the hut disgusted him, and after enduring it for a day or two, he went back to the others in the city, leaving Etelka alone with her father and mother. He gave strict orders that he was to be sent for the moment that Etelka was able to use her feet again. Then, indeed, she must fall to work and dance to make up for all this wasted time.

Poor Etelka rejoiced to see him go. She had learned to fear her brothers and almost to dislike them.

The day after he went, she begged her father to carry her in his arms to the edge of the forest and lay her under a tree. She wanted to feel the wind in her face again, she said. He consented at last, though grumbling a little at the trouble. Etelka was comfortably placed on a bear skin under the shade of a spreading fir, and after a while, as her eyes were closed and she seemed to be asleep, her father stole away and left her. She was in full sight of the hut, so there seemed no danger in leaving her alone.

But Etelka was not asleep. She was thinking with all her might, thinking of the fairy, wishing she could see him again, and ask him to undo the fatal gift which had brought such misery into her life.

Suddenly, as she lay thinking these thoughts her cheek was tickled sharply. She opened her eyes. There stood the same odd little figure in green which she had seen before, as then a grass blade was in his hand, and leaning over his shoulder was his gossip Thimblerig. Etelka almost screamed in her joy.

"Thou seemest pleased to see us," remarked Pertzal with a mocking smile.

"Oh, I am glad, indeed I am," cried poor Etelka. "Dear kind Herr Fairy, have pity! Don't let me dance gold any more!"

"What! Tired already? What queer creatures mortals be," began Pertzal teasingly, but the kinder Thimblerig interposed.

"Tired of her gift, of course she is! You knew she would be when you gave it, Gossip! Don't plague the poor child. Look how thin she has grown. But, Etelka, I must tell thee that when once a fairy has granted to a mortal his wish, he has no power to take it back again."

"What!" cried Etelka in despair, "must I then go on dancing forever till I die?"

"He cannot take it back," repeated Thimblerig. "But do not cry so, there is another way. A second fairy can grant a wish which will contradict the first, and so all may be made right. Now, Etelka, I have a kindness for thee as well as Pertzal here, and like him I have the right to grant a favor to a mortal. Now listen. Dance thee never so well or dance thee never so long, from henceforward shall never gold-piece lie under foot of thine for all thy dancing! And, furthermore, if ever thou art married to a man whom thou lovest, I endow thee with this gift, that when thou dancest with will and because thy heart is light, violets and daisies and all sweet blossoms shall spring at thy tread, till all about thee is as a garden."

"Now I will add this piece of advice," said Pertzal, grinning maliciously. "If ever this dost happen, hold thy tongue about thy gift to thy husband. The best of men can hardly resist the temptation of making money out of their womenkind — safety lies in silence."

"Oh, how can I thank you?" sighed Etelka.

"Thank us by being happy," said Thimblerig. Then the fairies faded from sight, and Etelka was alone.

I have not time to tell of the wrath of Etelka's father and mother and brothers, when, as she grew strong enough to dance again for their bidding, it was found that no gold pieces fol-

lowed her light steps and that the fairy gift had been withdrawn. Their ill-humor and discontent made the life of the hut worse than ever it had been before. Etelka sank into her former insignificance. Very willingly and faithfully she worked for them all, but she could not win them to content. One after another the boys departed from home. Marc enlisted as a soldier, Jocko joined a party of smugglers and disappeared over the Italian frontier, Hanserl took service with the charcoal burners high up on the mountains. When Lepperl of the mill asked again for Etelka's hand in marriage the following year, there was no question as to what answer should be given him. Her father was only too glad to say yes. Etelka was made happy at last.

She had been a wife several months before she made trial of her second fairy gift. It was one evening when she and Lepperl were in their garden, and he was telling her his plans with regard to a bit of waste land which he had lately fenced in.

"It will take many roots and seeds to make it like the rest," he remarked, "but little by little we can do it without feeling the cost, and in the end it will be the best of all."

Then, with a sudden flash in her eyes, Etelka left her husband and began to dance. To and fro over the bare earth she sped with quick graceful steps, now advancing, now retreating, now describing circles, with her arms poised above her head like wings and her laughing eyes fixed on Lepperl. He was puzzled by this freak on the part of his pretty wife, but stood watching her with great admiration, her cheeks were so flushed, and her movements so light and dainty.

She stopped at last, came to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Now look," she said.

And lo! where had been bare, brown earth a half-hour before, was now a green sward enamelled all over with buttercups, violets, pink-and-white Michaelmas daisies, and pansies of every shade of gold and purple.

Lepperl stood transfixed. "Hast thou commerce with the elves?" he asked.

But Etelka did not reply. The words of Pertzal recurred to her memory, "Silence is safety," and they were like a wise hand laid on her lips. She only laughed like a silver bell, shook her head, and left on Lepperl's cheek a happy kiss!

FAIRIES' WASHING.

By Lizzie M. Hadley.

EAGER and glad to the house she ran,
With a smile on her upturned face:
"You never can guess what I've found, mamma,
O, *thousands* of bits of lace!

"The fairies have done their washing, I know,
It's out on the orchard grass,
And it's spread so close there is hardly room
For even a bird to pass.

"I picked up this fairy handkerchief,
I wanted to show it to you."
She opened her hand — O, the sorrowful face!
There was only a *drop of dew.*

PLUCKY SMALLS: HIS STORY.

CHAPTER II.

PLUCKY SMALLS WITNESSES AN EXECUTION.

WHERE was I? Oh! I remember. I'd got to where Pandy was in the brig, an' I was tellin' you somethin' about the way they did things aboard the old *Manhattan.*

After stowin' away hammocks, we had our coffee. It tasted good, that coffee did, an' I'm sure I never in this livin' world could have stood it till breakfast time if it hadn't been for that coffee.

Tink used to laugh when I said that. "Never been hungry before, I s'pose," says Tink; "you're gettin' to be a 'ristocrat, Plucky, an' forgettin' childhood's days." It did seem funny when I come to think it all over.

There Tink an' me had been livin' for years, jest anyhow, not knowin' where we was to get our next crust, or if we was to have any crust at all — an' now that we had reg'lar meals an' reg'lar hours we couldn't hardly stand it till the time come! After our coffee came washin' clothes. It's pretty tough to wash with salt water, but that's all they'd let us have. "Wash-tubs?" Not much. The decks was our wash-tubs, an' down on 'em we laid our shirts, an' stretched 'em out flat, an' rubbed 'em with soap, an' then scrubbed 'em with a scrubbin' brush, an' turned 'em over an' scrubbed the other side 'till you could almost see through 'em; then we'd rinse 'em out an' get 'em all ready to hang up to dry. "Back yard?" Well, I guess not. The deck was our back yard. The lines was stretched between masts, an' the whips were manned, an' the lines lowered down to us. "What are whips?" They are a small kind of tackle they use to let down an' to haul up things. Then we'd get the order to "*stop* on the clothes" — not stop *on* the clothes, but to *stop* on the clothes. Stops are small pieces of line fastened to sailors' clothes so they can tie 'em on to the lines, an' that's called "stopping" 'em on. An' then came the order — oh! those blessed orders! Nothin' was done without orders — "Trice up clothes-lines," an' up they went danglin' an' swingin' an' blowin' about in the wind like so many ghostesses.

Then came the order to wash decks. We hadn't had enough of scrubbin', an' so we had to turn to an' scrub off the decks — what Tink an' me called the floor fust off, till the sailors asked me was I "a-cleanin' up my mammy's kitchen." But you never see a kitchen floor cleaner an' whiter than we made those decks after we had squilgeed and swabbed 'em down. "Squilgeed?" Well, that's pushin' the water off the decks in front of you, with a thing somethin' like a hoe, or half a barrel head with the round part uppermost an' a handle set in an' the straight side to the deck an' a stiff piece of rubber set into that that would give a little as you pushed it ahead of you.

If 'twas Saturday we'd holy-stone. Gracious! it would have made you feel cold all up and down your backbone. An' how the boys *did* scrape, just over Mr. Wilkins' head! We didn't like Mr. Wilkins much — he was our 'xecutive officer. The boys jest hated him. You see his room was jest outside the cabin door on the port side, an' we knew, we boys did, by a 'butt seam in the deck jest where his room began, an' over his head we'd go as if we meant to wear a hole through. How mad he would get! He used to say sometimes, "Boy, do you hear what I say? Just remember who I am, and that I am supreme aboard this vessel!" An' I tell you he was supreme onless one of us had the pluck to go to the Kimmander, an' we didn't like to do that for little things. But we bothered Mr. Wilkins all we could — an' we called him

jest among ourselves, "The Great Supreme," an' if you could have seen him struttin' up an' down the decks you would have thought he felt so. He was little an' dark, an' very keerfull about his clothes— but I know he was a good officer. But we did our level best to worry him — we jest did.

Where was I? Oh! About swabbin' down decks. Before we'd hear the word passed to "Wash down," we'd hear those old Bose'n's Mates repeatin' the order of the officer of the deck. I used to get mad, an' when little O'Rafferty would call out, "Knock off schrubbin' dicks! turn to, an' clane yersilves!" I used to feel like lettin' him have a bucket of salt water himself. Well, we'd "knock off" an' "clane oursilves," though the officers always said "wash." Then we'd give a last wash down an 'squilgee an' the decks was ready — I can tell you I was ready, too; for my breakfast. But I couldn't have it yet. I must exercise aloft with the rest of the fellers. Then it was "All hands loose sail," an' "All hands cross t' gallan' an' royal yards," and the way we swarmed up those ratlines was a caution! It was pretty tickleish sometimes when you was way up there layin' out on the yard to hear the Great Wilkins holler out, "You sir — lay out on that yard!" I used to think they'd be politer 'n that, an' say, "If you please, Smalls, will you be so good as to lay out on that yard a little further?" but I didn't hear any of that sasscity talk from Mr. Wilkins. It was, "Do you hear there, Smalls, blank you, sir, lay out on that yard an' be blanked to you!" An' I couldn't say, "The same to you, sir!" but "Aye, aye, sir," an' out I'd go.

But I will say that Mr. Wilkins was pretty pertic'lar what he said when the Kimmander was aboard, or on deck, for the Kimmander didn't allow no "blanking" of nobuddy. Well, out I'd go, doin' my level best to hang on, an' wonderin' all the time ef ever in this livin' world I'd get in again to the mast. My! didn't the water look far down, an' I passed most my time speculatin' what I'd hit fust when I fell, an' whether the deck or the water would be best. I rather favored the water, for I knew I could swim. But what I would be if I fell on the deck I didn't like to think. Somehow, though, I didn't fall overboard. Not in those times. An' I found myself, when the order "Down from aloft" was given (specially ef we was racin' with another ship) I found myself jest a-kitin' down those ratlines as ef the Stranger in the Top was after me. "The Stranger in the Top?" Well, it ain't good luck to talk about him, but perhaps sometime I'll spin a yarn about him when I feel kind o' confident — an' keerless.

An' then eight bells struck — yes, that's eight o'clock. The quartermaster hoisted the colors, an we were piped to breakfast. "Hungry?" Well, I guess not! Didn't that breakfast taste scrumptious? Mainly scouse an' coffee, but it jest went to a mighty hollow place that was waitin' fur it. Sometimes we had hash, sometimes potatoes, but all we could eat, anyhow. An' we had a table, too, same as the aldermen. Same as anybuddy. An' plates an' cups an' knives an' forks — jest as genteel. We had fifteen fellers in our mess an' we chose one for our cook — leastways he was chose before we come — Tink an' me. But I guess we'd have chose him, too, for he was a reel good feller, an' not a bit more favorin' to one than another.

Tink an' me was in the same watch 's well 's the same mess, an' that made it reel cheerful. Ef Tink an' me 'd a been separated I don't know what I should have done. Tink 'd a got along all right, but I couldn't have stood it. Our cook looked out for the plates an' cups an' everythin' about the table, an' he had it ready right up to the minute when we tumbled down on to the gun-deck. We had about an hour for breakfast, an' gettin' out clean clothes ordered for the day. It was white suits ef the day was a scorcher, sometimes it was white frocks an' blue trousers, p'rhaps workin' clothes. "You may bet your life it'll be somethin' different from what we've got on," Tinker used to say. An' then about nine o'clock the bands were turned to an' we began to fix up for "quarters." That's the first Morine inspection. I didn't know the meanin' of the word inspection before I went aboard the old *Manhattan*, but bless your soul! I knew all about it the first day — and I hain't forgot it, neither.

But fust off, before inspection, we had to go to work clearin' away mess-gear or cleanin' bright-work, an' such or'nary things.

"Don't look much like glory yet," says Tink to me, as we was rubbin' up the brass round the binnacle. "I can tell you, Plucky, I didn't ship for no such work as this." An' then he'd look at me kind o' fatherly an' say, "Ef it wasn't for you, my boy, I'd cut the business."

An' then old Poles (he was signal quartermaster an' had heard what Tink said) would growl out: "You try it, Greeny, an' when you get back you'll think — well, you'll see what you'll think!"

Well, then we'd work away, a-rubbin' and a-polishin', at whatever they gave us to do, till the drum beat to quarters. It gives me a kind ov breathless feel all over when I think of that drum. I was all ov a swelter, an' jest wondered ef I would pass muster. Tink an' me wasn't in the same gun's crew — in fact, I wasn't in a gun's crew, then. Tink was in the second gun's crew, an' I bein' a littler feller than Tink, was put into the powder division. An' that was down on the berth-deck. It wasn't so light down there, an' sometimes Tink would say he kind ov envied me, because he felt sure they didn't see so plain down below. See plain!

"Don't you bet on that, Tink," says I. See plain! Mr. Clinton could see plain enough, you may be certain. My! wasn't he sharp-eyed?

"Smalls," says he, "what's that spot on your trousers? I shall report you, Smalls, ef it happens again."

Gracious! Ef I couldn't get off down there on the berth-deck, I used to wonder how the fellers on the gun-deck (not to mention the "Johnnies" on the spar deck) stood it. The Morines, I mean — but they were pretty spic'-an'-span too, an' we used to worry 'em all we could, an' ask 'em how ramrod soup sat on their stommicks that mornin'. They were straight, though! Why, I don't reelly believe that one of those fellers would have winked an eye on inspection, ef somebuddy had told him his mother was dead!

Now I didn't mind week-day inspections so much — but Sundays! Oh Sundays, Sundays! Sundays!! My! Then we had to stand just so, waitin', an' waitin', an' waitin', till the Kimmander an' the 'xecutive officer had gone all through the ship 'xaminin' everythin' an' at last come down to us. My! wasn't that tejus, an' wasn't I glad, jest, when we was through with it? Well, on week days after inspection, we had exercise; p'rhaps with great guns, p'rhaps with muskets, or single sticks. It was fun to see 'em load an' fire, an' do everythin' that they do in a reg'lar fight — rammin' down the charges an' all the rest of it — but not makin' any noise 'cept what the gun would make runnin' out an' in. You see they didn't reely fire — only went through the motions.

Sometimes pretty young ladies would come aboard. My! didn't they look jest sweet with their white dresses an' roses an' posies pinned right on to 'em in front, with a great big pin. An' the officers would all git round 'em an' be attentive, an' the young ladies would laugh an' get red, an' show their pretty teeth — an' then the officers would say — p'rhaps Mr. Clinton, or Lady Farrington (we called him Lady because he walked jest like a woman an' would kind o' whine at the men, jest beggin' 'em to do what any one else would have told 'em to do), or p'rhaps the Great Wilkins himself would say, "Don't you want to fire this gun?"

"O, no! I wouldn't dare to," the young lady would say, kind ov gettin' behind the Lieutenant, as ef she thought it was goin' to fire out of the breech.

An' then the Lieutenant would say, "Boy, bring a primer."

An' then some one would go for a primer, an' the officer would get it ready, an' then the young lady would take hold of the string with those pretty yellow gloves of hers, an' shut her eyes, an' pull, an' then only hearin' the primer snap she'd open 'em again an' say, kind ov breathless, "Why, it didn't go off!" as if she expected she was goin' to fire a Admiral's salute. Jest as if Uncle Sam's powder was to be wasted that way.

Well, after we'd exercised guns we used to have school. That was tirin'. Sometimes I used to wish even for the dumpin' ground, an' the ash heap, an' the carpenters, an' the Boss Carpenter's dog — or better 'n that, for our old palace in the lumber yard. I used to get hot all over when the officers taught me. They knew so much an' looked so kind o' thunderin' splendid in their uniforms. But I don't mind

'em now. Get used to anythin', I suppose. I liked best to be taught by the petty officers. They seemed more home-like to me. They taught us sail-makin', an' marline-spike seamanship. The sail-makin' was pretty hard fust off, an' the canvas was tough to sew, for fellers like Tink an' me, who never done it before. But when it came to workin' with the marline-spike fittin' riggin', an' tackles, an' makin' splices an' knots — that was mose fun! specially the knots. Such cur'us names as those knots had too! "Turk's-head," an' "Mathew Walker," an' "wall an' crown," an' man rope knot, made with a double wall an' crown. Those were fun, so that when we heard the bos'en's pipe at half-past eleven, an' the word was passed to clear up the decks, I couldn't reelly believe that it was nearly time for dinner.

That was a good meal. We had it at twelve. We had fresh meat pretty often, in port — three times a week generally — other days pork an' beans, an' canned fresh beef, soup an' bully, an' rice, an' duff on Sundays. We was sure too of gettin' it good, for the officer of the deck — that is the officer on duty at that time — had to taste it. It was carried up to him by the ship's cook in a great big pan, an' a knife an' fork, all nice an' handy. The cook would take it up to the mast, an' there he'd stand an' hold the pan, an' there the officer used to stand an' taste. Sometimes he'd do more 'n taste — specially if it was Mr. Barker — he'd jest stand an' eat, an' eat. He was very short an' very fat, an' he'd eat an' then he'd laugh till his eyes was all shut up, an' then he'd eat some more — all the time standin' up, an' the ship's cook changin' from one foot to t'other one, an' wonderin', I suppose, ef Mr. Barker was a-goin' to eat all day. But you see the officer of the deck had just gone on watch, an' he knew he wouldn't come off till eight bells — that's four o'clock — an' he was just a layin' in for all he was worth.

"I wish we had such good dinners in the ward-room, Cook," Mr. Barker would say, after he had pretty nearly cleared the pan. I suppose he felt hungry — for I've seen the ward-room meals goin' in with the steward's, an' of all the flummeries an' shakin' jellies an' things, they did jest beat all! But I was only tellin' you all this to let you see that we was pretty sure of good eatin', for ef it was burned, or bad, Mr. Barker, or any of the officers, would send it back as quick as winkin', an' make a complaint. Then there was the doggedest row, an' I guess that ship's cook got Hail Columbia! Or if the provisions was bad, somebody else got a jumpin' into; it was heard from anyway. "How did one cook cook for so many?" Well, I'll tell you. Each mess would have its own piece of meat, served out by the queerest ducks — the "Paymaster's Yeoman," an' the "Sack o' the Dust"; now did you ever in all your born days hear two such kind ov made-up names? Tink said a yeoman was a farmer, for he had a novel called the *Black Hand of Broderick Brandon, or The Yeoman's Fair Daughter*, an' that's how he knew. Well, these two fellers with the fancy names served out the meat to the mess cooks; that was the afternoon before it was cooked, an' after he — that's the mess cook — had stuck his tag on to it with the number of his mess, it was put into the "harness cook" — that's another of those rediclis ship-names, an' locked up, an' only taken out the next day — the mornin' it was to be cooked. So you see every man knew his meat by the number, an' when he went up to the galley to get his piece of meat for his mess, an' the ship's cook stuck his tormentors into the kettle an' speared the different pieces, the mess cooks couldn't be fooled because they knew their own number. "Tormentors?" Oh, that's a great big fork. Tink said that it looked like Neptune's trident, though what a trident was or who was Neptune, I didn't know in them days.

Oh, yes, we had studies — I should think so. Some of us, though, were told off to go in boats — to man 'em. The boats had to be pulled ashore, an' they had to be manned. Aboard the old *Manhattan* Mr. Wilkins had tunes played for the different boats. When you heard "Sounds from Home," you knew it was the gig (that's the Captain's boat) that was called away, even without the bos'ens tonin' down the hatchway, "W-a-a-a-a-y gig!" An' when you heard "Gentle Annie," you knew 'twas the first cutter, an' the "Girl I left behind Me" was for the launch, an' "Dixey" was for the second cutter. An' "Ain't I glad to get out o' the Wilderness?" for the dinghy. An' the pore Black Listers was called up to their work by "Hard Times."

"Black Listers?" Well, fellers on the black lists, but I'll tell you about them later. You see we had reg'lar boats goin' ashore. They went at ten A. M., an' one P. M., an' four P. M., an' sunset, an' they didn't wait for nobuddy now, I can tell you. Those boats was for officers. Of course when the men had liberty they had boats too—at one, an' at sunset gen'ally.

Then we'd have the evenin's to ourselves, an' would sing an' dance, an' mend our clothes, or do anythin' we wanted to till nine o'clock when the bos'ens would pipe down, an' up we'd go for our hammocks—those hammocks was all numbered like everythin' else aboard that blessed old barco. An' the fo'c's'le-men, an' foretop-men, an' main-top-men, an' after-guard-men, an' Idlers, an' all an' everybuddy kept their hammocks in jest such a place, an' stood by ready to catch 'em when the hammock stowers pitched 'em out ov the nettings.

Tink an' me we come aboard ov a Tuesday. It was Tuesday night that Pandy cut me down an' I felt pretty lame all next day. Tink an' me was put to it that week to learn the ways an' they made more fun ov us—those old boys did. On Friday Pandy came out ov the brig. I tell you I was scared when I saw him, but he come up smilin', an' said he'd had a reel good time, nothin' to do an' plenty to eat. That the sentry was a friend ov his, an' had turned his back when the sailors passed food through the airport to him.

"I am much indebted to you, young feller," says Pandy—says he, "an' I think I'll cut you down again."

With that he went off smilin', an' I saw him talkin' to one or two of the old boys, an' they was a-laughin' fit to kill themselves. Pretty soon he came back, and he was mighty friendly. We made a lot ov fun. An' so I had to allow to Tink that he was a forgivin' chap. Tink says, "I don't like him, Plucky, he isn't my style." But I kind o' thought Tink was prejudiced, an' Pandy was dreadful friendly.

On Saturday mornin' Pandy came to me an' said, "I've got somethin' to tell you, but you must promise solemn not to tell." He seemed awful mysterious, Pandy did. "Hope you may die in your tracks ef you do?" he said. "Hope I may die in my tracks ef I do," says I. An' Pandy says, "Well, you come here to the port, an' I'll tell you—you mustn't tell your pal"—I looked round and couldn't see Tink nowheres.

"Stave ahead!" says I.

Pandy looked round to see that no one was near us an' then he said, "We're a-goin' to have a execution to-night."

"A execution!" says I, "where?" rememberin' what Tink told me about his uncle what made burglar's tools, an' how the sheriffs had took away his table, an' chairs, an' the handiest of his steel traps. I told Pandy about that, but he laughed awful scornful. "This is nothin' like that," says he. "This is a reg'lar execution—they're a-goin' to shoot Charlie Noble."

"Goin' to shoot!" I jest gasped. "Charlie Noble—who's he?"

"Wall, he's a pore black feller, who hasn't got no friends, They've nearly burned him to death—an' now they're a-goin' to shoot him."

"What for?" says I. "What's he been a-doin'?"

"Wall, it does seem a little thing—but do you know it's jest because he don't keep himself clean?"

How I trembled an' shook all over an' looked at my hands, an' swore internal that I would scrub the very skin off me as soon as I got a chance.

"I wonder if I've ever seen Charlie Noble?" says I.

"You must have seen him," says Pandy. "He's generally up round the galley. But there's three hundred men an' boys aboard this ship an' you can't know everybuddy in less 'n a week."

An' then I saw Tink comin' along the deck. I beckoned to him.

"Tell Tink," says I to Pandy.

"Tell Tink what?" says the Tinker. "Plucky, my son, look out for your eyes—they'll be rollin' down your cheeks on to the deck in a minute."

"So will yours when you hear what Pandy has got to tell you," says I. "Tell him, Pandy."

"I don't know about tellin' him," says Pandy. "Do you hope you may die in your tracks if you tell?"

"Yes, all right," says Tink, an' he took the oath reel solemn, an' then Pandy whispered in Tink's ear, "They're a-goin' to shoot Charlie Noble this very evenin'."

"A pore black feller, Tink," I chipped in, "who never did any harm to nobuddy on board this ship. No manner ov harm — only he won't keep himself clean."

"Oh, stow that!" says Tink.

"Honest," says Pandy.

"What? Oh, snickering! What a — well, what a fine ship this is. Why, she's a reg'lar pirate," says Tink. "Not but what I'd kind o' like to see a execution," an' Tink seemed sort o' meditatin'.

"A pore, pore black feller," says Pandy, almost cryin', "who never done any harm; he gets a little hot sometimes an' he does get orful dirty — an' he will smoke whenever he takes a fancy. But I think it's mighty hard to shoot him, just for that!"

"Hard!" says Tink, "it's wuss 'n a pirate — still ef he's a-goin' to be shot, why shouldn't we see it, my boy? Why not witness the dark deed?" an' Tink struck up his readin' attitude.

I thought an' thought. It worried me — that shootin'.

"Does the Kimmander know it, Pandy?" says Tink.

"Oh, he! he don't pay no 'tention to small matters like that," says Pandy. "He's got too much else to think of."

"Small matters like that!" says Tink. "Well, he is a pirate sure enough. I 'xpect when we get out to sea, he'll be flyin' a skull an' cross-bones."

"I don't believe he knows it, Tink," says I.

"WHY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN!" BEGAN THE KIMMANDER.

"I jest wonder if somebuddy wouldn't tell him." Pandy seemed to be gettin' awful pleased.

"Now, that's a daisy-go, Plucky," says Tink. "Why don't you go an' tell him?"

"Yes," chipped in Pandy, "they tell me he's a friend of yours, an' that Madam's one too, an' Madam's takin' lunch aboard to-day. I see her an' some ladies goin' in to the cabin a while ago."

"It 'd be jest like that fine story I read once, Plucky," says Tink all excited, an' his eyes a-sparklin' like two di'monds, "when somebuddy run up to the King an' says, '*A boon! a boon!*'

an' throw'd a paper at him — only, you haven't any paper, so you'll have to out with the story."

I thought a minute. "I'll go," I says, "but how can I get into the cabin?"

"Why, walk in," says Pandy, "on shank's mare. When the Morine — that's the orderly — steps away, that's a sign that anybuddy who has any favors to ask kin jest turn the handle an' step in. Jest you keep your eye on him, an' when the officer of the deck calls 'Orderly!' you jest bolt into the cabin."

"Are you sure I mustn't ask anybuddy, Pandy?" says I.

"Ask? What for, when I tell you to go? I'd go myself, only they say the Kimmander's friendly to you. But don't say a word to the officers, 'specially Mr. Wilkins — he's the bloodthirsty-est man, an' he never lets Saturday evenin' go by without a 'xecution, but he keeps it quiet from the Kimmander."

An' then says I, "I'll go, Pandy."

I hadn't very long to wait. It seemed kind o' providential that I was sent to clean round the shot racks, just outside the cabin door. Now, says I, is my chance.

"Lady Farrington has the deck," says Pandy to me as we parted, "an' he keeps jest a jing-jang-ling that bell most ov the time, so you'll soon get your chance."

An' I did. I hadn't been there ten minutes, it seemed to me, when I heard Lady Farrington ring the bell, and call "Orderly! Orderly! Why *don't* you come when I call you?"

The orderly stepped brisk enough up the ladder, an' now was my time. I forgot my dirty hands, I forgot everything but poor Charlie Noble. I jest turned the handle of the cabin door an' bolted right in. There they was all at table. The posies was all a-smellin' an' the glasses was a-shinin' an' the silver was a-glitterin' fit to blind you, an' the ice was a-clinkin' an' there were ladies and gentlemen sittin' round the table an' *my* lady at one end, an' the little kid up by his mother.

She opened her eyes when she saw me. An' then the Kimmander looked round.

"What do you mean!" he began jest thunderin' loud, an' then my lady laughed an' spoke up: "Why, it's Plucky, my friend Plucky. How do you do, Plucky?" An' then the little kid chipped in in his little high voice, "How do you do, Plucky?"

"This is all wrong, all wrong," says the Kimmander, gettin' up, an' tippin' over a wine glass, an' droppin' a big napkin he had in his lap an' goin' to the door.

"Orderly!" he roared. "Where's the Orderly?"

Gracious! but I was frightened.

The orderly came runnin', an' the Kimmander was givin' him fits for lettin' me in, an' I was a-thinkin' that perhaps I should have to die with poor Charlie Noble, when my lady spoke up — kind always my lady was.

"It is some joke the boys have played on him," she said. "It's too bad — a new little boy too. Tell me what it is, Plucky."

By this time I was a-cryin' for the Kimmander was a-thunderin' at the Morine, an' the Morine was answerin' respectful, but lookin' "Hail Columbia" at me, an' then in came Mr. Wilkins, an' he pitched in, an' altogether I felt as if the next minite I should be triced up to the yard-arm an' no mistake.

"Tell me, boy, how did you come here?" says the Kimmander turnin' on me.

"Oh!" thinks I, "ef Tink was only here — he would flop down on one knee, an' say '*A boon! a boon!*'" I couldn't. I couldn't say that, but I jest blurted out, "Cap'n, sir, they're a-goin' to shoot a poor black feller to-night an' I came to tell you, for I knew you didn't know it."

"Shoot a black feller!" roared the Kimmander, "shoot anyone aboard of this ship! What *are* you talkin' about?"

"They are, sir, truly," says I, as well as I could for cryin'.

"I should like to know who they intended shootin' aboard this ship, and who is to do it," says the Kimmander. My! didn't he roar! You could have heard him up to Broadway.

"Cap'n, sir," said I, all a-tremblin', "his name is Charlie Noble an' —" But I couldn't be heard. Such a shout of laughter as went up through that sky-light jest drownded me out — an' I saw that I'd been made a silly of somehow. My lady was a-laughin' so that the tears ran down her face, an' even the Kimmander kind o' grinned as he put me out of the door an' said:

"Orderly, you had better tell the new boys who come aft that they must never under any circumstances enter the cabin." An' to me he says, "Now go, an' don't be made a fool of too often, or I shall be sorry we took you aboard."

"Mad?" You'd better believe! I heard those ladies laughin' half-way forrard on the gun-deck an' I jest laid for that after-guard-sweeper Pandy — an' didn't I pound him? Oh, no!

I suppose you'd like to hear about Charlie Noble. I was too blessed missible to ask any questions about him. But about seven o'clock that evenin', I saw some of the new boys gettin' round the galley, an' I went up there jest more for somethin' to do than anythin' else. An' there I saw the gunner's mate loadin' up. He had a pistol, an' I thought "it may be true, after all." I watched him close an' of all the cur'us things I ever see that was the most cur'us! He put in a cartridge first, an' then a lot of beans — hard white ones — filled her right up to the muzzle he did. An' then the cook took off the cover of the stove, an' he took the pistol an' put it up the stove-pipe, an' shot it off, an' we heard a orful rattlin' an' the cook took his hand out all covered with soot.

"What's he doin'?" asked Tink saunterin' up.

"Shootin' Charlie Noble," says an old boy.

"So that's the 'xecution," says Tink, an' looked at me — queer — an' then he burst out into a roar of laughin'. How he did laugh, an' laugh! An' I went away, an' jest sat down in a dark place till they piped down. How was I to know that shootin' Charlie Noble was jest cleanin' out the galley stove-pipe?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHILD-FACES.

"AND HERE WE HAVE THE ROCKAWAY."

THE SWINGING CHAIR.

By Amy Talbot Dunn.

COME let us make a swinging chair —
And this is how it is:
I hold myself my own left wrist,
And brother he holds his;
We grasp each other's right wrists now
And make an even square —
And here we have the rockaway,
The little swinging chair.

"Here now, you bonny Baby Bell,
Come here and take a seat,
We'll carry you across the stones
That hurt your little feet.
Just put one arm around my neck,
And one around our brother —
Oh, don't we have such jolly times
A-playing with each other!"

Their mother said, when they came up —
Their three heads in a row —
"Why, that's a play I used to play
Some twenty years ago!"
"Some twenty years ago!" they cried,
"Can you remember plays
That happened twenty years ago —
That many thousand days?"

A TALK ABOUT OBSERVING NATURE

John Burroughs

I AM often asked to tell people how I see so much in the lives of the birds and animals, or in the face of nature about me. Though it is the simplest of arts, yet I suppose it is an art which cannot well be communicated.

It is simply a matter of attention. You must pay attention to what is going on.

It is not like the play at the theatre where everything is made conspicuous and aims to catch the eye and where the story clearly and fully unfolds itself. On nature's stage many dramas are being played at once, and without any reference to the lookers-on, unless it be to escape their notice. The actors rush or strut across the stage, the curtain rises or falls, the significant thing happens, and we heed it not because our wits are dull or else our minds are preoccupied. We do not pay strict attention. Nature will not come to you; you must go to her; that is, you must put yourself in communication with her; you must open the correspondence; you most train your eye to pick out the significant things. A quick open sense, and a lively curiosity like that of a boy are necessary. Indeed the sensitiveness and alertness of youth and the care and patience of later years, are what make the successful observer.

The other morning my little boy and I set out to find the horse who had got out the pasture and gone off. Had he gone up the road or down? We did not know, but we imagined we could distinguish his track going down the road, so we began our search in that direction. The road presently led through a piece of woods. Suddenly my little boy stopped me.

"Papa, see that spider's web stretched across the road; our horse has not gone this way."

My face had nearly touched the web or cable of the little spider which stretched completely across the road, and which certainly would have been swept away had the horse or any other creature passed along there in the early morning. The boy's eye was sharper than my own. He had been paying stricter attention to the signs and objects about him. We turned back and soon found the horse in the opposite direction.

This same little boy, by looking closely, has discovered that there are certain stingless wasps. When he sees one which bears the marks he boldly catches him in his hand. The wasp goes through the motions of stinging so perfectly, so works and thrusts with its flexible body, that nearly every hand to which it is offered draws back. The mark by which the boy is guided is the light color of the wasp's face. Most country boys know that white-faced bumble-bees are stingless, but I have not before known a boy bold enough to follow the principle out and apply it to wasps as well. These white faces are the males, and answer to the drones in the bee hive; though the drones have not a white face.

When I look closely or listen attentively just as this time (September 20) I discover that the vanguard of the Northern birds is already here; the white-throated sparrows have come. How private and cheerful they are in the bushes and about the tangle of grape vines! They do not appear like emigrants, but as if quite at home. Till a few days ago they were in Maine and Canada, where many of them probably still linger; in a few weeks more they will be in Virginia, and the Carolinas, but they are in no hurry, and seem intent on enjoying the country and the fine weather as they pass. It is an easy task for the eye to distinguish them from our home sparrows, the song-sparrow or the ugly English sparrow. They are the size of the latter, of a darker clearer gray above, with an ash-colored breast, and a white patch on the throat. Two white lines near the crown are also often easily seen. The song is a sweet, tremulous whistle, and brief snatches of it may be heard as they linger here and there along the September fences and waysides.

Last May as I stood by the window a pretty bird came hopping along on the bricks under

the veranda in front of me. What was it? The little boy came and looked and admired, and then my wife came. It was a sparrow they both thought and a very beautiful one. Was it an English sparrow? wife did not know, but the boy thought not.

"Look closely," I said as the bird paused and pecked at some little weed in the bricks but a few feet from us. Then he noted its white crown; ah, the white-crowned sparrow, on his way North, the most beautiful, the most distinguished-looking of all our sparrows. The bird lingered about the house all day, sometimes on the bricks, then in the gravel walk, pecking at some little chickweed that seemed to please its taste. Once Nig, the cat, began to creep up on it, but was quickly put to rout by me. The bird conferred a charm to the place; it was like a distinguished guest. The prince of sparrows, surely.

I seldom see more than one or two of a season, and some seasons none; and never before had I seen one so familiar. Only once have I seen the bird on its way South in the fall, and then it sang brief snatches of its sweet song. Its fall route is probably farther west. On its return in the spring it seems to drift eastward, like so many others of our birds.

I can suggest no better lesson in the art of observation than to seek to note and identify this beautiful sparrow in its spring or fall migrations. While watching for it you are very sure to learn something about the other sparrows. You will probably make the acquaintance of the fox sparrow, the Canada sparrow, and the white-throat — all Northern species that tarry briefly with us spring and fall, though the Canada frequently abides with me all winter.

Just as one can train his hand or his foot, or his body, so can he train himself in the habit of observation. I find that I now see and hear the birds whether I am paying attention or not. My preceptions take note of things almost automatically. A new note, a new call, a new form and I quickly become conscious of it. My eye and ear seem to discriminate of themselves.

The summer just gone I passed at a farmhouse on the skirts of the Northern Catskills. How could I help but see what no one else of all the people about seemed to notice — a little bob-tailed song-sparrow building her nest in a pile of dry brush very near the kitchen door. It was late in July, and she had doubtless reared one brood in the earlier season. Her toilet was decidedly the worse for wear. I noted her day after day very busy about the fence and quince bushes between the house and milk house with her beak full of coarse straw and hay. To a casual observer she seemed flitting about aimlessly, carrying straws from place to place just to amuse herself. When I come to watch her closely to learn the place of her nest, she seemed to suspect my intention and made many little feints and movements calculated to put me off the track. Bnt I would not be misled and presently had her secret. The male did not assist her at all, but sang much of the time in an apple tree or upon the fence, on the other side of the house. Those artists who paint pictures of devoted male-birds singing from the branch that holds the nest, or in its immediate vicinity, do not give the birds credit for all the wit they possess. They do not advertise the place where their treasures are hid in this way. See yonder indigo bird shaking out its happy song from the topmost twig of the maple or oak; its nest is many yards away in a low bush not more than three feet from the ground.

And so with nearly all the birds. The one thing to which they bend all their wits is the concealment of their nests. When you come upon the sitting bird she will almost let you touch her rather than to start up before you and thus betray her secret. The bobolink begins to scold and to circle about you as soon as you enter the meadow where his nest is so well hidden. He does not wait to show his anxiety till you are almost upon it. By no action of his can you get a clew as to it exact whereabouts.

The song-sparrow nearly always builds upon the ground, but my little neighbor of last July laid the foundations of her domicile a foot or more above the soil. And what a mass of straws and twigs she did collect together! How coarse and careless and aimless at first; a mere lot of rubbish dropped upon the tangle of dry limbs, but presently how it began to refine and come into shape in the centre! till there was the most exquisite hair-lined cup set about by a chaos of coarse straws and branches. What a process

of evolution! The completed nest was foreshadowed by the first stiff straw, but how far off is yet that dainty casket with its complement of speckled eggs! The nest was so placed that it had for canopy a large broad, drooping leaf of yellow dock. This formed a perfect shield against both sun and rain, while it served to conceal it from any curious eyes from above — from the cat, for instance prowling along the top of the wall. Before the eggs had hatched the docken leaf wilted and dried and fell down upon the nest. But the mother bird managed to insinuate herself beneath it, and went on with her brooding all the same.

Then I arranged an artificial cover of leaves and branches which shielded her charge till they had flown away. A mere trifle was this little bob-tailed bird with her arts and her secrets, and the male with his song, and yet the pair gave a touch of something to those days and to that place which I would not willingly have missed.

I have spoken of nature as a stage whereon the play, more or less interrupted and indirect, constantly goes on. One amusing actor upon that stage one season upon my own premises, was a certain male bluebird. To the spectator it was a comedy, but to the actor himself I imagine it was quite serious business. The bird and his mate had a nest in a box upon an out-house. In this out-house was a window with one pane broken out. At almost any hour in the day from spring to early summer, the male bird could be seen fluttering and pecking against this window from the outside. Did he want to get within? Apparently so, and yet he would now and then pause in his demonstrations, alight in the frame of the broken pane, look intently within and after a moment resume his assault upon the window. The people who saw the actions of the bird were at a loss how to interpret them. But I could see at once what was the matter. The bird saw its image in the mirror of the glass (the dark interior helped the reflection) and was making war as he supposed upon a rival. Only the unyielding glass kept him from tweaking out every saucy blue feather upon the spot! Then he would peep in through the vacant pane and try to determine where his rival had so suddenly disappeared. How it must have puzzled his little poll! And he learned nothing from experience. Hundreds of times did he perch in the broken pane and sharply eye the interior. And for two months there did not seem to be an hour when he was not assaulting the window. He never lost faith in the reality of the bird within, and he never abated one jot his enmity toward him. If the glass had been a rough surface he would certainly have worn his beak and claws and wings to mere stubs. The incident shows the pugnacious disposition of the bluebird, and it shows how shallow a bird's wit is when new problems or conditions confront it.

A LITTLE HEATHEN.

By Annie L. Jack.

PLEASE get me another, Ruthie,"
Said Milton, who looked perplexed;
For the leaf was torn from his Bible
That held the "Golden Text."

Our darling had no book learning,
But had heard some stories read
That were often "*to be continued*,"
And this is what she said:

"Milton wants another Bible
And sent me, mamma, to you;
I s'pose it's 'to be continued,'
And he's read that one all through."

OAK HILL, THE HOME OF PRESIDENT MONROE.

(A winter morning view, in 1888, showing the old house and the new. The Oak Hill estate is now owned by Henry Fairfax, Esq.)

THE CHILDREN OF JAMES MONROE.

(Children of the White House.)

Harriet Taylor Upton

JAMES MONROE, IN 1794.

(From the miniature painted in France; now in the possession of Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Washington, D. C.)

ONLY an accidental mention found in an old letter has made it possible to name the year of Eliza Monroe's birth, 1787; and no one can say exactly when or where the younger daughter, Maria, was born. It was a century ago that the young Congressman from Virginia wedded the beautiful Tory belle of Old New York, Miss Kortright, and during the time since the family records and intimate letters seem to have disappeared. It is true that there is in private and Government possession at Washington a mass of President Monroe's correspondence, but in that there is scarcely an allusion to his two beautiful children; and when, not long ago, the autograph of Mrs. Monroe was needed the only one to be obtained was a reproduction from her signature on an ancient deed. The one thing in existence to-day which belongs to the childhood of President Monroe's daughters is a certain "little-chair;" this is in Baltimore at the family-house of Eliza's granddaughter now long dead. It is rather stately for a little-chair, roomy enough for a grown woman to sit in, yet with a toy look; it was cushioned in white and gold when the little Monroe girls possessed it, and they were very fond of sitting in it. A courtly gray-haired old gentleman owns it now and takes good care of it.

Eliza may have been born at Oak Hill, Mr. Monroe's Virginia country-seat, in lower Lou-

doun, not far distant from Monticello and Montpellier, two other famous Presidential estates. She was much older than her sister, sixteen years, maybe; for it is supposed that the little Maria was born about 1803, and in France perhaps, as the Monroes were abroad in that year. While Eliza was a very little child her father, who had been North some years in Congress, was at home. To be sure he was busy in politics, planning along with Madison and Jefferson and other statesmen a sound Constitution for the United States, but still he was much more in his own home than public men usually are; and we may fancy him, if we like, driving down the great valley with his wife and little girl, or giving them a row on the pretty mountain river which borders the estate, the Gohongarestaw, River of Swans — now called Goose Creek, which is very sad to relate — or walking and talking with them in the great grove of magnificent oaks.

Eliza was a little brunette, with soft large black eyes and glossy black hair, and roses on her cheeks and lips. Her aristocratic mother reared her with much decorum; and when, pres-

ELIZA AND MARIA MONROE'S LITTLE-CHAIR.
(In the possession of Charles Wilmer, Esq., Baltimore, Md.)

ently, Colonel Monroe was appointed Minister to France and took his family to Paris, she selected Madame Campan's celebrated school at St. Germain's, and the first really authenticated appearance of the little girl is in Madame Cam-

MRS. JAMES MONROE IN 1794.
(From the miniature by Sené; in the possession of Charles Wilmer, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

pan's *Private Memoirs* where she takes a walk with her father and teacher in the beautiful St. Germain's wood. It was in 1794 — that year when Dolly Madison and Payne Todd and Anna Payne went to Montpellier to live — a memorable time just after the French Revolution and the execution of Marie Antoinette and the fall of Robespierre and the establishment of a republican government. Madame Campan and Mr. Monroe were both ardent democrats, and he was discoursing to her of the advantages of free America when the little lover of elegance at their side spoke up: "Yes, papa, but there are no streets in America like these," pointing out to the fine highways.

"Very true, my dear," said the American Minister; "our nation may be compared to a newly-formed household — we are in want of many things. But we possess the finest thing of all — liberty."

When we consider the life and character of Madame Campan, we may suppose the parents of the little American pupil — the mother with royalist proclivities and the father with republican — to have been equally willing that she should form the mind and manners of their daughter.

This extraordinary woman had lived with kings and queens from the time she was fifteen years old — at that age she was Reader to the daughters of Louis XV.; she had been the confidant and counsellor of more than one French monarch; she had sat at night by queens' bedsides in perilous times to talk over the threatening public events of the day; she had stood face to face with despots and aristocrats and nobles and pope's nuncios fearlessly advocating the rights of the citizen; she would have gone to prison and the scaffold with her royal mistress Marie Antoinette; and after the Reign of Terror when she came out of her hiding-place, penniless, with not sufficient money to pay for printing, she had written her cards and circulars, gained her patrons and opened her boarding-school where, in its simple salon, she still received generals, kings and emperors on a level of intellectual equality, and took young ladies of rank and fortune to educate on the same footing as those of obscure birth and humble means. Mrs. Monroe recognized her as *grande dame*, Mr. Monroe as a great woman of learning and sound ideas.

At the time when Eliza was at this school, the

HORTÈNSE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

(From miniature by Aubry, in possession of Charles Wilmer, Esq., Baltimore, Md.; painted when a schoolmate of Eliza Monroe.)

daugher of Josephine, Hortènse de Beauharnais, was also a pupil, together with Napoleon's young sisters and brothers — all destined to crowns and thrones. "I was the instructress of a nest of kings and queens without ever dreaming of

ELIZA MONROE (MRS. HAY).

(From the painting in the possession of Charles Wilmer, Esq., Baltimore, Md.)

such a thing," said Madame Campan in after years; to one of these, Madame Murat, she once said laughingly, "The best thing you can do is to forget your titles when you are with me, for I can never be afraid of queens whom I have held under the rod."

"To form good mistresses of families should be the grand object of female education," she always averred; and with this Mrs. Monroe heartily agreed, for good housekeeping was the pride of the great Virginia ladies in those days, and she was altogether pleased to submit her little Eliza to the discipline of St. Germain's — a discipline very thoroughly thought out and carried out. The idea of "home" is commonly said to be foreign to French society, but it certainly was everywhere present in Madame Campan's training of young girls; she exhorted them "to contract the precious love of *chez-soi*."

Probably the school-drill was often irksome to little Miss Monroe. The girls, queens or not, were taught sewing, to cut out and make their clothes, to clean and mend lace, and in pairs three times a week to cook and carry food to the poor; and no doubt Mademoiselle Elise, the little American, and Mademoiselle Hortènse, the

future Queen of Holland, contrived to prick their fingers and season their soups in company, for

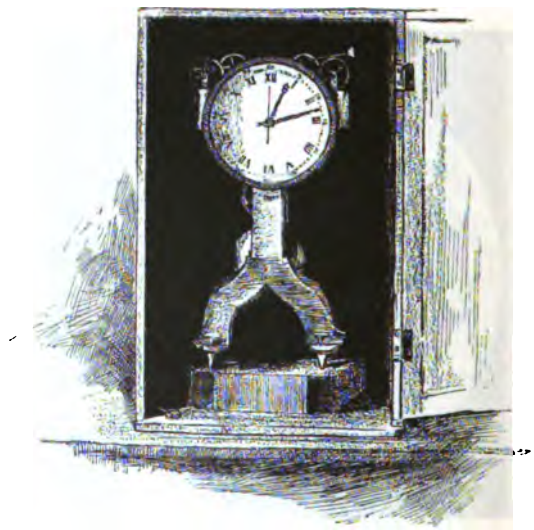
MADAME CAMPAN.

(Teacher of Eliza Monroe in France. From the painting by Gérard; in the possession of Charles Wilmer, Esq., Baltimore, Md.)

they became dear friends, although the French girl was four years the oldest.

A teacher, on an elevated bed in the centre, slept in each dormitory, where the greatest self-respect was insisted upon; perfect attention to personal neatness was enforced, with baths and care of the skin and complexion; nor were pupils permitted to lend and borrow. Eliza wore her keys at her belt like a future chatelaine, and her bureau drawers were nominally in her own charge; still they were subject to inspection in the most unexpected manner. She was instructed in the mysteries of making and checking a "washing-list"—collecting, sorting, setting down, and tying up the clothes. Madame Campan took pride in so training each pupil that if she should lose her money and "only a humble pallet remain to her it would be decent." She originally meant to teach washing and ironing, preserving and pickling, but of these ideas she early repented; hot irons burned holes in the muslins, and too much tasting of sugar and spice made the little cooks sick. But she did impress upon them all that on domestic management depended the fortunes of a house, and that it was not beneath the greatest lady to "regulate with attention the most trifling daily expenses;" at the same time she recommended her pupils to "avoid making domestic details the subject of conversation in the drawing-room; for that is a most decided mark of ill-breeding. It is proper for all to know how to do and direct; but it is only for ill-educated women to talk about their carriages, servants, washing and cooking." This she said to the Emperor Alexander when he visited her for advice as to the schools for girls in his own country.

The pupils at St. Germain's were required to walk two and two, to curtesy at coming in and going out of rooms, to never "race in the house." There was a little pulpit in the dining-room into which some girl among the older ones mounted and said grace and the customary prayer; then they ate in silence, and curtesied at the door as they walked away class by class. The punishment for bad behavior was to dine apart, at a separate table, called the "Wooden Table" because it had no tablecloth; there was a ticket set in a frame before the solitary diner naming her offense. Twelve bad tickets brought this punishment. The offender was served the same repast



CLOCK BELONGING TO PRESIDENT MONROE.

(Made for Mr. Monroe when in France, by the celebrated Lepine; it contains movements never before used in a time-piece. It is still running. Now in possession of Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Washington, D. C.)

as the others, but generally passed the time in tears. Each bad ticket had twelve "points."

There was also a system of "good tickets," with "points," and a "good point" effaced two "bad points." There was a record book in which this tally was kept, and it was often shown the pupils. It was a terrible sight for a St. Germain's girl to see this book and pencil taken from her teacher's bag for a fresh record. Madame Campan relied upon this plan for twenty years. "Silence and the sight of the book alone were of more effect than words," she remarks.

She had a charming system of rewards. Prizes were given for sewing; these were books, and the prize for the best-made shirt was as valuable as that for the best drawing. The prize given to superior character was a simple artificial rose to be worn on Sundays and holidays, and the pupils themselves made the award by vote. This rose-prize was bestowed, in each class, every three months. All the rose-pupils in the school, the next day after an Election, were given a breakfast by Madame Campan. When any pupil went through the school-course and obtained a rose in every class, the last rose, the Rose of Roses, was presented to her in a porcelain vase with the date upon it in gold letters. There was the greatest anxiety among the parents and relatives of the pupils that they should win a rose at least once during the course, and many a mother has wept at her daughter's defeat. One girl of sixteen fainted when she found she was not elected to the rose, and remained for hours in a lethargy. In all the exercises at the school-chapel it was the rose-pupils and those holding "good tickets," who walked first in the processions and strewed the flowers at the festivals.

Eliza learned her exact pronunciation of French here, by long recitations from the tragedies of Racine and the comedies of Madame de Genlis; "learning by heart" was greatly insisted upon at St. Germain's, and there was a long daily drill in "numbers," which Madame Campan placed before proficiency in music. Amusing story-books were not in favor; abridgments of natural history, and travels, composed the "light reading" allowed to little Miss Monroe and her mates. Still there were pleasures. The famous forest of St. Germain afforded delicious freedom in their walks, for one thing. Madame Campan's sympathy with youth was perfect and perpetual. It mattered not at all to her whether her pupils were the daughters of ancient nobles or "vulgar shop-keepers," but it *did* matter that they were "an amiable crowd of innocent and graceful beings," to use the great teacher's own words. She never forgot how playful were the impulses of her own young days; and probably our little

MARIA MONROE AT FIFTEEN.
(From painting in possession of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Jr., Washington, D. C.)

republican heard from her lips the story of one of her earliest experiences at the palace of Louis XV. Weary with her confinement among the rather uninteresting Princesses, and left alone for a few moments, she recreated herself by making "cheeses" in her rose-colored silk petticoat and court hoop, and in one of her grand swirls Louis XV. and one of the Princesses walked in upon her. When she tried to rise down she fell in her puff. The King laughed and said, "Daughter, I advise you to send back to school a Reader who makes cheeses!"

Eliza formed an attachment for France in those happy years which she never outgrew, and her friendship with the lovely, arch Hortense lasted all her life. Madame Campan says of this royal pupil that she "had a most interesting childhood," and looking at her portrait as a young girl we can easily believe the

demoiselle of twelve would befriend the shy little stranger of seven from over seas.

BAS-RELIEF OF MARIA MONROE (MRS. GOUVERNEUR).
(Owned by Henry Fairfax, Esq., Oak Hill.)

The Monroes were in France at two periods during Eliza's girlhood. In 1797 Mr. Monroe was suddenly called home because he extended more sympathy to the new republic than was considered politic by our Government which wished to conclude favorable treaties with Eng-

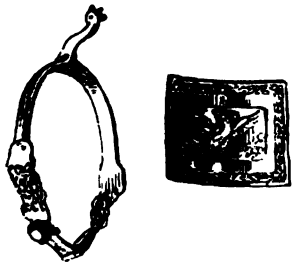
land just then — and England was at swords' points with France. But Mr. Monroe had left his college when he was only eighteen to fight for American liberty with Washington, and got his wounds along with his honors, and his blood still beat high with love of the idea of a republic; besides he knew very well that Washington and Jefferson and Madison and other Americans were honestly and heartily glad that France had set up a free form of government; and instead of telling a few French statesmen so in private committee, he took the whole country in his arms in a burst of enthusiasm, proclaimed aloud the French and American fraternal bond, twined the flags of the two countries together — and thus angered England, alarmed the American Government, and got himself rebuked and chidden and bidden to come home. Mr. Monroe was deeply mortified and utterly confounded. In the light of the letter-of-criticism from the home-government we must confess him no diplomat and that there was a wiser way of saying things, and that the cautious and far-seeing Washington could not well approve of him; still, at this distance of time James Monroe is rather a gallant figure, and he will have the sympathies of all young and generous beings.

He and Mrs. Monroe came home to their native shores "hurt in their hearts." It cannot be said now whether Eliza was brought with them or was left at St Germain's. But they

returned to Paris in 1803. The chidden ambassador had found on reaching Washington that he was beloved, as ever, by his old friends, and had been soon elected Governor of Virginia; and when the question came up of buying Louisiana and Florida from France and Spain he was chosen Envoy Extraordinary and sent over to Europe to make the bargains.

This time the Monroes were abroad several

years. They were popular in Paris. Mrs. Monroe was known as *la belle Americaine.* It is told that one night as they entered their box at the theatre the house broke into a storm of cheers and the band struck up "Yankee Doodle" in compliment to the Americans, and an old Frenchwoman, encoring the music, called out, "Arnkdoo! Arnkdoo!" which was the nearest approach she could make to the pronunciation of "Yankee Doodle."



SPUR AND BUCKLE.

(Worn by James Monroe when an officer in the Revolutionary War, at the battles of Trenton and Brandywine; in the possession of Williams and Mary College.)

In 1807 they came home once more to America; and now we catch the first glimpse of the little Maria. A daughter of Mrs. Martha Jefferson Randolph, Mrs. Trist, used to relate how amused and interested they were at Edgehill one day when Mrs. Monroe came to call, bringing her little daughter arrayed — after the French fashion which had not then reached Virginia — in long pantalettes.

She grew up a delicate, slender, graceful, thoughtful girl. The portrait given here was painted at fifteen, at about the close of the Madison administration — perhaps after Mrs. Monroe took her daughters home to Oak Hill during those bad days in Washington when the British troops came into the Potomac and threatened the capital; Colonel Monroe was Secretary of State then. The painting is old and crackled and dark now. It was begun as a full-length and was to show her carrying a basket of flowers. It was never finished and the canvas was finally cut and the portrait framed as we see it; it is regarded as an especial treasure to-day by three of Maria's granddaughters who never saw her in life. The beautiful bas-relief was made some years later and still hangs on the walls at Oak Hill.

In 1817 Mr. Monroe was elected President of the United States; and in 1820 Maria was married in the White House to her cousin, Samuel L. Gouverneur. It was the second of the White House weddings, but she was the first daughter of a President to be married in the Executive Mansion. It was a beautiful home-wedding, and the outside world was not there at all; only a few intimate friends being bidden. But a week later the White House was thrown open for a brilliant reception, Mrs. Monroe mingling among the guests, and the young bride — she was only seventeen — presiding and becoming formally known to society as Mrs. Gouverneur. Little publicity was given to this White House marriage by the press. A simple announcement appeared in the *National Intelligencer* of Washington, Saturday, March 11, 1820:

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last in this city by the Reverend Mr. Hawley, Samuel Laurence Gouverneur, Esq., of New York, to Miss Maria Hester Monroe, youngest daughter of James Monroe, President of the United States.

MRS. MONROE'S TOPAZ JEWELRY.

(Worn at the White House; in possession of Charles Wilmer, Esq.)

There was to be a series of splendid society balls in honor of the pretty girl-bride, but the morning after Mrs. Decatur gave the first, Commodore Decatur was killed in a duel and

MRS. JAMES MONROE.

(Painted during the second mission to France; in the possession of Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Washington, D. C.)

all the festivities came to an end, for the city was in mourning.

The elegant elder sister had been married to a young Virginian, Mr. George Hay, who was afterward made Judge Hay by President John Quincy Adams; it was President Adams who also appointed Maria's husband, Mr. Gouverneur, Postmaster of New York City — President Monroe, with his sensitive honor, would never bestow a public appointment upon any member of his family to the remotest branch. Mr. Hay was the President's private secretary, as also was Mr. Gouverneur, and appears to have possessed a remarkable aptitude for affairs, unusual penetration and sound judgment.

Both Maria and Eliza resided at the White House during their father's Presidency. Mrs. Monroe was in delicate health, and Mrs. Hay was the "active voice" in social matters. Mrs. Monroe herself was by nature exclusive. She did not take kindly to personal duties toward a miscellaneous public. To one who has read the private diaries of that time it is plain that during the early years of the Monroe Administration the social world at Washington was in a state of elemental earthquakes, upheavals and cyclones. For this Mrs. Hay was largely responsible. During the Jefferson and Madison Administrations the foreign ministers and diplomats had visited at the White House without ceremony, but neither Mrs. Monroe nor Mrs. Hay fancied having them "drop in to tea" informally, and the matter of

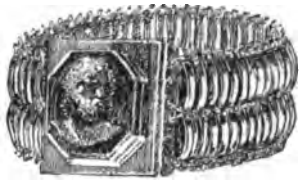
PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE.

(From the painting by Gilbert Stuart. Now owned by T. Jefferson Coolidge, Esq., Boston.)

ceremony was one of the first points upon which President Monroe consulted with his Secretary of State, Mr. John Quincy Adams. It was resolved between them that the President and his wife should return no calls, pay no visits. The points of "who should call first" and the order of precedence in seating at state dinners soon became "burning questions" in the families of the Heads of Departments, Senators and Representatives. The various White House decrees were taken in high dudgeon.

Mrs. Hay appears to have been a young woman of spirit, not to say obstinacy, and she ruled with a high hand. She presently refused to call at all upon the ladies of the foreign embassies, owing to some question of precedence. On the occasion of a national French celebration she did "sacrifice herself to the good of her country" and to please her father went to the ball at the house of the French Minister; but first she insisted that Mr. Secretary-of-State Adams should impress it on the minds of the foreign ladies that they were not to suppose that this signified that she was going to visit or receive visits, and also that her name should not appear in any newspaper accounts of the Ball; and Mr. Adams had to send for the French Minister and inform him of Mrs. Hay's "conditions." Nor when her sister Maria was married, would she permit the foreign ministers to pay formal visits of congratulation, because she thought it improper for her younger sister to receive and return visits

which she herself could not reciprocate, and this determination Mr. Adams had also to communicate to the legations. The next day after, Mrs. Hay concluded that they might pay the wedding visit to Mrs. Gouverneur and that that visit would be returned, "but that it must stop there;" however as Mr. Adams "had given notice to the Diplomatic Corps that they were not to know the President had a daughter married it was finally thought best by Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Hay to leave things as they were."



BRACELET, WITH CAMEO HEAD OF CHRIST.

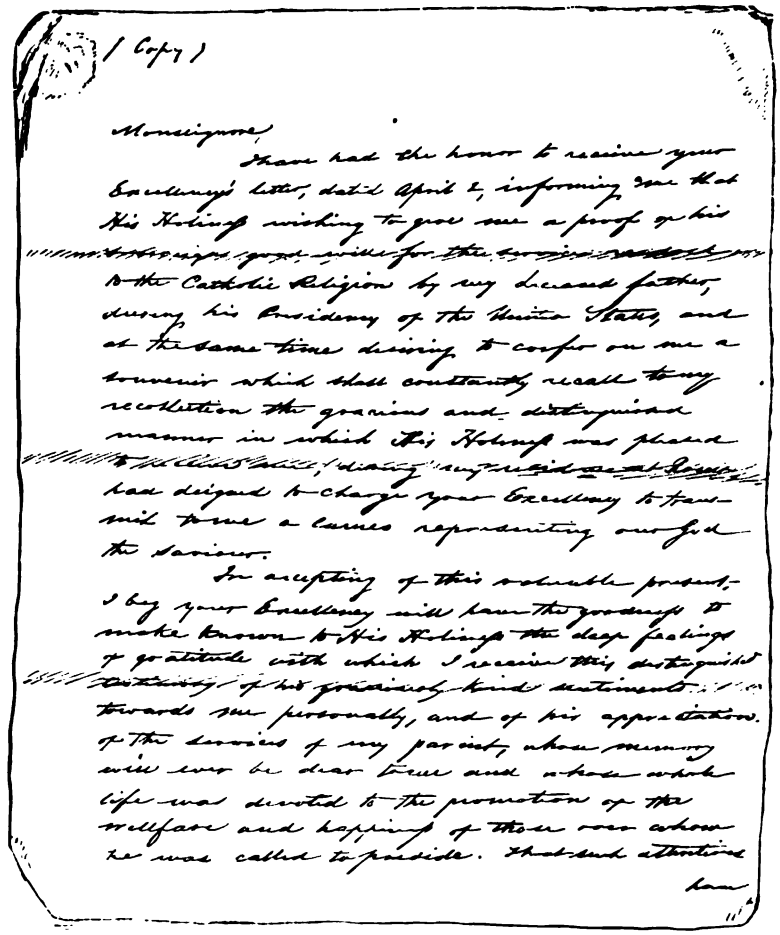
(Presented to Mrs. Hay (Eliza Monroe) by Pope Gregory XVI.; owned by Charles Wilmer, Esq.)

Mr. Adams says in his Diary that these questions raised by women were used by men for political purposes, and that they constantly made differences between the Senators and himself and "between the wives of Members of Congress and mine." More than one Cabinet meeting upon this subject was held, and Mr. Adams at last addressed an open letter to the President from which Mrs. Hay insisted all allusions to herself should be erased—which Mr. Adams thought rather unfair as she had been the governing voice in most of the matters.

Doubtless, however, the safe convenient formalities determined upon were really a protection to Mrs. Monroe in her delicate health.

It is said that she insisted with rigor upon strict observances of all the regulations which had been agreed upon; even that a near relative was refused admission to a levee because he had not provided himself with small clothes and silk stockings; and that as she never sat at a reception no one sat in her presence, and that the White House was hardly as enjoyable as in the days of Mrs. Dolly Madison.

But the Presidential dinners were elegant, the great cold rooms warmed and brightened with open hickory wood fires. Colored waiters from Oak Hill, in livery, were plenty. The Oak Hill silver plate was used just as President Washington had had the Mount Vernon silver at New York in his administration. A Virginia letter-writer of the time, Mrs. Tuley, has preserved for us a glimpse of Mrs. Monroe and her daughters at the last levee of the Monroe Administration. She says:

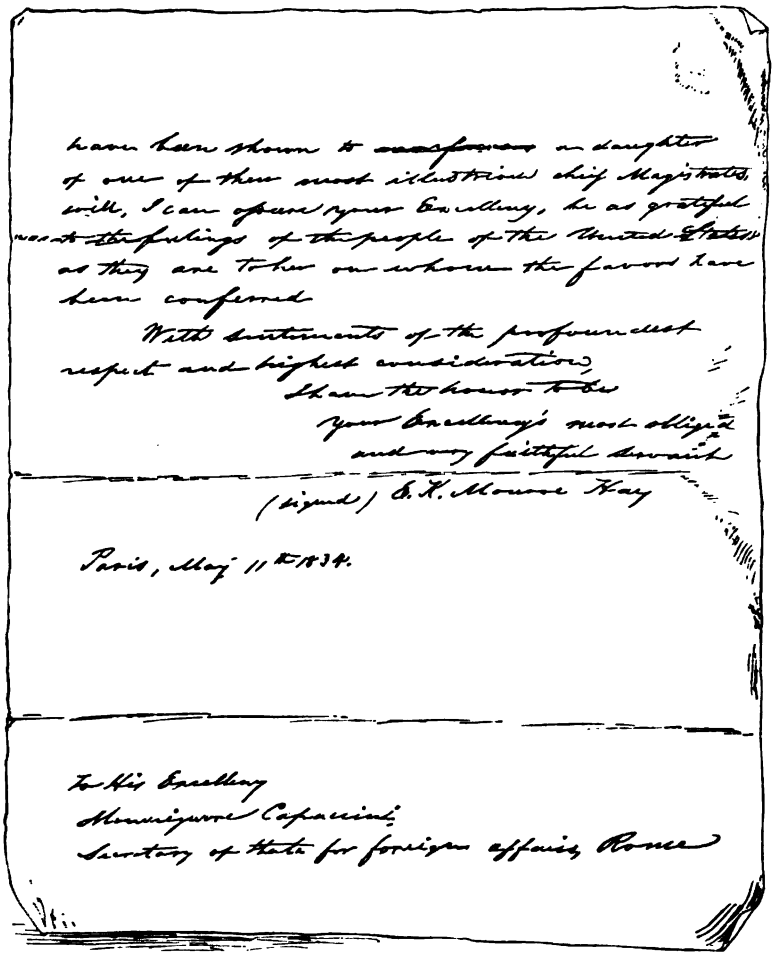


(Copy)

Monsignore,

I have had the honor to receive your Excellency's letter, dated April 2, informing me that His Holiness wishing to give me a proof of his paternal good will for the [illegible] to the Catholic Religion by my deceased father, during his Presidency of the United States, and at the same time desiring to confer on me a souvenir which shall constantly recall to my recollection the gracious and distinguished manner in which His Holiness was pleased to [illegible], during my residence at Rome, had deigned to charge your Excellency to transmit to me a cameo representing our God the Saviour.

In accepting of this valuable present, I beg your Excellency will have the goodness to make known to His Holiness the deep feelings of gratitude with which I receive this distinguished testimony of his paternal kind sentiments towards me personally, and of his appreciation of the services of my parents, whose memory will ever be dear to me and whose whole life was devoted to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of those over whom he was called to preside. That such attentions have



have been shown to ~~[illegible]~~ a daughter of one of their most illustrious chief Magistrates, will, I can assure your Excellency, be as grateful to the feelings of the people of the United States as they are to her on whom the favors have been conferred

With sentiments of the profoundest respect and highest consideration,

I have the honor to be

your Excellency's most obliged and very faithful servant

(signed) E. K. Monroe Hay

Paris, May 11th 1834.

To His Excellency
Monseigneur Capaccini
Secretary of State for foreign affairs, Rome

FAC-SIMILE LETTER.

(Written to Pope Gregory XVI. by Mrs. Hay (Eliza Monroe); in possession of Charles Wilmer, Esq.)

"Mrs. Monroe is a regal-looking lady. Her dress was superb black velvet; neck and arms bare and beautifully formed; her hair in puffs and dressed high on the head and ornamented with white ostrich plumes; around her neck an elegant pearl necklace.

"Mrs. Judge Hay is very handsome also — tall and graceful, and I hear, very accomplished. Her dress was crimson velvet, gold cord and tassels round the waist, white plumes in the hair, handsome jewelry, bare neck and arms. The other daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, is also very handsome — dress rich white satin, trimmed with a great deal of blonde lace, embroidered with silver thread, bare neck and arms, pearl jewelry and white plumes in the hair."

There is in Baltimore, keeping company with her children's "little-chair," a magnificent set of yellow topaz which Mrs. Monroe used to wear in the White House. The stones are very large and rich and clear in color and are superbly set, being entirely backed with gold; the comb looks quite like a little crown; there is a necklace, ear-rings and pins besides. There is an aqua-marina set there also that belonged to her.

Mrs. Hay's little daughter Hortensia lived at the White House too, and saw many a pretty pageant in the drawing-rooms — we read of the child in the diaries of statesmen as being present at state gatherings of a show character — and she went to live at Oak Hill after the Presidency, and with her elegant mother helped receive General Lafayette when he paid that great Virginia visit to the three old Presidents — Monroe, Madison and Jefferson.

Mrs. Hay had named this little daughter Hortensia, for her old schoolmate in France, and the Queen claimed godmother's rights over the little girl. She writes about it thus to Mrs. Hay:

MY DEAR ELIZA:

It is one of my nephews who will take this letter to you, and a story-book that I send you — I need not recommend him to you whose position is so interesting and who hopes to find tranquility in your free and new country. I know that one is so well off with you that I believe that one will go with pleasure there, and if fate will ever conduct me thither I shall have the satisfaction of finding there another companion whom I can never forget, and to become acquainted with a country as interesting as America. But I am settled in Bavaria and I am so well off here, and am no longer young enough to form such great projects.

I am sure that you have shared our grief at the death of that good Madame Campan. I regret her very sincerely. She had come to pass three months near me at a

country place I possess in Switzerland. Her spirit, her heart, was ever the same and perhaps she would have come

QUEEN HORTÈNSE.

(From the painting by Gérard, in the possession of Charles Wilmer, Esq.; sent to her namesake, Hortensia Hay, by the Queen.

to settle herself near me, when death took her away and deprived me of a very tender friend.

You ought to have received through her our portraits for your daughter — our goddaughter. Although I have never received your letter on this subject, yet I take the right that you have given me over her and send you a little chain of the country where I live and which I pray you to make her wear as a souvernir of me.

Remember me to your respected parents and believe, my dear Eliza, that nothing can alter the tender and old feelings that I have for you.

HORTÈNSE.

AUGSBURG, 10th *Jan.* 1823.

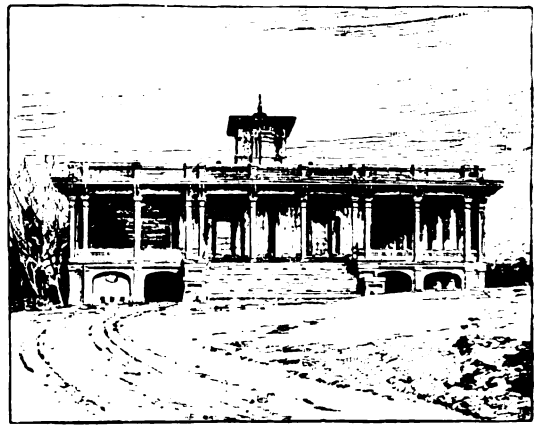
I forget your name as a wife, but I beg you always to speak of me to your husband.

THE MADAME CAMPAN MEDAL.

(Struck by her pupils in commemoration of her services and their affection; sent to Mrs. Hay (Eliza Monroe).

The portraits reached the little Hortensia safely, and hung in her grand home after her marriage — the famous Druid Hill Park mansion; they were superb paintings of Hortènse when a little girl, of Hortènse when Queen of Holland, of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, and of Madame Campan. Later came the medal, cast in memory of the great teacher by her pupils at the Ecouen school, bearing her portrait when an aged woman; this was sent to Mrs. Hay by a niece of Madame Campan.

The Queen's little namesake grew up, a handsome willful girl, and became the second wife of a very wealthy Baltimore gentleman; it is said that she married quite against her parents' wishes and that she was not always happy in her stately home, which is now a beer hall; one visiting it on a winter's day sees rows of chairs in the verandas waiting for summer sunshine and occupants, and hears the clink of glasses inside, and there is nothing that associates with Eliza Monroe and her children or Queen Hortense and the old French teacher. But in summer the park is enchanting with its thousand



THE DRUID HILL PARK MANSION.

(The home of Hortensia Hay (Mrs. Lloyd Rogers).

acres of drives and paths and trees and flowers and lakes and bosky seclusions.

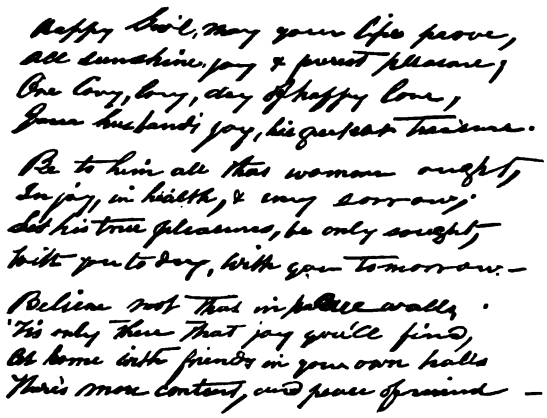
Among the souvenirs of Eliza, kept in Baltimore, is a letter from Pope Gregory XVI., with a bracelet which he blessed and sent to her — the *tres honorable dame* — through the Roman Secretary of State. He had been pleased with this American daughter of the Church during her residence in Rome; for she went abroad to live after the death of her husband and her father and mother in 1830–31. The bracelet is

of French silver-gilt, with a cameo setting of the head of Christ. A copy of her reply, in her writing, is preserved along with the Pope's missive.

Eliza died in Paris — she loved France — and was buried in Père-la-Chaise.

Maria lived in New York, and in Washington, and at Oak Hill. After her mother's death in 1830 at Oak Hill, her father came to New York to be with her and Mrs. Hay. His long unselfish public life had impoverished him, and he died in 1831, a poor man. He had spent large sums abroad, as U. S. Minister, in keeping up the dignity of the American Government, and in various crises his own private means had been put at the service of his country. He was far too proud to accept private relief. He had befriended the Lafayettes, helping in Madame Lafayette's release from the French prison, and helping Lafayette from the Olmutz prison, and paying a great sum to keep their son, George Lafayette, from being conscripted into the French army, and had sent him to America; and now, General Lafayette wished to come to his comrade's aid, but the old President would not take money from any friend's hand. He only asked that his just claims on the Government should be recognized and paid.

He died a poor man. But his name and fame


Happy bride, may your life prove,
all sunshine, joy & purest pleasure;
One long, long, day of happy love,
Your husband's joy, his greatest treasure.
Be to him all that woman ought,
So joy in health, & any sorrow;
Let his true pleasures, be only sought,
With you to-day, with you to-morrow.—
Believe not that in palace walls
'Tis only there that joy will find,
At home with friends in your own halls
There's more content, and peace of mind —

FAC-SIMILE FRAGMENT OF POEM BY MARIA MONROE (MRS. GOUVERNEUR).

are safe; the "Monroe doctrine" — which means "America for Americans," the ultimate ownership of North America by the United States — is an integral part of our national life, past and future, and centuries hence school-boys will come in the history-class to James Monroe's name and work.

There were many happy years in Maria's married life. Her oldest grandson remembers

PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE.

(From the painting by Vanderlyn; in possession of Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Washington, D. C.; the sword belongs with the court dress worn in France.)

her — he is the eldest son of her daughter Elizabeth, and was the only grandchild when his grandmother died about 1850. She had three children, Samuel, James Monroe, and the daughter Elizabeth (Mrs. Heiskell), none of whom are living now.

This son of Elizabeth's — Mr. James Monroe Heiskell, who is the oldest lineal decendant of President Monroe — was a great pet with his grandmother, and it is said that she spoiled him beyond all conception; they kept house together in Washington — the Gouverneurs and the Heiskells — at "the Denman," a very fine house in those days, built by the Count of that name. The little fellow was, moreover, the godson of Mistress Dolly Madison, and got a goodly amount of petting at her hands also; among his treasures to-day is a tiny yellowed note running thus:

Will Master Monroe wear this little hat to please his Mamma Madison — and tell her how the dear invalids are to-day?

New Year's Day,
1847.

Mrs. Madison's grand-niece — the beautiful little Adèle Cutts — was one of his playmates.

SAMUEL L. GOUVERNEUR, JR.

(Son of Maria Monroe (Mrs. Gouverneur), when a boy at Oak Hill. From the painting by Linnen, a protégé of President Jefferson; in the possession of Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Washington, D. C.)

There were memorable drives — Mrs. Gouverneur and the lad alone in the carriage — to the famous toy-store kept by Mrs. Clitz on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets, and known to all the good children of that period; in this palace of delights the little boy walked about and chose, and the grandmother paid.

Mrs. Gouverneur owned her servants, and there was plenty of money, and during the winters she entertained magnificently. Summers they always spent at Oak Hill, and the journey thither by carriage and baggage wagon was a grand picnic to Master Monroe and the little negroes of the double household. Big lunch-baskets, carefully planned, were an important part of the baggage; and at mid-day the train of carriages and wagons and horseback riders (for there were always half a dozen or more guests) made a stop midway between Washington and Oak Hill, down in Fairfax County at a certain large spring in a beautiful grove, and enjoyed a leisurely gypsy meal. They usually reached Oak Hill by dark. There were guests coming and going all summer, and the whole household lived out-of-doors, on the lawns, in the mountains and groves. Both Mrs. Gouverneur and her daughter, Mrs. Heiskell, were good horsewomen, and it was their delight to gallop off together on "Jenny Lind" and "Lightfoot," their two handsome saddle-horses, always kept in shining trim by "Moses," the old colored groom.

Mrs. Gouverneur was kind and open-handed, and the poor for miles around Oak Hill blessed

CHINESE GONG IN BRONZE WITH CARVED STAND.

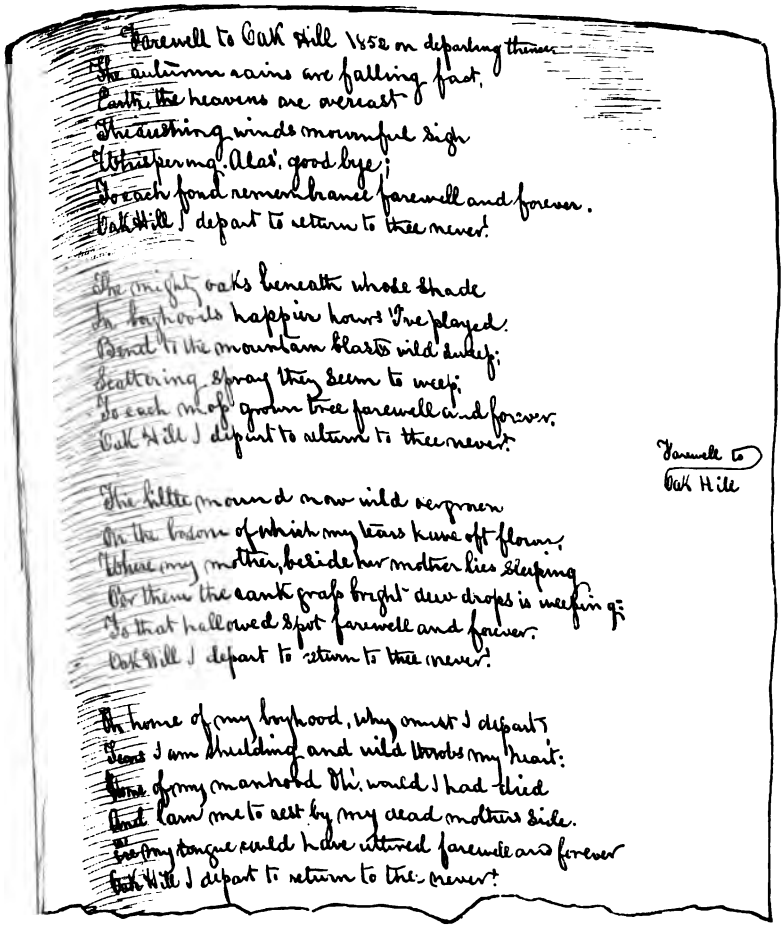
(In possession of Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Washington, D. C. Brought from China by a son of Maria Monroe; said by Chinese in Washington to be four thousand years old, and to have been made in the Chung Dynasty.)

her coming, and there are old people living about the place to-day who cherish her memory.

Even more than her sister Eliza, she was fond of books; and like many ladies and gentlemen of her time she considered it an accomplishment to be able to express herself in verse. There is preserved in her son Samuel's family, among those granddaughters whom she never saw, the manuscript of the lines she wrote as a wedding-gift when her friend Miss Tyler was married; three stanzas of the poem are given in fac-simile on page 119.

She died at the old home, and her grave is nestled in at the foot of the hill and grown over with myrtle.

Oak Hill has gone out of the Monroe family. Most of its old portraits and engravings and carved furniture and relics and precious correspondence is in Washington, in the family of Maria's eldest son. Mrs. Gouverneur regards these things as a trust for her descendants, conserving them with an intelligent purpose that rarely is manifested in our country, as yet, toward family memorials. The estate is now a great stock farm of three thousand acres, with a creamery and herds of cows and handsome Percheron horses. Its possessor maintains it in perfect order and keeps alive, with pride, its historic associations. It is as enchanting now with its oaks and mountains and its wide sweep of vision straight away thirty miles down the beautiful valley as it was that day when Maria's son, his father's namesake, Samuel, wrote his adieu to the place:


Farewell to Oak Hill 1852 on departing thence
The autumn rains are falling fast,
Earth, the heavens are overcast
The rushing winds mournful sigh
Whispering Alas! good bye;
To each fond remembrance farewell and forever.
Oak Hill I depart to return to thee never!

The mighty oaks beneath whose shade
In boyhoods happier hours I've played.
Bend to the mountain blasts wild sweep;
Scattering spray they seem to weep;
To each mop grown tree farewell and forever.
Oak Hill I depart to return to thee never!

Farewell to Oak Hill

The little mound now wild overgrown
On the bosom of which my tears have oft flown;
Where my mother, beside her mother lies sleeping
Over them the rank grass bright dew drops is weeping;
To that hallowed spot farewell and forever.
Oak Hill I depart to return to thee never!

On home of my boyhood, why must I depart?
Tears I am shedding and wild throbs my heart:
Home of my manhood Oh! would I had died
And lain me to rest by my dead mothers side.
Ere my tongue could have uttered farewell and forever
Oak Hill I depart to return to thee never!

FAC-SIMILE POEM BY SAMUEL L. GOUVERNEUR, JR.

(In possession of Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Washington, D. C.)

FOURTH OF JULY NIGHT ON BOSTON COMMON.

THE STORY OF BOSTON COMMON.

THE ARTILLERY ELECTION.

By Edward E. Hale.

CENTURIES do not mark themselves by any signs in the sky when they come in. Orion and Arcturus and the rest roll silently by at midnight, and you might not know, of yourself, that a new age had begun.

But when the Eighteenth Century began Judge Sewall lived in Boston. Yes! the same who hanged the witches, and repented for it afterwards, as you have heard. He was a man of some sentiment, and of public spirit, and he had so much money that if he wanted to do a bright thing he could generally do it. He lived quite near the Common, as people measured distance then, for his house was on "Treamount street," nearly opposite where the Boston Museum now stands. Between him and the Common there were only one or two houses and the burying ground. Old Judge Sewall, at the break of day, had posted Jacob Amsden, the trumpeter, on the Common, and three other trumpeters with him. The trumpeters stood on the rising ground in front of where the State House now is, and there, when the first gray light appeared in the east the four gave a blast upon their trumpets, to give warning to the world that the Eighteenth Century had come in.

And when they had done this, the four trumpeters came to the Judge's house, to the green chamber, and there they sounded till sunrise. Nice morning naps must the Sewall family have had that day! Meanwhile, lest any in town should not hear the sound of the trumpet, the Judge had sent around the bell-man, a little before the break of day, to ring the bell, and to proclaim to all men that the old century had gone out, and the new century had come in. And, that the people might not be disappointed when they waked, the bell-men had these verses given them, which Sewall had written and printed for them:

"Once more! our God, vouchsafe to shine:
Correct the Coldness of our Clime.
Make haste with thy Impartial Light,
And terminate this long dark night.

Give the poor Indians Eyes to see
The Light of Life: and set them free.
So Men shall God in Christ adore,
And worship Idols vain, no more.

So Asia, and Africa,
Europa, with America:
All Four, in Consert joined, shall Sing
New Songs of Praise to Christ our King."

Sewall had to pay the trumpeters five pieces-of-eight, which means five dollars.

And so the Common entered on its new century with good hopes. But alas! it was not long before the "awful news" of Lord Bellamont's death was received. It had been seventeen days in coming from New York, and the "town was sad." For he was an amiable Governor, who did much what the town wanted him to do. And so the Artillery Company, when they came off the Common that day, fired three volleys "in regard to him."

Judge Sewall was this year chosen captain of that company. It was a rainy and misty day, so that the election could not be made on the Common, as was the custom and is, but at the Town House. When he acknowledged it, he said he was surprised "to see they had mistaken a sorry pruning hook for a military spear." And when the whole ceremony was over, he had the company "to his house," and "treated them to bread, beer, and wine sillabub."

All this would have been done on the Common, had the weather been fine, and it has been done on the Common, or in the Town House, or in the State House, on the first Monday in June in every year but one, since 1634. And if any boy or girl wants to know how it was done, let him go to the parade-ground on the Common, on the afternoon of the next Artillery Election Day, and he shall see.

On that day, no other military company in the

State may parade unless there be war or tumult. For the theory of the Artillery Company is, that even the privates in it are officers in other military organizations, and it was thought desirable that, on this day, they should not be called elsewhere to serve. On this day, they elect their officers in presence of the Governor, if by good luck he can be there. A part of the show, when you go to see them, next June, will be that they will stop at the State House to bring the Governor with them, unless they had him with them before. Observe, they have been to church in the morning to hear a sermon, and after the sermon to Faneuil Hall to dine, and now they come to their election. If you have good luck, you will see the Governor sit in his chair; and that, when I was a boy, was the central pageant of the occasion. It was the nearest approach which the Yankee boy had to seeing the King on his throne. The election is always said to be made by casting ballots on the head of a drum, and this has been told me so often, that I trust it is true. When it is well over, the Captain of last year marches up to the Governor, and gives to him the old-fashioned "spontoon," as it is called, which is his sign of office. For a terrible and critical moment, the Artillery Company is then without a Captain. But then the new Captain comes up — I think the Governor calls him — the Governor gives him the spontoon, and all again is well. Then the linstock speaks to the cannon and the cannon speaks to the world, to tell the world that there is a new Captain, and this is the meaning of "Artillery Election."

After the Captain has received his appointment, all the other officers receive theirs, and all that the average boy will see, will be the dignified walking backwards and forwards of these soldiers, now with, and now without the staff of office.

But all this, as any small boy would have told you a hundred years ago, is the very least part of Artillery Election.

Indeed, the "Governor's election" had given a hint for the rejoicings and ceremonies. This took place on the last Wednesday in May, until the fatal year 1833, when an amendment to the State Constitution took away from the children the holiday of two centuries. But I have very little doubt that for a hundred years after Sewall's trumpeters blew that blast from the hill above the fountain, the Governor's election and the Artillery Election were kept on the Common, very much as your grandfathers and grandmothers recollect the election days of their youth.

Observe, then, that there were two Elections generally called "'lections." Every school held holiday on both occasions. The night before, and early in the morning, you saw carts taking up benches, boards, and even tents to the Common, and these were arranged in rude streets along the Park street and Common street sides, quite nearly along the lines of the malls. At these booths were sold whatever children or visitors from the country might wish to eat, or indeed to drink. Certain confections there were, which were sold in no other places. Boston is now a great centre for the manufacture of confectionery, but I do not know where I could now go to find certain medals made on paper, of red checkerberry candy, stamped with a head, which was said to be the head of Gov. Endicott. Such luxuries had young Boston twice a year in those days, and at no other times.

What else was sold in these booths or on these tables? All sorts of candies then known: cocoanuts, pineapples, oranges, oysters, clams, lobsters, dates, figs, prunes; strange to say, tamarinds, which were wrapt up in brown paper for the purchaser to carry home; ginger beer, spruce beer, lemonade, lemonade colored red with currants, baked beans, pies of every sort, doughnuts, men, women and beasts of different forms stamped out from gingerbread; fire crackers, then always called India-crackers, and a few toys, among which were jumping-jacks. I remember giving all my money for a purse, and when I had bought the purse, I had nothing to put in it. But generally, I was wiser, and spent the money for the pleasure of the time being.

If one were very well off, he looked in a "sight," but what he saw I cannot say, for I never had money enough to be willing to risk so much on one venture. Every child in Boston, I think, had more or less "'lection money" given him, for this special occasion. Your

uncles looked in, or your grown-up cousins, and gave you ninepence, or fourpence ha' penny, for "election money." I know my mother always sent a five dollar bill down to the office to be changed into small silver, so that she might have election money enough for all who came. For all the vassals of the family, who had any claims to being called children, looked in and received "'lection money." Such simple festivals as this one I have no doubt the Common saw, every year but one, from 1701 to 1833.

DOUBLE ROSES.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the fire at Charlie's uncle's house one of his cousins was found to have taken a fatal cold, and suddenly died, which sad event postponed Mabel's wedding until after Easter. Just as this misfortune happened Miss Cameron the governess was called home to England by the illness of her brother, so that Mrs. Bestwick found herself compelled to make a change of plans.

"I have a suggestion to make," said Mabel to her mother when they were alone. "Let us bring out Phyllis — I could be of so much service to her in society this winter — and send Wilhelmina to Mademoiselle Aubin. Let both girls come to the table more frequently at dinner — I think they must learn more by observation than by precept."

Mrs. Bestwick objected at first. "Phyllis was rather young," she said, "and as for Wilhelmina — why, Mabel, do you know I find her peering into Flaxwood's closet, and asking him questions!"

"Yes, dear mamma, curiosity is so alive in both of them that the best thing we can do is to gratify it."

Mabel prevailed, as she always did. It must be remembered that Mrs. Bestwick had her own life to live. She was a very fashionable favorite in society, always giving dinners and balls when she was not going to them, and having also a household of thirty-five servants to arrange — a little state in itself to govern — so that she must be forgiven if she paused to consider. Phyllis, however, was just then thinking of other things. Mrs. Bestwick had arranged with the Rev. Mr. Wickham to attend to her religious education, and to prepare her for confirmation. She had joined his class of catechumens and had become interested in her work.

The Rev. Mr. Wickham was a small, pale man, with a bald head, and a beautiful smile, and a magnetic manner, and was the pastor over a large and ever-increasing congregation in the most worldly and fashionable part of New York. He was without any doubt the most admirable man to manage this difficult position, because he knew the world and did not dislike it. He was pure gold all through, and he and his maiden sister lived in the Rectory at St. Saturnine's the most quiet, elegant and useful life which could be imagined; that home proved to be to many a storm-tossed soul a perfect haven of refuge.

Mr. Wickham was very fond of Mrs. Bestwick. He admired her talents and openly quoted her as a model in the regularity with which she discharged every duty, and the system with which she managed her charities. Mr. Wickham might have wished that she was more spiritually-minded, but if he did, he did not say so. "There are two worlds," said he once to a critic. "I am very glad to find those who live well, and help along *this* world."

Mabel was the very child of his Sunday-school, his teaching, his prayers; but he knew, as he shook his head, that few people were born into this world with such a character as hers. When Mrs. Bestwick sent for him to take charge of

Phyllis, she told him all the story of the strange, passionate, gifted, replete nature.

"We must save it from shipwreck," said he.

So Phyllis had not only gone to her class of a morning, where she met the Fisher girls and many others, but she had been invited by Miss Wickham to a quiet dinner at the Rectory. She had never been so happy in her life as she was at this dinner, for both these wise people had treated her exactly as she wished to be treated, with a sort of admiring respect, and had laughed at her jokes without laughing at her.

But all people have not their tact, or their goodness.

"So you are going to be confirmed, and to be brought out the same time, are you?" said Wilhelmina, looking at the card enviously which bore the talismanic words:

MRS. BESTWICK,

MISS PHYLLIS GATEWOOD.

Tea at four o'clock. *17 West Langdon Square.*

"Aren't you getting things a little mixed?" pursued Wilhelmina, who was in a bad temper. "Aunt Hannah used to say, that those who got religion didn't care for fine clothes and company."

"Well, Wilhelmina," said Phyllis, quite deliberately for her, "you know I am not to be confirmed until spring, and as for being brought out, that is Aunt's work. I think you and I must take what comes to us, in this house. Mr. Wickham says that obedience is a beautiful virtue and that it makes Christians, Soldiers and Ladies."

"I don't think it will make me either a Christian or a Soldier or a Lady to go to that old French school," said Wilhelmina. "I hate it, I hate it, I hate it!"

"Well, you must be patient, you must keep a steady guard over your weak points; and thus you will go on from strength to strength, and from one degree of perfection to another," said Phyllis, quoting Mr. Wickham unconsciously.

"It's very easy for anybody to say they are not hungry after dinner," said Wilhelmina; "you have got all you want, some new dresses, and you are going to balls and parties, and nobody calls you passionate and bad, any longer, as they did at Newport. But I am marched off at nine o'clock with that old Françoise to that French school where they don't speak one word of English, and I am miserable! miserable! miserable!"

"I think you are to come down to the tea," said Phyllis patronizingly; "not of course to be presented, but you can look on."

"That's great fun indeed. I suppose I can look on, without your permission, can't I? I guess I'll go down now, and see Flaxwood set the table — that is the only fun I have — to see how humble he is when Aunt or Uncle speak to him and how he lords it over those other men when they are not about."

Poor little Wilhelmina! preternaturally bright, needing amusement and companionship, suddenly translated to a strange sphere. She gazed on a confused world where things seemed hopelessly mixed. Miss Cameron was a dreadful loss to her, and the French school a trial.

Mabel found her a few hours after, weeping those bitter, helpless, hopeless tears which come from unhappy childhood; there are none so bitter in after-life — the only consolation is that they do not flow long.

"Come here, Wilhelmina," said Mabel; "do you know that crying is bad for your eyes?"

"I don't care — I wish my eyes were out," said the poor child.

"Then you could not come with me to see the orchids," said Mabel; "and then you and I are going to buy all the flowers for mamma's Sunday dinners, and you are coming to the table every Sunday, because these are quiet family home dinners, and you are to sit next to me."

"I wish Phyllis wasn't so stuck up," said Wilhelmina.

"Say that to me in French," said Mabel, laughing.

And so turning the wrath and tears into laughter, Mabel brought comfort to the little heart.

The tea was a grand crowded affair, and all New York fashion poured in, as it always did at one of Mrs. Bestwick's splendid receptions.

Phyllis looked very well in a pink merino, with a broad sash, her hair very simply knotted at the back of her head. She stood by her aunt, Mrs. Bestwick, who as each one entered introduced her: "My niece, Miss Phyllis Gatewood."

Mabel, in a lovely floating blue dress, made herself into a dozen hostesses, moving about to greet every one, and bringing up people to speak to Phyllis who had hardly understood her name. Then she showed the way to the tea-room, and relieved her mother of any duty except that of being introducer. In her flittings, she found Wilhelmina hidden behind a large Dresden vase which was filled with a growing palm.

"Come, Wilhelmina," said she, "I want to introduce you to Mrs. Parsons. She is going to have a Christmas-tree."

So she put her sweet arm around Wilhelmina's neck and drew her on through the crowded rooms.

Mrs. Parsons put her hand on the child's neatly braided hair. "What nice eyes you have!" said she. "You must come to my Christmas-tree." And then Miss Wickham came up and asked her to go with her to the Christmas-tree in the church parlors, and up at the Blind Asylum.

"And yet I wished I hadn't any eyes," said Wilhelmina, in all the degradation and remorse of a sudden happiness.

So she told Miss Wickham the whole story, as in a burst of confidence they sat down on a quiet sofa in the midst of the gay tea, and Flaxwood brought them some thin bread and butter and some excellent chocolate.

Then suddenly, all the old people seemed to have gone, and only the young ones remained; a beautiful waltz was played, and Mrs. Bestwick sat down, looking weary.

Phyllis, radiant, was dancing with a tall, good-looking young man. The Fisher girls were all dancing in their bonnets and street dresses. Mabel put her arm about Wilhelmina; the two were soon waltzing with the rest. After giving her a good dance, she took her to Françoise, and said with a kiss:

"Now go up and learn your French fable. If you do it well I will give you my pretty copy of La Fontaine that you like so much."

Wilhelmina went up with glad confidence. The present and the future looked bright. She was restored to her place in the universe; she was very glad that she had not parted with her eyes.

Now life became also a whirl to Phyllis. She was invited everywhere, and had to be told in the first place how to answer her invitations, then how to arrange her time, so that one engagement would not overlap another. Then how to conquer her remarkable overflow of spirits.

"Manner is very necessary to the average human being," said Mr. Wickham to her, "and etiquette must be learned as we would learn a foreign language."

Phyllis was by nature abrupt, and what her English governess called "cocky" (we should say impertinent). She had to learn that graceful and respectful speech, the courteous bow, the readiness to give place and precedence to age, which had come naturally to her cousin Mabel. She thought it witty to talk slang, and her voice, though delicious in singing, was in speaking loud, nasal, and unpleasant. Therefore she had always a qualified success. There was so much to criticize while so much to admire that the Fisher girls had a number of counts against her at every step. One of these was her irrepressible desire to talk loud at the theatre and opera. Then she was ungrateful — that however is one of the vices of youth and of beneficiaries, and is so universal that Mr. Wickham made it the special subject of a discourse.

Mrs. Bestwick had furnished her with a beautiful toilette for balls, dinners, bazaars, for walking, for horseback and for every day. Everything was appropriate and of a delicacy, beauty and softness such as should embellish a young girl. The underclothing was also very fine and luxurious. This toilette had cost not only time, but patience.

Aunt Hannah came on from Haffreysburg at this time and one day went up to Phyllis's room to see these new clothes.

"She's done noble by you," said Aunt Hannah. "This here cost money, and no mistake, and you hain't two cents to rub together yourself."

The old countrywoman knew very well that the discontented creature before her had no idea of the kindness shown her.

"No, she hasn't bought me half such good clothes as she buys for herself or for Mabel," said Phyllis.

That is all that Mrs. Bestwick got for her generosity. However, she did not expect or demand anything of Phyllis but that she should obey her. She knew the world and human nature too well to expect gratitude.

Phyllis dearly loved her horseback exercise at the riding school, and she adored balls. Mabel was always at hand to get her plenty of partners and to cover up her mistakes. She enjoyed the theatre in the wildest manner, and would talk over the edge of the box to friends in the parquette. She also in her way enjoyed going to Mr. Wickham for her religious instruction. All of this was personal and in a remote way egotistical. But she could not bear any of the social duties which required unselfishness. Making calls with her aunt was to her the sublimity of torture.

Mrs. Bestwick explained to her that after being invited to people's houses she owed them the respect of a call.

The ceremony of paying calls has been ridiculed and derided during the course of many years as meaningless, useless and stupid; and yet society cannot go on without it. Visits of form, of which many people complain, and yet to which most people submit, are absolutely necessary, being in fact the basis on which society rests. Phyllis hated to go, beautifully dressed though she was, to pay a call. Her aunt however was stern on the point. She told her that if Mrs. Van Amburg asked her to a rosebud dinner she must call on Mrs. Van Amburg on her reception day.

When she went to pay the call, her aunt received all the attention, even from a very agreeable young man who had been particularly attentive to Phyllis, and even Mrs. Van Amburg, who had been very polite on the evening of the dinner, was rather cold and inattentive to her. In fact Mrs. Van Amburg had forgotten her very existence.

And so on. She was of no especial importance at these receptions, and she hated them.

"What do you do when you make calls?" she asked of Mabel one day.

"Oh! I chat with my friends or I go about and look at the pictures, or the bronzes — I try to amuse myself."

"That is what I cannot do. I cannot amuse myself," said poor Phyllis.

She had a long talk with Miss Wickham on this subject.

"I wish things were not the fashion," said Phyllis. "I wish it were not the fashion to make calls."

"Fashion means so much," said gentle Miss Wickham. "It means pre-eminence amongst our kind. It means leadership. It means success. Then Fashion has its own morality. It is the fashion fortunately to keep one's engagements, to pay one's social debts, to dress properly. There is no doubt what we call Fashion makes the world more brilliant; it brings flowers, music, gay colors and fine furniture, horses, carriages and splendid houses. The 'pride of life' is a superb thing — it is useless to undervalue it. Fashion keeps alive a thousand industries; it has its benevolent side. I notice in my brother's church that if a charity is fashionable it always succeeds."

"You don't seem to care about it much," said Phyllis, looking at Miss Wickham's plain gown.

"No," said Miss Wickham, smiling. "Perhaps I think I have found something better."

"I like all of it but the paying of calls to these stiff old women who do not care for me, and the writing of notes," said Phyllis. "Aunt made me tear up three answers to a dinner invitation the other day."

"Why?" said Miss Wickham, "what had you written?"

"Mrs. Milleberger asked me to dinner very formally. Well, I don't like her; and I wrote:

DEAR MRS. MILLEBERGER:

As you did not speak to me at the Roller Skating Club the other evening, I do not intend to dine with you until you ask my pardon.

Yours truly,

PHYLLIS GATEWOOD.

"Aunt nearly fainted when she saw it. So I wrote another:

DEAR MRS. MILLEBERGER:

I suppose you mean to make up with me. If you do, why, I will come to your dinner.

"Aunt made me tear that up. She wrote a pattern for me:

Miss Phyllis Gatewood presents her compliments to Mrs. Milleberger and accepts her kind invitation to dinner, with many thanks.

"Aunt said it was an overture of the best sort, for Mrs. Milleberger to ask me to dinner after our little tiff at the Roller Skates. She said society was not a place where we wore our hearts on our sleeves, or where we showed temper, and she thought I had probably been in the wrong myself. She always thinks that. I hate her!"

"Phyllis," said Miss Wickham slowly, "my brother and I take great interest in you, but if you ever speak of your aunt in that way we must lose you. She is your best friend and one of the best, most generous women in the world. Now let me tell you, my dear, that you must cultivate one grace, and that is gratitude. You are a very fortunate young girl, and you must not cultivate this rebellious temper."

It was the first time a rebuke had come from Miss Wickham. Phyllis burst into a flood of tears, in which condition Mr. Wickham found her. He told her the hour for his class was nearly at hand. Meantime he sat down and talked to her calmly about other and better subjects until she had regained her composure.

All this time poor little Wilhelmina was finding the French verbs very trying, but Mabel contrived that she should enjoy the Sunday dinners. She had to teach her not to talk to the servants, which was her principal amusement.

PHYLLIS AT THE RECTOR'S.

"Look here! why don't you bring that big form of jelly I saw you putting away on the highest shelf in the pantry?" said she to the head footman at dessert, on the first Sunday she was allowed to dine with the family at the seven o'clock dinner.

The whole family blushed for the unfortunate footman who could not answer back, and Flaxwood nearly had an apoplectic fit behind the chair of his mistress. Mabel tipped over a bouquet which stood in front of her and tried

to divert attention, but Wilhelmina was in terrible disgrace. After dinner Mabel talked with her and explained why she should not speak of disagreeable things at table.

"We always talked to Chloe all through dinner out at Haffreysburg," said Wilhelmina.

"But you see things are very different here," said Mabel. "Mamma has thirty-five servants, French, German, English and Irish. It is not proper to speak to them so familiarly as you do, nor would they understand it. You see how uncomfortable you made mamma."

"I don't care how uncomfortably I make her feel — she makes me feel uncomfortably all the time," said Wilhelmina.

Mabel sighed deeply. She was getting a little tired of these country cousins, so ungrateful and so unmanageable, but Wilhelmina had a good heart. She was a far better-tempered person than Phyllis, and she felt that she had hurt the being she loved best.

"I am sorry, Mabel," she said. "What have I done that is wrong?"

"You have spoken against my mother, your best friend, and mine," said Mabel sadly.

"I'll go and kiss her, if I may," said Wilhelmina, "and I promise to not tell on the footman again — but he does cheat, awful!"

"Tell mamma when you are alone, but don't tell her in company," said Mabel.

Mabel now began to be somewhat less with her cousins, for Charlie claimed her attention more and more, and she was invited to many betrothal dinners, to which Phyllis was not asked.

It so happened that at one of the balls Phyllis sat by a very gay young married woman, Mrs. Theodore Chapman, who had been a recent acquaintance, made at the Riding School. She was very attentive and polite, and offered to chaperon Phyllis to some of the festivities of the coming month. Together they walked over to Mrs. Bestwick, who was as usual surrounded by her group of friends and admirers.

"May I take Miss Gatewood to the Caldwells to-morrow evening? She tells me that you do not dine at home."

"Oh! thanks," said Mrs. Bestwick, "it will be very kind of you. Shall I send my carriage to bring Phyllis home?"

"O no! I have nothing for my horses to do, and very little for myself. Now I shall be so glad to take Miss Gatewood out with me. As you are all so busy with Mabel's affairs and she must be going to no end of dinners, let me be the chaperon to this young lady."

"You are rather young for the office," said Mrs. Bestwick, laughing. "I think you were only married yourself last year?"

"Oh! but I am propriety itself," said Mrs. Theodore Chapman. "You shall see how well I take care of Miss Gatewood."

As they left Mrs. Bestwick, Mr. Bentley came up and joined them. He had not appeared in her New York life before, and she felt instinctively that her aunt did not approve of him. But that, to a girl of the undisciplined and arrogant character of Phyllis, gave a zest to any acquaintance.

It is a strange problem in human existence, that to some natures only that which is forbidden is sweet. Phyllis walked with her friend Mrs. Theodore Chapman through the three rooms of Delmonico's, Mr. Bentley following them, and at last the three sat down to supper together. Mr. Bentley paid Phyllis altogether too many compliments, and he made a half-dozen appointments, with Mrs. Theodore Chapman, for the coming fortnight, in which Miss Gatewood was to have a very prominent part.

"Ah!" thought Phyllis, her heart giving a bound, "this is what it is to be a belle."

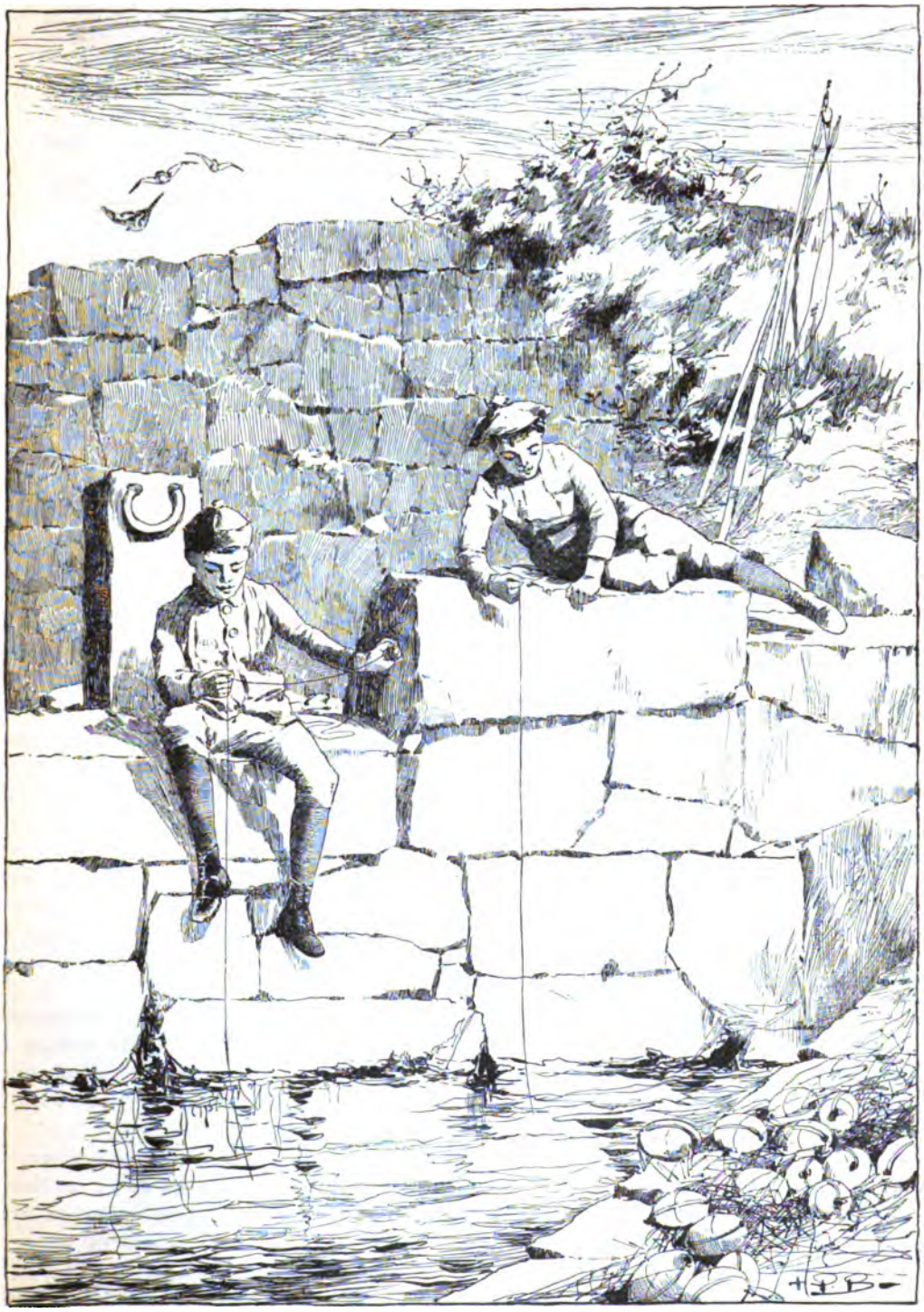
The next day she went to Mr. Wickham. Never had he been so eloquent, or so truly grand in his talk. Especially did he bear down on the value of truth and honesty.

Something in her own conscience, she could not say what, made her tell Mr. Wickham as he was helping her on with her cloak and bonnet, in his sister's parlor, and chatting about Mabel and the approaching wedding and Mrs. Bestwick's last *musicale*, that she had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Theodore Chapman, and was going out with her a great deal.

The clergyman's face became suddenly grave.

"I do not like Mrs. Theodore Chapman," said he. It was the first time she had ever heard Mr. Wickham say that he did not like anything, except falsehood and dishonor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



FISHING FROM THE BREAKWATER.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

By Geraldine Butt.

I.

THE little Princess sat quite alone,
On a bough of the yew that was sweeping low,
With her foot just touching the mossy stone,
Hundreds and hundreds of years ago!

"I wish I were poor, with tumbled gowns,
With no one to listen to all I say!
With no one to bother of verbs and nouns,"
Said the little Princess in a dreary way.

"I wish I had hats with broken rims,
I wish I could walk about quite late —
For I do not like," said the little Princess,
"To be always here in a place I hate.

"Whenever the day is warm and bright —
And you know how lovely and green it feels —
They come, whenever I'm out of sight,
And hurry me home, in time for meals.

"And whenever the evening is cool and sweet,
And the stars are lighted up overhead,
They tell me the dew will wet my feet,
And come and hurry me off to bed."

Poor little Princess! so she sat,
Kicking her feet on the mossy stone,
Grumbling always of this and that,
Out in the sunshine, all alone.

Down by the gate the beggar child
Peered through the bars in glad surprise —
Her feet were bare, and her hair was wild,
And the blue of summer was in her eyes.

She stretched her hands through the bolted gate,
Out to the garden where all flowers blow,
And she shook the padlock, defying fate,
Hundreds and hundreds of years ago!

"I wish I were rich," she cried aloud,
"With beautiful flowers about my feet,
And servants to wait on me, crowd on crowd,
And every day some wonderful treat.

"I wish I were clever, to read and spell,
I wish I had hair that would crimp and curl,
I wish I had ribbons to wear as well —
Oh, I wish I were rich," said the beggar girl.

"Plenty to eat is a happy thing,
With bells to tell when the meals are set—
I think I should feel inclined to sing,
But I never have had sufficient yet.

"And a soft white bed like a downy nest,
Oh dear, how beautiful it would seem!
But the food, I think, I should like the best,
For almost anywhere I can dream.

"No need of the stars to light me home,
Or show me the way if I linger late—
I think I should never care to roam
Outside this beautiful, bolted gate."

II.

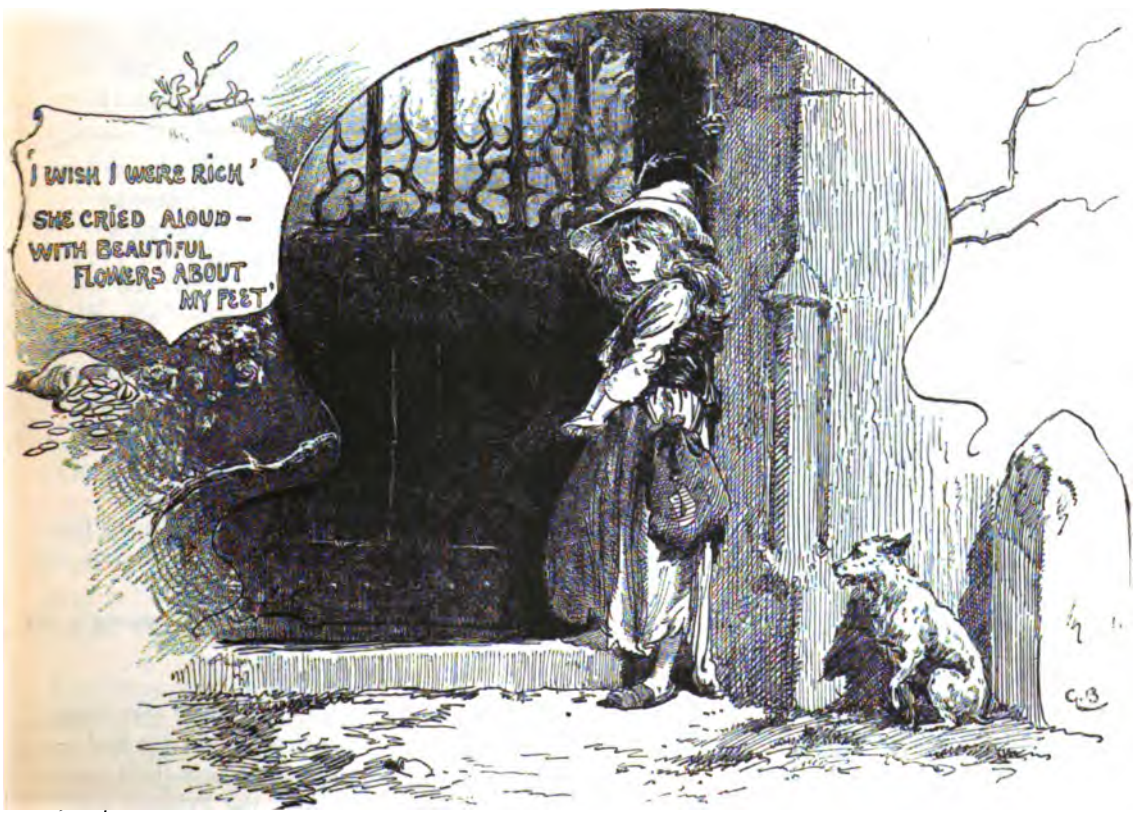
Lo! the gate on its hinge it has turned,
With a touch of the hand it opens wide,
Somehow or other the secret is learned,
And the little beggar has walked inside.

Up from the yew-tree some one rose,
With never a pause of fear or doubt—
Laughing for joy, as you may suppose,
The little Princess has wandered out.

So, in a habit of green or blue,
With beautiful curls, and a lovely dress,
Only changed to the outward view,
The beggar girl was the little Princess.

Was it quite the same? I hardly know!
She danced and feasted and dressed and read,
But something was gone, or they fancied so!
"The little Princess is changed," they said.

And the beggar's mother would often stand,
Out in the gorse when the sun was low,
And watch her child in the sunset land,
Dreaming dreams in the crimson glow,



And wonder where she had learnt the look,
Which had grown in her gentle eyes of late,
And what she had lost in the rushing brook,
Or dropped through the bars of the bolted gate.

"She's dazed-like sometimes, and soft, you see,
And not quite right in her foolish head,
So it's not much use she has been to me,
Since the turn of the summer," she sometimes said.

So in the sunshine the roses blew,
Budded and blossomed and faded slow —
And then pot-pourri as all folks knew,
Hundreds and hundreds of years ago!

III.

The winter was falling in cloudy snow,
Softly, softly, early and late,
Down on the frozen earth below,
When the little Princess came back to the gate.

Her naked feet were blue and cold,
Her curly hair was a tangled mess,
Her ragged garments were very old,
"I'm tired of the world," said the little Princess.

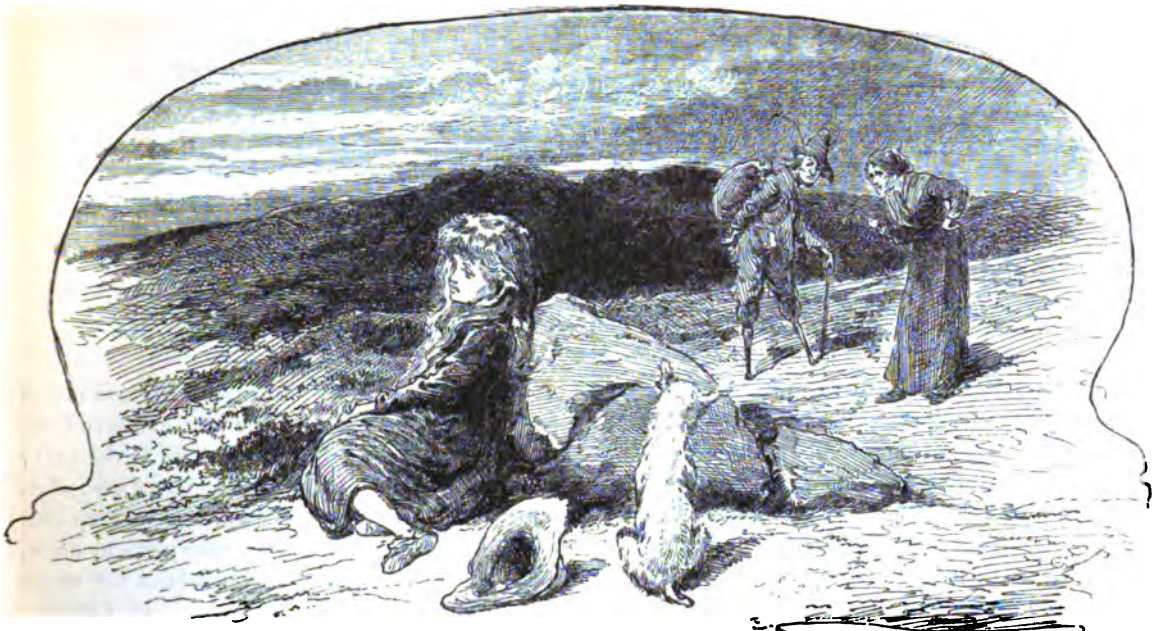
Some one was sitting just inside,
All alone in the yew-tree's shade —
Robed in grandeur and wealth and pride!
Surely it was not the beggar maid!

BUT SOMETHING WAS GONE, OR THEY TANGLED SO!
"THE LITTLE PRINCESS IS CHANGED THEY SAID"

Sobbed the little Princess, "Oh, let me in,
I have no one to talk to all the day,
My hair is tumbled, my face is thin,
And no one listens to what I say.

"I am so hungry, I am so cold,
But no one cares for my weary feet,
And no one sees that my clothes are old,
And I never have had enough to eat!

"I have nothing to do the whole day long,
But yawn, and wish it were time for bed —
That the stupid robins would hush their song,
It is always the same," the Princess said.



DREAMING DREAMS IN THE SUNSET GLOW.

Up from the yew-tree some one rose;
  Lifting a face of sweet surprise,
She stood up straight in her royal clothes,
  And the blue of summer was in her eyes.

"Oh, let me out," said the beggar maid,
  "I cannot live in this shut-in place,
The roses bloom, and the roses fade,
  And I am always in such disgrace.

"They're always vexed when I tear my clothes,
  They are always cross when I toss my hair,
I am not allowed to pick a rose;
  They follow, and follow me everywhere!

"They make me eat with a fork and spoon,
  They put on pinafores every day,
I think I shall die — oh! very soon!
  If they always tease in this dreadful way!"

She reached her hand through the iron bar,
  To the little Princess who stood outside,
And lo! with a touch it is pushed ajar,
  And the beautiful gate is opened wide.

Breathless, out of the open gate,
  Into the great wide world of blue,
The beggar maiden, devoid of state,
  Laughing for gladness, has tumbled through!

And the little Princess, with a little cry,
  Is clothed again in her royal pride,
And has shut out the great wide world of blue,
  Oh, so glad to be safe inside!

Can it be true? oh, poor Princess —
  Is there a moral? well, yes and no!
I think I must leave you all to guess,
  For it happened such hundreds of years ago.

THE CONTRIBUTORS AND THE CHILDREN.

Children who read my lay,
This much I have to say:
Each day and every day
Do what is right —

Right things in great and small,
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, stars, and all,
You shall have light.

— Alice Cary.

A FRIEND of mine says there are two sorts of people in the world — "posts" and "rails," and a good many more rails than posts. The meaning of this is that most people depend on somebody else — a father, a sister, a husband, a wife, or perhaps on a neighbor.

Whether it is right to divide the whole population of the earth quite so strictly, it is true that we all know a good many rail-like people. Blanche Evans tells me one of the Rail-girls sits by her in school. Miss Rail never had a knife of her own, though she used a sort of pencil that continually needs sharpening; so Blanche's pretty pen-knife was borrowed until one day the Rail-girl snapped the blade. Blanche was so tired of lending the knife that she was not very sorry.

Miss Rail's brother works beside Henry Brown in the office of the *Daily Hurricane.* They both set type, and Henry's patience is sorely tried by Master Rail. If Henry tells him to-day whether the *l* is doubled in *model* when *ed* is added, he will have forgotten to-morrow; and Henry has to tell him whether the semicolon comes before or after *viz.* every time he "sets it up." The truth is the Rail-boy doesn't try to remember these things; he has taken Henry for a post and expects to be held up by him.

I met two pretty young ladies traveling together last summer. One was always appealing to the other to know if they were to change cars at Osanto, or not until they reached Dunstable, or if they should not change at all. She asked her companion the time though her own watch was in order; she "couldn't bother to remember" names of routes and hotels and people, but she found it very convenient for somebody to do all this for her, and she never concealed her surprise if her friend forgot or neglected anything.

Being a post is often unpleasant, but how much worse it is to be a rail! The post can stand by itself — but take it away and where is the rail? Boys and girls have this advantage over a wooden fence — if they fear that they are rails, they can set about turning themselves into posts at once, and they will find the post business a far more delightful one. *Annie M. Libby.*

I WAS standing at my sitting-room window in Warwick looking out over the Square of St. Nicholas. It was Christmas-tide and a cold gray day. Suddenly from the street leading over the Avon a boy shot up into the Square. He came after the fashion of boys — as though he might have been projected from a catapult. Now a small boy is not a creature of so rare appearance that he is to be written about. He is to be found everywhere on the habitable globe, thank Heaven! Life would hardly be worth living, in my opinion, without him.

But this was no common boy, at least his costume was uncommon, or perhaps I had better say, unfamiliar to my American eyes. He wore a long gown of dark blue cloth belted low. As he ran it swung open and back, revealing a pair of legs clad in bright yellow stockings. He wore low shoes and had white muslin bands at his throat, which set off his ruddy happy face. His mop of light hair — the handsome young Saxon — was bared to the inclemency of the winter's day.

I stared at him questioningly. Who and what can he be in those lovely long yellow stockings? For I am fond of yellow though it *did* use to be the color of the robes of the French executioner, and that with which he daubed the dwellings of the infamous.

Suddenly it flashed upon me who he was. "Idiot!" I said, apostrophizing myself aloud. "It's a Bluecoat boy! a Christ's Hospitaller! don't you know? haven't you read of 'em? Wern't Charles Lamb and Coleridge and Thackeray Bluecoat boys, and a host more of the illustrious whose names cannot be recalled at a moment's notice? Charles Lamb, the little stammerer, the exquisite essayist, the incomparable brother; Coleridge, with his glorious eyes, an archangel but a little spoiled, as Lamb called him—and Thackeray, the prince of novelists—yes, *they* were Bluecoat boys, and wore the gown and yellow stockings, and went without caps—splendid boys all three of them, and I wish I could have seen them in them."

My Bluecoat boy disappeared up the street leading to the East Gate, his yellow legs flying like a couple of rapid drumsticks. I mused a moment upon the young founder of this school, Edward VI., of whose dress this is a copy, only the royal boy wore velvet instead of cloth, and then I went back to my table, refreshed as from a breeze wafted from the Delectable Mountains.

Blessings on the Bluecoat Boys!

Frances A. Humphrey.

THE easy conversationalist possesses a charm that wins upon the happy recipient of her attention, as no accomplishment can ever do. The musician with voice or fingers may speak to a room full of people, moving all with inspired touch or tone; but the conversationalist exerts her art in a manner so delightfully personal that it implies a compliment to each listener.

One of the most attractive little ladies whom I know is alike the joy of savant and schoolgirl. One of the latter exclaimed ingenuously to her in my hearing: "Madame, how did you ever learn to talk to so many wise men about the things that they enjoy? You do not *look* so learned!"

"Ah!" replied Madame, with her easy, low laugh, "I do not know anything, my child; I only let these wise men talk to me."

But after all this was not quite the answer to the riddle although it held the key. Courtesy demands that we should not only let people talk to us, but that we should listen to them; and to listen well one must show some interest, if only by the appreciative change of countenance when some good point is made. To talk to those with whose tastes we are familiar is not difficult, since a well-directed question or two is likely to loosen the tongue of one's companion at dinner, when upon his favorite theme.

In the case of meeting strangers it is something harder to catch the drift of their ideas. But a spirit of true courtesy will brighten one's wits in the desire to entertain a companion or guest; and when your turn comes, use your ideas with as little self-assertion as possible, even upon subjects that you have very much at heart; and do not hold your opportunity too tenaciously when the eloquent impulse of others urges them to the slightest symptoms of interruption. Let your own most brilliant and witty thought wait awhile; it will be much more sure of appreciation when the other has said his say. Of course, there are moments when bright things say themselves, and wait for no detaining thought. When such is the case, the wit is its own apologist. There is so much to be learned in this world, that it is a liberal education only to follow Madame T.'s example and let the wise men talk to us.

Trebor Ohl.

WHEN young folk set foot over the borderlands of childhood, and begin to speculate on this very wonderful wide world, what bitter-sweet philosophers they are, to be sure! Some sharp little heads are quick enough to put two and two together and make five; and some slower-growing lads and lassies get never a notion nor an impression of what is called "life" until ever and ever so much later.

Youth wags its head at the world, and comes sorrowfully to the conclusion that it is quite composed of broken friendships and faiths of all sorts, and hard money-getting, vanity and selfishness.

Well, suppose it has all these sad things in its make-up, how wrong of you to skip over in your reckoning the overflowing glory of its good deeds and good aspirations! One thing is sure: that your opinion of the world is a tell-tale report of what you are yourself. Our Emerson once said, and the saying is not too deep for any of you, "To the untrue man the universe is false."

Louise Imogen Guiney.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, Lock Box 46, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO JUNE TANGLES.

1. Ae–ale–leap–panel–planer–grapnel.

2. Self-praise goes but little ways.

3.
D arte R
O rmol U
U rchi N
B erli N
L ovag E
E lixi R

4. Forget-me-not.

5.
G R A Y
R A R E
A R E A
Y E A R

6.
D
H O P
C O M E T
H O L I D A Y
D O M I N A T E D
P E D A N T S
T A T T A
Y E S
D

7. 1. Cu(rat)e.
2. Cur(ate)s.
3. De(bat)ed.
4. Th(read)ing.
5. Sh(all)ow.
6. S(light)ing.

8. Purity.

No. 9. PRIZE WORD HUNT.

CONSIDERABLY.

The senders of the five largest lists of words made from "considerably" will receive special prizes, as announced below.

No words will be counted that are not found in the body of Webster's or Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary. Words in the regular Supplement of Webster's are allowable, but no words from the lists of geographical, biographical, etc., names.

The singular form only should be used, unless a word has only a plural ending. A letter must not be used twice in the same word.

Lists must be arrranged alphabetically, and the total number given.

No. 10. CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In playthings, not in toys;
In thunder, not in noise;
In embers, not in fire;
In music, not in lyre;
In millions, not in three;
In locksmith, not in key;
In planting, not in sow;
In haying, not in mow.
My whole you will find such a rarity
It should be classed with Faith, Hope and Charity.

No. 11. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A sleeveless jacket; to join; fat; an entrance; a bird of India; to separate and remove; to elevate.

Primals and finals give the names of planets.

C. MINTA R.

No. 12. A PROVERB PI.

Eh owh vosel gijsnet snirgb miflesh tion nyma sulberto.

No. 13. HOUR GLASS.

Across: 1. Large serpents. 2. To cook in a certain manner. 3. Before. 4. A consonant. 5. A plant and its fruit. 6. Soon. 7 Arranges in line.

Diagonals: Left to right: settles beforehand. Right to left: proceeded.

Center, down: musicians.

CYRIL DEANE.

No. 14. DOUBLE DIAGONALS AND ZIGZAGS.

1	*	*	*	2
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	5	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
3	*	*	*	4

Across: currency; ways; the American ostrich; a Persian priest; swears. 1 to 4, a genus of minute infusoria; 3 to 2 a fop; 1 to 5 to 3, an atom; 4 to 5 to 2, covered with fine particles of stone.

No. 15. AN AXIOM.

PRIDE; but
AFTER shame

SOLVERS.

May Tangles were solved by Luie E. Taylor, Mary Abbott, W. A. G. Grace E. Blanchard, S. Burditt, Polly, W. C. Johnson, Jr., M. J. Taber, M. A. Haley, Honor Walderne, E. D. Daniels, Frances D., Maud E. Palmer, Lewis B. Wheeler, Charles W. Frazier, Mrs. B. L. Brown, John S. Sumner, Emily S. Little, John H. Woods, John K. Walker, Mary G. Young, Agnes F. Perkins, Anna Blackie, Nellie Ward, Mary F. Knight, Gertrude B. Hopkins, Miss H. W. Ruggles, M. S. Wheeler, Frances E. Hill, Georgia Goodwin, F. Nelson Hawley, Lutie B. Collins, Clifford J. Cassil, Laura F. Allen, Gulielma Zollinger, M. Bronson, F. N. Kollock, Jr., H. W. C., Mrs. Z. Gilman, J. McChesney, L. W. Sabin, Viola S. Slocomb, Sammie D. Burge, Mabel and Alice Herr, H. A. Terril, Daisy Crosby, C. Minta Rutter, Louise P. Sheppard and Louise Amstrong, Nix, E. Drake, G. French, Sanborn Brothers, S. Sophie Keeler, L. T. Hussey, Florence Green, Josephine D. Wilkin, Walter H. Dewey, Fred Allen, Clara Mellen, B. H., Clara F. Harkness, Emma K. Sheppard.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First complete list. Frances Evelyn Hill, Yorkville, Ill.
Next best list, Emily S. Little, Providence, R. I.
No. 36. Nix, Providence, R. I.
No. 39. Viola S. Slocomb, Wakefield, Mass.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for the first solution of this month's Tangles, excluding No. 9:

First complete list, WIDE AWAKE six months; or any $1.25 book from D. Lothrop Company's list.

Next best list, books to value of $1.00 from D. Lothrop Company's list (winner's selection).

No. 11. An Automatic Drop Pencil.
No. 14. A box of water colors; or a mineral inkstand.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR THE WORD HUNT.

CLASS A. Standard Atlas, $4.50. Spyglass, $2.50. Vienna Writing Tablet, $2.50.

CLASS B. Caw's Stylographic pen, $1.50. Two mineral cabinets, (40 specimens,) $2.00. Perfection Hammock, $2.00. Alarm clock, $1.75. Pearl-handle knife, $1.25. Box of 24 colored drawing crayons, $1.75.

The senders of the two largest lists of words may select an article from *either* class.

The senders of the next three largest lists may select an article from class B only.

The prizes will be forwarded at winners' expense.

All solutions must be sent by July 10th. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, old and young, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original puzzles for publication as above directed.

EDOUARD RENE LEFEBRE LABOULAYE

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

"*He who gives to the world one pure and good story, the aim of which is to sow seeds of virtue, a love of right, and that poetic trust in the workings of a wise and good God, he who successfully does all this is a very great man, whose name is to be remembered, who should be thanked and praised, and one — and to such this truth will be more than that title or honor — one of those whom we should upon our bended knees thank God for having made.*"

EDOUARD LABOULAYE, of whom the above was written, was for more than one reason the French writer best beloved in America of all the people of his time. In the early days of our great Civil War when the final issue appeared doubtful, or the dissolution of the Union seemed impending and foreign nations confidently expected its downfall, there were a few clear-sighted men in England and France who saw deeply enough into the causes of the conflict to understand them and whose active sympathy for the Union never wavered. Foremost among these men in England was John Bright; in France the voice of Edouard Laboulaye rang clearest in our behalf. It is for this that his memory is reverenced by an older generation of Americans; it is as the author of *Abdallah* and the delightful fairy tales called *Les Contes Bleus* that he is beloved by a younger.

He was born in Paris, January 18, 1811, and as in early youth he showed marked talent for disputation he began the study of law and jurisprudence at an early age. Of an enthusiastic temperament, he threw his heart into the pursuit and became known among his fellow students as an indefatigable worker. When but twenty-eight he published a famous legal work, *The Law of Real Property in Europe*, a book which shows in its preparation great research and which gave him a reputation as a scholar. It received the honor of being "crowned," or formally approved by the French Academy. In 1842 he published an *Essay on the Life and Doctrines of Frédéric de Savigny*, the great modern jurist of Germany, and in the following year an elaborate treatise upon the *Civil and Political Condition of Women from the Time of the Romans*. This latter work and a learned essay in 1845 upon the *Criminal Laws of the Romans*, both received prizes from the Academy. Not far from this time he was elected a member of the Academy, and in 1849 he became Professor of Comparative Legislation in the *Collége de France*.

Laboulaye was always an admirer of Anglo-Saxon institutions and it was in consequence of this, no doubt, that he was led to write in 1855 and 1856 his *Political History of the United States*. About this time he translated into French the works of Dr. Channing, and wrote *Studies on Germany and the Slavonian Countries* and an important work on Religious Liberty. Of his books *Paris in America* has been perhaps the most widely read. It appeared in 1863, was speedily translated and hardly a circulating library in this country was then without it. He was gifted with a delightful humor to which he gave full play in this entertaining allegory. In this year he published also a noted work upon the *Limits of the State*. In 1866–67 appeared his *Memoirs of Franklin*, and in 1872 *Political Letters*.

In the midst of the labor given to these grave

works, to his daily lectures in the *Collège de France* and to many duties, this busiest of men found time to write in 1859 the beautiful story of *Abdallah*, which fascinates every child who reads it. Hardly less charming are the fairy tales known as *Les Contes Bleus*, which were written in 1862. His *Prince Carriche* which is not so well known as it deserves to be, was given to the world in 1868.

As regards romance, adventures and dramatic actions and endings, many of Laboulaye's fairy tales might be given a place in the Thousand and One Nights Entertainments, while in beauty of style and delicate humor and grace and noble sentiment there is nothing at all in the Arabian Nights with which to compare them.

"Yvon and Finette," the first story in *Les Contes Bleus*, opens in this entertaining style:

"Once upon a time there lived in Brittany a noble lord, who was called the Baron Kerver. His manor-house was the most beautiful in the province. It was a great Gothic castle, with a groined roof and walls, covered with carvings that looked at a distance like a vine climbing an arbor. On the first floor six stained glass balcony windows looked out on each side toward the rising and the setting sun.

"In the morning, when the baron, mounted on his dun mare, went forth into the forest, followed by his tall greyhounds, he saw at each window one of his daughters, with prayer-book in hand, praying for the house of Kerver, and who with their fair curls, blue eyes, and clasped hands, might have been taken for six Madonnas in an azure niche.

"At evening, when the sun declined and the baron returned homeward, after riding round his domains, he perceived from afar, in the windows looking toward the west, six sons, with dark locks and eager gaze, the hope and pride of the family, that might have been taken for six sculptured knights at the portal of a church."

A story with such a delightful beginning as this must surely have as fascinating a sequel. And so it proves. Yvon, the thirteenth child of the Baron Kerver, at the very threshold of his adventures, becomes the servant of an exacting old giant, and but for Finette, the daughter of a fairy and the slave of the giant, is in a fair way never to get beyond the threshold. Finette, however, proves to be a most remarkable young woman and discloses to Yvon many ways of outwitting the old giant. After Finette had provided herself with three golden bullets, two silver ones, and one more of copper, they leave the service of the giant, but it takes all the mysterious power of the silver and copper bullets to get them fairly out of his clutches. After this Yvon falls under the spell of a sorceress and forgets all about Finette who goes through a surprising list of adventures. At one time when a seneschal wished to marry her she fled from him into the stable and hid behind the cow.

"'You shall not escape me, sorceress!' cried the seneschal; and with a grasp like that of Hercules he seized the cow by the tail, and dragged her out of the stable.

"'*Abracadabra!*' cried Finette. 'May the cow's tail hold on, villain, and may you hold on the cow's tail till you both have been around the world together.'"

And behold the cow darted off like lightning, dragging the unhappy seneschal after her. Nothing stopped the two inseparable comrades; they rushed over mountain and valley, crossed marshes, rivers, quagmires and brakes, glided over the seas without sinking, were frozen in Siberia, and scorched in Africa, climbed the Himalayas, descended Mont Blanc, and at length, after thirty-six hours of a journey the like of which had never been seen, both stopped out of breath in the public square of the village. A young woman who can send off a suitor in this style is certainly a person to make herself respected and to inspire beholders with the feeling that she can do pretty much as she likes, and we are quite prepared to hear that she triumphs over all obstacles and by the aid of the last golden bullet reaches Yvon and lives with him happily ever after.

The other tales in *Les Contes Bleus* are written in this happy fluent style; but *Abdallah* is conceived in a graver manner. It is the story of the search for the four-leaved shamrock whose possessor would lack nothing. How the sacred plant was at last won is thus told:

"While Abdallah admired these marvels in silence, an angel descended towards him; not the terrible Azrael, but the messenger of celestial favors, the good and lovely Gabriel. He held in his hand a tiny diamond leaf; but, small as it was, it shed a light that illumined the whole desert. His soul was intoxicated with joy, the son of Yusuf ran to meet the angel. He paused in terror; at his feet was a vast gulf, full of fire and smoke, bridged only by an immense arch made of a blade of steel which was finer than a hair and sharper than a razor.

"The Bedouin was already seized with despair, when he felt himself supported and urged on by an invisible power.

Hafiz and Leila were on either side of him. He did not see them; he dared not turn for fear of awaking; but he felt their presence, he heard their soothing words; both supported and carried him along with them. 'In the name of the clement and merciful God!' he cried. At these words, which are the key to Paradise, he was transported like lightning to the other side of the bridge. The angel was there, holding out the mysterious flower. The young man seized it. At last the four-leaved shamrock was his, the ardor of desire was quenched, the veil of the body was lifted, the hour of recompense had struck. Gabriel turned his eyes toward the bottom of the garden, where divine majesty was enthroned. Abdallah's glance followed that of the angel, and the eternal splendor flashed in his face. At this lustre which no eye can endure, he fell with his face to the ground, uttering a loud cry.

"This cry man's ear has never heard, man's voice has never repeated. The delicious joy of the shipwrecked mariner who escapes the fury of the waves, the delight of the bridegroom who presses his beloved for the first time to his heart, the transports of the mother who finds the son for whom she has wept — all the joys of earth are naught but mourning and sorrow to the cry of happiness which rose from the soul of Abdallah."

The works I have named by no means comprise all of Laboulaye's writings. He was a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals and from time to time put forth pamphlets on various subjects. Among these was one which was almost as popular in the United States as the famous *Paris in America*, and which bore the title *Why the North cannot accept of Separation*. It was a judicious piece of reasoning and did much good.

"No American," writes Mr. John Bigelow, "was probably more convinced than he was that nowhere in this world outside of the United States could be found such durable guarantees to the people, of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He thought it therefore a matter of world-wide concern that our republic should prove its capacity to deal with the enemies of its own household. He was one of the few conspicuous Frenchmen — perhaps beside M. de Tocqueville, it would be difficult to name a third — who knew where the sovereignty of the people began, and he never ceased to deplore the inability of his countrymen to recognize the limitations of the powers of the State as taught by the fathers of the republic."

In 1869 and 1870 when Napoleon III. was laying his plans for the war with Germany he succeeded in attaching to his cause a number of the prominent single-minded patriotic Frenchmen of the time, among whom were such men as Prevost Paradol, Emile Ollivier and Edouard Laboulaye. Trusting in the good faith of the Emperor Laboulaye supported the famous Plebiscite of 1870, and like the others he found his confidence had been misplaced. Like other Frenchmen of that time he believed in the all-conquering power of French armies, and when France was subdued by the armies of the Germans, and a humiliating peace followed, it not unnaturally filled his soul with bitterness. To him Bismarck was always thereafter "the incarnation of vandalic barbarism," and the pleasant relations he had hitherto held with many

EDOUARD RENE LEFEBRE LABOULAYE.

German literary men were never again imbued with the old-time cordiality. Yet under the Republic his merits received more public recognition than they would have ever gained under the Empire. In 1871 he became a member of the National Assembly, in 1873 a Director of the *Collége de France*, and in 1875 a Senator for life.

Laboulaye sympathized with all important reforms and was an ardent believer in the absolute freedom of education. He was a supporter of the co-operative principles and urged the establishment of great libraries for the working classes. But in spite of his interest in all movements for the improvement of his race he was not in these later years the centre or source of any great public influence. He never became a politician in any but the highest sense. His standards of right were too lofty to allow him

ever to stoop to trickery or double dealing of any sort. Perhaps it was for this reason that he failed to achieve the political influence that no doubt he would have enjoyed wielding, but his failure was of that character which is success if we view it aright.

As a lecturer he was greatly admired. His daily lectures in the *Collége de France* lasted one hour and his class-room was always crowded. So eager was the competition for seats that many who came to listen would wait through the hour of the preceding lecturer in order to be sure of hearing Laboulaye. "All sorts and condition of men" were among his hearers. The roughest men were shoulder to shoulder with scholars and exquisites. In the throng women were often present, many drawn there merely from curiosity, but others from a sincere desire to profit by the lecture. He was a fluent and elegant speaker and his discourses sparkled with humor. Says one American woman who often listened to him in 1869:

"The subject was Montesquieu's Writings. M. Laboulaye held in his hand a volume of the *Esprit des Lois* and read from it, stopping continually to elucidate, or defend sentiments or opinions therein contained. Indeed Montesquieu was only a text from which to preach upon every known subject: religion, politics, manners, literature and art. Now and then the lecturer would condescend to launch a satire against the airy nothingness of a lady's bonnet, the glazed hat of a Paris coachman, the demolitions of Haussmann — in short, he touched upon many a subject never dreamed of in Montesquieu's philosophy. No lecture ever passed without some allusion to our country in glaring and flattering contrast to every other. . . It did not surprise us to learn that the Emperor had forbidden M. Laboulaye to lecture any more upon American politics at the *Collége de France*. The conclusions of the audience was too quickly drawn, and the applause undisguised, but it will make no difference with Laboulaye, for he can teach what lessons he chooses from the politics of Otaheite."

It was a cherished hope with him to visit America and lecture in French upon the topics most dear to him, but the political events preceding the Franco-Prussian War compelled him to relinquish the idea and the fitting opportunity never afterwards presented itself to him. Had he carried out his intention there is no doubt that he would have received one of the most cordial welcomes ever accorded to any of his countrymen. Americans owe his memory a debt of gratitude not easily repaid. For years he was an untiring advocate of the best things in American institutions and his strongest efforts were devoted to giving his countrymen an intelligent comprehension of American principles. To his articles and influence is due the fact that the *Journal des Debats*, one of the most powerful journals in France if not in all Europe, took a decided stand in favor of the Union cause during our Civil War.

In person Laboulaye was about five feet seven inches in height, of pleasant manners and generally attractive appearance. His forehead was high and large, and his lips and chin full and prominent, while his small eyes sparkled with humor and kindliness. His dark olive complexion was seen to fullest advantage, for he wore no beard, and his thin brown hair was brushed smoothly upon his head. He was usually dressed in a black frock coat buttoned close to the chin, which gave him something of a clerical appearance. His health was always frail and this fact withdrew him somewhat from the world in general. Says one who knew him well: "He was a man of most exemplary character and life. He had no habits for which his admirers had to apologize. He lived as ever in his great Task-master's eye, nor was his name ever associated with any cause, business or enterprise which did not reflect back upon him all the dignity he conferred upon it."

It is not said that he made no mistakes or committed no errors of judgment. No one is infallible, and it has sometimes happened that the gravest mistakes, those fraught with the most terrible consequences, have been made by the best of men; but it *is* told of him with perfect truth that he was faithful to his highest convictions of right, and that he was never swayed from them by considerations of policy. He rightly deserves our reverence not only because he was the author of "one pure and good story the aim of which is to sow seeds of virtue," but because he was a man, and such men are not many of whom it could with perfect truth be said — and though it was a simple thing it was a grand thing to say:

"*He had no habits for which his admirers had to apologize!*"

THE RED, RED COPPER.

A PUBLIC LESSON.

By A. M. Griffin.

THE skating members of the town always took possession of the frozen pond which fed the reservoir. The Ice Company most generously did not cut the ice — perhaps because the President did a little skating on his own account — and it presented a gay scene all the season.

Eben had been early on the pond; he had come, not to have more time for the exercise he loved above any other, but to make an experiment. At school, and at play, he met different sections of the boys; here he met the whole of them at once, and he had fancied, being a boy who was quick to notice, that the different sets in each place had of late shunned him. If he went among them naturally, as he had been accustomed to do, they fell off from him in groups and pairs, and before he knew it he was alone. No one made him a party to anything going on, yet he knew the Debating Club of last year was again forming, and the Amateur Minstrels, in connection with it, were in vigorous preparation for the first of their three grand exhibitions. Of both of these he had been a prominent member. He was almost afraid to try to understand it, but he had made up his mind to be sure to-day if these things were accidents, mistakes, or facts.

At first he staid with his sister; her cheeks grew so rosy, she skimmed away from him, around him, so laughing and so mischievous, that he forgot his anxiety in the pleasure he felt that he had been able to give her so much happiness. And it pleased him to see, for he watched her with a very jealous eye, that whatever might be his fancies about his own companions, she was as popular as ever with hers. But now that Christine had gone off he felt he must make his experiment or be a coward in his own opinion.

None of the boys who had gathered on the pond had so much as looked at him. It did not seem to him it had ever been that way last year, but he tried to think perhaps it was and he had forgotten. He gave a bold whoop, though it seemed to him his voice would not come out of his throat; some distant heads turned his way and turned back again, but no one replied. He came swiftly into the midst of them. There was a flush on Eben's cheek, and a gleam in his eye which did not come of exercise.

"Halloo, fellows," he said, grinding down his heels to stop himself; "it's a great deal better over in the hollow, the ice is smoother than glass. Come on, who will have a race up?"

"Particular engagement," squeaked one affectedly, and skated away.

"You'd turn your copper edges," said another bluntly.

Some of the boys laughed, others said nothing, others took no notice of him whatever; Ward Day grew very red in the face and dodged out of his way. And Eben went on the race alone to the hollow.

He had an idea, not very clear, that when he reached there he would take off his skates and go home; he would cut across the fields, and no one would know that he had left; he could not stay, but he had a feeling of pride that would not let him do anything which might lead them to think he had been driven away. There was no hang-dog air about him, he cut the ice swift and straight as an arrow, his face kept a clear color and his eyes were bright, intent upon that distant point. When he reached the hollow he saw the light sharp furrow that some skater had made before him; here and there the line curved, and here was the skater face to face with him. It was Barney. Eben half-nodded and dropping on the bank and bending over, began to take off his skates.

"See here," said Barney, above him.

Eben looked up and found that Barney had

climbed the bank just below and had come up around behind him where his round ruddy face looked down as he hung, half-slipping, with one arm about the branch of a small tree.

"If you would do me a favor, Eben, why — why — it would be a real favor, you know," Barney began.

For the first time Eben's head drooped a little; it had been very straight indeed since he had seen Barney.

"What is it?" he asked, almost gruffly, working at his skates again.

It seemed easier for Barney to talk to Eben's bent back than to his upturned face. He had not very much to say, but his voice had a pleading troubled tone that added importance to his words. He was uncertain whether Eben had heard about the disappearance of the copper, and Dr. Day's advertisement, and Barney touched very gently upon the facts concerning the affair; but he had come to ask Eben to help him recover it, and he did it.

"I'll do whatever I can," replied Eben soberly. He got up and stamped first on one foot then on the other, to bring back the circulation, "but I don't see how I can help you."

Barney let go of the tree and slipped down on the ice. "I want you to propose something, Eben," he said earnestly, "you can always think of a dozen ways where I think of one. Besides, I should rather you would find it than any one. Will you think about it?"

"Yes," replied Eben slowly, "I will. But you must tell me all there is to be told." And then he asked him some questions.

Barney answered as well as he could without bringing in Eben's own name, and Eben listened attentively. When Barney had finished, Eben said abruptly, "Now, I'm going home," and sprang up the bank and ran across the field with his skates slung over his shoulder.

About the time that Barney stopped looking at him and left the hollow, he slackened his run and began to walk, and when he reached the fence he climbed it slowly enough and dropped from the other side among the tangled branches of last summer's wayside bush, like a boy who is tired. He stood still, for he saw Ben Miller going by and he had had enough of boys for one day; but Ben, who was seldom in a hurry, saw him quite as well and hailed him. It flashed across Eben's mind that he might perhaps make something of this opportunity, as he knew it was good-natured Ben's habit to talk a great deal and keep nothing to himself.

"Why are you leaving so early?" asked Ben inquisitively.

"I had enough of skating for one reason," he answered, "and then there was another."

"Which you won't tell, I suppose, because it is the real one," said Ben. "Come on, turn back, and I'll stand by you."

"Stand by me?" repeated Eben, "I didn't say I needed it. What do you mean?"

Ben looked at him in confusion. "Oh," he stammered, "I thought you said something like it — didn't you?"

"No, I did not," said Eben decidedly, "but you must have had something like it in your mind or you could not have thought so; and, now, I want to know just what it was."

Ben glanced at him, and then up and down the road as if he had got himself into trouble and would like to escape; but nothing stretched either way but the bare wintry landscape.

"I thought of course you knew by this time," he said in desperation, "but you just tell me if the boys acted the same that they always do."

"You know they did not," replied Eben, "and you know the reason, too, Ben, and though I don't ask you to stand by me, if you are any kind of a boy you will tell me what they mean."

"If you will have it," said Ben; "I suppose, though, if you hear it from me, you will give me all the benefit of making the story up, and sending it around generally, and keeping the ball going afterwards. Those are the kind of thanks one gets for being friendly."

"Please go on," said Eben.

"I don't know as you know," returned Ben, so urged — "It's a mean business, but you will have it — that you were the only person alone with the copper the night it went, and you gave the alarm that sent us off in a hurry, and you had been talking an awful lot about selling it for ten dollars, and wishing you had ten dollars. And one day after that Ward went out with a presentiment and he met you with your arms full of the things you wanted the money for, and you said your father hadn't given them to

you, and how you got the money was your business; and you acted very queer, getting mad at Ward. And then Ward thought this very odd, and though he didn't want to — for he never dreamed of such a thing before — began to remember, and to believe perhaps you were overtempted; and though he didn't mean it to, it leaked out among the boys — but I think no one has any business to take it for granted, you know." Ben was very earnest. "After all, I think you might better know it all," he added in a consolatory voice.

Eben was quite silent. He looked at Ben as if he did not see him at all, and then turned about and tramped steadily up the road towards the town. Instead of going directly home he kept on the main street and finally entered a building where there were many offices. He rapped at the door of one of these which bore a small black square informing the public in gilt letters that "M. E. Brown, Attorney and Counsellor at Law," could be found within. The gentleman busy with papers at a desk was he whose house had been a-fire that one very eventful evening for poor Eben. He looked up, nodded and smiled, and held out his hand.

"How are you?" he asked, with an observant glance. "Can I do anything for you, Eben?"

"Yes, sir," replied Eben; but a certain amount of excitement had sustained him to this point, and now that he was to speak he had to be silent a moment to control a trembling voice.

"Take your time," said Mr. Brown kindly, "take your time; if you don't feel like talking just yet, why, I will write a letter until you do. There is a chair by the window."

"I am very much obliged, sir," returned Eben, "I would rather tell you now. You remember, Mr. Brown, you wanted me to take some money after the fire, and though I refused the whole amount I took ten dollars because I wanted to get some things so badly? But, oh, I wish I hadn't taken anything!"

"You did quite right," said Mr. Brown, in a matter-of-fact voice; "the only mistake about it was not accepting all I wished you to. What is the trouble?"

"I only want to ask you, sir, if I should want you to say in writing, or any other way, that you gave me just that much money, and what day you gave it, if you would be willing? I did not want any one to know I was paid for that" — Eben broke down and put his hand over his eyes.

"See here, my boy," said Mr. Brown quietly, "you did me a very great service and I suppose I have a right to make you some acknowledgment, which it would have been very ungracious in you to refuse. If both you and I preferred something most satisfactory to yourself, I can't see that you are lowered by it, especially as it was your wish to benefit your sister at the same time. To think that the value of my acknowledgment was a value that paid my appreciation of your service, is simply ridiculous; money, anyway, has nothing to do with it."

So comforted, for Eben could not help but feel comforted, he told the suspicions which had been attached to him, and their cause, and added that he did not wish as yet to deny anything; what he wanted was to trace the copper, restore it with full proof that he had never taken nor possessed it, and he wanted Mr. Brown to know about everything he did in the search so that not a slur nor a stain could be attached to him when the coin was once more in the hands of its rightful owner.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "I don't know but this is as bad as having one's house and home threatened by fire. But don't you fret! Whether you find that miserable penny or not, we shall make things straight. Have you thought of what you will do first?"

"Not much," said Eben disconsolately; "after being suspected myself I wouldn't like to try and fasten it on any one else. Mrs. Day has had her servants a long time — no one would think of accusing them; they couldn't, you see. Circumstances are against *me*, though I think it very cruel to take hold of circumstances in such a hurry. As for any of those other boys, I know they couldn't steal money."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Brown, "we don't know anything until we prove it."

"I want to go and look in the museum myself," continued Eben. "While I stood there alone I noticed Barney had not made his case very compact; there was a space between the back and the cushion quite wide enough for any

of the coins to slip down in. It might have fallen in there in some way, or perhaps the crack kept on to the bottom and it fell through to the floor and rolled into some place out of the way."

"Very true," said Mr. Brown, "and if I were you, I would have every board up in the flooring before I gave up my theory. It is the best one to begin on."

Eben brightened very much. He went away feeling quite differently from what he had when he entered Mr. Brown's office; he had had hurried, bitter and indignant thoughts on his rapid walk there, but the composure and kindness, the matter-of-fact manner of the lawyer, the very arrangement of the turmoil that had gone on in his mind into definite speech and a course of action, the knowledge that he had some one to believe in him and some one to back him, made a different boy of him altogether.

He had an idea that Barney had not dealt with him more kindly in speaking to him than the other boys in leaving him to himself; it appeared to him an underhand, or a sly sort of method, to bring him to a confession, not a wish to justify him. So although he found it the easiest thing in the world to hold himself aloof from his usual companions, it was very difficult to go frankly up to Barney and ask him if he might see him at his house at a certain hour on an important matter. It seemed to him he would think that he was about to make an admission of guilt — so hard is it, for those who know themselves innocent but suspected, to keep from a sensitive misjudgment of other's thoughts of them. He fancied Barney looked at him regretfully; perhaps he did — but that may not have been because he took him for a criminal.

At the proper hour he was at Dr. Day's house and was admitted by the doctor himself who shook hands and said warmly that he was glad to see him. Barney called from the office-door for him to come in there, as his father was going out and no one would disturb them.

Eben stood up stiff and grave by the doctor's desk and told Barney directly what he wished to do — "to make my word good," said Eben, "that I am very unjustly suspected."

Barney walked up and threw his arm very affectionately around his shoulder. "You know *I* think so, Eben," he said earnestly, "of course you must know it. Papa and I think Ward has done you the greatest injury, and papa has spoken very sternly to him. But he has made the mischief and there seems only one way to undo it. Ward is very stubborn; if he gets an opinion he thinks it must be right because he got it, and the more you talk to him the more he believes he is in the right. I am sure he is really ashamed of having said things to any one but me and wishes he had not, but he is all the time telling things he wishes he could keep to himself. He was so triumphant over a discovery that he went and told his chum, and that was next best to posting it on the town walls; there are always plenty of ill-natured people who like any kind of gossip at all, and the better the person it is about the better they like it. I know it makes it doubly bad coming from our family and we feel very sorry about it; one day Ward will."

So with Barney's arm still about his shoulder Eben went up to search the room beneath the eaves. They did not at the present moment tear up the floor, though the energy of both the boys was entirely equal to it; it was only delayed until Dr. Day's acquiescence should be given. Eben pointed out the crack which separated the back from the cushion and the bottom. Then the case was thoroughly examined, then the room. There was no result; but where the rafters of the roof and the first wall joined the floor there existed a space in which innumerable coppers might find a hiding-place: it was necessary to leave its exploration, however, until the boards might be removed. So confident were they both that it was there that Barney begged Eben not to treasure hard feelingt against Ward when they showed him how wrong he had been.

Eben acknowledged to himself that he would have gone home more comfortably if he had been successful, but still matters had proved much better than he had expected, and he felt a peculiar throb of tenderness for Barney. When he reached home he found there a note from Mr. Brown which told him that the member of the Athenæum who was to have been doorkeeper at the next evening's entertainment had been taken ill, and that Dr. Day and himself

had requested the Committee to ask him to take his place, which they now requested him to do. Eben flushed with the great pleasure he felt at the great kindness shown by these gentlemen in offering him a place trusting him with money; and then he trembled as he thought if any accident should happen that he lost money, or should he make a mistake in change — it would only confirm the bad opinion some people already had of him. There was great indignation in his home about the malicious reports of their boy. Christine declared she believed Ward had taken the copper himself; the rest of the family, although they did not quite agree with this opinion, believed it had been stolen by some one. So Eben did not get much sympathy in his persuasion that he would be cleared before he became the Athenæum door-keeper.

The next afternoon Barney called for him and said that the floor near the wall might come up, but it was unnecessary to take up every plank, because the cross-beam would prevent the copper rolling any distance; a carpenter would do the work for them, as they might become a little too energetic if left to themselves.

Up came the planks, and down went Barney and Eben on their knees, with a candle, searching in the space between the ceiling and the floor, among the dust and dirt which had accumulated — but no copper.

Eben looked up with a face of despair. "I am innocent," he said.

"O, Eben, I know you are," cried Barney, "I *will* make people believe me instead of Ward."

"I was so sure it would be here," said Eben, groping again; "it can't be anywhere else; it has slipped down further, I'm sure."

"Yes," said the carpenter, "that may be, but we can't pull the house down, floor by floor, young gentlemen."

And Eben felt this to be so very true that he got up at once and said there was no use then looking any more.

Eben took his seat on the high stool in the Athenæum box-office without the feelings of triumph he had expected, though Mr. Brown told him to keep his eyes open, and his spirits up, and only think of business. The neat pile of the familiar blue tickets, Ward's handiwork, made him feel very bitterly; but presently as people began to press around the pigeon-hole demanding tickets, pushing in their money, and needing change Eben did only think of business and found it great fun too. Eben was not entirely alone as Mr. Brown and Dr. Day had intended he should be. Ben Miller was in the box-office. Mr. Miller was one of the principal persons in the Athenæum and as Ben had coaxed very hard to divide the fun, his father had introduced him there without consulting any one.

"You may do what you please to help with the tickets," said Eben, looking him in the eyes, "but you know, Ben, I can't afford even to let my own father put his hand on this money-box." So Ben cast down his eyes and said nothing.

Presently, after the last straggler had gone through the doors, Ben tried to persuade Eben to go in and enjoy himself awhile; he promised to take good care of everything and then they could take turns. But Eben was not to be coaxed. Ben finally went away, but before a half-hour had passed came back again urging Eben to take his share of the pleasure; but he shook his head and went on counting his money and fixing the five cents, ten cents, and twenty-fives in piles, ready to drop, when he had made sure his calculations were right, into a locked box with a slit in the top; Mr. Brown had promised him he would come before the close and take it in charge himself. He kept the box right before him and would not let Ben so much as touch it, though he grew quite cross because he was not permitted to examine an empty box, and Eben wished as he enjoyed himself so heartily in the lecture-room he had staid there.

Having made quite sure his money was all right, and set down the sums, Eben began to drop it into the box. He began with the piles on his right hand; on the left were the ten and five cent pieces, and some pennies. As he turned his head away he heard a soft chink.

"Don't disturb things," he said quickly to Ben — Ben was leaning against the wall.

"I'm not," he answered, "don't be afraid you will find yourself short."

"I can't afford an accident," said Eben; and went on with his task.

He finished the piles upon the right and turned to the left; first the tens, they were correct; then the fives, they were correct; then

the pile of cents, they were correct, and followed the others into the box; then the few old-fashioned coppers.

"Why, there are four!" cried Eben.

Ben was just going from the door. Quick as a flash Eben pulled him back and held his hand over the knob. There was a frightened expectant look in Ben's face; he did not attempt to get away.

"Ben," said Eben, "what do you mean by that? there were three coppers there — what did you add one for?"

"What stuff!" said Ben, but keeping his eyes on Eben's with the same strange expression. "You have miscounted."

"I have not," said Eben; "the number of pieces in every pile is down on this paper; about those coppers I know because I examined every one."

"Well, it wasn't with them," stammered Ben, "I" —

Eben with a sudden movement seized the coin and bent over it towards the light.

"It is the red, red copper!" he said, lifting his head.

Just then the deadened sound of a burst of applause struck on the ears of both the boys, and for a moment both were silent.

"O, Ben," said Eben sorrowfully, "I believe I would rather never have it come to light at all."

"Well," said Ben, with a half-sob, "to tell you the truth, Eben, I was tempted to bury the hateful thing, for as true as you are innocent so am I of such a thing as stealing it. But I felt if I didn't get it back and clear you it would be just as good as stealing, and I hadn't the courage to tell that I had it, for Ward never would believe but I had taken it, and there was no way to prove that I didn't. I thought slipping it in this way you would surely see it and think some one had passed it in."

"Where did it come from?" asked Eben, holding it very tight.

"You see I put on my old cap, that I hadn't worn for two weeks, yesterday, and I felt something hard between the linings, and when I fished it out there was that copper! As true as I'm a living boy, Eben Hawley! And I thought I would have tumbled over when I saw it. Who put it there, I don't know."

"Nobody," said Eben; "don't haul in any one else on this case. Let me see your cap."

Eben examined it and very quickly found a rip on the edge between the lining and the cloth which if it were pushed in a certain way pressed out. He saw readily how the copper might have gotten into it if the cap were beneath the case and a shake or a knock had thrown it against the defective back and so through to the ground where the cap lay ready to receive it. The only part of that evening, which no one had repeated, because Ward had forgotten it entirely, Ben now supplied himself.

"You see," he added, "I knew if Ward once remembered my being up-stairs alone there finding my cap after the way I saw fellows fasten suspicions on you and prove a clear case against you — though I never believed it — there wasn't a chance for me. I didn't know anything about that back, so what could I say to make them believe I hadn't taken it and repented? And now I thought you could clear yourself."

"You chose a pretty way," laughed Eben — he was so happy to have found the copper; "why, man alive, don't you see I might better never have found it than as you planned? don't you see it would be just one cent too much in my account, and would speak for itself that I had had it all along and chose that clumsy way to be rid of it?"

"Why, you would have changed it off for one of the cents," said Ben quickly.

"And do you think I would do that?" asked Eben.

That same evening Dr. Day received back the copper and Ben told his story to him, to Mr. Brown, and to his own father. Mr. Miller seemed to consider it a pretty good joke, but the other gentlemen scarcely acted as if they looked at it in that light at all. Barney went home with his mouth fixed for his most cheerful whistle and Ward could scarcely be kept from running the entire way, though the hour was late, to Eben's house to beg his forgiveness — for when Ward did discover he had made a mistake there never was a boy quicker to acknowledge it and show himself sorry. He did not spare himself the next morning, but spread the true tale of the red copper far and wide, taking great pains to shield Ben's reputation. In con-

sequence all the boys made haste to show themselves sorry for their ill-treatment of Eben, and almost made him a hero.

Did the red copper again distinguish the now famous "noo?" Nay, nevermore. It hung in a small frame above Ward's bed, a lasting remembrance of hasty judgment, obstinate opinion, and too careless speech.

The red, red copper after all did more than ten dollars worth of good to every one concerned — except Ben. Ben never learned lessons, in school, nor out.

HOW TO RID A HOUSE OF MOSQUITOES.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

By Frances A. Humphrey.

WHEN General Frémont was making a survey of the Northwest Territories in 1839 and was in what is now Dacotah, he says his camp was so infested with mosquitoes that they had to eat their food behind long green veils draped around the brims of their hats.

Veils by day and a smudge by night are the usual defences of the wilderness from these pests. But the dweller in houses commonly puts a barrier of window-screens and bed-canopies between himself and them, and so takes his air strained. There is a better way, however, and one so effectual that though the windows and doors be left wide open and screenless they will not enter.

A dozen years ago, perhaps, I read a newspaper paragraph to the effect that if Dalmatian insect powder were burned in a room the mosquitoes would leave it and though windows remained open they would not return. I read the paragraph and forgot it, as others did doubtless, for I saw nothing more about it and I never heard of anybody trying it.

In the summer of 1881 I chanced to be with a friend on board a schooner which lay off Philadelphia on the Delaware side. The time was September and the mosquitoes swarmed. They took possession of the *Lucy Graham* fore and aft. The captain and mate gave up to us their bed-screens. We objected to the sacrifice and were casting about for some other possible defence when there flashed before my mind the newspaper paragraph before mentioned. "Have you Dalmatian insect powder?" I asked of the captain. "We have." "Then I shall burn some in your cabin; the mosquitoes will flee. You can sleep with open windows and they will not return." He smiled as who should say, "You can burn pounds if you like. We will not dispute your statement, but we do not believe it." We burned the powder, the mosquitoes fled and *did not return.*

For some years I had no occasion to repeat the experiment. But in 1886 I found myself in a green and bowery spot in New Hampshire, full of all fresh delights, but, alas! full also of mosquitoes. They came like an army with banners.

We are told that the mind never forgets; that everything we ever heard of is stowed away in compartments of the brain, like papers in pigeon-holes, ready for use when the time comes. I believe it. For out again from some place where it had lain dormant all this time, popped that newspaper paragraph. And that night I burned the powder — a teaspoonful in an iron spoon, lighted with a match and left to smoulder. The effect was magical. Not a mosquito lifted his wing that night within the four walls of my room and I slept soundly. Perhaps it was not the smouldering powder that drove them off, you say? Perhaps it was only some mysterious withdrawal of their forces for a season? How was it, then, that on going down to breakfast the next morning, I was greeted with a piteous story from the other members of our party, of a night spent in fighting mosquitoes, the greatest sufferer of all being the little fellow whose freshly-cropped head offered such a seductive

field to their operations? The next night the powder was burned in every bedroom, and never was wall of the Middle Ages more impregnable to a besieging force than was the invisible barrier it raised against the mosquitoes raging without. A thing must be put to many tests, it is said, before its virtue can be considered established, and I give the result of another experiment. In May, 1887, I went on a visit to a certain dear old town in the Old Colony. It was apple-blossom time, and the song of the linnet, the robin and the bobolink were heard in its fields. But into this Paradise the mosquitoes had entered, numberless and almost as big as bumblebees! On one side of the great open wood-house, in the house where I visited, is a raised platform whereon stands a cooking-stove used only in summer. This room can not be screened and over its windows swarmed the mosquitoes. I told the story of the insect powder, and the mistress promptly said she would try it at once; a hot fire was burning in the stove and she would scatter some on its covers. "But," I remonstrated, fearing for the complete success of the trial under such conditions, "it will have no effect in this big open place." But it did! in five minutes the mosquitoes were so stupefied we could poke them about with our fingers and they quickly disappeared. The experiment was afterwards repeated with flies and with equal success. I think if I had a veranda infested with mosquitoes where I wished to sit of an evening in comfort, I would have me a pretty Greek vase, bronze, perhaps, in which I would burn perpetual incense of Dalmatian Insect Powder.

THE T'SING T'SONG T'SUE.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens.

IN Europe and America millions daily use articles called after the country of one of the most ancient peoples of the earth, without ever thinking of their far-off, oblique-eyed, saffron-skinned, cone-shape-headed cousins — if we may give the name of cousin to a race separated from the Aryan and Semitic types by a boundary line very strongly defined.

The Chinese call themselves T'sing T'song T'sue, after one of their renowned leaders who performed no end of miracles in his time, and when dead was worshiped as the Heaven Father of the people. By their neighbors — the Kalmucks, Finns and Russians — they are called Khi-Tai or Winged Death, in allusion to the winged and scaly dragons displayed on their banners. By the ancients they were known as T'sin Noc, or Scythians, a name which implied anything strange, foreign, or barbarous; and by the ancient Aryans, as Dur-Aryan, Far From or Non Aryan, once a term of contempt, but now adopted by European scholars and modified into Turanian, under which head are classed all races not Aryan or Semitic.

The history of the Chinese is as extraordinary as their physiognomy.

They claim that two million two hundred and sixty-seven thousand and some odd years intervene between their establishment in the Earthly Kingdom and the birth of their great teacher Confucius, 551 B. C. In a curious volume called the *Bamboo Book* are found no end of legends of the three Dynasties — of Pwanku the Celestial, Fohi the Terrestrial, and Hwangte the Solar. In these traditions gigantic and grotesque creatures, half spiritual and half brute, unite with comets, stars, clouds, earthquakes, thunderbolts, lightnings, fiery dragons, and forest and sea monsters, to teach the earliest settlers how to make huts, produce fire, cook food, to weave and spin cloth, to hold the plough, to sow, reap, and harvest. The extraordinary feats of

strength, valor and skill employed in developing the animal, vegetable, and mineral resources of the country and establishing order out of chaos, are incomparably marvelous. One thing, however, stands out clear amid this mass of mythological history, and that is that the Chinese account of their development is based on the Darwinian idea of evolution. In some of their oldest books their teachers and reformers are represented as half-ape and half-man; creatures little removed from the gorilla, who spend their energies in laboring for the material rather than the spiritual welfare of their fellows.

Confucius was born in the state of Loo, now called Shang Tang, in the reign of the twenty-third emperor of the Tcheou dynasty. His father, Shuh-Liang-Heih, and his noble mother Ching Tsai, one of the most remarkable of Asiatic women, claimed their descent from the prehistoric Hwangte, and though renowned for their purity of life, were so poor that at his father's death Confucius was obliged while yet a child to gain a scanty support as herdsmen for himself and his mother.

Little or nothing is recorded of his boyhood, save his passion for imitating the rites and ceremonials observed by his elders. His mother to whose memory he was always tenderly attached, had him instructed in mechanical occupations, such as farming, carpentering, painting, house-building. At fifteen his mind became set on learning, and at nineteen he had made himself master of all the knowledge of his day. Having established his reputation as a scholar he next married and became the father of one son and two daughters. At twenty-one, the ignorance of his fellowmen so distressed him that he assumed the office of a public teacher of morals, retaining and teaching, as he himself has said, "only such pupils as had that natural insight and love of truth which enabled them from hearing about one corner of a subject to divine without further explanation the other three." If any, rich or poor, noble or prince, appeared indifferent in the study and practice of the most rigid morals, he rejected them at once, without anger, but with firmness. It is said that it was his custom to explain his own slow progress in the virtues in the following words:

"At fifteen my mind was bent on acquiring all knowledge; at thirty I stood firm in my convictions; at forty all doubts vanished; at fifty I began to perceive the laws of Heavenly Order and Harmony; at sixty my ear gave loving obedience to the voice of truth; at seventy I could follow my heart's desire without transgressing right; having at last discovered the golden rule—'Not to do unto others that which is distasteful to one's self.'"

CHINESE DRAWING OF CONFUCIUS.

Being appointed chief magistrate of Chung-too, Confucius then and there affected a reformation in the conduct of the people, which resulted in his being placed at the head of the Department for the Suppression of Crime at T'si. Here he exhibited his great moral force in such an extraordinary manner that he brought the feudal chiefs under perfect control, and punished the greatest in the land with the same sense of unflinching justice as the poorest slave.

The coming of Confucius made a fête-day for the poor; he dispensed warmth and light everywhere; whoever had need of anything was shown his humble dwelling, and when it was out of his own power to help he forced the rich to open their purses and provide the means. His example was followed; a new influence seemed to

urge the heads of all the other departments; crime and vice were almost stamped out of the land; purity and good faith prevailed; Confucius became the idol of his countrymen, and his name was breathed in reverence from every lip. No Mongolian was ever so much beloved by his disciples; they spoke of him as the greatest of mortals, and they have treasured up and related every act of his life — how he lived, and how he died, how he judged the rich and poor, prince and slave with the same unqualified impartiality; how he rose up before the aged and did reverence to those who mourned; how he reproved those who withdrew themselves from the world because of its wickedness into solitary places, saying: "It is impossible for man to associate with birds and beasts who have no affinity with us; with whom should I associate but with my suffering fellow men?"

For nearly twenty-four centuries Confucius has received the adoration of his countrymen. His grave at Kung is a national shrine, the spot most sacred in the Earthly Kingdom; his family and dearest disciples lie entombed beside him, and all around are tablets with texts from his writings, dedicated by kings, warriors, statesmen, scholars and priests to his memory.

The life of a Chinaman is hampered with ancient forms of etiquette which are rigidly enforced and cheerfully obeyed. Since burning fragrant wood and paper were held as a charm against evil spirits, so to this day a Chinaman burns bits of wood and paper on all occasions of prayer and sacrifice as his ancestors did thousands of years ago. As it was thought refined to have small feet, the high ladies of China to-day mutilate the feet of their daughters rather than they should have the proportions of the common orders of the people. Since shaving the hair, all but the pigtail, was thought to have preserved the life of a mythical Mongolian prince, every Chinaman shaves his head and clings to his pigtail, cultivates and adorns it. Assisting the food down one's throat by means of chopsticks was considered more refined than eating with the fingers, or putting the mouth to the dish, by the ancient civilizers of the T'sing T'song T'sue, hence to this day chopsticks are used by the Emperor as well as the peasant — the one of gold, the other of common wood. Since the Chinese Charlemagne, Ching Wangte, decreed in the third century B. C. that education should be universal, that every boy in the Kingdom should be compelled to learn to read, write, and count, education is free to every man in the realm, and a competitive examination opens to all who wish the highest offices of state, and wealth is not allowed to raise its possessor to an office of trust — not even the will of the Emperor can secure an office for an uneducated favorite, and the laws for honest dealing in these competitive examinations are so severe that the President of the Board of Examiners at Peking was recently put to death for granting fraudulent degrees to the sons of a certain high Mandarin; but as no plan was made by this Chinese Charlemagne for the education of girls, women are to this day excluded from almost all the rights and privileges of human beings, and in some parts of China women are so little thought of that in the homes of the poor they are often put to death by their parents in infancy rather than they should be at the trouble of rearing them.

The Chinese not only honor but support their parents in old age, and after death they perform at their graves those ancient funeral rites which are believed to conduce to the comfort of the departed soul. If any observance is omitted, the relatives look for swift vengeance from the deceased; if duly performed, no end of benefits from the same source.

The most cherished desire of a Chinaman, no matter where he lives, what he does, or how he dies, is to be buried with his forefathers; he is content to be exiled and enslaved all his life, provided his bones are returned to lie and mingle with his ancestral sod. Every month shiploads of deceased Chinese are sent from all parts of the world, especially from San Francisco across the Pacific, to be interred in the spot hallowed by their ancestral remains.

Nevertheless in the life of the common people there exists much domestic happiness. Nowhere does reverence for parental authority rank so high as with our Mongolian cousins; while as a nation they are extremely frugal, sober, and industrious, with few wants; rice, fish, fruit, and vegetables constitute their food, tea their universal drink, a blue blouse, nankin trousers,

wooden shoes and a wide straw hat their ordinary apparel, and the long pigtail the most cherished object of their solicitude, which to pull or handle roughly is to insult grossly a true-born son of the T'sing T'song T'sue.

Marriages take place at an early age among all the Mongolian races, and are contracted by professional match-makers. The match-maker visits the maiden with a curious paper, on which are inscribed the eight symbols denoting the day, hour, year, month, presiding star, and deity, and the ancestral name of the suitor. A similar paper is presented by the maiden. If the suit is agreeable, the papers are submitted to a Chinese fortune-teller for approval, who, on finding the fates propitious, prepares a couple of grotesque cards, surrounded by twelve symbols of the virtues. On the reverse side of the one intended for the bridegroom is pasted a colored dragon, symbolic of his plighted troth, and on the other a phœnix the Chinese emblem of conjugal fidelity. These cards are stitched together, which again symbolizes the insolubility of the marriage tie. The exchange of horoscopes is followed by presents. Then the bride, gorgeously attired and veiled from head to foot, and accompanied by a gay musical procession, starts for her future home. Half-way she is met by a procession from her future husband, which escorts her on the rest of the way. In some parts of Mongolia the bride on her wedding-day rides off on horseback in full gallop, followed by the bridegroom who can only claim her as his wife if he succeed in capturing her. On alighting, she is led into a room, where her future husband awaits her, and here without exchanging a word, or even daring to look at each other, they sit down on a low stool side by side, and proceed with all possible haste to sit each on the other's dress. This performance is extremely ludicrous, and gives rise to peals of laughter, and the one who first succeeds in the attempt, is hailed with shouts of merriment, as destined to rule in the household. This done the whole party adjourn to the family altar, on which are pictures of Buddha, Confucius, Tâo Tsze, Mencius and of the Heaven and Earth deities. Here the bride and bridegroom prostrate themselves in silent prayer, then vows are exchanged in the presence of the Buddhist priests, magic papers are burned, hymns are chanted, and finally the bride and bridegroom drink a glass of wine, symbol of the marriage sacrament, in alternate sips from the same vessel. Then for the first time the bride is unveiled, the young couple bow to each other and the rest of the day is spent in feasting and merriment.

For thousands of years China had been like a vast garden fenced in and around with huge stone walls; pleasant no doubt to those within, but forbidding and tantalizing and tempting to those without.

But change came, within and without. European and American steamers now ply on the River of Golden Sands, telegraphs, railways, observatories, schools, universities and colleges on the European plans are everywhere, and a subtle light is creeping upon the ancient spirit of the T'sing T'song T'sue; and like those airy sprites in fairy tales, who rear unseen through the darkness of night some beautiful structure, to astonish all beholders in the clear morning sun, so the years, hours and moments are silently rearing amid the darkness of pagan institutions that wondrous structure of a Christian civilization whose beauty, strength and everlasting foundations the sunlight of a great future alone shall fully reveal to our oblique-eyed, saffron-skinned and cone-shape-headed cousins.

FROM CALIGULA TO HADRIAN.

(*Search-Questions in Roman History.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

141. How long did Caligula reign?

142. Whose influence was strongest over Caligula?

143. What famous saying is attributed to Caligula?

144. To what great leader was Claudius related?

145. Whom did Claudius take for his model in the administration of public affairs?

146. What British chieftain was brought to Rome in this reign?

147. What great disaster happened to Rome in A. D. 64, and by whom was it supposed to have been caused?

148. What noted queen was defeated by Suetonius Paulinus?

149. What noted preacher taught in Rome in the reign of Nero?

150. What emperor built the Colosseum?

151. What building at Rome commemorates the siege and capture of Jerusalem?

152. What was the most noted event of A. D. 79?

153. What Roman leader about this time carried the power of the Roman arms as far as the Scottish Highlands?

154. What emperor being defeated by the Dacians returned to Rome and celebrated a triumph?

155. What emperor reigned but sixteen months?

156. What does Trajan's column commemorate?

157. Mention some of the countries added to the empire by Trajan.

158. Where was Hadrian proclaimed emperor?

159. What imperial policy did he imitate?

160. By whom was the Jewish revolt suppressed in the reign of Hadrian, and what result followed the defeat of the Jews?

ANSWERS TO MAY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

101. Roman literature began with the drama.

102. Livius Andronicus; born before 482 B. C.: lived till after 547 B. C.

103. Ennius. 239 B. C.–169 B. C.

104. Plautus.

105. Terence.

106. The Satire was derived from the Fescennine songs, a species of rude extempore verses made by the Italian peasants. Lucilius 148 B. C. – 103 B. C. constructed his Satires upon the Fescennine model and was the first to adapt these rude songs to literary purposes.

107. Titus Lucretius Carus, commonly styled Lucretius.

108. Virgil.

109. For extreme elegance and daintiness of style.

110. Horace.

111. Tibullus, Propertius and Ovid.

112. Cato the Censor.

113. Varro.

114. Julius Cæsar. The Commentaries.

115. Sallust.

116. Cornelius Nepos.

117. The Orations, Epistles and the treatises on rhetoric including *De Oratore.*

118. Livy.

119. Hellenic influence.

120. They hated and feared it because they saw in it a power hostile to them but favorable to the middle class.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.

MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR JULY.

First Week: Edouard René Lefébre Laboulaye (*Dear Old Story-Tellers*); *Nelly Marlow in Washington*, Chapters I. and II.

Second Week: First half of The T'sing, T'song, T'sue (*Our Asiatic Cousins*); *Nelly Marlow in Washington*, Chapter III.

Third Week: The T'sing, T'song, T'sue, remainder (*Our Asiatic Cousins*); *Nelly Marlow in Washington*, Chapter IV.

Fourth Week: How to rid a House of Mosquitoes (*Ways to Do Things*); *Nelly Marlow in Washington*, Chapter V.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

First Week:

I. Roll Call, answered by naming the "Famous Story-Tellers" described up to the present, and a work by each. A fact about each should also be given.

II. Quiz on Life of Edouard René Lefébre Laboulaye.

III. Short papers on Napoleon III. and the Franco-Prussian War.

V. Description of important buildings in Baltimore: The Washington Monument, Johns Hopkins University, Johns Hopkins Hospital and The Peabody Museum, etc.

VI. Reading: "Yvon and Finette" (published in Harper's Magazine for January, 1867); or any member who reads French may translate from the original.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call, answered by naming the principal rivers in China and describing the course of each.

II. The Story of the Great Chinese Leaders, told by different members.

III. Map Drill on the City of Washington. Have the map drawn on a blackboard if possible and locate the principal buildings. (Small guides of the City of Washington may be obtained for twenty-five cents from any Washington newsdealer).

IV. Sketch of the History of Washington City.

V. Music.

VI. "A visit to the Capital"—short stories written by the members, time of writing limited to fifteen minutes.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call: each member should bring some article of interest from China—a vase, idol or picture and if possible tell some fact about it.

II. Short papers on Chinese Pottery, The Opium Trade, The Silk Industry, Famous Chinese Astronomers.

III. Short question-match: Review of History of China taken up at the previous meeting.

IV. Reading: Christianity in China. Article selected from any Church Missionary Magazine—or "The Great Wall of China" in the February WIDE AWAKE.

V. Map-drill on Geography of China; this should be general but each member should also be assigned a particular section of country on which to be especially prepared.

VI. A Chinese Tea. All the appointments of the "tea" should be as thoroughly Chinese as possible; with the assistance of Chinese fans, umbrellas, screens, lanterns and pottery the room can be made quite "Oriental" and a careful study of the Chinese costumes, modes of dressing the hair, etc., will enable the members of the club at very slight cost, to transform themselves into veritable Mongols. Plain straight drapery, with flowing sleeves and bound at the waist with a broad sash can be very easily managed. A simple pasteboard shoe, slightly pointed, turned up at the toe, and slipped on over the ordinary shoe, would serve to heighten the effect.

The tea should consist of rice, fish, fruits and nuts, the tea itself being served in little cups after the meals. The company are of course to be seated on rugs, a small low table in the centre holding the viands. Chopsticks will doubtless not be handled very dexterously by a "knife and fork" fraternity, but of course the Chinese custom should be observed. Two ordinary "skewers" will answer the purpose very well and should be held in the right hand between the first and second and second and third fingers respectively. [Let all the clubs who have a "tea" send us an account of it for publication.]

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call, answered by naming in order the Presidents of the United States.

II. Short Papers on The Treasury Building, The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, The Patent Office and Washington Monument.

III. Music.

IV. Paper on Women of the White House (an article in the February and later 1888 WIDE AWAKES on "Children of the White House" will be found helpful in preparing this paper).

V. Readings: From articles in WIDE AWAKE on "Children of the White House."

☞ *Names of those answering the May Search-Questions will appear in the August* WIDE AWAKE *and* JOURNAL *in connection with those for June.* ☜

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale.
Maurice Thompson. President Angell.

L. L. P. which means $2000.00 in cash Prizes: 94 Prizes from $5.00 up to $500.00 each, to be distributed among the Pupils and Teachers in American Schools.

This page of answers is published for the "school children" who write letters asking about the Lothrop Literature Prizes.

I. The Prizes will be awarded as soon as the manuscripts can be examined by the Committee named above — more about this further on.

II. There will be "absolute fairness." If a little girl of ten, or her big brother or sister of sixteen, write bright things, we can assure them that they will be treated with attention. If she, or her brother or sister, send the very brightest things *they are absolutely sure to get the biggest prizes* — that's all. Dr. Hale and Mr. Thompson and President Angell would rather enjoy sending off a $500.00 prize to a young school-girl because she had written a brighter thing than the college professors.

III. "Is the Competition just as open to country district schools as to colleges and seminaries, etc.?" Of course it is. We know what we are about; as likely as not a boy who studies in a sod schoolhouse in the far West will carry off a L. L. Prize. To be sure the Harvard Annex girls, and Wellesley and Vassar, the Latin Schools and High Schools, the young men in Yale and Harvard and Michigan University, are all "very much stirred up" about the competition — but genius is genius wherever the sun shines, and the South and West, and the country farmhouses, have sent out some of the best literature.

IV. "Is it not too late to begin now?" Well, it would be, if we were to insist upon the original date, July 1st. But we are not going to do that. The interest has so increased, and so many are just hearing of the Prizes, that we have resolved to extend the time to December 1st, that all school-people may have the summer vacation to work on their manuscripts, and the fall for finishing touches. *Remember though that the date cannot be extended a second time!*

V. "Cannot we give you hints?" Yes, we can, and will. You will find some in the June WIDE AWAKE. And in every number of WIDE AWAKE after this you will find a page, or more, of suggestions. We who make the magazine ought to know what we want most, and we will "give hints." The new volume of WIDE AWAKE began with the June number and you can get the six Lothrop Literature Prize numbers for $1.20. Send at once. If you will read the "suggestion pages" in each number with attention, you will certainly stand a chance of winning a Prize — that is if you will also set about writing your story, article, poem, or whatever you mean to send.

Look out for answers and hints. Put L. L. P. on all Prize MS. envelopes.

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Yours, &c., C. Williams, 4th and Townsend Sts.

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Asa L. Shipman's Sons — *Dear Sirs:* I received the sample Binder in good order, and am well pleased with it. Enclosed please find $3.00 for which please send six more Binders.
Yours respectfully, H. M. Selby.

Asa L. Shipman's Sons: Napoleon, O., March 30th, 1888.
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Respectfully, Willie C. Bartlett, 109 South Monroe St.

Asa L. Shipman's Sons: Battimore, Md., April 17, 1888.
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☞ **The originals of these letters are in possession of Messrs D. Lothrop Company.**

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THE STORY OF NEW YORK. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. This volume forms the first issue in a proposed series descriptive of the rise and development of the different States of the Union. It is from the pen of Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, the editor of the series, and it is to be hoped that the example he has here set, of treating his subject in a thoroughly unconventional manner will be followed by the writers who are to come after him. There is no reason why facts should not be made as interesting as fiction, and Mr. Brooks proves in his "story" how easily it can be done. Instead of a dry collection of incidents and dates, he has given us a book full of life and movement, in which the past is made to live again by the introduction of the spirit of the present. In the opening chapter we are introduced to the captain and crew of the Gilded Beaver, which sailed up the harbor of New Amsterdam two hundred and thirty years ago. One of the passengers, young Teunis Jansen, is made a settler and the founder of a family in the town, which had already reached a population of over a thousand, and the author follows his fortunes, and those of the generations that come after him, down to the present. Mr. Brooks truly says that the history of American progress is builded upon matters of even greater importance than its record of wars, of politics and of men of renown. Between the lines of every history should be read the unwritten but not less notable story of the people, whose daily duties, activities, cares and needs are a part of the success of the State. The great Commonwealth of New York, we are reminded, was founded upon a monopoly; a monopoly whose selfishness, arrogance, greed and tyranny can hardly be realized at this day. The Dutch West Indian Company secured the exclusive trade upon the American coast of the Atlantic, and was invested with extraordinary powers, and for forty years the governors of the New Netherlands were merely officers of that company, who cared for nothing but its interests. The State grew, because of the increasing independence of the people, and not because of any liberality on the part of its founders, or of public benefits from the hands of its early governors. The change from Dutch to English rule made little change, but the colony grew steadily, and even at that day, as at present, its inhabitants represented nearly every country in Europe. Every ship that entered the port brought new accessions, and there were many who had "left their country for their country's good." Mr. Brooks gives a very vivid picture of the little town and its inhabitants at this period, and from his descriptions we get an excellent idea of life among the Knickerbockers of that day. A century later the colony of New York had grown to nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, widely scattered, however, over what is now the whole State. Its outlying possessions in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania had been given up, but around its trading posts, from Albany to Buffalo, settlements were rapidly growing into important villages, and adventurous pioneers were pushing into the wilderness in every direction. The town had increased in proportion, and over one hundred and fifty ships were engaged in the European and West Indian trade as early as 1749. But the morals and manners of those "good old days" were very much what they are now. The evils which we are apt to consider as the result of modern ways of living, and the restless desire for wealth, existed, the historian tells us, in even more aggravated form than now. Peculation and embezzlement were common among officials, merchants and men of high social position. Frauds of all kinds were common, while smuggling and even piracy were ordinary methods of acquiring a fortune. Drunkenness and its attendent social evils had attained frightful proportions, and fully one fourth of the houses in the town was devoted to the sale of brandy, beer and tobacco. History reproduces itself, and the New York city of to-day is but an enlarged copy of the New York of a century and a half ago.

The chapters dealing with the Revolutionary movement are singularly impartial in their treatment of the subject. The author shows how it was possible for a colonist to be honest in his opinions, thoroughly conscientious and a good citizen, and yet remain loyal to the king during the revolt. Later events are treated with sufficient fullness to make the story well rounded and complete. Mr. Brooks has a peculiarly attractive style, and his book will be of the greatest service to the general reader who has neither the time nor patience to wade through the historical collections of the State in order to get at the facts here brought together.

A WORLD OF LITTLE PEOPLE. By Raymond M. Alden. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price 60 cents. In this little volume, which grown people may read with as much profit as children, the author gives an exhaustive description of ant life, making the ants themselves the characters of the story, and the ant-hills of the various tribes the scenes of the incidents described. Incidentally there is a good deal of interesting information given about other insects, the way in which they live and make their dwellings, and their various curious habits and customs. The text is well illustrated.

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TILTING AT WINDMILLS: A Story of the Blue Grass Country. By Emma M. Connelly. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 12mo, $1.50.

NOT since the days of "A Fool's Errand" has so strong and so characteristic a "border novel" been brought to the attention of the public as is now presented by Miss Connelly in this book which she so aptly terms "Tilting at Windmills." Indeed, it is questionable whether Judge Tourgee's famous book touched so deftly and yet so practically the real phases of the reconstruction period and the interminable antagonisms of race and section.

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"Tilting at Windmills" should be read carefully as it must be enjoyed exceedingly by all Americans —North and South.

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A MIDSHIPMAN AT LARGE. By Charles R. Talbot. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. Mr. Charles Remington Talbot is the author of half a dozen books for boys, which have attained a wide popularity and which have not only the merit of being bright and interesting, but thoroughly wholesome. The two "Royal Lowrie" volumes and the capital story of "Honor Bright" deserve a place in every boy's library, and to them may now be added "A Midshipman at Large." What a midshipman at large is, very few young readers will know until they read the opening chapter of the book. A midshipman is a naval cadet, or a student at the United States Naval Academy, and is nominated from a particular district by a member of Congress. A midshipman at large, instead of obtaining admission to the Academy in this manner, is appointed directly by the President. During the four years of his course he is allowed but one vacation, which comes generally at the close of the second year. It consists of forty days' leave, and one can well imagine what a season of freedom and enjoyment those forty days must be to the healthy young fellows who for so many months have been kept as closely to the limits of the school ground as a State convict to the bounds of the prison where he is confined. The midshipman at large who is the hero of the present story is Flagler Hamlyn, and the time covered is the period of his forty days' vacation. He comes to Newport to visit an uncle and cousins whom he has not seen for a number of years, and a freak takes possession of him to present himself to them under a different name. His experiences as Thomas Flagg are very entertaining and will be thoroughly enjoyed by boys and girls alike. The story is capitally illustrated.

ETHEL'S YEAR AT ASHTON. By Mrs. S. E. Dawes. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.25. Ethel Maybury is an orphan girl who finds a home with an uncle in the country, and who through her natural sweetness of disposition and early training transforms the inner life of the household from one of monotonous drudgery and intellectual barrenness into their opposites. It is an exemplification of how "a little leaven leavens the whole lump." She has no extraordinary obstacles to overcome; only to show her cousins how in little ways common things may be beautified, and how the everyday cares and burdens of the home may be lightened. Her uncle is fond of her, and is willing enough to fall in with her ideas, and the old farmhouse and its surroundings begin to show the effects of her influence in the way of clearing up, painting and repairing. Her aunt, a good, hard-working woman, but exceedingly economical and practical, is the last to succumb to Ethel's influence, but when she does, it is freely and entirely. The story, of course, is quiet and lacking in exciting incident, and on that account is all the more valuable. It should find a place in every Sunday School Library in the land.

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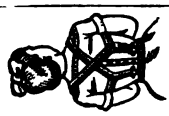

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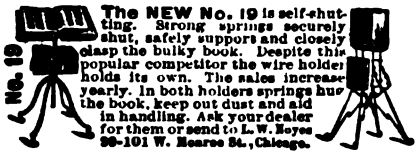

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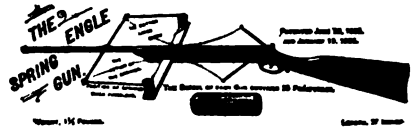

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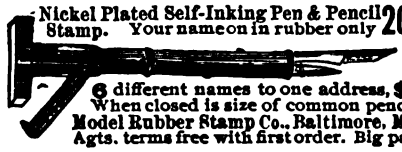

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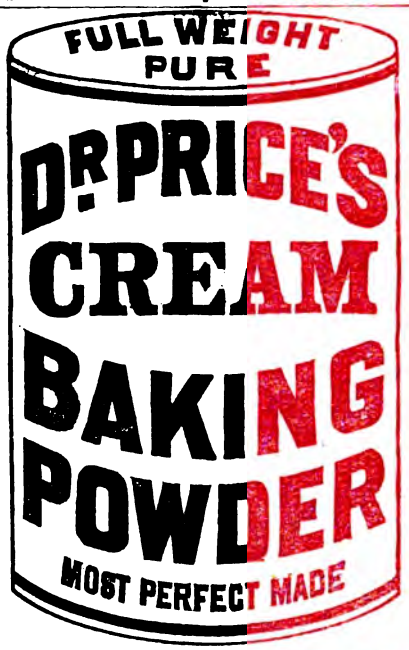

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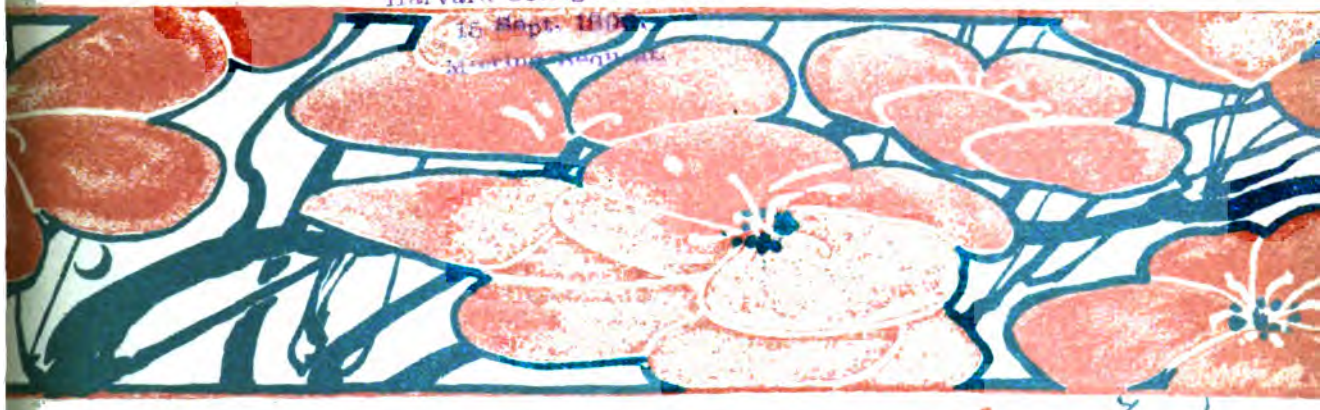

WIDE AWAKE

AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE

EDITORS ·
CHARLES·STVART·PRATT·
ELLA·FARMAN·PRATT

·PVBLISHERS
·D·LOTHROP·COMPANY
·BOSTON·V·S·A

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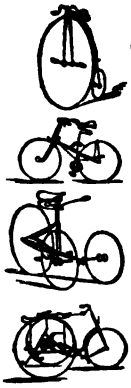

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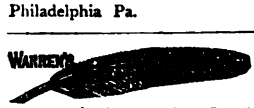

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THE WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
35 Corso Oporto, TURIN, 1888.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

You have been coming to me ever since last Christmas, and as you have been telling me lots of nice things, I am going to send you a letter for your post-office. I told papa I was going to do so, and he rather made fun of my plan and said you would not have time to read it. All the same I am going to send it for I know you like us children to write to you.

First of all I have to tell you about myself! You must know I am a centennial girl, for I was born in California on the Fourth of July, 1876. We have been abroad now nearly five years, the first two of which we spent in Rome, and then papa was sent to this consulate. The house we live in here, is very tall and very old, and was badly injured in the great earthquake last year when we were dreadfully frightened. It is now thoroughly repaired however, and we have lovely views from our balcony. On one side there are the green hills along the banks of the river Po, with their woods just full of nightingales, and on the other we have the Alps with their tops covered with snow. On moonlight nights they shine like silver and seem so close that a stone might almost be thrown upon them, but in reality they are miles distant from Turin.

I see that all the children writing to the Post-Office mention the stories they like best in WIDE AWAKE. Well, I also want to tell you which are my favorites. Mrs. Frémont's "Cruise of the Coverlet" is just lovely, and what I like best about it is, that it is told as a true story; not made up, you know, but really and actually true. Then there are Miss Seward's "Round the World series," and these I think are the nicest of all. They read just like novels, but they are better than that, for everything Miss Seward tells is an actual fact. When I was quite little I have played often with the curiosities she collected in her travels. How well I remember the long parlor in the Seward house at Washington. The heavy crimson brocade hangings, the shelves filled with books, pictures everywhere, and, best of all, the cabinets crammed full of ivories, porcelains, and shiny stones. One day she gave me a tiny china cup which she had brought from Pekin, but as I was going home holding it tight in my hand I ran away from my nurse and fell flat on my face, breaking my pretty cup into pieces. The worst of it was, that when I got home I caught *such* a scolding from papa that I shall never forget it.

I have lots of things to tell you about our life in Europe, for I know all about Rome and Naples. We spent the summer before last at Capri and Don Antonino, who keeps the hotel, used to take me out every day in his boat to the blue grotto; he also taught me how to swim in the Bay of Naples. Then we used to have such good times riding up the Capri hills with Concetta, our donkey girl, running after us and whacking away with a stick at our donkeys, who only laid back their ears and flourished their tails at every blow, and would not go one bit the faster. I always think of my poor Concetta as I last saw her, with her great dark eyes all swollen from crying the day we came away, and Don Antonino, who cried also, and called me his *carissima*, and brought along an immense bouquet with a basket of oranges which mamma would not let me eat as there was cholera in Naples.

All this and lots more I have to write to you, but mind you must let me know if you would care to hear from me. If you like I will write a nicer letter next time and tell you all about my favorite Italian author, Edmondo de Amicis; he lives here in Turin.

Sans adieu,

MARCIA THOUAY.

To our little correspondent in Italy the Postmistress would say that she may feel sure the boys and girls of WIDE AWAKE would like to hear from her every month; and to the boys and girls she would say that they shall soon read a story by De Amicis, "A Little Lombard Hero," translated for their magazine by their friend Marcia.

SPARTA, Tenn.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I thought I would write and tell you how much I like you. I have three sisters and one brother; my sisters and I have a governess. I like all of my studies and especially music. I like all of the WIDE AWAKE stories, and those by Charles Egbert Craddock better than any.

I would like to correspond with Ethel Pyke, if she concludes to write please tell her to write first. I would also like to correspond with any of the WIDE AWAKE girls, about my own age, (fifteen).

BESSIE M. CLARK.

---

302 West Vine St., KALAMAZOO, Mich.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I would like very much to correspond with some WIDE AWAKE girls of my age — sixteen — or older, who are fond of reading and study. GERTRUDE BUCK.

HILLSDALE, Mich.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have been one of the many readers of this magazine for three years, and trust that I shall be for many more. Please inform Ethel Pike that I would like to correspond

with her, or any other girl about my age (14) living in another country or below the Mason & Dixon line if they will write first and send their full address.

Is the WIDE AWAKE taken by any one living in Alaska? OLIVE JOSEPHINE RANNEY.

SWAMPSCOTT, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have wanted to write to you for a long time and tell you how much I enjoy you. I like the Post-Office very much. Of the stories I like "In War Times at La Rose Blanche" and "Romulus and Remus," which are ended to make room for others. I go to school and like to very much. We have a very pretty maltese cat with a white breast and white feet, whom we call Tommy. I had a bird but he died. I have taken you four years. I have a little brother named Reuby who is very cunning. I am ten years old. SUSIE M. JORDAN.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I want to write a few words to you to let you know how much I appreciate your stories. I like "Some Successful Women," very much. I think the Post-office is such a nice way for girls to get acquainted with each other. I should like very much to correspond with some of the WIDE AWAKE girls, my own age (fifteen).

Can a person belonging to the C. Y. F. R. U. answer the Search Questions, if he does not buy his books by the set? LOTTIE M. PAGE.

A member of the C. Y. F. R. U. must own and read all the books in the course for the year.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am a little girl of eight, and this is a story I have written about my kitty. Will you print it in the WIDE AWAKE, and then send me the number with it in?

Your little friend, MARGARET MORRISON.

MY KITTY.

My kitty is a little thing, not quite one year old. She is almost all black. There are only two or three white hairs on her. I carried her quite a long way; way from Brooklyn, Conn., to where I am now writing this story for you.

My kitty is a very cunning little thing, and playful, too. When we, that is my mother and I, were on the boat, kitty slept with me on the lower berth; and in the middle of the night I had to get up and get her milk from the bottle in our bag, to put in her little tin saucer and feed her. She really seemed like a baby. She was so small when we first got her, she was not more than a month old, and a man was going to drown her, so I thought I would rescue her; for she was a poor helpless little thing, and could no more get away than a rat out of a trap.

Well, I named her Topsy, but I call her "Booch" for short. Her hair is very long and thick. She is very soft and silky. Her eyes are black and green, in fact they are almost all black.

If you want kitties to grow up gentle and ladylike cats be kind to them and speak to them gently, and pat them. And if you go into the corner of a room, and call "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" and if she does not come, hold out a piece of bread, and she will run up to you and you can give her the bit of bread, and then praise her for being good, and pat her and call her all sorts of nice names. She will love you and will not run away when she hears your step. And if you feed her well and give her all that she wants, all except what you know will make her sick, she will grow fond of you. Do not feed her at the table, or she will become snarly and fretful at meal times, and want something every meal. Then if you do not give it to her she will dislike you, and very likely will run away, and that is the last of that kitty if she does. If you have a kitty, take my advice, and you will see what she grows up to be. And this is the end of my story to-day.

VINTON, Ia.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you since 1881 and enjoy you very much. I think "La Rose Blanche" and "My Uncle Florimond" splendid. I read Genie Bailey's letter and wish she would send me some walking ferns. I take music-lessons and like it very well. I think Miss Howe's story was very pretty. I enjoy reading your letters.

EMILY M. JERVIS.

BELFAST, Me.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

My brother Joe gave you to me for a Christmas present, and I like you very much. I expect to take you a long time. I think that "My Uncle Florimond" is the best story so far. DELLA PENDLETON.

ST. ANDREW'S, Fla.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

We used to live in Missouri, but as we did not like the climate we came down here to a small town situated on St. Andrew's bay-central. There are three large arms, East, West and North bays, all of which are larger than the main bay. Our cottage overhangs a sand bluff about twenty-five feet high. From our front gallery you can see to the Gulf-pass about seven miles on the south, about a mile and a half to the western shore, and about four miles to the northern shore; as you may suppose we are on the eastern shore. The shores are thickly wooded with pines, magnolias, live oaks and bays. On the twenty-seventh of November we went in bathing, but now it is too cold for that. We have a white sail boat called the *Francie;* she is a little beauty, and we all enjoy sailing in her very much. We have been taking you for eight years, and although I was too small to read you when we first began, I enjoy reading the back numbers very much now. SUSAN DEWEY SHEPPARD.

A Talk about $2000

WITH SCHOOL PEOPLE.

This $2000 has been set apart for school people by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. It is to be distributed some time early next winter by Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Maurice Thompson and President Angell of Michigan University. It is divided into ninety-four parts, from $500.00 to $5.00 each. These are to be given to the ninety-four teachers and pupils who send the most desirable stories, sketches, essays, poems, etc. — any articles suitable for WIDE AWAKE. There is no room here for the particulars and conditions. They are given full and complete elsewhere in this number. This page must be devoted to *hints as to the kind of articles wanted for the magazine.* Other hints were given last month.

WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT.

WIDE AWAKE wants some good, stirring, ringing stories of school-life. Write about what you know about. School — its lesson-rooms and play-grounds — is the field where some of the hardest battles of life are fought, where principle comes out ahead, or goes under, for good and all. By the time a fellow is about through the High School he knows what moral pluck is, and has felt his muscle all along the lines of unselfishness and honor and hard grip; he has been tempted to lie, to shirk, to remain silent when he ought to speak, and to speak when it was honorable to hold his tongue; he has been tempted to desert the poor and unpopular, to side with the strongest, and to "train with the crowd." A serial story of thirty-five to forty thousand words, or short stories of individual experiences of these campaigns, are alike desirable in this competition. We would like to publish a schoolboy's account (or a girl's either, of course) of a struggle and a victory — or the details of a defeat even — and follow it with a teacher's view of the case, and the comments of other scholars and teachers. If a few score schoolboys and schoolgirls will give us frank and careful accounts of their most trying, or most inspiring, experiences in school-life, we will give up a whole number of WIDE AWAKE to the most noteworthy of the manuscripts, simply reserving our serial space; and we will ask twenty of the best teachers in the country to publish their opinion of these "cases" in a succeeding number. In fact, we don't know but we may open a department where school-pupils, under cover of their initials, may state frankly whatever difficulties of a moral nature they encounter, and where eminent teachers and moralists may counsel them with equal candor.

On one of the vexing questions of school-life there are always two opinions and great confusion: *Shall a pupil speak up, or not, when a teacher requests the school to inform him of the author of a culpable deed? Is it honorable or dishonorable to tell?* This is one of the subjects on which prize essays are invited both from instructors and pupils. The teachers are requested to give their practice upon this point, and their reasons. The pupils are requested to write frankly and fully what they felt when called upon to "tell," — how they felt if they did "tell" and how if they didn't, and what the prevailing sentiment was among their schoolfellows. We want to know what the impulses of youth are in this dilemma, and what are the opinions of men and women of long experience and observation.

There will be further hints in the September number about another class of manuscripts.

☞ Get WIDE AWAKE for the half-year beginning June ($1.20) for all the particulars and suggestions about the Lothrop Literature Prizes.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston.

Lothrop Literature Prizes

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

For What?

For excellent writing: the best thought most happily expressed.

No limitations, except that the writing whatever it be shall be suitable for publication in *Wide Awake.*

It may be an essay, story, anecdote, poem, verse, sentiment, proverb, sentence, a bright or pithy saying, a humorous trifle, a happy hit — a bit of description natural unaffected apt and adequate stands as good a chance to get the highest prize as the most ambitious performance.

A sentence to live forever is surely more worthy of a prize than a book to plague the booksellers and go to the rag-man. To be short and true and strong in this full world of vanities is an eminent literary virtue.

For Whom?

For all in any way connected with American schools (which includes British American): college presidents, primary scholars, committee men and women, class poets, boys and girls, professors, teachers, scholars: all on a level.

How Much and How Many?

Two-thousand dollars. Ninety-four prizes:

one of five-hundred dollars	$500
one of three-hundred	$300
two of one-hundred	$200
five of fifty	$250
ten of twenty-five	$250
twenty-five of ten	$250
fifty of five	$250
ninety-four prizes in all	$2000

What Forms to Observe — Conditions?

Write legibly on one side of the paper only. Head your ms "In Competition for the Lothrop Literature Prizes." Sign it with initials or fictitious name and enclose with it a sealed envelope containing the title of your contribution the signature to it your real name and address and stamps for the return of your ms if you want it returned. Write on the outside wrap or envelope on the lower left-hand corner these initials: L. L. P.

When?

Any time before December first. No prize for anything later.

Who Awards the Prizes?

The editors connected with D. Lothrop Company will consider all the mss select the best and pass them on to the Judges:

Edward Everett Hale, D. D., of Boston,
Maurice Thompson, critic and writer, of Indiana,
President James B. Angell, LL. D., of Michigan University,

who will award the prizes in time to announce the results in the holiday number of *Wide Awake.*

What is our Object?

Two-fold. To stimulate improving people to find out what they are good for. To advertise *Wide Awake.*

Wide Awake belongs to improving people and to improvers of other people; that is, to scholars and scholar-makers.

For twelve years past it has been the best magazine in the world for the young from twelve to twenty, and ought to be known to everybody.

D LOTHROP COMPANY PUBLISHERS
Boston

HOW TO SECURE A FINE COMPLEXION.

A fine Complexion is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," but can never be attained or preserved if Soaps are used containing an excess of alkali, such as is found in the majority of soaps. Innumerable testimonials from physicians and dermatologists attest that Pears' is a pure Soap, contains little or no water, and no coloring matter, and is therefore well calculated to cleanse and purify, while the absence of all irritating substances tends to render it emollient and soothing to the most delicate skin.

MME. ADELINA PATTI, MRS. LANGTRY, MISS MARY ANDERSON, and OTHER FAMOUS ARTISTES attest that PEARS' SOAP is matchless for the complexion; also many learned men, after most careful examination, have proclaimed in public that it is the best soap in the world. Among them may be named that eminent authority on the skin, the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England; Professor John Attfield, F. R. S., etc.; Professor Charles A. Cameron, M. D., F. R. C. S. I., S. Sc. C., Cambridge University; Dr. Redwood, Ph. D., F. C. S., F. I. C., etc.; Stevenson McAdam, Ph. D., etc.; Charles R. C. Tichborne, LL. D., F. I. C., F. C. S., etc.

PEARS' SOAP

has been established in London 100 years; it has received 15 International Awards; it is made under Royal Warrant for the Prince of Wales, and its sale is universal. The public should beware of many worthless imitations.

AT THE CRISIS.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 27. AUGUST, 1888. NO. 3.

SAVED ON THE BRINK.

J. Macdonald Oxley.

SAY, Hal, let's go and see them dynamiting the ice."

"Where is it, and what's dynamiting, any way?"

"Why, over there behind the railway bridge they're blowing up the ice with dynamite. Kind of powder, you know, only ten times worse, father says. Must be fun to see it going off. Come along. A lot of the fellows have gone over already."

"All right, Ned. Just hold on until I put my books in the house, and then I'm with you."

And the school-books having been disposed of, the two boys hurried away to the railway bridge.

The Rideau River had risen, overflowed its banks, and invaded the village of New Edinburgh. Running streams too deep to cross except in boats, had taken the place of the streets; instead of yards the people looked out upon muddy ponds in whose swirling waters chips, logs, boxes and barrels, floated about and only the buildings stood above the water; all else in that neighborhood was submerged, and Hal Roberts who, in company with the "Bodleys" had just been doing Venice, thought that all New Edinburgh now needed was half-a-dozen gondolas and a Doge's Palace to be a little Venice on her own account.

To Hal and Ned the flood seemed fine fun, especially since from their homes being on the high ground they were not made uncomfortable by it, and they watched its progress with great interest. For a whole week the water had been steadily rising as the hot spring sunshine blazed away at the immense snow drifts which lay along the river-banks. Had it not been for the ice the water would have run off all right enough, and gone roaring and splashing over the Rideau Falls into the broad Ottawa.

But the ice was so thick and solid that it melted slowly and the river-bed being full of it the water was quite dammed up, and could not get away. At last some bright person had

thought of blowing up this ice barrier with dynamite, and eager to try anything the poor flooded folk had jumped at the idea, and were putting it into execution.

A number of men were at work when breathless with running Hal and Ned appeared upon the scene; and this was the way they went about it. With long sharp crow-bars they drilled a deep hole into the ice-floe some distance from the edge, the dynamite cartridge was slipped cautiously in with the detonator and fuse attached, and then, everybody having made off to a safe distance, the charge was exploded, a dull heavy concussion filled the air, the ice sprang high out of the water and fell back in fragments, and great cracks showed themselves in the once solid ice-field. After that the men had only to push and pry a little in order to send huge pieces off into the current that was rushing fiercely down its confined passage, where they were borne rapidly along until they leaped over the Falls into the Ottawa below.

Intent and excited the two boys watched the work for some time, crowding in close when the holes were being driven, taking a last peep at the cartridge, that looked so innocent but could do so much damage, as the man slipped it carefully into its place, then scampering off to a safe distance on the warning being given, and shouting with delight when the explosion took place, and the ice splintered up into fragments with a rattling crash. Then as the great jagged cakes were detached from the main body, and sent sailing away, the boys would follow them down a piece, each selecting one and playing at racing with it, until it was time to get back for the next explosion.

Hal was so delighted with the proceedings that he could have watched them the whole afternoon; but Ned soon began to tire, and to cast about for some variation in their amusement. Now there was not a more rash, headstrong boy in the whole village than Ned Armstrong. No other ringleader in feats of daring or mischief was needed when he made one of the crowd, and this afternoon as he watched the big ice-cakes floating oh! so smoothly and swiftly down the current, it flashed into his mind — how jolly it would be to have a ride on one of them! What a splendid raft it would make! In view of the danger any ordinary boy would not have entertained the idea for a moment. It was nothing short of madness. But Ned was not an ordinary boy. You could hardly have offended him more than by hinting that he was. To be out of the ordinary was his pride and delight.

"Say, Hal," he burst out suddenly, "I've got it. The best fun you ever had in your life!"

"What is it?" answered Hal eagerly.

"Why, to have a ride on one of those cakes. It'll be a first-class circus."

"Chut! Ned. You wouldn't dare try that."

"Jest wouldn't I! Come along. We'll stand on that point until a big one comes by, and then jump on. We can jump off again when we like, you know."

So saying Ned Armstrong ran out to a point where the current turned the corner, as it were, and the cakes in passing rubbed close against it so that there was no difficulty in getting on board one of them.

Partly carried away by his companion's example, and partly in hopes of dissuading him from his fool-hardy project, Hal, who was a rather cautious, prudent lad, followed closed on Ned's heels, and in another moment they were standing together on the point with the great ice cakes whirling past at their very feet.

"Now then, Hal," cried Ned. "We'll each jump on one, and have a race in dead earnest. We can jump off, you know, before we come to the road-bridge."

"No, no, Ned! It's too dangerous," urged Hal, now realizing the folly of the thing. "Let's go back."

"Tut, man, you're afraid; you've got no pluck," retorted Ned.

"I've plenty of pluck, Ned. You needn't say that. But I'm not going to make a fool of myself," returned Hal warmly.

"Who's a fool? Come along — if you're *not* a coward," cried Ned, growing angry too.

"I won't, Ned, and you sha'n't either if I can help it." And suiting his action to his word Hal caught hold of Ned's arm.

"Jest you take your hands off me, softy — I'm off! You can go home to your mother," sneered Ned, and breaking away from his companion he sprang out upon a huge cake which just then rubbed against the point, and went

careering down the current, exclaiming boastfully, "How is this for fun!"

Completely taken aback at Ned's sudden action Hal stood motionless for a moment, gazing upon his playmate speeding along to what he felt sure was certain death. Then, full of fear, he ran over the ice after him calling out:

"Ned! Ned! jump off! You'll go over the Falls!"

But Ned's only answer was to take off his hat, and swing it round his head with a shout:

"Hurrah for the ice-ship! What a time we are having!"

Under the dark arch of the railway bridge, and out upon the other side the ice-cake with its foolish freight rushed rapidly, its pace increasing every minute. Soon it reached the broad expanse between the railway and the road bridges, and Hal, who was doing his best to keep up, noted with increased alarm that it kept well out in the middle of the current so that it was impossible for Ned to jump off, try as hard as he might. All at once, Ned apparently noticed this too, and began to show signs of alarm, running from side to side of the swaying ice-raft, and anxiously measuring the distance between it and the border-ice. Just beside the road bridge there was an eddy where the water curled about the shore abutment. If the ice-cake only got into that eddy its passenger would be all safe.

Ned's danger had now become known, and the shore was lined with people watching his perilous voyage, and shouting to him all sorts of advice. One man, instead of wasting time in giving advice, procured a long rope, and going out to the extreme edge of the stationary ice flung it towards Ned, who grasped frantically at it, but it fell short, and the cake went on its way more rapidly than ever.

The road-bridge drew near, but the ice-cake still kept well out in the centre of the current, and there seemed small chance of its getting into the eddy. Frantic with fear, Ned Armstrong seized his hat, and using it as a paddle made desperate efforts to guide his clumsy craft towards this only haven of safety. But he might as well have tried to send it back against the resistless current. The ponderous ice-block utterly refused to be guided. It went steadfastly on its way, dipping and rising as the hitherto smooth surface of the water broke up into turbulent whirls with the near approach of the Falls whose sullen roar already began to make itself distinctly heard.

In another minute the road-bridge would be reached, and realizing that it was the last chance the man who had the rope ran with all his might towards the span under which the cake must pass, in order to try another fling. Had he only been a few seconds sooner he might have succeeded. But he was just that much too late, and again the rope fell short, although Ned nearly tumbled off the ice in his eager endeavor to secure it. A shout of horror went up from the people who lined the river-banks and crowded the bridge, gazing helplessly at the unhappy lad sweeping so swiftly on.

Between the bridge and the Falls there now only remained an open space, scarce more than one hundred yards in length, in which the waters, as if rebelling against the leap before them, broke forth into angry foam-crested waves in whose midst the low-lying ice-raft was tossed and tumbled about so that the boy upon it had hard work to keep erect. Half-paralyzed with terror, he stood there in the sight of hundreds of his fellow creatures, not one of whom could interpose between him and death — a sight to wring the stoutest heart. One instant more and he had taken the awful plunge!

But stay! A shout goes up from the agonized spectators. Who is it that comes springing with tremendous strides across the frail-looking structure which spans the river at the very edge of the Falls — the "stop-log bridge" they call it, because in summer time when the river is low it dams up the water so that the mill wheels may be well supplied. In freshet time the furious swollen stream rises to a few feet from the top, and it is along the narrow footway that a man, who is at once recognized as "big Alec," the stalwart foreman of the mill, is now seen rushing along. The ice-cake dashes swiftly towards the "stop-log," but "big Alec" is quicker. He reaches the spot right under which the cake must pass in its headlong rush, he flings himself face downward on the beams, he leans far over the edge, his long sinewy arms stretched to their utmost length. And straight towards

him comes the ice-cake. He shouts fiercely. Ned, looking up, sees him. He understands. He turns to face him, and, just as the shadow of the bridge falls upon the ice, he puts all his strength into one wild leap towards the outstretched arms — he does not miss them — he is caught fast in their iron grip — and for one awful moment he sways above the raging torrent, the spectators hold their breath in sickening apprehension; then with a gigantic effort "big Alec" swings the boy clear up upon the bridge, and stands beside him trembling in every nerve and muscle, while a shout that rivals the roar of the Falls goes up from the overjoyed onlookers.

One of the first to be at Ned Armstrong's side was Hal Roberts, the tears of joy streaming down his cheeks as he threw his arms around his playmate who had thus been saved on the very brink.

THE ENGLISH DAISY.

Frances A. Humphrey

I DO not know how it is with the girls of to-day, but when I was a girl one of the things I had an ardent desire to see was the English daisy growing in English soil.

I had read and heard read, many times, Burns' address to the "wee crimson-tipped flower," and I recall an engraving, which had pleased me much, of the inspired ploughman in the very act of uprooting it.

The daisy has blossomed in English literature from the days of Chaucer all the way down to the present. And I know of no more delightful task to set one's self than to search for it through the vast range of English poetry.

Such a search is only second in fascination to that for the real daisy along the hedgerow banks and through the green fields of England.

I picked my first crimson-tipped daisies in, or near, the little black-and-white village of Whitnash, a village nestling in the very heart of green England, and concerning which Hawthorne writes most delightfully in *Our Old Home.*

Not far from Whitnash is a deep railway cut, the sloping banks of which are smooth and green as a well-kept lawn. It was there I espied them, on an April day, as I leaned over the railing of the bridge spanning the cut. They starred the green turf in constellations.

Ever since the arrival of the thrushes and blackbirds, I had been seeking them, and now they had come, as wild-flowers do, not singly, but by the myriad, as though by some electric underground communication they had fixed upon the exact day and hour in which to join *en masse* the train of the advancing spring.

The entrance to this cut is carefully guarded by a high picket fence. But with equal care a stile has been built over the fence so that whoever pleases can gain access to it.

I brought away a handful of these daisies and most perfect they were! the disk having a centre of rich golden brown grading into bright yellow where it was joined by the crimson-tipped rays.

I put them in water, and, as the night closed in, the petals shut, to open again with the returning sun — the true day's-eye.

Whitnash is in Shakespeare's county which he had in mind when he wrote his spring song beginning:

> "When Daisies pied and Violets blue
> And Lady-smocks all silver-white,
> And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

I was so happy as to find the "cuckoo-bud of yellow hue" the very day after finding the daisies.

One more quotation from the great poet must be permitted me, which, since I have seen the English daisy in its home, seems to me absolutely perfect:

> "Without the bed her other fair hand was
> On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
> Shone like an April daisy on the grass."

The daisy is found in heraldry. It was assumed by the *good* Marguerite of Valois, she who was the friend of Calvin and the grandmother of the French Henry IV, and also by Margaret of Richmond the mother of Henry VII. and foundress of Christ College, Cambridge, who bore three daisies on a green turf, to my thinking one of the prettiest of badges.

The old stone church at Whitnash was dedicated to St. Margaret, and in a stained-glass window of its south porch she is represented bearing in her hand a spray of daisies with crimson rays.

The daisy when springing from a rich soil sometimes has a curious growth of tiny flowers underneath the main flower and growing out of the green bracts. This is called the "Hen and Chickens Daisy," the big flower answering to the hen and the small ones to the chickens.

There are ordinarily only two or three of these tiny "chickens," perfect little daisies, cosily nestling under the rays of the larger one. But sometimes there is a complete ring of them close set. This curious growth is also called "Jack-a-napes on Horseback," though in Warwickshire the former name obtains.

The word "daisy" was formerly used in the eastern counties of England as an adjective meaning excellent, remarkable — as for instance, "She's a daisy lass to work," meaning "she's a good girl to work"; or "I'm a daisy hand for a pudding," meaning "I eat a good deal of pudding."

Here is only another curious example of the fact that what we call "slang" is often only a revival of an old phrase. And the American youngster's "You're a daisy!" is simply old provincial English.

Canon Ellacombe in his *Plant Lore of Shakespeare* quotes from an old book the statement that the roots of daisies, "being boyled in milk and give to little puppies, will not suffer them to grow great."

And this prescription he says is founded on what was called the "doctrine of signatures" — that Nature designates, by certain marks, for what diseases or uses a plant is designed; and that the daisy, being small and of humble growth, a decoction made from it would cause whoever drank of it also to be humble and small!

Another old writer tells those who "wish to have pleasant dreams of the loved and absent" to put daisy roots under their pillow.

VERY MARVELOUS.

By Mary E. Vandyne.

SUCH wondrous sight was never seen!"
Great Hodge, the jester, cries,
"And I can bring the thing I mean
Before your very eyes.
Last week I saw it in the lake,
A fish it seemed to be;
To-day, the thing — my head I'll stake —
Had legs like you and me."

We shook with laughter. "Hodge," we cried,
"You tell a foolish tale."
"Come see it, then," our friend replied,
"Before you jeer and rail."
Through dust and heat he led us where
A frog sat on a log.
"Last week," cried Hodge, "that creature there
Was just — a *pollywog*."

THE LITTLE TOWN-MAID

BY

Margaret Sidney

. . . O, LITTLE TOWN MAID, WHY REASON THE PROBLEM OUT?

NEVER a hint of a sky that is blue,
Only between those trees:
"Does God make skies ever, Nursey dear,
Any bigger than these?"

Never a rush down a grassy slope
Fragrant and sweet:
"Do flowers ever grow just for nothing
Right at our feet?"

Never a gay tumble in hay-mow,
To find new eggs:
"Do hens grow hanging at the butcher-man's
Down by their legs?"

Never a sweet new bowl of milk
On flat door-stone:
"Shall I always sit by the nursery table
Eating alone?"

Never a chippering, rollicking note
Of bird or bee:
"The canary is dreffful stupid, an' he
Won't sing to me."

Never a sleep so dewy and fresh
In cool green shade:
"Must I always and ever get into this bed
You've just made?"

Never — O, little town-maid, why reason
The problem out?
The "Wherefores" of life are passing strange
Beyond a doubt;

And why sweet childhood's dawning hours
Should prisoned be
Away from haunt of bird and flower,
Is deepest mystery.

"GLEN" AND HIS MASTER AT ETRETÂT.

PETS IN ARTIST LIFE.

(*Famous Pets.*)

Eleanor Lewis

PARIS is a city dear to artists, and almost every nationality is represented in its *salons*. One of these painters, Mr. Henry Bacon, is an American; and in the paintings and sketches that fill his studio, are many reminiscences of his far-away home. In no way, moreover, is he so genuinely American as in his devotion to pets. But — alas! their beautiful portraits are, in many cases, all that now remain to him of these dear four-footed friends. And yet not all; for many and many a memory remains of their doggish good gifts and loving hearts.

The most notable of all, Mr. Bacon told me, was "Glen," a black-and-tan collie born in Aberdeenshire in 1879. His parents "Jock" and "Miss" had both obtained prize medals for race and beauty.

"Miss" as a mother was somewhat careless, allowing her puppies to wander out of sight; but when in their rovings beyond the kennel they came to grief, she appeared conscious of her maternal shortcomings and employed all her intelligence to serve her little ones.

One morning the farmer in charge of the kennels, stepping out of his cottage into the first snow of the season, was met by "Miss" in a state of terrible excitement. She jumped upon

him, pulled at his coat and would not be quieted either by caresses or threats. At last, having thoroughly attracted his attention, she made a dash down the avenue, looking back the while over her shoulder. The farmer being versed in the language of dogs understood that he was expected to follow — and so followed.

Without diverging to the right or left, or running in curves as is the habit of shepherd dogs, "Miss," going before through the fresh-fallen snow down the avenue and across a field, stopped at the edge of a large post-hole and, after looking down, rushed back to hurry up the help she had brought. Her favorite pup "Glen," making an early morning voyage of discovery, had fallen down this post-hole, and would have perished had it not been for the timely aid brought by his mother.

And this is not all. After "Glen" was pulled out and on his way home under the farmer's

MR. CHASE AND "KAT-TE."

great coat — for he was only a little thing, not yet a month old — "Miss" stayed behind and with much scratching and barking filled in the hole; probably judging that post-holes should

be filled up, just as barn doors should be locked, after an accident has happened.

When he was a few months older "Glen" went to live in Tunbridge Wells, England, with his brother "Jock," and if they had not quarreled would probably have still been a British subject; but "Jock" and he had so many disputes that "Glen" was sent abroad. The next summer, and each following summer of his life, has been passed on the Normandy coast at Etretât. Mr. Bacon says that from what he knows of "Glen's" character, he does not think him entirely to blame in these family quarrels. Besides, his brother "Jock's" short life was not exemplary, for it was reported that he bit a child and although the child recovered from the bite "it was the dog that died."

"Glen" is a shepherd dog, and is delighted when he encounters upon the downs a flock of sheep; and if not called off, will instantly herd them into a compact, frightened mass, much to the distress of the guardian shepherd and his dog. When he cannot find a flock of sheep, he will amuse himself by gathering together the hens and chickens he finds in an orchard; and once — lacking these — when on the sands of Mont St. Michel and while his master was sketching, he herded the fishermen's children who were playing beyond the town at low tide. Unheeded by his master, he had made a wide circle round the children, frightening them together like a flock of sheep; and when discovered he was capering round the group as if the task had been set him of keeping them together.

"Glen" is well remembered at Mont St. Michel, for besides this performance, and leaping from the battlements when in his hurry he

could not find the stairway — he showed what seems to be his only ambition — that of whipping a dog of twice his size. After several days' premeditation, he attacked a big fellow brought from Newfoundland by one of the fishermen, and as usual was not successful, although he evidently thinks he might have succeeded if he had not been pulled off.

"Glen" is as fond of the water as a spaniel, and will bathe in the breakers, leaping clear of the surf on the crest of the waves, and has been very useful in shipwrecks of toy-boats that were in danger of being carried out to sea, rescuing and bringing them safe to land to the great joy of their youthful owners.

Every evening before he and his master retire for the night they take a walk. It often happens that his master has a friend spending the evening with him, who stays, as "Glen" considers, later than he should; so when the clock has struck half after ten, "Glen" becomes uneasy, will rise from the rug before the fire, stretch himself, look round, and creeping up to the visitor give him a gentle poke under the elbow with his nose; of course he is ordered to lie down by his master, but if the visitor is not acquainted with the ways of the household, he is charmed with the dog's attention, gives him a friendly pat, and declares "Glen" does not bother him. Shortly afterwards the guest is surprised to find the dog again beside him, sitting up on his haunches, and gently scratching his sleeve with his paw; and he does not discontinue his impolite hints so long as the visitor stays. If the visitor is an *habitué*, when Glen begins his caresses he looks at his watch, and in spite of the apologies of the host promises "Glen" that he will go in a few minutes.. Often his master will be occupied with a book or his pen in the evening until feeling a gentle nudge at his elbow, he looks up to meet the large brown eyes of his dog fixed upon him. This is a friendly hint that it is half-past ten which cannot be disregarded, and which certainly prevents unduly late hours for both master and dog.

A well-known American artist, Mr. F. S. Church, makes frequent and delightful studies of animals and birds — although not so much for their own sake perhaps, as for that of some delicate, fantastic thought to which they are the fit accessories. Now it is a maiden wandering in desert places, alone, save for the savage beasts her innocence has tamed. Now it is an Alpine shrine, where rain and snow have beaten against the weary Christ on his cross. But still, the projecting roof of the shrine affords shelter; and beneath it, along the outstretched arms, or nestling close to the thorn-crowned head, is a flock of birds. The storm-beaten little wanderers have found refuge where many a wayworn one has come before — with the Christ, at the cross.

Here, it is a group of feathered mourners, singing a dirge for the last rose of summer; and here, a witch's daughter, in mystic converse with an owl.

Decidedly more realistic is the sketch called "At Rest" — of a monkey extended in that hopeless rigidity which can never be mistaken

ENTRANCE AND WINDOW OF THE SCULPTOR EZEKIEL'S STUDIO IN ROME.

for life. There is something curiously touching in the stiffened form; a look of almost human protest against fate, as though death had arrested him at the very moment when he was about to become a man.

Another sketch represents a stray feline which thrust its head into the studio one day last year,

and stared for a moment at the artist, with great, astonished yellow eyes. From mingled motives of humanity and art, he tried to detain her, but in vain. As silently as she had come, she vanished, although — like the grin of the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland* — her stare remained after her head had disappeared, thus enabling the artist to transfer it to paper.

It will be guessed from all these "possible pets" Mr. Church has no actual ones. Such is the case, and a great pity it is that this petless master and a few masterless pets cannot meet! His loss however is somewhat balanced by the gain in a neighboring studio, which belongs to Mr. William M. Chase. It is rich in artistic bric-à-brac, and paintings, but the special decoration when I saw it was a Russian deerhound named "Kat-te." The magnificent snow-

"LADY TANKERVILLE," WHO HID HER KITTENS IN THE HEAD OF STORY'S STATUE OF PEABODY.

white fellow lay upon a Turkish rug whose rich tints set off to perfection his own Northern fairness. He rose, at his master's request, to shake hands, and exhibit his beautiful form in its height and length. He even condescended to lay upon my palm, for a moment, his clean-cut, delicate muzzle, but soon tired of exhibition, and went back to his *dolce far niente* on the rug. As may be imagined, he now and then appears, always to advantage, on his master's canvas.

"Kat-te" was found by Mr. Chase in Harlaem, and at that time spoke Dutch, as a dog may. It was a lengthy task to teach him English, nevertheless he now understands that language also. And furthermore, when on the street one day he met a party of Russians, and was addressed by them in their own language, he showed the greatest delight and emotion. He tried to follow them home, he was restless, he was excited — and thus in doggish fashion made evident not only his learning, but also his faithful Russian heart. Some idea of his noble proportions may be gained from the accompanying picture.

The famous caricaturist, Cham, had a dog called "Azor;" and the equally famous Du Maurier had his dog, "Chang," a very beautiful sagacious fellow, whose death grieved all that knew him, and who, while living, figured in many of his master's sketches.

A sad story is that of Regnault — not the painter, but an engraver on steel who lived in Paris some fifteen years ago. He bore up courageously under poverty, and even absolute want, until his dog died — the dog that for years had been his solitary friend, his all of love on earth. Its death was the crowning stroke of his misfortunes, and his heart broke with the strain. Those who sought him the next morning found him dead, holding in his arms the stiffened corpse of his dog.

The other Regnault whose brilliant promise was cut short on the field of battle, was passionately fond of horses. He played with them, lived with them, and painted them — to what purpose may be seen in the wonderful paintings that survive him.

George Cruikshank's "Lilla" was a docile, affectionate little creature, and, like most pets in art-life, appears now and then in her master's sketches. The drawing given here is from the stuffed dog in Mme. Tussaud's exhibition. It purports to be, and probably is, the veritable "Lilla;" but although its history was inquired

into by both the artist who sketched it, and myself, we failed to get even the smallest crumb of information. Its identity therefore must be left an open question.

Another English artist, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, had a collection of pets which in its whimsical variety can only be likened to that of Frank Buckland. Armadillos and wombats formed part of the list, but decidedly the most famous was the zebu. The artist's biographer, Joseph Knight, has an amusing account of this creature. It was an intractable subject for petting, and put an end to any attempts in that direction by one day tearing up from the roots the little tree to which it was tethered, and chasing its owner all round the garden. After this exploit, it was given away; and Mr. Knight says that "Rossetti, in subsequent years, when discussing his pets, past and present, was not much given to talk of the zebu."

Roman studios are as well supplied with live "properties" as English ones or American. Will the visitor who has once seen it, ever forget that charming staircase, vine-wreathed, blossoming and musical, which although in the busy Piazzadi Termini, still keeps an air of forest seclusion? It is the passage to a studio equally retired, fashioned like a nest in the ruined Baths of Diocletian. Bits of tapestry and paintings form a background for various marble inmates, whose serenity is not interfered with by either cat or dog. It is the staircase, covered with wire netting, that holds the favorites. Pigeons inhabit the upper part, and keep up a continual flutter at the latticed window, their wings gleaming silver in the sunshine. Lower down, are musical blackbirds, piping with clear, sweet voices. I remember especially one beautiful fellow who shrunk back, mute, at the approach of our party, but answered his master's call at once, and perched, lightly as thistle-down, upon his arm.

This master, the sculptor Ezekiel, like most bird-lovers, does not allow cats in his home. He might possibly train Pussy into tolerance, and so have a happy family — only — he does not *like* cats! which, to a cat-lover, seems queer. However he must have, even if unconsciously, some secret understanding of their nature; for in his studio is a marble Judith with arm upoised to strike, who, in her magnificent fierceness, recalls, far from ignobly, the feline race.

Elihu Vedder's pets might be expected to wear a rather tragic and noble air, appropriate to the illustrations of the *Rubaiyat;* but, on the contrary, they have a commonplace appearance of

"BIMBO," ONE OF THE SCULPTOR STORY'S PETS.

well-being. The studio-pet last year was an asthmatic small dog who had thrown himself on the artist's compassion — a grateful, subdued, unassuming creature, who, after each spasm of coughing, would look up with a deprecatory expression, as if to apologize for the disturbance. Some intelligent cats, and another small dog — in this instance possessed of vivacious health and spirits — keep the artist's home lively, and compete with one another for his favor.

A third studio in Rome is that of the poet-sculptor Story. Many famous statues have here been "born in clay, and resurrected in marble" — among them that of George Peabody. The marble is now in London, but a colossal plaster cast of the same remains in the studio. The philanthropist is seated — a position which allows various projections, or ledges, within the hollow cast, and of which a high-minded cat once took advantage.

Before reading the story, look at her picture. Is she not like some dainty young lady in ball dress? See how deftly she has disposed her train, how fastidiously she glances over her shoulder! A cat of distinction — that is evident from her appearance, even if we knew nothing more. She came originally from Walton-on-Thames, in England, was a present to Mrs. Story, and, in memory of the donor, named "Lady Tankerville." Having an artistic bias, she chose the studio in preference to boudoir life, and was oftenest to be found there.

After a while she was known to be the happy mother of kittens, but where she kept them remained a mystery until some weeks later, when they were found in — of all places — the head of George Peabody! It was a delightfully retired situation, and probably there never were any happier kittens. Moreover, as an instance of post-mortem philanthrophy, it is, I am convinced, unequalled. Some of her kittens are still alive, but the Roman daisies have long been growing over poor "Lady Tankerville."

A beautiful pug, called "Bimbo," must be added to the favorites who have gone before. A spoiled but intelligent darling, he sits up for his picture, on a velvet chair, with an air of snug contentment quite irresistible. His mistress holds him in loving recollection; and, since his death, contents herself with a bisque "puggery," whose inmates if more liable to breakage are nevertheless more easily replaced.

One other pet must close the list, a pet already old, but likely to live many more years without appearing perceptibly older. It is a tortoise — "Babbo" by name — which belonged to the sculptor, Hiram Powers.

I had the honor of frequent interviews with "Babbo," last summer, and Mr. Longworth Powers did his best to photograph the creature for WIDE AWAKE. A crumb of moistened biscuit was placed on the broad stone step, and "Babbo" beside it. No use at all; he either got in a bad position, or shuffled away. Juicy cabbage leaves were brought, but though usually amenable to their charm, now he turned from them in scorn. He was gently coaxed, he was thumped down hard; he was entreated, he was scolded — all in vain. A good turtle ordinarily, the bare idea of a photograph seemed to render him frantic; and after three plates were spoiled, we were compelled to let him go.

"Mr. Powers' 'Babbo,'" writes "Babbo's" mistress, "always came to the inner studio door, if hungry or thirsty, and scratched at it to attract attention. Then my husband would take him up, hold him in the water until he had quite satisfied his thirst, when the creature would waddle off perfectly contented. If hungry, he would give him a bit of bread, dipped in wine and water."

The kind master has gone, but "Babbo" remains, and still has shelter, drink and sup, in the pleasant Florentine garden.

A SABÔT.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

A LONG barge lay warming itself in the sunshine, like a huge black beetle with red and green stripes. At one end of it was a small cabin with a green door and two windows. In front of the door stood a big shining brass jug half-full of milk. It was a short squat-looking jug, but it was such a size round — "Big enough to wash Baby in," Lina said.

Lina was not looking at the big brass jug; she and her sister Marie stood side by side at the barge's edge, looking into the water of the canal.

Lina and Marie were about the same size, but Lina was the eldest; in some ways there was a likeness between them and the fat brass jug. They were so short and so round, and their rosy cheeks and what could be seen of their fair hair shone in the sunshine, and their white-capped

heads were set so near their broad shoulders that there was not much neck to be seen.

They wore very bunchy black woollen frocks and their lilac pinafores were tied behind their backs. When they moved along the barge they made a clatter, for they wore white wooden shoes over thick black worsted stockings.

There was no one else on the deck of the barge except a little black dog, and it was asleep near the cabin; a yellow canary in a green cage hung just outside one of the cabin windows. There was a shed made of tarpaulin close by, and in this was a stock of peat for burning; on the other side stood a basket of cauliflowers and radishes with a round red cheese beneath them. Everything looked very clean, and the two little girls were so tidy that no one could have guessed their mother lay ill in bed in the cabin.

"Will father come back soon, Lina?" Lina looked at the sun through the tree branches that shaded a canal beyond the bridge, near which the barge was moored, and she shook her white-capped head.

"No, Marie, see," and she pointed her stumpy fat finger along this tree-shaded canal and the lofty church spires which rose above the trees, "father will not come back till the sun has hidden himself behind the church; then grandmother will call out for us to bring fresh peats to make the kettle boil for tea."

Marie made a grimace.

"It is dull," she said, "without father or dear mother either, and grandmother is cross, she cuffed me just now, only because I peeped through the door cracks at mother. O, dear! but it is dull without mother."

Lina looked thoughtful. She put her fat finger in her mouth and stood still with one white wooden sabôt some distance apart from the other.

"Don't grumble, Marie," she said briskly, "or you'll make me dull too, and then I shall perhaps be cross. Let us try and find something to do. I like to count the windmills and watch the sails; see, there are three going all at once across the meadow there."

"Windmills don't amuse me," Marie said, "I see windmills every day." She had a pretty little round blue-eyed face and fair curly hair, but she had not Lina's contented look.

Lina looked searchingly across the broad flat meadows on either side of the canal where the barge lay moored, and then she looked behind her along the tree-shaded water. She could see in this water the reflections of houses glinting between the trees, and above them the spires of the distant churches; there were many barges and boats on this farther canal, but they were not near enough for Lina to make out objects on them, and besides the bridge came in the way.

Marie gave a little sudden cry. She had been looking up the empty canal, while Lina's eyes were fixed on the other.

"See — see — Lina," she cried, "what is it? that white thing in the water there — see, it is swimming towards us — ah, what is it, then?"

Lina caught hold of the rail at the barge's edge, and looked eagerly up the canal.

"I think it is a poor little kit," she said presently; "the little dear is not swimming, Marie, she has a bit of wood between her paws, and that carries her along — ah, poor little puss — in a few minutes she will be sucked under our barge and she will drown!"

Marie began to cry. "Go, Lina," she sobbed, "go fetch grandmother, she is brave and she can swim — she can save the little kit."

Lina's eyes did not leave the kitten now coming quickly towards the barge. She shook her head. She feared that before she could persuade grandmother to come to its rescue, poor pussy would be drowned.

All at once a thought came to Lina. She had seen the bridge-keepers take toll on the canals by means of a sabôt and a fishing-rod, when they opened the drawbridge to let high-masted boats pass through. Why could not she let down a wooden shoe and fish up the drowning kitten?

"Quick, take off your shoe, Marie," she cried, and she ran to the place where her father kept his fishing-rod. It was a very simple one, and Lina had soon fastened a bit of the line to Marie's shoe, then she leaned over the rail, and let the shoe down to the water just as the kitten reached the barge.

"It is dead," Marie sobbed; "it lies still, it will not see the shoe — oh! it is dead."

But Lina gently moved the line so that the shoe knocked the kitten's nose. The effect was startling — there was a piteous mew, the little draggled creature sprang half-way out of the

water, and fell on the shoe which it clasped with all its four legs at once.

"Hold the rod, Marie," Lina cried, "hold it fast!" for the kitten's sudden grasp had nearly wrenched it from her fat hands.

In a moment the rod was pulled roughly away.

"Eh, what mischief are you about?" a gruff voice said. "A fine sort of a fish you have caught, Lina."

It was grandmother—grandmother herself—in her manifold black stuff skirts, and with her white cap turned back at each corner and showing through its transparent lace the broad gold band beneath it which ended in a large golden horn beside each of her surprised blue eyes. Grandmother slowly raised the fishing-rod and deposited the dripping kitten at Lina's feet.

"Mercy on us! What children you are!" she said. "I don't know why I did not shake the wretched little object back into the canal. See what a mess the dripping has made."

Lina did not answer. She had been busy untying her pinafore. Now she threw it over the shivering kitten and proceeded to roll it up.

Marie looked very solemn. "You told me I must not kill flies, Grandmother," she said. "Lina and me have been wanting a kit so badly, so this one was sent just on purpose."

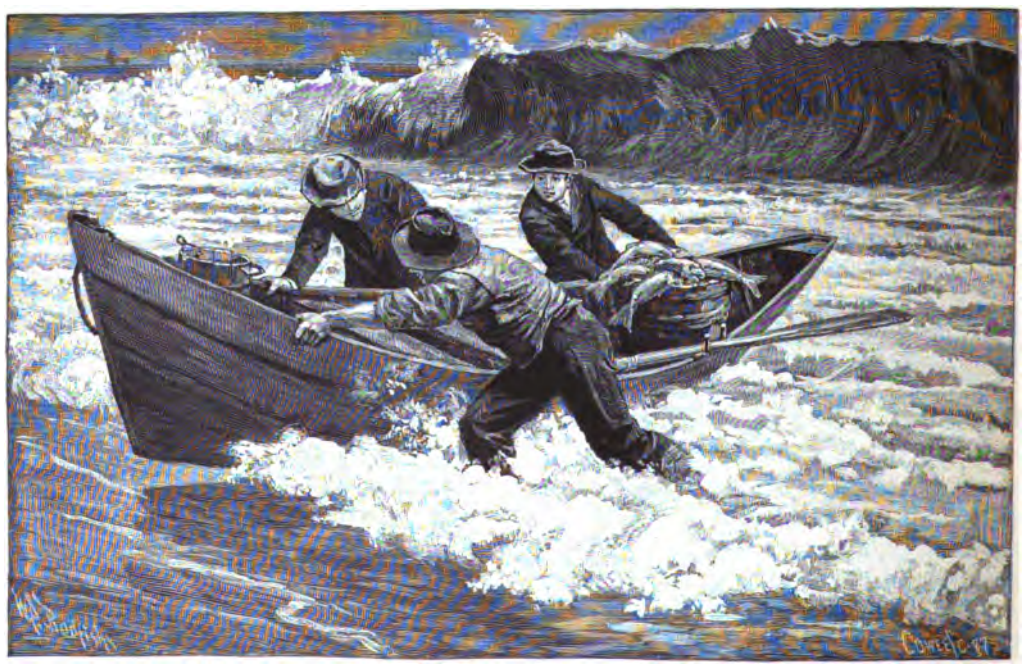
The grandmother was a brave old fish-wife who had swum out to save more than one human life. She gave a grim smile of approval at Lina as the child fetched a mop and cleaned up the spot where the kitten had been landed.

Then when the child took up the kitten and uncovering its face showed its staring blue eyes and red mouth opened to mew, grandmother put her hand on Lina's head:

"It was well begun, brave little heart, but I'm not sure which would have had the pull, if Grandmother had stayed within—perhaps she might have had to send down the shoe for Lina!"

But Lina struggled away, and dipping the corner of her pinafore into the brass jug of milk, she gave it to the kitten to suck.

"We will call her 'Sabôt,' eh, Grandmother?" she said. "It was Marie's shoe that saved her."



HAULING UP.

PLUCKY SMALLS: HIS STORY.

CHAPTER III.

PLUCKY FOLLOWS THE CHAPLAIN'S ADVICE.

SUNDAY mornin' we used to have church on the gun-deck, an' then in the afternoon Chaplain would come round talkin' to the boys an' givin' 'em good advice. He was a good man, Mr. Saltby was. He was little an' old an' sandy-haired, an' one tooth was gone in front, but you didn't notice the extras when he began to talk. Some of the old boys said that Mr. Saltby was awful poor, an' that he had a great big family, an' that he never spent anythin' on himself, only jest kept sendin' money home to get his boys educated; but I didn't know that fust off.

He began at Tink an' me that fust Sunday, Chaplain did. He didn't begin pious, he asked us about our mothers. I couldn't remember mine, an' Tink never had none. Tink did use hard words sometimes, an' jest as Chaplain was comin' along one of the boys pulled Tink's ear, an' he did rip out somethin' that it wasn't pretty to say. Chaplain jest laid his hand on the Tinker's head. "My boy," says Chaplain, "suppose your mother could hear you?"

"Never had no mother, old gentleman," says Tink.

"That's nonsense, my boy," says Chaplain.

"See here, old gentleman," says the Tinker, "I guess *I* ought to know. I never had no mother. I'm a phœnix, I am. I 'rose from my ashes."

I turned an' looked at Tink. Yes, there it was — he'd struck the attitude. "No more your ashes than mine, Tink," says I, "ef you mean the old dumpin'-ground."

"Boy!" says Tink, jest as scornful. When Tink wanted to be reel scornful he'd call me "Boy!" jest that way — "Boy!"

"Boy yourself," says I, "who are you callin' Boy?" an' with that I let fly at Tink an' there his an' my fust fight began. Chaplain did his best to stop us.

"Well, ain't you a boy?" says Chaplain.

I tried to make Chaplain see that it wasn't the mere fatal act of Tink's callin' me Boy — it was his big airs that got me.

"Now you two boys sit down here, an' listen to me for a little while," says Chaplain, "an' after I'm through if you an' your friend want to go on deck and have it out, why, you may — to-morrow," Chaplain added after a moment, "but not to-day, for it isn't yours."

"Whose is it, then?" says Tink, pretty saucy.

"It's God's," says Chaplain, solemner than anythin' I ever heard. That kind o' staggered the Tinker; he looked at Chaplain reel respectful, an' I felt all kind of small. An' then Chaplain sat down, an' he talked an' talked, an' we listened an' listened, an' when he finished up, Tink nor me didn't feel like fightin', an' I saw Tink sittin' on the forward deck a long time that afternoon. It wasn't a very quiet place. Black Billy was playin' the banjo, an' Riordan was dancin', but Tink didn't seem to hear none of it, he jest seemed to be a-thinkin' an' a-thinkin'. I thought over some things Chaplain said too. He didn't preach exactly — he talked reel cheerful, not a bit religious. He told us about what there was under us in the sea, an' over us in the sky, an' all the pious thing he said was that God made 'em. I didn't mind that. I used to think I'd be afraid of them pious fellers — but I wasn't, a bit; an' then he came back to our wantin' to fight. Tink spoke up an' said that "heroes wasn't afraid to fight."

"You tell me," says Chaplain, smilin' an' layin' his hand on Tink's head an' turnin' his face round, "you tell me that this little fellow's your best friend, your only friend. Think what it is, my boy, to quarrel with your only friend.

Heroes need not fight to show the stuff they are made of — at least they need not fight in battle. There are many heroes of whom the world never hears. You can be a hero here, now, this minute. Fight your own heart, my boy, and when the chance comes, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, that do with all thy might.' "

I sat thinkin' after Chaplain left, for he passed along to where Pandy an' Tom Burns an' some other boys sat playing poker on the sly. But I had no time to think of them. I had heard enough to fill my mind: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, that do."

These words seemed to ring in my ears, an' go over an' over in my heart, an' I wondered an' wondered, as I sat there, what my hand would ever find to do that could possibly make me a hero. Not scrubbin' decks, says I to myself, nor layin' out on the yard-arm when I'm ordered to. Nor cleanin' bright-work. Nor lashin' up my hammock. Nor any of those things — that's jest duty. An' I wondered if the time would ever come when my hand would find anythin' to do that would be of any reel use to anybuddy.

Well, time passed on. We got in all our stores, an' one day a tug came alongside, an' she took us down through the Narrows, past Sandy Hook an' out to sea.

"Sick?" I guess nobuddy knows what I went through with for one day an' night. But after that I came on deck an' was all right for the rest of the cruise.

Tink was worse than I was, an' had to go reg'larly to bed in the sick bay, an' have the doctor, and all that foolishness, an' he didn't get over it till he got to New London. An' then he almost ran away — said he never could stand it again, no use a-talkin', but they all got round him an' talked to him an' told him he would be better next time, an' so he was.

Well, we were out at sea, jest a-wallopin' along — for the old *Manhattan* was a good sailor — an' I was out of my hammock, feelin' some better, an' loafin' round on the berth-deck, when the ward-room steward come runnin' out of the ward-room.

"Boy," says he to me, "run to the paymaster's clerk and get the key of the paymaster's store-room — the small-stores room," he shouted.

I ran all over the ship an' at last I found the paymaster's clerk, an' told him what I wanted.

"I'll go myself," says he. "Do you think I'm goin' to trust you with any of the keys?"

I followed him down on to the orlop-deck — and wasn't it pitcher than pitch? I don't wonder he stumbled — but he did — an' the key flew out of his hand an' there we were. I got down on my hands an' knees, an' I groped and crawled, but not a blessed key could I find. An' then somebuddy came a-runnin'. It was the wardroom steward.

"For God's sake," says he, "bring the key. I saw smoke leakin' out from under the ward-room table, an' I'm afraid the store-room's a-fire."

"We'll soon put that out," says the clerk, kind of careless. He had just come aboard at New York, an' was pretty fresh an' an awful dandy.

"If we can, sir," says the steward, "but the small-stores room is right over the magazine."

Then you may bet my gentleman jumped, an' ran up the companion-way, callin' for the master-at-arms. I was all the time gropin' for that blessed key, but there was all sorts of things round, an' it was pitch-dark, an' I couldn't find it, an' while I was there on all-fours, along came the master-at-arms, jest a-lopin' down that ladder:

"Found the key? 'No!' then bring me an axe!"

The axe was put into his hand in less time than it takes me to tell it, an' he ran along the passage an' crack! went the old axe right into that door — an' the fust split he made, I could see the light shine inside, an' then some smoke came out.

"Stand clear!" says the master-at-arms, an' crack! went the axe again, an' this time the hole was bigger. It looked pretty bright in there; the fire jest seemed a-dancin'.

"Bring a hose!" shouted the master-at-arms. Somebuddy had gone for the hose fust thing, an' there it was all ready. The master-at-arms put the nozzle through the hole, but the flame seemed close to our side an' where he couldn't reach.

"My God!" says the master-at-arms — not like swearin', but awful solemn — "it's gainin' on us."

"Cut that hole bigger," says a sailor, who was holdin' the hose, "an' I'll go in there myself."

I looked in at the hole. It looked hotter an' brighter than ever. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do" — I seemed to see the Chaplain's sweet little old smile, an' his voice was as plain as ef he had been there.

"I can squeeze through," says I.

"Bless you, youngster," says the master-at-arms, "get in there, then, quick, an' keep the hose playin' on the floor in this corner."

I squeezed myself through, jest blind fairly with the light, an' I dragged the hose in after me. I turned it where he said, but the flames leaped right up 's if it was oil, an' they caught my clothes — the smoke jest filled my mouth too — but I turned the nozzle on myself an' put *me* out, an' then let the fire have it again. The floor was a-burnin' pretty brisk, an' some of the boxes had caught, an' the place was jest full of smoke an' fire — everythin' but air. I thought of that magazine under me; it was choky work, I tell you.

"Keep playin' on the floor," shouted the master-at-arms, "it mustn't burn through."

I wanted to say, "It sha'n't if I can help it," but I couldn't speak. I jest kept that nozzle against that corner as long as I could. My sleeve was on fire, an' my hand was smartin' like blazes. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," I heard Chaplain say. An' then all of a sudden I didn't know anythin', till I felt the cool air blowin' in my face, an' water a-sloppin' over me, an' I said:

"Is it out?"

I looked up an' saw the white sails bellyin' out over me, an' I heard the water lappin' along the sides of the old barco, an' then I saw the Kimmander an' the surgeon, an' when I tried to move my right arm, I found it was all tied up, an' when I put the other hand up to my face, it hurt me, my face did, an' all my hair was gone on one side. The Kimmander took my hand, not the burned one, an' the doctor said, smilin' reel kind down on me where I was lyin' on the deck:

"Plucky is a good name for this youngster."

The Kimmander looked at me, an' his eyes looked queer, an' his voice sounded trembly, an' he says, says he — as he stroked my head:

"My wife is generally right; she said there was somethin' in the boy."

When I got out of the sick bay, the old *Manhattan* was anchored at New London, an' a pretty enough place it was. We wasn't very far from the hotel, the Pequot House they called it, an' there it was gay enough, an' no mistake. The piazzas were filled all day with ladies an' gentlemen all dressed up, an' paradin' about, an' Tink said it was jest as good as the news-boys' ball. He said, "if they rigged up so day-times, he'd like to know what they'd got left for evenin's." But you see *I* didn't know anythin' about all that — I'd never mixed in society like Tink had.

Our officers used to go ashore, an' lots of comp'ny 'd come off to the ship, an' the bands played over the water, an' there was dances aboard, an' dances ashore, till you couldn't rest.

My! wasn't the old *Manhattan* a daisy though when we dressed her all out with flags, an' spread the awnin's, an' rolled up mattresses round the sides aft, an' covered 'em over with red an' blue buntin' for the ladies to sit on? I used to jest stand an' look at the dancin' (they let us boys come up near the quarter-deck sometimes) an' wonder how Plucky Smalls ever got so near to Fairyland, for it was like Fairyland, an' no mistake.

But the best of all was, that *my* lady was there, an' Master Harry was there, an' many an' many 's the time that the little kid has spent the whole afternoon jest roamin' round the ship with me, askin' questions every minute, an' wantin' everythin' he saw from a crack-whip pennant to a cap-ribbon. He was a great favorite, that little chap, but I don't believe that any one loved him more than I did. You see I'd saved his life. It wasn't much to do. *Any*buddy could have done it — Tink or *any*buddy — but it jest happened that I was there, an' his mother thought I'd done somethin' wonderful. When she'd say so, I'd say, "Indeed, ma'am, *any*buddy could have done it — *any*buddy." She would smile an' her eyes would shine like two stars, an' she would say, "But they didn't, Plucky, they didn't; so you see it's jest your modesty when you say that anybuddy could have done it." An' then Harry would chip in, "Yes, Plucky. If they *could* do it, why didn't they, when I was *that* obstinate and contrai-ry like?" For Master Harry had queer

ways of speech, an' talked very often much like Susan.

Those were good days! Sometimes I'd get leave for the afternoon an' go ashore in the one o'clock boat, an' instead of goin' to the town I'd go up to the hotel an' look for Harry — an' of all the jumpin' an' springin' when that little kid saw me a-comin'! An' then *my* lady would come out of one of the windows on to the piazza.

"Why, how nice you look, Plucky," she would say — for I always went ashore in my Sunday best, lookin' as slick as a whistle. Once she had a bunch of roses in her belt, *my* lady had, an' she jest pulled out the freshest an' sweetest one an' she tucked it into the band of my cap.

"There," says she, "there isn't anythin' too good for Plucky — is there, Harry?"

An' then Master Harry must have one in his hat too, an' off we went for a long ramble, as proud as two young peacocks. Master Harry lost his rose after awhile.

"No matter," says he, "mother will give me another."

But I didn't lose my rose. I've got it yet, an' when I look at it sometimes, all faded an' withered, in the same box where I keep one of little Hal's yellow curls, I see *my* lady's sweet face an' hear the little fellow's laugh as plain as if I was back there again on the rocks at New London.

One day I came ashore an' walked up to the piazza, where I saw Harry playin' round by himself. Susan was settin' on the steps sewin', an' *my* lady was in one of those big piazza chairs, with a book in her hand, an' there, a little way off from her in another big chair, with a big white an' red umbrella over her head, was that handsome lady I'd seen that fust day I come aboard the old *Manhattan*. My! Wasn't she a beauty! Her eyes looked darker an' bigger than ever, an' her long gloves was a-lyin' in her lap, an' her fingers was blazin' with shinin' rings, an' her gold bracelets was jest a jing-jang-lin' like anythin' every time she moved, an' she had on a gownd all ribbons an' laces, an' different colored stripes, an' I didn't wonder the people looked at her as they passed along.

"Here's young Chesterfield," she says, with a laugh; it made me feel all hot, but who young Chesterfield was I didn't know.

"For shame, Isabel," says *my* lady, gettin' up. "How can you?" An' "Well, Plucky," *my* lady says, "have you come for Harry?"

The little kid was a-hangin' on my arm an' pullin' me away an' off we went. When we came back, it was late, and the sundown boat was jest comin' ashore. I looked round for Susan or Harry's mother, an' jest then I saw Miss Isabel makin' swift for where I stood.

"Here, Harry," she says, "you jest run in to your mother, she is in that room off the piazza." An' she gave the boy a push that wasn't over gentle. Little Hal began to cry an' stamp with his foot.

"I hate you, aunt Isabel," says he, screamin' so's you could have heard him on board ship. "I wish you'd go home."

"Thank you, dear," says she, an' then she turned him 'round towards the house. "Your mother is waitin' for you — Go!" An' the little feller run jest roarin' towards the hotel.

"Are you goin' off to the ship?" she says to me, dreadful short (ladies never say aboard).

"Yes, ma'am," says I, "the sundown boat's comin' now."

"Then give this," she says, "to Lieutenant Wilkins, an' let no one see it, do you hear? or I shall have you punished."

I took the note an' put it inside my jumper. She needn't have threatened me — I was willin' enough.

"I'll give it to him, ma'am, because you ask me," says I. I tell you, I couldn't help it. Any feller would have been glad to do anything she told him to. Then she gave me a smile. My! What teeth she had. White as beans.

"You are a good boy, Plucky, and I will — here, where is my purse!" but she must have seen me gettin' red — I felt like fire — an' she stopped. Spendin'-money was somethin' to us boys, but I think I should have died if she had offered me money for doin' her a favor. An' then she says:

"How pretty your curls are — they have all grown out again, though I hear they were pretty well singed in the fire." An' then she smiled again, an' walked away to the piazza — an' she might have walked right over me if it would have done her any good. I had just time to pull off my cap as I ran past *my* lady who had

met Miss Isabel on the steps, for I was late for the cutter. But I heard, "Where have I been? Oh! only making a conquest of young Chesterfield," an' then she laughed again.

I handed the note to the Great Wilkins as soon 's I got aboard, an' his face lighted up, I can tell you. The next time I went ashore he says to me, awful careless:

"Smalls, come to me before the boat shoves off."

When I went to his room, he called me inside an' draw'd the curtains across the doorway, an' then he handed me a big square note an' says carelesser than before:

"Jest take that up to Miss Stafford, will you, Smalls? and, by the way, Smalls, you needn't mention it to any of the men or boys."

"No, sir," says I.

"Oh! and by the way, Smalls, if you want forty-eight hours liberty you can have it — I can easily arrange that."

What was I to do with forty-eight hours liberty? Did I want to go into the town, an' go round with the men to the places they went to? Why, I never could have faced *my* lady again.

"I don't want no forty-eight hours liberty, sir," says I, "but I'd like to go ashore sometimes, afternoons, if it's convenient."

"Very well, Smalls," says he, "I'll see to it, and oh! by the way, Smalls, be very careful of any letter you may have for me."

"Yes, sir," says I, touchin' my cap — an' away I went. When I got up to the hotel there was a great old fuss. Miss Isabel was settin' in a high wagon, holdin' the reins, and there was two horses, one ahead of the other, hitched up in front, an' they was a-bobbin' an' a-bowin' an' a-noddin' their heads, an' a-pawin' with their feet, till you couldn't rest, an' she sat there jest as onconcerned. An' at the first horse's head — that was the one in front — there was a groom standin', an' he jest held that horse's nose right in — My! what a vicious eye that horse had — an' Harry was jumpin' up an' down on the piazza, an' leanin' over, an' pointin' at the groom, an' screamin':

"Look at Puss in Boots! Oh! do look at Puss in Boots!" An' when he caught sight ov me, he jest began again: "I say, Plucky, do look at Puss in Boots!" an' then the little feller would jest scream with laughin', an' all the people round laughed a little too, for that groom did for all the world look jest like the picture in Harry's book — of Puss in Boots a-goin' to the nobleman's house to get help for her master. A gentleman was a-standin' side ov the wagon a-talkin' to the groom, an' he didn't pay no more 'tention to those horses a-kickin' an' rarin' 'n if they had been kittens, an' he was givin' his orders jest as cool, an' the groom was a-touchin' his hat about every second it seemed to me an' sayin', "Yessir," "Yessir," "Yessir."

"Oh! do just look at Puss in Boots!" says Master Harry again. "Do you see him, Plucky? Where's his game bag, I wonder!" An' then the people laughed again an' the gentleman looked round mad an' awful red. I went up to Miss Isabel's side of the wagon, an' handed her the letter. She didn't even look at me or thank me, for the gentleman jumped in, the groom stood aside pretty quick, an' the wheel left a streak over my clothes, but I heard Miss Isabel say as the gentleman took the reins:

"It's from Bombastes Furioso, I suppose."

An' then they was off round the corner an' out of sight in a minute.

I didn't have no note for Mr. Wilkins that night, nor the next night neither, an' he seemed to get mighty put out, an' I had to stand the racket.

I wanted to ask Tink all about it — I did get so dreadful puzzled — an' Tink bein' used to the ways ov society could have 'xplained it all. But I'd promised her I wouldn't tell, an' tell I wouldn't — not if they'd ha' burned me worse 'n they burned those old fellers Chaplain used to tell about Sundays, who suffered, he said, for their faith. I didn't know as I had much faith in Miss Isabel — she didn't seem to be that kind, always laughin' or threat'nin', or else not seein' you at all — but I did what she wanted me to all the same, for sooner or later I was sure to get a kind word, when she wanted somethin' dreadful bad, an' there was nobuddy to do it but Plucky.

When Mr. Wilkins 'ud go ashore, sometimes Miss Isabel 'd be there, an' sometimes she wouldn't. Sometimes she'd laugh an' walk an' talk with him, an' sometimes she'd jest cut him deader 'n a door-nail an' walk away with Lady

Farrington or Mr. Barker, or go out ridin' with the gentleman who had the horses, and then there was trouble enough with Mr. Wilkinses temper, an' us 'prentice boys had to take it pretty hot.

Before we left New London a mighty proud an' happy day come for me. Not but what I was proud enough an' happy enough anyway with *my* lady so good to me, an' little Hal always so glad to be with me. But any feller likes to stand well with his friends, an' when they tell you they're proud ov you as *my* lady did me — My! doesn't it make you feel "all over" though? Shamed, too; you can't help it.

There was always comp'ny comin' an' goin'; an' nobuddy thought any thin' ov it, when one day we was told to hurry up an' clear decks, an' clean up — for the Governor an' his staff was a-comin' aboard. Then all hands was set to work, you bet, to scrub decks, an' it bein' damp weather, to dry 'em with dryin'-stones. The bunting was brought up out of the navigator's store-room, an' we had to use all that was in the signal-lockers too. My! wasn't the old barco as pretty as a picture?

Well, the Governor come off. Tink was up there. He said he didn't see no staff — not even s'much as a cane, but he had a lot ov nice-lookin fellers with him, an' didn't their uniforms jest lap over anythin' that we had aboard the old *Manhattan?* They was jest gold lace an' tigs an' tags, an' floppery, till you couldn't stand the racket. Tink said that was always the way with those fellers who couldn't wear uniforms every day — they like to play soldiers.

Well, they all had lunch in the cabin, a stand-up feed, Tink said it was, 'cus he peeped down the sky-light, an' he said there was a sight of eatin' an' that he was jest dizzy with the poppin' ov those corks — but Tink always did like to yarn even 's 'long ago 's when we lived in the dumpin' ground.

A MIGHTY PROUD AND HAPPY DAY CAME FOR PLUCKY.

Well, after they had their lunch, they all come up on the quarter deck — Kimmander an' Governor, an' officers an' ladies, an' shore folks — reel city people dressed out jest as fine — an' *my* lady was there an' little Hal was there, an' the deck was jest filled an' then we were called to muster. Tink an' me we heard that old Ticklepitcher's pipe squealin' away — an' then, "A-a-a-l-l ha-a-a-nds to muster!" says he.

"What's this, any way?" says Tink to me. "Seems 's if there's fancy doin's all the time nowadays — always some foolishness goin' on."

"Well, we'll have to go, any way," says I, as I give my hair a extra slick, only it never would stay down nice an' soapy like the Tinker's — always jumped up in forty thousand ov those pigeon curls.

We hurried up to our stations, an' there we was just crowded an' squeezed into the port side of the quarter-deck, ladies an' gentlemen all round us, fans a-goin', parasols, every color, lookin' like a garden-bed, flags a-flyin', flowers smellin' sweet — for every lady had a big bunch pinned on to her — an' way over there in that crowd I saw *my* lady holdin' little Hal by the hand, an' she looked as pleased, an' smiled at me an' nodded reel friendly, an' then the Kimmander took his place on the starboard side of the quarter-deck in front of every buddy — an' he made a speech to the crew.

"I have called you together," he says, "to witness the presentation of a reward, sent by the Government of the United States to one of our number" —

"Who's been doin' anythin'?" whispers Pandy under his breath.

"Blest if I know," says I.

— "One of our number," went one the Kimmander, "who has by his courage and bravery saved perhaps the life of every soul on board this vessel. A few weeks ago, while the ship under my command was laboring in a heavy sea way, while we were far from land, in sight of no other vessel, one of the stewards saw that there was smoke issuing from under the wardroom table" —

"It's you," says Pandy, givin' me a dig in the side.

So it was. My ears began to ring an' I jest stood with my head down — jest burning up I was. It seemed hours to me, an' then at last I heard:

"It remained for the smallest boy on board this vessel, promptly and willingly, and at the risk of his own life, to do this great service for us all. Smalls, come forward!"

An' I was somehow pushed ahead, an' up to where our Kimmander stood. Some one handed him a case, an' out of it he took a medal. My! didn't it look thunderin' big, an' didn't I feel thunderin' small! It was a beauty, an' the Kimmander hung it round my neck with a blue ribbon. An' then he turned me round so that the whole ship's comp'ny could see me. That was the worst of all. Gracious! didn't I almost wish I'd never touched that hose? And then he said:

"There, boys, that's the way our Government rewards acts of bravery."

An' all the boys crowded up, an' looked at the medal, an' all the ladies came 'round, till a feller couldn't hardly breathe, an' then old Ticklepitcher shouted:

"Three cheers for 'Smalls!" an' they give 'em with a tiger, too.

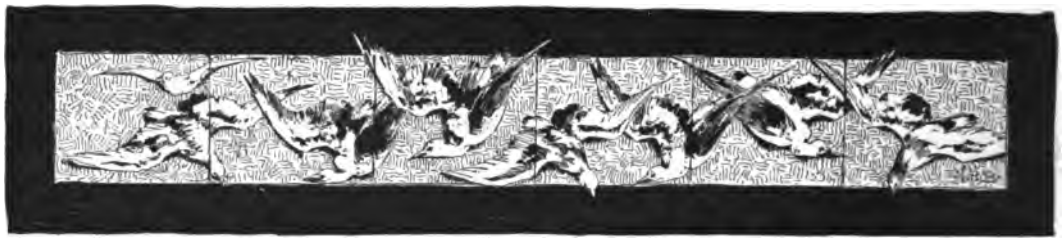
"Enough, enough, my men," says the Kimmander. An' then he give liberty to half the ship's comp'ny that day, and half the next.

An' then all those young ladies came crowdin' round. They seemed to think bec'us I was little I didn't have any feelin's. An' they said, "Isn't he a little dear?" an' "Isn't he jest too sweet for anythin'?" But the Kimmander was awful good. He says, laughin' to me:

"You would better go below, Smalls — the ladies will spoil you."

My face burned worse than it did after I came out of the fire that time, an' I was glad to go below an' cool my cheeks at an' air-port. The Governor was a-goin' ashore, an' we were "bangin' him off" — fifteen guns I think he had — an' the whole ship was jest wild, no rest for anybuddy. But you may bet I didn't show myself much again that day. Bringin' a feller up like that before a whole ship's comp'ny! Not to speak of all those ladies an' everybuddy. If it wasn't Harry's father I'd call it a rather tough trick.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SEASHORE TILES.

THE ELEPHANTS OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

(*Around-the-World Stories.*)

Olive Risley Seward

THE elephants in this story are not heroes or heroines of romance, nor are they related to the Jumbo family whose domestic trials, travels and tragic fate have excited so much interest in England and America. They are merely simple-minded, contented creatures, doing, or learning to do, their straightforward every-day duty in the state of life to which they have been called in their native land, for these docile, sagacious and powerful creatures appear everywhere in Asia, as a necessary part of the panorama which the half-barbaric customs of human activity present there.

At Peking you see the palace where the Sacred Elephant lives in splendor and retirement until the coronation of an Emperor calls him to the performance of his only task — that of bearing the new monarch to his throne.

At Borneo they tell you how happy the people were when the telegraph was laid through the wastes which separate one habitable part of the island from another, until the wild elephants in the jungle spying the telegraph poles, knocked them all down, by rubbing their great sides, and scratching their backs against them, and destoyed the telegraph line.

Travel in the mountains of Cambodia is all done on elephant-back; and in the seaport towns of Ceylon elephants perform the duties of laborers and porters, piling wood and coal, loading and unloading ships, and lifting heavy weights; while in the country they do every sort of work, especially that of nursery maids, carrying children and babies about safely, and gently rocking them to sleep with their great trunks. In Hindostan no prince's nor potentate's stable is complete without a troop of them.

One day Mr. Seward, my sister and I were walking in the Eden gardens, which adjoin the Government House, in Calcutta, where the young son of the viceroy had frolicked with Ned the tiger, and there we met a prince. He was not like the European princes of royal blood, who look like other gentlemen, and differ from them only when they are more amiable or urbane. This was a real story-book prince, an Oriental prince, a first-class Maharajah, frowning and promenading in the park with a retinue of stately followers attending him. He was a tall man, very handsome, with flashing black eyes and curling hair. He was clad in India muslin of finest texture and whitest sheen, golden shoes, a velvet coat, a satin shirt, a sword, a turban, and jewels "galore" — that is more than you can count and as many more and more again. A man among men, in fact, as a peacock is among birds.

This superb person had come to Calcutta from

his principality at the North where he lived as other Indian princes do, a reigning despot, but at the same time a heavy tribute-payer to the British Crown. His family had always been loyal to their British conquerors, and now the Maharajah had come to the British East Indian capital to be decorated with the Star of India, the order of knighthood which was created for Queen Victoria's Indian officers and subjects, and for which Prince Albert chose the beautiful motto: "Heaven's Light our Guide."

His highness looked disdainfully about him, and said that he was not like the men and officers at Calcutta — but that *he* was an absolute ruler in his own domain, and could kill men there if he pleased without the formalities of court and justice, and he seemed very proud of this prerogative as a right becoming his unquestioned importance.

He had never studied geography nor read a book, such accomplishments being counted vulgar for a prince whose thinking was all done for him, and whose understanding even could be supplied by others. He was fully persuaded that the subjects of the British provinces would do well to know one another, and he invited us most cordially to visit him, when we should pass through his country, on our travels in the north, saying that he lived in a poor, mean way, but that such fare as he could offer we were most welcome to.

We protested that we were not subjects of a province, and ventured to explain the matter; he declined to be enlightened, however, saying that he already knew all about America, and we could tell him nothing more, but that as he intended making a tour of the provinces one fine future day he would go there and see for himself, and meantime he wished us to see his country, and to know his people, and exchange ideas with them. The Prince was very kind, and opportunity serving us it came about that we went to his country, and not only met his people, but also met the elephants of whom I am going to tell you, or rather they came out to meet us, as you shall see.

Oriental hospitality is based on a totally different principle from that cheerful practice which we of the West hold to be one of the highest duties and sweetest privileges of our social life. The self-forgetting modesty in receiving guests which is the first requirement of good-breeding with us, where the visitor's happiness and comfort are the host's most sacred trust, is unknown to the people of the East. The Oriental host wishes to exalt himself in the eyes of his guest, and the latter's ease and sense of freedom are quite secondary to this desire; he is even willing to mortify his visitor, if possible, by a show of his own superior grandeur and riches, while he always aims to appall his own people by an extravagant display of his power.

Our Prince was an Oriental of the Orientals, and we could not have seen the Eastern idea of hospitality better illustrated than it was in his manner of receiving us.

A cavalcade of horsemen, with a lot of velvet-lined and bespangled carriages, met us at the boundary of the province, and were joined by a company of lancers bearing banners, who followed us for miles, with an array which might have been mistaken for a Barnum's circus procession, minus the bison, the calliope and the grizzly bear.

The capital of the province was guarded by a strong fortress mounted with cannon, and a broad avenue led from the fortress to the ruler's palace, some miles away.

When we come to the fortress new features were added to our procession. Regiments of every department of military saluted and presented arms, while five or six hundred led horses, half as many camels, and fifty or sixty elephants were drawn up in grand array, the latter standing quietly in line, blinking their eyes, fanning their ears, and swinging their tails in contented waiting.

The elephants were fitted out with gorgeous howdahs on their backs, housings or flounces of silk and cloth-of-gold on their sides, velvet pantalettes with lace frills on their legs, bangles on their great bungling ankles, and long shining jewels hanging from their ears.

Presently an officer of state came to the carriage where we sat, bringing a courteous and somewhat pompous message from the Prince to Mr. Seward, bidding him and his family welcome thrice and a hundred times, and asking him to choose for his own to take away and keep forever any or all of the troops and beasts before him.

Then the Prince appeared, dressed in dazzling white, his breast and turban shining with emeralds worth more than the ransom of an Irish king, and after various salutes and salaams asked with a solemnity, incomprehensible to us, considering the occasion, whether Mr. Seward would go to the palace on horseback, elephant back, by camel back, or carriage. Now Mr. Seward was an old traveler, and estimated so justly the values of experiments in locomotion that he answered without hesitation, "By carriage by all means," believing that he spoke for his inexperienced and timid companions as well as for himself.

He was taken without delay to a gilded chariot, drawn by six white horses which were guided by postilions, and passing into the broad avenue he was soon lost to our sight in a great cloud of dust with the Maharajah.

My sister and I, waiting and watching the novel scene, were now asked by what conveyance we preferred going to the palace, and we also had no hesitation in choosing a carriage, and as it was growing dark and we were very tired we secretly hoped that we might be sent on our way as promptly as Mr. Seward had been.

A young British officer was traveling in our company who knew the language and all the manners and customs of the stately Hindoos. After some talk with the Ministers of State who were conducting this ceremony of receiving the guests of the Prince, the officer told us that it was contrary to etiquette for us to choose the least magnificent of all the ways provided for our little journey, and that by all their rules we must accept the compliment so munificently offered in the elephant conveyance, as it would give serious offense if we did not. Convinced that under the circumstances it was our duty not only to accept, but also to appear delighted in imitation of the spirit in which the courtesy was offered, we adopted for the time being the Oriental interpretation of one's duty towards one's neighbor.

The plan had been for the Prince to go on the first elephant; Mr. Seward on the second with suitable attendants; my sister and I to follow on the next two, respectively; the captain and the First Hindoo Secretary of State on the next; our servants, who were supposed to be officers of high degree, following; and the natives again in their own fashion.

Now as the Prince and Mr. Seward were gone in the chariot, this programme had to be altered. The inexorable master of ceremonies said State etiquette required that I, being the eldest, should be conveyed to the Prince's palace on the back of the first elephant; my sister on the second, the captain the third, the "American Secretary" on the fourth, and so on.

All this punctilious ceremony seemed unreasonable and tiresome to us, and as any American girl can fancy, I faced my doubly-imposed duty, to which the still small voice within gave but a faint sanction, with a heart wavering between dread and impatience.

The elephants were brought nearer and preparations begun for our transfer to their backs, from the carriage.

The first elephant was an enormous creature, of the Asiatic species, which has small ears and a smooth grayish-brown hide. His ivory tusks were engraved with vermilion, and ornamented with brass knobs and rings; his trunk was about eight feet long, and where his fine draperies did not cover his legs and body he seemed fat and well-cared for, though neither brush nor curry-comb had been used in his grooming, for there was not a hair to be seen on him save the tuft between his ears, like the thick growth between the horns of an ox.

He looked about calmly and with much intelligence, and eyed us steadily, at the same time with an expression of good humor and docility, touching in so enormous and powerful a creature.

The howdah on his back was most imposing. It was about the size of an old-fashioned sleigh, or as they call it in Boston "a booby," with a canopy over it instead of a hood. The elaborately-carved frame and arms were covered with plates of real gold, the floor, seat and sides were upholstered in crimson velvet, the canopy of cloth-of-gold and crimson velvet rose to a sort of pinnacle in the centre surmounted by a large gilt ball, and an enormous peacock fan stood in each corner ready for use.

The howdah seemed as high again as the elephant's body, and midway between his head and his haunches he was harnessed with shelves,

or platforms, about a foot wide and six feet long, hung horizontally.

A driver dressed in white and crimson sat on the elephant's head, just behind his ears, armed with a heavy, sharp steel spike with which to guide him.

The order was given which the great sagacious creature understood to mean, "Prepare to receive your burden." He bent one great leg, and the howdah seemed lifted higher in the air than before, but one-sided; then he bent the other leg under him, and the howdah toppled over the other way; in this manner it changed position four times, as the elephant folded down each huge leg and knelt human fashion on the ground. But — even now the howdah was higher than the back of any horse, and a ladder was at hand to be placed against the side of the gigantic steed — a silver ladder, smooth and strong, which was a part of the elephant's accoutrements and was carried on one of the side shelves.

The master of ceremonies, speaking English with the incomparably beautiful voice and accent of an educated Hindoo, now assured me that it was quite safe and not difficult to mount the ladder; he said he would hold my hand, while attendants standing on the shelf and on the elephant's back would guide my unpracticed feet to the distant howdah.

Now here was a chance for an exchange of experiences and ideas between the Hindoo Minister and the Western visitors which might have been a benefit. He at least would have felt no concern for those strangers about to ascend the elephant's back, if he could have known the American method of gathering cherries, or have been told of the clambering grape-vines in Chautauqua County, and how the nimble-footed boys and girls there scale ladders to reach the topmost branches where the most luscious purple clusters are sure to hang; but there was no chance for parley of our home, and silently recalling these youthful accomplishments I made no difficulty of reaching the howdah by the way of the ladder.

Once there the structure tottered and tipped under my feet, like a badly-managed boat. The velvet-covered, luxurious-looking seat was a hard, narrow board, high above the floor, and sitting exactly in the centre to balance the howdah, the polished arms at the sides of the vehicle were so far away that I could not reach them either. This isolated and footholdless position gave me a feeling of insecurity and distance which may be easily fancied as not pleasant or reassuring.

Presently the elephant, directed in Hindostanee to arise, began slowly drawing one leg into position, his motion producing the effect of an earthquake upheaval in the howdah. When the creature had assured himself by a hard stamp (which made the howdah shiver as if struck with an electric shock) that the ground was firm beneath that foot, he began again very deliberately to draw another leg into place, leaning his huge body the other way and toppling the howdah at right angles again. At this moment, and while struggling to keep my equilibrium, not to say my dignity, unmoved, I was unexpectedly rescued from the self-sacrificing ordeal. My sister was not only younger than I, but she was the youngest in our home. All older children know the peculiar prestige of "the baby" in the nursery and school-room, and what power of persuasion the "youngest child" shows from the very first, by various but unmistakable signs. When our little ruler wanted anything very much, the brown rings of her hair seemed to curl tighter, her eyes brightened, her cheeks flushed, while certain little signal marks appeared at the corners of her mouth, which meant "up," or "down," as the decision of the presiding court seemed likely to go for or against the wishes of this very special pleader, and a long and successful practice had fixed all these signs and signal marks so securely that it seemed impossible they should ever change or go down again.

But to-day, when this little sister, now grown a tall young lady, stepped forward, I saw all the old familiar signs in her hair, her eyes, and about her mouth; and when she said, very distinctly, to those Hindoo panjandrums, "My sister must not go on that elephant alone, and — I cannot go alone on an elephant. We are strangers, and it does not seem proper or safe to us. I trust you will be so very kind as to provide some other way for us," I recognized a determination behind the soft voice which made it easy for me to understand why the Grand

Chamberlains and the Marshals looked confounded. They had probably never heard a woman express a preference or assert the slightest authority before in their lives. Our British friend told us that they were alarmed lest this unexampled act on the part of the young American lady meant the beginning of some exercise of that strange power called "liberty," which they had heard was allowed in the United States, but which they naturally dreaded to have seen or spoken of in their country. Their good standing at court, if not their happy existence any where, depended on their making in this gaudy procession a display which would prove their master to be a monarch worthy the name.

This young foreign girl, in their judgment, might interfere so much, with her incomprehensible ideas and her fearlessness in expressing them, as to ruin all their plans. They took counsel together in confusion and difficulty, and the confab ended in the proposition for a compromise, by which we consented to go together on one elephant's back to the palace.

The Minister of State was very courteous, even obsequious after this, and my sister quickly tripped up the ladder, and we sat side by side in the crimson howdah.

Two gaily-dressed boys stood on the shelves on either side of the elephant, and now each one seized a long peacock's feather fan which he waved over us, the driver stuck the steel spike into the elephant's ear, and he began slowly to arise again.

As the howdah swung to and fro, my sister and I held our hands tightly together, and for a few moments we could fancy ourselves back in the *Monocacy* while she labored in the typhoon; then came smoother sailing as preceded by a detachment of the military the whole procession started, and we moved on.

It was now quite dark and we had five miles to travel before reaching the palace where the Maharajah receives and entertains his guests.

When the procession started, a grand salute was fired from the artillery guns, and the infantry likewise blazed away with their muskets, the cavalrymen drew their clattering sabers, and several bands of music began playing together — but each a different tune. "Rule, Britania," and "The Campbells are Coming," "Saint Patrick's Day" and "The Girl I left behind Me" did not accord very well, but they were played loudly, and in good faith, that among this wide selection the national air might be hit off, which would be most pleasing to these subjects of Great Britain who came from the wilds of the distant province of America, to see the civilized world. Rockets and Bengal lights were struck and exploded, and all so suddenly, that we looked anxiously to see how the animals bore the noise and confusion of this astounding crisis.

The horses pranced and were frightened, the camels became restless and rebelled, but the elephants listened quietly and then complained; showing no alarm, but setting up a deep-toned remonstrance which resounded above all the din, and then moaned out a sorrowful protest against the unreasoning hubbub and storm.

When this grotesque pageant was fairly under way, we looked back from our high position to see the strange effect it made — recalling that it was through this very region, perhaps over this very road, that Lallah Rookh had passed in her romantic journey from Delhi to Lahore on her way to Cashmere.

The Prince's Prime Minister of State followed with his companion, on the elephant directly behind us, leading the way for the third, which carried Freeman, our good Washington manservant, who had gained his rights of American citizenship under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States. His marked color, intelligent, thoughtful face, and quiet dignity impressed the people and he was greeted by the throngs who crowded the streets with all the respect and interest due to the "American Statesman," whom they understood him to be.

Eugenia, the maid, a tall, broad woman and a native of the Swiss republic, followed Freeman, on the fourth elephant. She had lived long in India, and travelled in the trains of the Governors' families so many times that she was not at all overcome by the grandeur of this Oriental procession. She had also some strict ideas of her own which no argument prevailed against, and no consideration could induce her to forego. Her wearing apparel was a subject of almost

religious importance, and she had adopted a sort of regulation uniform which was never by any chance altered or changed. Her young ladies might think it suitable to dress in cotton and flax in that tropical land, but her dignity never permitted her to wear any but a heavy, tightly-fitting black silk gown; and while we wore "topees" and goggles for protection from the heat and glare, tied our heads up in thick veils, and wore large, cool gauntlets, she never was known to appear in any "head-gear" but a small fashionable bonnet, a lace "mask" veil, and always encased her hands in two-button kid gloves several sizes too small.

By the rearrangement of the procession my sister and I were so hidden, shielded and protected in the great howdah intended for the tall Prince that the natives passed us by unnoticed; and while they saluted Freeman respectfully, they looked at Eugenia with wonder, as well they might, for she sat high in her howdah alone and self-possessed, fanning herself and gazing from side to side with all the immovable *aplomb* of the Goddess of Liberty herself, and whom to those natives' minds she probably represented. The English courier followed Eugenia, and then came the long, winding line of led elephants, camels and horses; the remaining artillery, cavalry, infantry, and a company of imported bagpipers, bringing up the rear.

Elephants, when walking, get over the ground quickly by their long strides, but their slow monotonous gait has to the rider all the discomfort of a heavy chopping sea.

The strange and depressing sights around us, as we passed, could only be seen in a country utterly unlike ours in every particular.

Here the Prince owned all the land, the houses, the cattle, and crops, and passed his life in the pursuit of his own pleasure in his great, sumptuous palace; while his subjects lived in little one-story huts, owned nothing, and had no higher object in life than ministering to their master's caprices and the occasional excitement of witnessing a parade wending along the broad avenue, leading from the fortress to the palace, when the Prince received his guests and displayed his power.

Looking down from the howdah to the roofs of the huts and the throngs of humble natives, we discovered that this was the only highway worthy the name of street in the capital, and there were eighty thousand people living there. The Maharajah has the power of life and death over his subjects, but their welfare and happiness apparently give him little interest or concern. We saw no church, schoolhouse, town hall, or other sign of civilized social life and intelligent human intercourse in all our long march. There were no lights in the streets, and the smoking flambeaux of the escorting torch-bearers showed the crowded dreary highway no less dismal than the flat, uncultivated fields through which we passed before alighting at the palace door.

The elephants behaved in a way to win our highest praise and admiration. Instantly obedient to a sign from the driver, they walked faster or stood still, turned to the right or left, and trod carefully over the rough places, with more of the double consciousness of a dog than the single-eyed intelligence of a horse.

The next day these same elephants came to take part in a sort of zoölogical entertainment which the Prince treated us to, where he showed all the animals of his great menagerie.

Now we saw without his drapery the elephant which had borne our howdah. He was very large, though not so tall as Jumbo, and had been captured when he was a wild little calf, and given to the Maharajah's great-grandfather, then a boy, and the elephant had been for nearly one hundred years the pride and pet of the stable and menagerie; no wonder that he was as much at home with the Maharajah and his keepers as our most docile domestic animals are with us. In being groomed he was first lathered with soap, and then scraped and brushed by strong-armed men and sprayed off with a fire-hose, enjoying his bath with all his might, for at the end he was allowed a plunge in a deep river or pond, where he swam about for hours under water, with only the tip end of his trunk coming up to the surface for air, and this bit of a trunk, skimming along, looked not bigger than a small frog on his travels, though there must have been a pretty big swirl underneath the wave.

He came and went at will without a keeper, and after being shown to us and taking some

tea cakes very gently from our hands, he trotted off alone when he was bidden across the fields and under the palm-trees, to his stable three miles distant.

An elephant fight now promised much excitement, if the natives were to be believed.

The great creatures stripped of all trappings and made ready to fight by having their tusks cut off short, were brought, two by two, into a wide open field. When let go, they ran at each other, head foremost, with their trunks in the air. The fight was very stupid, being simply a huge game of "push heads which is the toughest," where the stronger won and then drove the weaker off the field. They seemed good-natured, and also to enjoy the game.

Some ten or twenty other elephants looked on, apparently interested and amused, until one very strong active elephant among the fighters ran after his vanquished antagonist with the evident intention of striking at his trunk, when all the other elephants became excited, and constituted themselves a company of umpires and set up such indignant moaning that the keeper interfered.

The Hindoos, who know nature's deepest secrets so well, and who care for all dumb creatures so tenderly, told us many things about the wild elephants and their ways. They always live in herds, choosing a leader whom they all follow and obey. It seems that living so, in families as it were, in the jungles and plains, they have a code of honor among themselves, and a standard of ethics most creditable to their intelligence. An elephant who fails to live up to this standard, or who disregards the code, is punished by the leader and disciplined by the rest of the herd.

It completely disables an elephant to have his trunk wounded or bruised, and in fighting with tigers and lions he holds it high out of harm's way and attacks with his tusks. It is judged unfair among the herds for one elephant to strike at another one's trunk, and one who commits this base act is put into Coventry, and forced to live by himself. So even in the wilderness cowards are shunned by their fellow creatures, and treated like pariahs. The animals thus disgraced, become morose and moody in their lonely vagabond life, and are almost untamable. Elephant hunters, who have given them the name of "rogues," avoid them when they can, for they are always fierce, desperate creatures.

We saw one beautiful elephant who was born in the Prince's province and had never seen a jungle, but had grown up in the pasture and stable, like any other cow. When she came to see us her own little calf paced by her side. The calf was the little counterpart of the cow, and was a very pretty creature, whom one would like for a pet. She wore draperies and frills and gold lace like her mother, with ear-rings which nearly reached to the ground, and gold bangles. She walked jauntily along, "toeing out," stiffening her knees, and holding her chin down in the most approved manner. When we offered her a bit of sponge cake, she sidled nearer, like a pet lamb, lifted the little finger at the end of her trunk, and examined the cake daintily before taking it; and apparently never having seen any like it before, she turned toward her mother with a questioning look. The mother elephant seemed puzzled. She walked toward us with an expression of hesitating, anxious curiosity in her small, knowing eyes, as one may see any cow do. She held out her trunk for the cake, and the little one dutifully gave it to her, whereupon the mother turned it over carefully, then held it up and looked at us as if for an explanation. We motioned toward the little one, to whom she promptly returned it, and then looked on contentedly while the calf enjoyed the tidbit.

This indulgence on our part seemed to gain the mother elephant's confidence, for she began showing off her offspring with unmistakable pride. She pushed the little one toward us, and turned it round and round with her great trunk. When the calf demurred she coaxed and caressed her. The cow was evidently vain of the calf's finery, and encouraged that spoiled elephantling to flaunt her furbelows and tinkle her ear-rings. She drew our attention to the big, little fat legs of the beauty, and finally wound her trunk affectionately round the small neck, lifted the little head, and showed us the beginning of her baby's first tusk.

We thought this gentleness and intelligence were due to training, as neither of these creatures had ever known the wild life of the jungle; but we had a chance later to learn that this was not altogether the case.

A wild elephant cow and calf lately captured were driven up to show us the difference. They were both darker and very rough, lean and hungry-looking in comparison with the domesticated ones. A strong chain tied the wild mother-elephant's fore-legs together, and she was also fastened with a strong lariat to a tame elephant. The wild baby-elephant kept close to its mother and stumbled along like a shy, awkward hobbledehoy. When the keepers tried to turn the wild calf toward us, and away from its mother, the little one threw back its head, stuck up its chin, and cried out loud and piteously. The poor mother struggled toward her terrified calf and managed to get her own ponderous body between the calf and the strange-looking people. The little one refused to be comforted, and the mother's ways of protecting and soothing it were so tender and knowing as to seem almost human. She stroked it with her big trunk and shoved it lovingly behind her, and finally persuaded the little one to take some nourishment, when it threw back its small trunk dexterously, and drew the milk, smacking like any satisfied, hungry calf.

They became quieter when they saw that no harm was intended them, and then the little one was more amusing than ever, running under the mother and hiding behind her great legs, occasionally darting a shy frightened peep from behind the shelter. If we looked, or went toward her, she dodged back and hid her face, and if we took no notice she came nearer, and even stepped one foot forward in a testing, gingerly fashion. Meantime the bold town-bred elephant youngster looked on with great interest, waggling her tail, jingling her ear-rings, and tossing her trunk in high glee, apparently much amused at her countrified sister's awkwardness and discomfiture.

We had other journeys by elephant-back before we left the Maharajah's country; and while we learned to accommodate ourselves to the hard jolting motion of their heavy gait, and found more comfortable and simple accommodations than those of the high, royal howdah, we never learned to like elephant-riding. We had little opportunity for conversation with the Prince, and we discovered among his people few ideas that we cared to exchange our own for. We learned a great deal more about elephants than we could have done anywhere else, and we were fully prepared to tell the Prince, if he had asked us for an opinion, that for a comfortable and convenient mode of carrying passengers, the primitive "buckboard" line of North America is infinitely superior to the gorgeous elephant-train of Hindoostan.

THE PINK WILD ROSE.

By Kate Upson Clark.

I PRICKED me picking this pink rose,"
A little child declared,
While in his thumb a thorn disclosed
How hardly he had fared.
"I never, never pick a rose,"
He murmured in distress,
"But some old ugly prickers grow
Just where my fingers press!"
Alas! in life the roses blow
Forever where the sharp thorns grow!

THE STORY OF BOSTON COMMON.

IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

By Edward E. Hale.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ON THE COMMON.

(*On the site of an old Revolutionary redoubt.*)

BUT there were encampments much more serious on the Common.

In the eventful year 1746 a fishing schooner came crashing into Boston Bay as fast as her sails would carry her, to announce that the skipper had seen the largest fleet he ever saw, and this of the largest ships he ever saw, off the banks of Newfoundland. The skipper guessed, and guessed rightly, that this was a French fleet, sent to take revenge on New England for the capture of Louisburg, the year before. The truth was, that it was the largest fleet that ever sailed at once from Europe to America, since there was any America.

> "And this Admiral D'Anville
> Had sworn by cross and crown
> To ravage by fire and steel
> Our Boston town."

There was nowhere else but Boston that the fleet could be coming to. Now Governor Shirley was, by great good luck, in Boston. And he ordered ten thousand men, of the militia, to march from their country homes to Boston Common, and there he had them encamped all through September and October, and every day he trained them to war. And he had new tar barrels put in the old iron basket on the beacon which was on the top of Beacon Hill. And he filled old sloops full of stones and had them ready in the Channel to be sunk so as to block the Channel as soon as the French fleet should appear. And he put a garrison into Fort William which became Fort Independence in other days. And in the midst of it all, when he did not know one day whether Boston might not be burnt about his head before midnight of the next, his dear little wife died — the beautiful young lady whose bust you may see in King's Chapel. And she was buried with a great parade and all the train-bands of Massachusetts marched to the beautiful lady's funeral.

And they were not interrupted by any French fleet, as they fired their funeral volleys over her grave. Here is the end of the French fleet, as Parson Thomas Prince tells the story, and as Mr. Longfellow has written it down.

It was on a Fast Day; for the Governor had appointed a Fast in October, as a fit service in such serious times. And as Parson Prince was in the pulpit, in the afternoon of that day, he offered this prayer:

> "Oh Lord, we would not advise,
> But if in Thy Providence
> A tempest should arise,
> And drive the French fleet hence,
> And scatter it far and wide
> Or sink it in the sea,
> We should be satisfied,
> And Thine the glory be!
>
> "Such were the words I said,
> For my soul was all aflame,
> And even as I prayed
> The answering tempest came.
> It came with mighty power,
> It shook the windows and walls,
> And rang the bell in the tower
> As it rings at funerals."

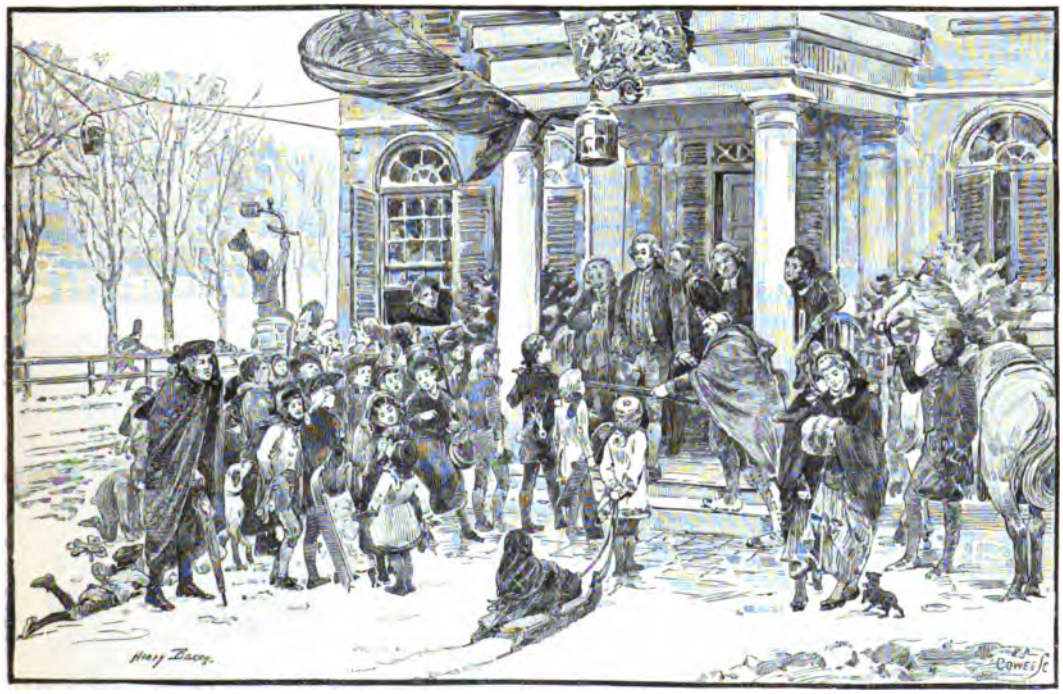
Mr. Longfellow has written this ballad very skillfully and accurately, from the tradition of the time. In very truth this tempest swept down the bay. Off the southwestern point of Nova Scotia it met that terrible fleet of D'Anville's. They had had sad experiences

already. D'Anville was already dead. He had perhaps killed himself. Many of the vessels had been lost. But at last they had sailed from what is now Halifax to take Annapolis. The Vice-Admiral killed himself and the third officer took command. Then was it that, near Cape Sable, this great gale struck them. It dispersed the whole fleet — and this was the end of this great expedition.

You may be sure that Shirley heard of it with great delight. And then he bade his army on Boston Common fold their tents and march to their country homes again.

Remember now that the Common was still a great pasture quite outside the town. Where Park Street Church is, was a great granary for the storing of corn. On the hill behind the State House was the beacon to call in the country people were there any danger. But some one had imported some little English elms from England — and had planted them in three rows along "Common street" which we now call Tremont street; and thus there was a pretty shaded walk which they called the Mall, which improved from year to year as the little trees grew.

As the century passed, people took more and more interest in the Common, and in 1733 a fence was put up by the order of the town-meeting. After 1737 this fence had but one entrance for carts, where the great gateway now stands, near the head of Winter street.

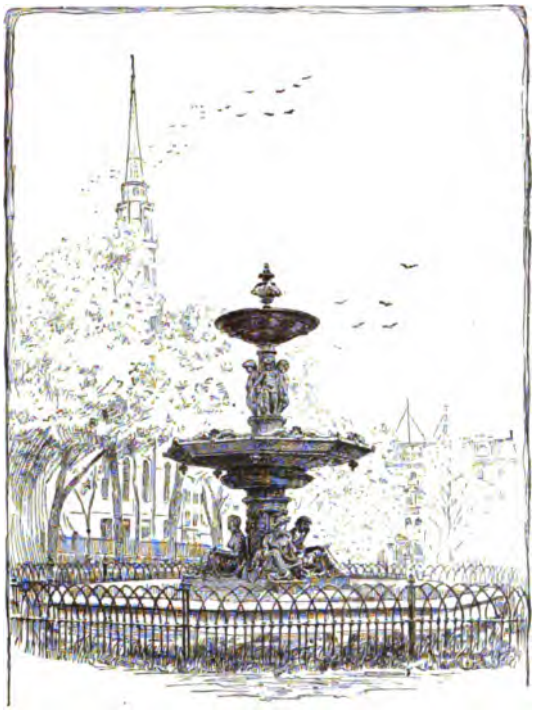


THE BOSTON BOYS DEMANDING GEN. GAGE'S PROTECTION FOR THEIR SLIDING-PLACES.

(The popular tradition affirms that when the British soldiery forbade the Boston schoolboys to slide down hill on the Common, they proceeded in a body to headquarters and demanded the protection of the British Commander-in-Chief, and that it was granted. This story has been denied, but every Boston schoolboy believes it to be true. This engraving is from a sketch made by Henry Bacon from his great painting, formerly in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C., but now in possession of Columbia College.)

More and more was it the habit of people to walk in the Mall as the afternoon closed in on a pleasant day. The name Mall was borrowed from the English Mall in London. It means a place where you can use your mallet, for in London originally the Mall was the place for playing whatever game was the croquet or tennis of the day. This Mall, before the end of the century was called the Great Mall. This was to distinguish it from the Little Mall,

by the side of the Burial Ground. This also was planted with English elms about the year



THE BREWER FOUNTAIN ON BOSTON COMMON.
(*Park Street Church in background, where the great granary was.*)

1764, by Adino Paddock. Those trees were therefore also called "Paddock's Row." They were cut down not many years ago, as they were in the way of travellers. But as lately as 1845 I talked with Mr. Jonathan Darby Robbins, who remembered being told, when he was a schoolboy, with all the rest of the class, that they would be flogged if any of the Paddock elms were broken down.

And the old English elms still stand in the Great Mall, to show to children and grown people what an English elm is. It is, indeed, pathetic to see how tenderly the old people remembered England in their gardening and planting before the Revolution. The American elm, which is now the glory of the Charles Street Mall and of the Beacon Street Mall, was as beautiful a hundred years ago, as it is now. The great French botanist, Michaux, called it the "monarch of the vegetable world," and most of us would agree with him. There was not a meadow or a river within a hundred miles of Boston from which there could not have been brought enough American elms to plant the whole Common. But those good people did not want American elms. They wanted an English Mall and the English elms to shade it.

But the Common was to see other sights than the walking of gentlemen and ladies along the Mall. When the war clouds began to gather, and more and more soldiers were sent from England, it was hard to find quarters for them in Boston. And the handsome young Lord Percy, the same who saved the day for the English at Lexington, bade his brigade encamp on Boston Common and there they remained, although winter came, until Washington and Ward drove them all out in the spring. This encampment was in a row of tents which ran across just where the broad path now is, from West street to the Public Garden. The path is now so broad that the old traces of the encampment are wholly obliterated by it; but not thirty years ago, it was easy to make out

PARK STREET ENTRANCE OF BOSTON COMMON.
(*Near here was the "only cart entrance in 1737."*)

the places where the lines of tents were. For as the winter became cold, the men put one

tent over another and packed in the space between with straw. They had also thick beds of straw to sleep upon. And, in eight or nine months time, all this vegetable matter was so far trodden down and ground up, that the original soil was modified, and so every spring for nearly a hundred years, fresher circles of grass showed year by year where were the resting places of Percy's men.

The chief danger to the English in the winter of 1775 and 1776 was that of an attack from the Americans, who might cross the ice where Commonwealth Avenue now runs and take the town by surprise. In fact, however, the bay never froze so as to be firm enough that winter. But to prepare against such a surprise, or against an attack by boats, there were built on or near the Common several earthworks. There was a small zigzag work for infantry defense, opposite a point on Beacon street, half-way between Spruce and Charles streets — then the upland margin.

There was a small redoubt on Fox Hill.

There was an earthwork where Charles and Boylston streets now meet — then at the marsh-edge — probably for infantry defense.

There was a long redoubt occupying the space between Pleasant street, on its curve, and the water, and commanding a wharf which was just south of the spot where now the Emancipation Group stands.

A SPINNING EXHIBITION ON THE COMMON IN 1753.

(Holmes' "Annals," Vol. II., p. 51, have this record: "In the afternoon, about three hundred young female spinsters, decently dressed, appeared on the Common at their spinning wheels. The wheels were placed regularly in three rows, and a female was seated at each wheel. The weavers also appeared, cleanly dressed, in garments of their own weaving. One of them working at a loom on a stage was carried on men's shoulders, attended with music. An immense number of spectators were present.)

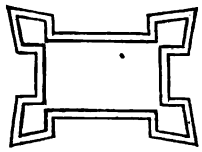
Crowning the bluff above the marsh and at the point of the present junction of Boylston and Carver streets, there was a bastioned redoubt; and another of a square shape on the hill where the monument now stands, some light breastworks being thrown up between them on the edge of the marsh.

The light breastworks disappeared as the cows trampled on them, and as boys followed them

with kites or on their way to go to bathe when the tide was high enough in the Back Bay.

But the bastioned fort, like that here shown, remained with very little change, till perhaps forty years ago. The water would settle in the ditches when rain fell, and this made muddy holes; and as care for ancient relics diminished and the desire to have things neat increased, some enterprising Committee on the Common swept the whole away, and rounded off the Hill again.

With the fifth of March, 1776, Percy's encampment came to a hasty end. The night before, the American generals, Ward and Thomas, had thrown up works on Dorchester Heights which the English officers said seemed to have sprung up by enchantment. Percy, who was always looked upon for spirit and courage in leading, was sent down with his brigade at once to the fort which is now Fort Independence, that they might attack these works the next day. But a stiff gale came in, so that they dared not make the passage from that island to South Boston Point. With every hour the works grew stronger, and the memory of Bunker Hill was too recent to permit Howe or Percy to attack them. The English army withdrew from Boston, and Percy's brigade carried their tents with them, and left nothing on the Common but the trodden straw of which I have told you.



A BASTIONED FORT.

And you know that peace has its triumphs and pageants as well as war. The old ladies who lived to the end of the century would have been quite as apt to tell you of the show of the spinning girls as of any reviews of soldiers. Quite early in the century the arrival of some skillful linen spinners from Ireland set the people of the town "to consider about promoting of a spinning school or schools for the instruction of the children" in spinning flax. Once and again such schools were supported by generous public subscriptions. All the nice girls in town were taught to spin; and, when the teachers wanted to make an exhibition of their skill, there was no hall big enough. So, of a pleasant summer day, the wheels were brought out into the Mall, and the town had a chance to see this new home industry.

Year by year, as the people came back, things fell into the old fashion. The English soldiers had burned all the fences for fuel, it is said, and it was not till more prosperous times, that the Common was fenced again. Still, as the cows had nowhere else to feed, they do not seem to have strayed far away.

When the Comte d'Estaing's fleet came round here to refit in 1778, or perhaps when the Comte de Grasse's fleet was here, a year or two after, John Hancock gave a great party to the French officers at his house, which overlooked the Common. Mrs. Hancock, in providing for the feast, found that she had not milk enough, so she boldly sent her servants out upon the Common, and told them to milk all the cows they could find, and if anybody complained they were to say that Mr. Hancock wanted the milk for the French gentlemen.

HARRY'S RIDE.

H. R. Hudson.

HE mounted his steed and rode away;
A pleasant country around him lay
All full of cities and woods and streams
That he had seen in his books and dreams.

He drew his rein when the even fell,
And then what wonders he had to tell—
What tales of all he had dared and done
And seen and heard since the ride begun!

The pleasant land he had traveled o'er
Was a braided rug on the nursery floor;
And his swift roan steed, with its trappings red,
That seemed to gallop, had rocked instead;
And yet, as he rode, his eager looks
Had seen the world of his story-books,
And seas and forests and mountains grand
That lie in the heart of Wonder-Land.

CASTLE TIME.

Agatha Tunis

FAR away on the hills is a castle whose wall,
Built of polished black marble, stands stately and tall;
On a thin snowy ledge that is fair to the eye
Rests the castle which points to an ever gray sky;
Golden lilies bloom under the dusky, dim porch,
Keeping guard at the door like the flame of a torch;
The door is a circle with lining of gold —
Ah! often I guess what that door can enfold!
Just twelve windows are set in the lining's light rim,
Staring silent as sentinels, gloomy and grim.
I am sure some sweet Princess who never felt hate
Is chained fast by a cruel and desperate fate.
'Tis her voice that I hear in the silver notes call
For a champion to bear her away from her thrall;
Every midnight she carols twelve notes ere she's done,
But the next time, exhausted, she only strikes one;
Full twice thirty true knights clad in bright coats of mail
Have I known venture forth to her rescue and fail,
For a giant most dreadful, with strong spear of steel,
Pierces every brave knight and compels each to kneel;
Then he serves those brave warriors a right sorry trick,
For he hurls his spear — off go their heads with a click!
Every second they fight in the desperate fray,
I can hear their arms clashing throughout the long day.
Never drowned is the din, save when, maddened by fear,
The thin voice of the Princess sounds piercing and clear;
Still the battle goes on, still the sweet Princess' lay
Summons sixty new knights all in dauntless array,
Still the horrible giant exulting doth win,
Still no mortal has e'er seen the Princess within;
And I fear the sweet Princess with silvery chime
No one ever will see, she's chained fast for all time:
For the castle, and all that is in its tight lock,
On my mantel-piece stands — 'tis *a haughty French clock!*

THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

(A Parable.)

Mary Kendall.

SIGURD IN THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

IN a land whose name I cannot tell, with the sound of the sea about its northern and eastern bounds and to the west a great desert, stands the Temple of Music, whose walls are gray with years, and whose glorious pinnacles and far-reaching corridors, and towers translucent in the sunrise, are like a musician's dream in stone. This Temple all true masters know and love; and though to those who have never crossed its threshold they may speak of it but seldom and with indifferent voice, rest assured that in the passion of their playing their hearts revert to the home of music still.

In this Temple once, there dwelt a boy whose name was Sigurd, who served music earnestly and well, and loved dearly the harp, his chosen instrument, thinking no other could have been the same to him, and that no one else could possibly have cared for *that* harp so much.

He also loved the Master of the Temple, though he had only once seen his face, gleaming from the heart of the orchestra, when the Alleluia was poured out, like a vast wave, at the end of a final chorus. For he was seen but seldom by the mass of the dwellers in the Temple, and only the greatest musicians ever spoke with him face to face. But Sigurd often saw him in dreams, and grew to reverence him above all the rest, till, though he said little of all this, for he was a quiet and reserved boy, the thought of the Master became a constant power and motive with him, and he clung to music, its honor, and its honorable toil, more and more.

One morning Sigurd was standing on the border of the desert. It stretched away before him in an illimitable waste, level as far as he could see. He knew the place well, for he had journeyed across it more than once, and had guided himself by the stars and sun, and faint sandy tracks, when he came to take up his abode in the Temple — the Temple which now lay behind him, radiant in the morning sunlight. It was silent: he only heard the sea beyond surging against the rocks; and he turned to gaze at the glorious towers, with a love that would never pass away. But as he turned, a cry reached him, a low cry of pain from the desert.

Sigurd was tender hearted, and he could not ignore the appeal; yet he looked long and steadily across the waste of sand, wondering whether a bird's note had deceived him, or if it was really the cry of some perishing creature. He knew that people perished in the desert day by day, from thirst or hunger; but perhaps he was too much absorbed in his art to give them his honest sympathy. But now the cry came again, more piercing than before, and with one anxious glance behind him, for it was nearly time for the morning anthem, Sigurd ran in the direction of the appealing voice.

But before he had reached it, while it still recurred at intervals, sounding to his ears as far away as ever, the Temple's mighty peal of bells rang out, in a magical wild strain, and he knew

there was only time to hurry back, and take his place in the orchestra. He must return; he had never yet been absent. The leader would think him careless and idle; another would take his own dear harp. But as he paused, again that cry, now faint and pitiful, as if the sufferer were wearied out. A great sob burst from the boy's lips, and he rushed on again, with heart half-broken at the thought of his empty place and the leader's reproachful look. If the Master himself should listen to the anthem — if Sigurd should miss the smile that was dearer to him than sunlight!

The bells rang out more eagerly and wildly, in a swift, jubilant chorus; and then, with a great clash of harmonious sound, all were silent again. But Sigurd, with tears blinding his eyes, was kneeling by the side of a wailing child.

He would have led the little one to the Temple; but he wailed and wailed, forever pointing westward, till Sigurd, in very despair, was forced to turn away once more, carrying the child, who was light and frail, on and on across the weary sand, away from the last faint echo of distant music. Towards noon they came to an oasis that he knew, and rested there, while he found fruit and water, and they went on refreshed. For still the child would not be content to follow Sigurd; but begged him, sobbing, to take him home, and ever would go westward, westward. And Sigurd led him on, with an aching heart — and the evening came, the time for the evening anthem.

Now he saw that the misery of the desert was great; for men toiled to and fro, following vain mirages, and they had no guide, and none to help. And the child urged him on, through days and days, while Sigurd cared for him tenderly, till they had reached the very border of the desert. Then he held out his hands, and a light was upon his face as he said good-by; but Sigurd could follow him no further and turned back alone. But the spell of the desert was upon him, and the thought of the wanderers who had perished on the burning sand sunk deep into his heart. And men cried for help as he passed, with imploring voices, praying that he would guide them to the green and fruitful land.

But none he guided, in all the dreary waste, could speak of the music that lay beyond; and though forever he turned his face to the Temple, still forever some wanderer entreated him to stay.

So days and years went by. How long he guided travelers to and fro across the desert I cannot tell; but though it was a long weary while, the memory of the Temple never faded from his mind. Even after many years, if he closed his eyes and listened, there came to him through the sultry stillness a breath of distant music; and at such times he hardly knew whether he were dreaming, or heard a real echo from the far-off orchestra. Then his hands fell by his side, and his eyes grew dim, and a cool wind fanned his forehead, though the wind that blew across the waste was hot and laden with blinding sand.

He did not know when the hope finally left him of entering the Temple of Music once more. It faded out gradually, as one appealing voice and another begged for help and guidance in the mazes of the desert, till at last the certainty crept in upon him that his hands had lost their cunning, and the voice that once rang very sweetly in the chorus would never ring out again. But when this knowledge came the first keen sorrow had long been past, and indeed he had no time for sorrow — there was so much to do. Sometimes he wondered why men trusted to his guidance so implicitly, and children clung to him with grateful, loving caresses; and thought there could be little in him to inspire love and confidence — a silent, lonely man, who could sing and play no longer. He did not know that the look he wore in boyhood had grown and strengthened in these years of exile, till it was as if music herself had molded the pale and pure face, and irradiated it with a light not its own; nor how the voice, always steadfast and kindly — so kindly to the end — was like an echo from the Temple he had left so long ago. And still the years went by, and men honored him, and welcomed his coming, in town or village, or long desert track — while, to the east, lay the Temple of Music.

One day he was riding alone across the desert, bound on some kindly errand. He had been traveling from early morning, and it was near noon, when suddenly he checked his horse,

WITH ONE ANXIOUS GLANCE BEHIND, SIGURD FOLLOWS THE CRY IN THE DESERT.

for in the most solitary part of the waste his keen eyes caught sight of a figure half-buried in the sand.

He leaped to the ground, and went up to the motionless form, so still that for a moment he fancied that another wanderer had perished in the desert. But the traveler's heart still beat, and Sigurd's cordial revived him, though he was half-famished for want of food and drink. Sigurd gave him both, and the wanderer ate and drank, and at last, hunger and thirst allayed, he declared himself able to continue his journey.

"You must take my horse," said Sigurd, "and ride fast, that you may reach the border of the desert before sunset. I, who know the way well, will follow you on foot. Now mount, for there is no time to lose. Keep your eyes on the track; but if night falls before you reach the end, give the horse the rein."

"But if you perish?" said the traveler, as he mounted.

"I shall be safe," replied the other, with a smile. "But when you reach the end of the desert, send a guide to meet me."

He poured his precious drops of water into the traveler's flask, and then, for one second, laid his cheek against the neck of the good horse and whispered a word in his ear. Then the horse darted away, and Sigurd was left alone, with an empty flask, and lips already parched with thirst.

The scorching noonday heat was beating upon him, and as his thirst and weariness increased his eyes grew dazzled, and he lost the friendly track that had guided him so often. Then, indeed, he knew that hope was over, but he staggered on awhile, vainly trying to recover it, till a delirious excitement took possession of him, and the strange and beautiful mirages of the desert became realities to his bewildered brain.

Now he was entering the shade of a great forest, green and cool, and the sound of the wind in its innumerable branches was as the sound of a mighty ocean. Then hush! the ripple of water, the clear glimmer of a brook in the shadow, fresh and cold. He sank down on the grass beside it — it was the hot sand of the desert — and dreamed, and dreamed. The sunlight blazed and deepened, then faded overhead, and fell upon him dreaming still.

Beloved faces of great musicians, transfigured with a light they had never known on earth, wearing the crown of Music, as they had worn

SIGURD'S VISION.

her cross through steadfast days and months and years! They floated before his eyes, and then grew dim and vanished in the radiance. What was that radiance? It was no mortal beauty that shone upon their faces. The waving forest, the glorious visions, all melted away. A burst of organ sound swelled out and died away. He was in the Temple of Music once more.

His footsteps echoed in the great corridor, as he passed rapidly on, with throbbing heart — and now he had entered the hall. The mighty orchestra rose up before him, and the wonder of

the organ, where many-colored light flowed in upon the deep stained oak, and kindled the pipes into a golden splendor, benignant and far-towering, beyond his vision. Then once again, music.

The chanting of innumerable voices, an infinite surging sea of harmony — the pure glory of the trebles soaring from the depth of the majestic chorus, the passion of the violins vibrating through all — all that heaven and music could express of immortality. Ah, wait — the rapture is too keen for life, it breaks the heart!

He saw tiers upon tiers of faces, faces he had known well, all radiant with that divine light. He saw his own old place, and in it, with averted head bent over the harp, a figure that he dared not recognize. Mute in an intensity of awe, he waited, hearing the tones of his own instrument pure and clear among the countless others. Then the chorus was over: the figure turned: the face, that face of music, gleamed straight on Sigurd's gaze; and with a smile like a burst of sunshine, the Master of the musicians stepped down from that immortal choir, and gave him back his harp.

WANG-LI AND HIS CHESS-BOARD.

THE REWARDS OF INDUSTRY.

By Dr. Garnett.

IN China, under the Tang dynasty, early in the seventh century of the Christian era, lived a learned and virtuous, but poor mandarin who had three sons, Fu-su, Tu-sin, and Wang-li. Fu-su and Tu-sin were young men of active minds, always laboring to find out something new and useful. Wang-li was clever too, but only in games of skill, in which he attained great proficiency.

Fu-su and Tu-sin continually talked to each other of the wonderful inventions they would make when they arrived at man's estate, and of the wealth and renown they promised themselves thereby. Their conversation seldom reached

the ears of Wang-li, for he rarely lifted his eyes from the chess-board on which he solved his problems. But their father was more attentive, and one day he said:

"I fear, my sons, that among your multifarious pursuits and studies you must have omitted to include that of the laws of your country, or you would have learned that fortune is not to be acquired by the means which you have proposed to yourselves."

"How so, father?" they asked.

"It hath been justly deemed by our ancestors," said the old man, "that the reverence due to the great men who are worshiped in our temples, by reason of our indebtedness to them for the arts of life, could not but become impaired if their posterity were suffered to eclipse their fame by new discoveries, or presumptuously amend what might appear imperfect in their productions. It is, therefore, by an edict of the Emperor Suen, forbidden to invent anything; and by a statute of the Emperor Wu-chi it is further provided that nothing hitherto invented shall be improved. My predecessor in the small office I hold was deprived of it for saying that in his judgment money ought to be made round instead of square, and I have myself run risk of my life for seeking to combine a small file with a pair of tweezers."

"If this is the case," said the young men, "our fatherland is not the place for us." And they embraced their father, and departed.

Of their brother Wang-li they took no farewell, inasmuch as he was absorbed in a chess problem. Before separating, they agreed to meet on the same spot after thirty years, with the treasure which they doubted not to have acquired by the exercise of their inventive faculties in foreign lands. They further covenanted that if either had missed his reward the other should share his possessions with him.

Fu-su repaired to the artists who cut out characters in blocks of hard wood, to the end that books may be printed from the same. When

FU-SU AND THE COURT PHYSICIAN.

he had fathomed their mystery he betook himself to a brass-founder, and learned how to cast in metal. He then sought a learned man who had travelled much, and made himself acquainted with the Greek, Persian and Arabic languages. Then he cast a number of Greek characters in type, and putting them into a bag and providing himself with some wooden letter-tablets of his own carving, he departed to seek his fortune. After innumerable hardships and perils he arrived in the land of Persia, and inquired for the great king.

"The great king is dead," they told him, "and his head is entirely separated from his

body. There is now no king in Persia, great or small."

"Where shall I find another great king?" demanded he.

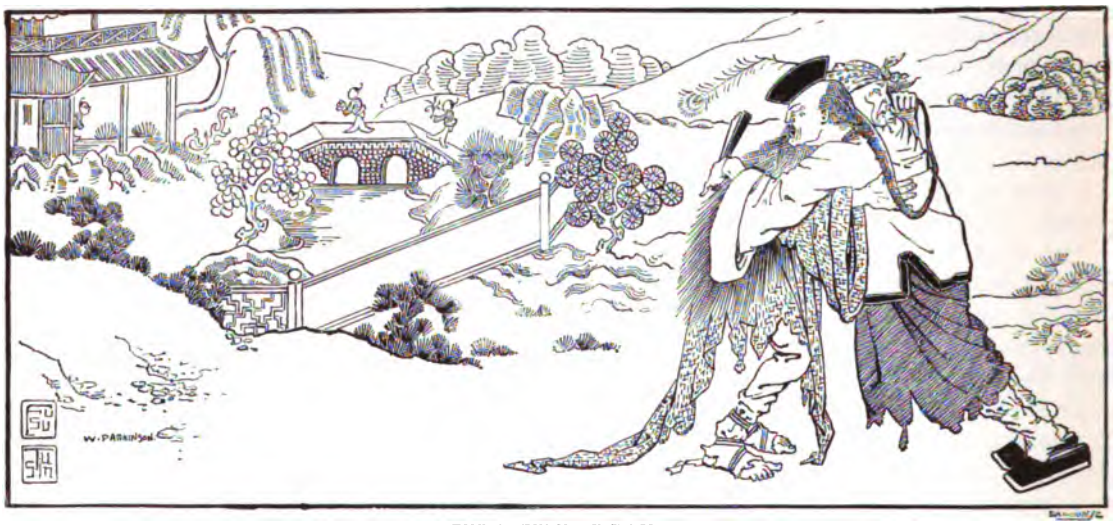
"In the city of Alexandria," replied they, "where the commander of the faithful is busy introducing the religion of the prophet."

Fu-su passed to Alexandria, carrying his types and tablets. As he entered the gates he remarked an enormous cloud of smoke, which seemed to darken the whole of the city. Before he could inquire the reason, the guard arrested him as a stranger, and conducted him to the presence of the Caliph Omar.

"Know, O Caliph," said Fu-su, "that my countrymen are at once the wisest of mankind and the stupidest. They have invented an art for for the preservation of letters and the diffusion of knowledge, which the sages of Greece and India never knew, but they have not learned to take, and they refuse to be taught how to take, the one little step further necessary to render it generally profitable to mankind."

And producing his tablets and types, he explained to the Caliph the entire mystery of the art of printing.

"Thou seemest to be ignorant," said Omar, "that we have but yesterday comdemned and excommunicated all books, and banished the same from the face of the earth, seeing that they contain either that which is contrary to the Koran, in which case they are impious, or that which is agreeable to the Koran, in which case they are superfluous. Thou art further unaware, as it would seem, that the smoke which shrouds the city proceeds from the library of the unbelievers, consumed by our orders. It will be meet to burn thee along with it."



THE RETURN OF FU-SU.

"O, commander of the faithful," said an officer, "of a surety the last scroll of the accursed ceased to flame even as this infidel entered the city."

"If it be so," said Omar, "we will not burn him seeing that we have taken away from him the occasion to sin. Yet shall he swallow these little brass amulets of his, at the rate of one a day, and then be banished from the country."

The sentence was executed, and Fu-su was happy that the court physician condescended to accept his little property in exchange for emetics.

He begged his way slowly and painfully back to China, and arrived at the covenanted spot at the expiration of the thirtieth year.

His father's modest dwelling had disappeared, and in its place stood a magnificent mansion, around which stretched a park, with pavilions, canals, willow-trees, golden pheasants, and little bridges.

"Tu-sin has surely made his fortune," thought he, "and he will not refuse to share it with me, agreeably to our covenant."

As he thus reflected he heard a voice at his elbow, and turning round perceived that one in a more wretched plight than himself was asking alms of him. It was Tu-sin.

The brothers embraced with many tears, and after Tu-sin had learned Fu-su's history, he proceeded to recount his own.

"I repaired," said he, "to those who know the secrets of the grains termed fire-dust, which Suen has not been able to prevent us from inventing, but of which Wu-chi has taken care that we shall make no use, save only for fireworks. Having learned this mystery I deposited a certain portion of this fire-dust in hollow tubes which I had constructed of iron and brass, and upon it I further laid leaden balls of a size corresponding to the hollow of the tubes. I then found that by applying a light to the fire-dust at one end of the tube I could send the ball out at the other with such force that it penetrated the cuirasses of three warriors at once. I filled a barrel with the dust, and concealing it and the tubes under carpets which I laid upon the backs of oxen, I set out to the city of Constantinople. I will not at present relate my adventures on the journey.

"Suffice it that I arrived at last half dead from fatigue and hardship, and destitute of everything except my merchandise. By bribing an officer with my carpets I was admitted to have speech with the Emperor. I found him busily studying a problem in chess.

"I told him that I had discovered a secret which would make him the master of the world, and in particular would help him to drive away the Saracens, who threatened his empire with destruction.

"'Thou must perceive,' he said, 'that I cannot possibly attend to thee until I have solved this problem. Yet, lest any should say that the Emperor neglects his duties, absorbed in idle amusement, I will refer thy invention to the chief armorers of my capital.' And he gave me a letter to the armorers, and returned to his problem. And as I quitted the palace bearing the missive, I came upon a great procession. Horsemen and running footmen, musicians, heralds, and banner-bearers surrounded a Chinaman who sat in the attitude of Fo under a golden umbrella upon a richly caparisoned elephant, his pigtail plaited with yellow roses. And the musicians blew and clashed, and the standard-bearers waved their ensigns and the heralds proclaimed, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the Emperor delights to honor.' And unless I was very greatly mistaken, the face of the Chinaman was the face of our brother Wang-li.

"At another time I would have striven to find what this might mean, but my impatience was great, as also my need and hunger. I sought the chief armorers and with great trouble brought them all together to give me audience. I produced my tube and fire-dust, and sent my balls with ease through the best armor they could set before me.

"'Who will want breastplates now?' cried the chief breastplate maker.

"'Or helmets?' exclaimed one who made armor for the head.

"'I would not have taken fifty bezants for

THE MAN THE EMPEROR HONORED.

that shield, and what good is it now?" said the head of the shield trade.

"'My swords will be of less account,' said a swordsmith.

"'My arrows of none,' lamented an arrow-maker.

"''Tis villainy,' cried one.

"''Tis magic,' shouted another.

"''Tis illusion, as I'm an honest tradesman,'

roared a third, and put his integrity to the proof by thrusting a hot iron bar into my barrel. All present rose up in company with the roof of the building, and all perished, except myself, who escaped, with the loss of my hair and skin. A fire broke out on the spot, and consumed one third of the city of Constantinople.

TU-SIN DEPARTS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

"'Twas lying on a prison-bed some time afterwards, partly recovered of my hurts, dolefully listening to a dispute between two of my guards as to whether I ought to be burned or buried alive, when the Imperial order for my disposal came down. The goalers received it with humility, and read 'Kick him out of the city.' Marveling at the mildness of the punishment, they nevertheless executed it with so much zeal that I flew into the middle of the Bosphorus, where I was picked up by a fishing vessel, and landed on the Asiatic coast, whence I have begged my way home. I now propose that we appeal to the pity of the owner of this splendid mansion, who may compassionate us on hearing that we were reared in the cottage which has been pulled down to make room for his palace."

They entered the gates, walked timidly up to the house, and prepared to fall at the feet of the master, but did not, for ere they could do so they recognized their brother Wang-li.

It took Wang-li some time to recognize them, but when at length he knew them he hastened to provide for their every want. When they had well eaten and drunk, and had been clad in robes of honor, they imparted their histories and asked for his.

"My brothers," said Wang-li, "the whole game of chess, which was happily invented long before the time of the Emperor Suen, was followed by me solely for its pleasure, and I dreamed not of acquiring wealth by its pursuit until I casually heard one day that it was entirely unknown to the people of the West. Even then I thought not of gaining money, but conceived so deep a compassion for those forlorn barbarians that I felt I could know no rest until I should have enlightened them.

"I accordingly proceeded to the city of Constantinople, and was received as a messenger from Heaven.

"To such effect did I labor that ere long the Emperor and his officers of state thought of nothing else but playing chess all day and night, and the empire fell into entire confusion, and

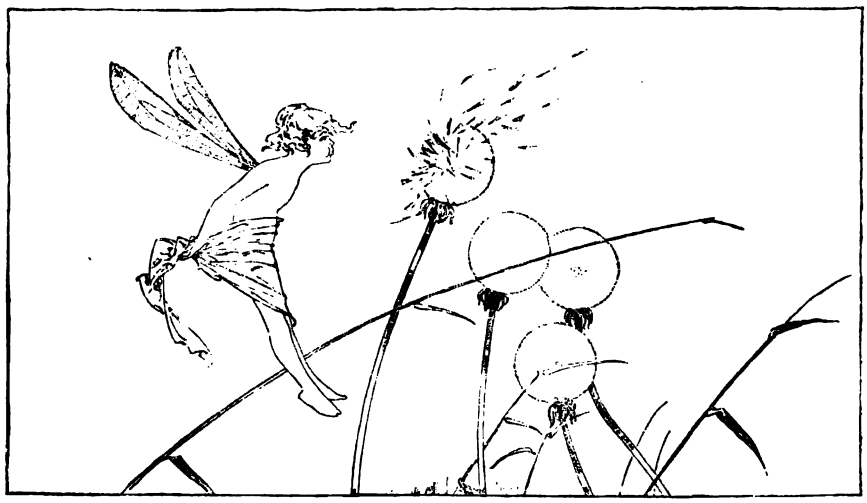
the Saracens mightily prevailed. In consideration of these services the Emperor was pleased to bestow those distinguished honors upon me which thou didst witness at his palace gate, dear brother.

"After however the fire which was occasioned through thy instrumentality, though in no respect by thy fault, the people murmured and taxed the Emperor with seeking to destroy his capital in league with a foreign sorcerer, meaning thee. Ere long the chief officers conspired, and entered the Emperor's apartment, purposing to dethrone him, but he declared that he would in no wise abdicate until he had finished the game of chess he was then playing with me. They looked on, grew interested, began to dispute with one another respecting the moves, and while they wrangled loyal officers entered and made them all captive. This greatly augmented my credit with the Emperor, which was even increased when shortly afterwards I played with the Saracen admiral who was blockading the Hellespont, and won of him forty corn-ships, which turned the dearth of the city into plenty.

"The Emperor bade me choose any favor I would, but I said his liberality had left me nothing to ask for except the life of a poor countryman of mine who I had heard was in prison for burning the city. The Emperor bade me write his sentence with my own hand. Had I known that it was thou, Tu-sin, believe me I had shown more consideration for thy person. At length I departed for my native land, loaded with wealth, and traveling most comfortably by relays of swift dromedaries.

"I returned hither, bought our father's cottage and on its site erected this palace, where I dwell meditating on the problems of chess-players and the precepts of the sages, and persuaded that a little thing which the world is willing to receive is better than a great thing which it hath not yet learned to value aright. For the world is a big child, and chooses amusement before instruction."

"Call you chess an amusement?" asked his brothers.



"Puff—and what's o'clock, I pray?
Puff—tell me the time o' day!
Puff—I'm glad—I'll play some more—
Puff—for it is only four!"

SWEET PEA

BY M. F. BUTTS.

MY GARDEN WALK.

WHY I love you so
Is plain to see —
You are the dearest flower of all,
Sweet-pea!

A bit of purple cloud
Caught on a stalk;
A rosy vapor floating up and down
My garden walk;

The spirit of a flower,
With wings for flight,
Yet held by clinging roots
For our delight.

A lovely type you are
Of souls, ah me,
Earth-bound yet ever reaching up,
Sweet-pea.

DOUBLE ROSES.

CHAPTER III.

IT must not be supposed that Wilhelmina's disgust at the slavery of the French school did not produce an impression on M'lle Auber. That distinguished teacher was shocked at the "brusquerie" of her new scholar, and at her wholesale truthfulness.

It was the English teacher who especially excited the curiosity of Wilhelmina. "Does she wear a wig, that queer old thing?" asked she of M'lle Auber.

"Ve must not ask dose questions, ma chère," said the Frenchwoman.

"I know she does, because I saw the curl over her right ear change place three times," said the dauntless Wilhelmina.

"*Ah! ah! ah!*" said Mademoiselle, "but it is *very bad* for ze yong lady to sink of such things in ze lesson-hour."

"But I can't help my thoughts," said Wilhelmina; "they are all I have got left that I can call my own."

"But ze spick, chère enfant, ze words, ze *speech!* control ze speech — it is not ze lesson to notice ze wig — I mean ze hair of Miss Simpkins."

Wilhelmina sighed, for this observation had amused her. And then Mademoiselle went into her French verbs, and Wilhelmina declared that she had a bird, and that she had not a bird, that she had a monkey, and she had not a dog, in all the varieties of the verb "*avoir*," conjugated both negatively and interrogatively. She always cried over this lesson; for the French language was hard to her untutored tongue. But Mademoiselle was patient and turned the conversation to her violin, which Wilhelmina had just begun.

"Monsieur Grossneil say you have ze talent for ze music, and the hand very good shape, long and supple."

Mademoiselle felicitated herself on this last word; it was a triumph of acquisition in a foreign tongue.

"I told Herr Grossneil to wash his hands," said Wilhelmina; "his hands are very dirty, and I asked him why he did not wash them as I do mine, with pumice stone, and india rubber, and Pear's soap, and salts of lemon to get off the ink, and all the manicure things to make my hands clean and nice, and he blushed very red, and said something in German."

"It was not so nice of you, chère enfant! Monsieur Grossneil is a poor gentleman. He has to work hard in the orchestra at night, to teach all day, and you should not hurt ze feelings."

"But you all tell me it is wrong to be dirty," said Wilhelmina, who thought of her early experiences when she arrived from Haffreysburg.

"He is a German!" said Mademoiselle, with a French shrug. "Ze truth is a grand virtue, *mais* — one must not spik always ze truth."

"Then you would tell a lie, would you?" said the uncompromising Wilhelmina.

"No, no, ze *politesse*, ze tact, ze" —

"I know," said Wilhelmina; "what uncle Daniel calls palavering."

"*Comment?*" said Mademoiselle, who had not got so far as that in her English.

"Why, when people want to be very polite, and don't tell the truth, and flatter folks, uncle Daniel always called it palavering. Now I guess you palaver, don't you?"

"*Je n'ea ai pas entendre parler de cela. Pas que je sache,*" said Mademoiselle, relapsing into her own tongue.

"Mr. Jones told Aunt Hannah that she didn't look her age, and that she was real handsome, and uncle Daniel said that was palavering — how old are you, Mademoiselle?"

Wilhelmina's searching eyes went over the *personnel* of Mademoiselle in a manner to bring the blush to a somewhat faded and fatigued cheek. It was as *malapropos* a question as

that to the German violin teacher, when his hands were alluded to. It was a long time before the two girls from Haffreysburg were to learn that there was much truth in this world which might remain unspoken. They found it hard to learn that personal remarks were never polite; that one should be careful not to tell a person that he was "looking ill," not to mention any of the peculiarities of dress or of looks, of speech or of gesture. These children had been left motherless at an early age with aunt Hannah who had many excellent qualities, but whose uncouthness of speech always found out the joint in one's armor, and who had thus become unpopular. Any act of duplicity or underhand manœuvring was noted and remembered and reproved by her; but she had not taught them the beautiful grace of politeness, and now all that had to be supplemented, to their great dislike and confusion.

One thing the girls did enjoy, and that was the lessons at the Riding School.

Phyllis was already an accomplished horsewoman, and rode in the Park on a lovely little mare named Bluebell which her uncle had given her. It used to amuse Wilhelmina, who remembered when Phyllis would go off alone on "Old Bones," her uncle's one horse, at Haffreysburg, with a straw hat on her head tied down with a handkerchief, and a long black stuff skirt put on over her calico, with no one to attend to her, to now watch Phyllis go out for a Fifth Avenue *promenade à cheval*, as Mademoiselle called it. First her dressing: a pair of neat boots, then a little pair of blue or black pantaloons, then a beautiful London habit which fitted her figure to admiration, then a man's hat, and lastly a great bouquet of yellow roses pinned in front, just above her slender waist; then a little whip, which had an owl's head in jade set in gold, a present from Charlie Jermyn. This whip was the love of Wilhelmina's heart — she envied Phyllis that whip!

Mrs. Bestwick had taken great pains with this outfit, and also with the saddle and bridle, and McHugh, a sober Scotch groom, rode behind Phyllis.

Mabel was not well this winter, scarcely strong enough for her horseback exercise; so Phyllis often went alone — or joined the Fisher girls. This healthful ride made Phyllis always happier and more amiable, and Mrs. Bestwick used to regret the bad days when it could not be taken. Wilhelmina was just beginning at the Riding School with a set of young girls of her own age, but she soon gained confidence, and rode so well that she joined Phyllis with some of the elder classes, of an evening, when wet weather drove them to the Riding School. She heard them talk a great deal about the Hunt, and jumping fences, and young Mr. McFarland asked Phyllis to join the Riverside Hunt, and to learn to ride "across country" as he said. Nothing could have pleased Phyllis more, and when she came home, she asked her aunt's permission. Mrs. Bestwick shook her head.

"I would never let Mabel hunt in this country although she did when we were in England. I do not think our country is fitted for it," said she.

Phyllis turned very sulky, and the subject dropped.

She determined from that hour that she would hunt, and that she would jump a fence. On one of her solitary rides she had crossed the ferry at Fort Lee and gone up toward Englewood, a pretty suburb of New York, where she had seen some young horsewomen trying their horses at a low hedge, and jumping it quite successfully.

In ten minutes Phyllis had put Bluebell at the hedge and gone over like a bird. Old McHugh, sober Scotchman that he was, had been bred in a hunting family, and he was delighted at this proof of his "young lady's" good horsemanship. He could not conceal his pleasure as she returned to him, but touching his hat, said respectfully, "Well done, Miss."

From this time he became, quite honestly, her accomplice, and with his sober cob following after he taught Phyllis all the accomplishment of cross-country riding.

Mr. McFarland and the hounds were to have a meet at the Westchester Kennel Club on a certain Tuesday, and Phyllis was invited. Mrs. Bestwick and Mabel had gone on to Washington for a wedding, and Phyllis accepted without asking her uncle. He was so accustomed to her riding that perhaps he would not have for-

bidden it. But Phyllis knew very well that she was doing wrong, and her heart beat unusually as she started off early in the morning.

That afternoon Wilhelmina went up to the Riding School. She had come in very warm, tired and angry from the French verbs, and Françoise was very glad it was the afternoon for the horseback exercise.

So she started off with her young charge and the bundle containing Wilhelmina's simple riding skirt, for the child had not yet been promoted to the full dress of Phyllis, when on horseback, and soon little Wilhelmina was calmly taking her exercise round the ring. She rode until six, when as she was preparing to go home, Mr. McFarland dashed in, looking very muddy and agitated, and asked for the riding master.

Mr. Spalatta, the riding master, was a very important person. He was something of a surgeon for men and horses, and clever at all expedients in the hunting field.

"A terrible accident over at the Westchester meet," said Mr. McFarland. "Mr. Bestwick's groom killed—he tried a ha-ha—and caught a cropper, his horse caught his hind hoofs. Miss Phyllis Gatewood thrown and badly"—

Here a child's scream interrupted him, and he observed Wilhelmina for the first time.

In his hand he held the little whip which she so much admired, the whip with the jade owl and gold settings.

"She's dead! I know she is dead," said Wilhelmina, who did not think Phyllis would have parted with that whip, excepting with life. McFarland observed for the first time that he had not his own whip in his hand, and he looked down at his muddy clothes.

"No!" said he, kindly, "your cousin is not killed—she is stunned, and badly hurt."

"Let me have the whip," said Wilhelmina, stoutly meaning to reclaim that, with what was left of Phyllis; then, with one of those strange gleams of womanhood which flashed across her childish brain, she resolved to send Françoise with some fresh clothes down to Phyllis.

"Take me home, to uncle," she said, growing into a woman at once.

"When does the train leave for this place—what do you call it? And who is with Phyllis?" she asked of Mr. McFarland.

"Oh! half a dozen ladies, and a doctor," said McFarland.

Mr. Bestwick was just dressing for a very important public dinner where he was to make a speech to an English M. P. who had come over with letters to the Chamber of Commerce, and whose views on the Tariff question Mr. Bestwick considered sound. So he could not go to see after his dead groom, his runaway horses, or his wounded niece. Perhaps for the moment, Mr. Bestwick said "Confound Phyllis! Mabel never gave me any such trouble," but he did all that he could think of, which was simply to second the wise thought of little Wilhelmina, and they together dispatched Françoise.

Phyllis had enjoyed her stolen adventure very much. She was greatly complimented on her mount, for Bluebell was a fine thoroughbred—Mr. Bestwick never did anything by halves. Mr. McFarland praised her seat, her habit, her hat—everything, indeed. They exchanged whips early in the day, "for luck," as he said. Certainly he got all the good, and poor Phyllis all the bad luck. Old McHugh was delighted with the fun, and forgetting that his steady cob was not the horse for a stone wall or a ha-ha, which is a concealed ditch behind a hedge, he rode on to his death.

They picked him up with a broken neck, poor fellow. So he could not be blamed.

As for Phyllis, she had seemed to fly. Never is there a feeling so full of exhilaration and delight as that of being on the back of a horse, in a fine fresh atmosphere, with a dozen riders before and behind, and the dogs making music with their deep-throated gurgle. She took several fences with great success, and with the certainty that Bluebell could do anything she attempted the ha-ha. Clara Fisher rode up behind her and said "Take care, Phyllis, this is a different thing." Whether she checked Bluebell a little, imperceptibly, she never knew.

Those who saw Bluebell go down into the ditch, throwing his light rider over his head, felt a sinking of the heart. A few feet further down lay poor McHugh dead. They picked up Phyllis, quite insensible, and two farmers working in an adjoining field carried her on a plank to the Club House.

When she came to her senses, it was to feel a dreadful pain in her head, and a difficulty in

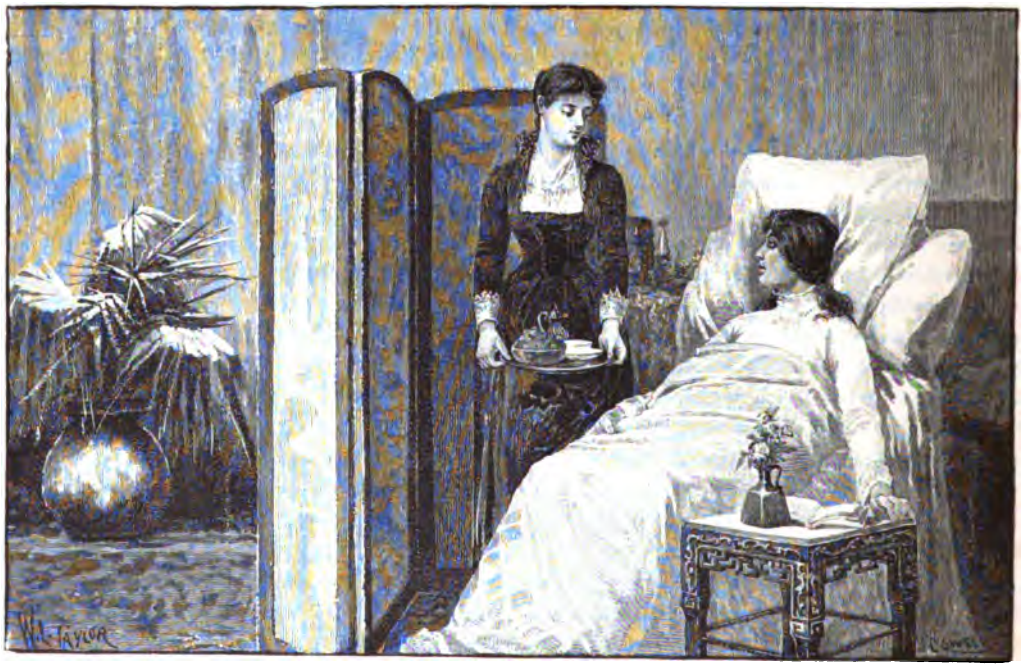
breathing. Every breath was torture. The doctor thought a rib was broken. But fortunately it was not. Phyllis lay still and suffered for several days, before she could be carried home.

Mabel was by her side on the second day, all compassion, all love, all attention, and on that breath of love and home the wounded girl got well. Beside she had youth and health to help her.

Mrs. Bestwick did not say "I told you so," or give Phyllis the slightest reprimand. She had, in the first place, grown a little tired and bored with this wayward girl; then she had much else to do — beside she had come to the conclusion that Phyllis was to be taught by the logic of events; that an imperious will must break itself or else stone walls will break it for one.

Perhaps she did say, as Bluebell was brought home lame and disabled, to her husband: "I think I would not get Phyllis another thoroughbred mare this winter."

The girls, Mabel and Phyllis, soon forgot all about the "ugly cropper," in their subsequent enjoyments of "badminton" which is only battledoor and shuttlecock played in a large hall, and in lawn tennis played at an Armory, as the weather did not allow of their playing it out of doors, and in their balls, parties and dinners which were almost ceaseless, and in the teas which were only parties in the day time, and in attending more rehearsals for private theatricals which they were to give for one of Mr. Wickham's charities, and in their music which must be practiced every day, for Phyllis was developing a very fine voice, and Mabel was fond of playing her accompaniments; so that Mr. Bestwick who occasionally paused in his busy life to inquire after them all, said, "Well, you women work harder in doing nothing, than I do in making money" — which was quite true.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

"I do something," said Mrs. Bestwick.

"I should think you did, my dear. How does your new English housekeeper work? how are you driving that team down below stairs? Got any communists amongst them? I don't like the look of your second footman there. I think I shall have to employ Wilhelmina here as an amateur detective," said Mr. Bestwick, joking with his beloved wife.

Mrs. Bestwick had the gift of system, so that her great corps of servants generally got on very well. She had a butler who had the footmen under him, and there was never any running in and out of the dining-room to see if "anything were wanting;" these functionaries were supplemented by a parlor maid who attended to the dusting of the bric-à-brac, a delicate work in which Wilhelmina delighted to assist. Indeed, when she had time from her studies, Wilhelmina liked to explore the details of her aunt's housekeeping, and Jeannie Burns was a neat-handed and well-mannered girl whom Mrs. Bestwick sometimes sent out with Wilhelmina if the ladies' maids were busy. For each lady had her maid, and they were always very well occupied with the frequent changes of dress necessary to the busy life of the New York season.

Wilhelmina used to like to go down and see the arrangements for the servants' meals. The breakfast was served promptly at seven, and Jeannie Burns used to preside, pouring the tea for the men servants, who were obliged to treat her with great respect. Ham, meat-pie, baked potatoes, and sometimes fried bacon and eggs, were served at this meal. At one o'clock the servants' dinner took place, and then the housekeeper presided and Jeannie took a seat lower down the table. There was always a leg of mutton and a piece of roast beef at this table, except on Fridays when fish was always in order. There was often a pudding or an apple dumpling or a batter pudding, and the cook's assistant made these as Wilhelmina found out.

Then there was a tea at six which consisted of bread and butter and baked apples and stewed prunes and a large plum cake. This was a favorite meal with the female servants, the chambermaids and the parlor maids, and the "steward's room-boy," as a functionary in buttons was called whom Wilhelmina thought did principally what the other servants would not do.

Nine meals a day were cooked in this opulent New York house, and there was always plenty of cold meat, bread and cheese and beer, spread in the housekeeper's room for those servants who were kept up late. Mrs. Bestwick walked about and inspected things once a week as a general of an army corps might look over his battalion. She was very considerate of her servants, and took care not to disturb them at meals, not to deprive them of an afternoon out, not to neglect them when ill, and her list of pensioners was very great; and now added to it was the wife of poor McHugh who had been killed in the service of Phyllis.

"Mrs. Bestwick is doing too much," said Mr. Wickham to his sister. "I have never seen her look so wearied as she did to-day after our meeting for the Diet Kitchen. I wish she would resign from half a dozen charities. I told her so!"

"What did she say?"

"She said what many busy women say — that a change of occupation is rest."

"And what did she say about Phyllis?"

"She asked me how I was pleased with her; if she studied, and thought much seriously about her church history and the articles of faith; also if I thought she was approaching her confirmation intelligently and conscientiously."

"And what did you say, brother?"

"I said, intelligently, yes; conscientiously — well, I am a little in doubt about her conscience. She is a person whose conscience has not yet been awakened."

"I sometimes think that Phyllis needs a peculiar experience to make her, first a lady and then a Christian," said Miss Wickham.

"Why do you not reverse those two words, sister?"

"Because all Christians are not always conventional ladies," said Miss Wickham.

"You are right. Phyllis has got to learn to obey the laws of two worlds — perhaps she will have to begin with the lower one."

When Phyllis came to Mr. Wickham again she seemed more gentle, more sweet than he had ever known her.

"I am writing poetry," said she.

"May I be permitted to be your critic?" said Mr. Wickham.

"Yes, if you will never, never, never tell any one. You will be sure?"

Mr. Wickham was much amused, and took a solemn affirmation that he would never tell.

"I have sent a copy of my verses to the *Globule Magazine*, signed Matilda Foster — do you suppose any one will suspect me?"

"No," said Mr. Wickham, solemnly, "I should

think Matilda Foster was a sibylline leaf that could not be read."

Poor Phyllis! She was destined to much tragedy and comedy before her verses appeared. She was one of those persons whose pictures are painted in the Rembrandt manner — dark shadows and high lights.

"I dare say she will write very good poetry some day," thought Mr. Wickham. "She is a child of nature, full of genius; there is a statue somewhere in that crude block of marble — I don't know where the veins will cross which may mar its whiteness — but I believe there is a beautiful statue there."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NECK-TIE PARTY.

James Otis.

I.

SI'S SCHEME.

WHEN Deacon Littlefield dismissed the pupils of the one school in the little town of Orland, on a certain day in December some years ago, he was at a decided loss to understand what caused such an excitement among them before they had walked the short length of the playground. The deacon had a very large bump of inquisitiveness on his bald head, which, perhaps, accounted for his great desire to know why nearly all the boys and girls had stopped beside the tiny brook that scolded and fretted all the long summer days away but which was now closely encased in ice, and why they were apparently holding a very animated discussion despite the intensely cold weather. But the deacon's bump of inquisitiveness was counterbalanced by one representing dignity, and he thought that it would be hardly the proper thing for a deacon and a schoolteacher to be seen running through the snow with a skull-cap and dressing-gown on; therefore he watched his pupils from the window, but without being able to satisfy his curiosity in the slightest degree.

The girls and boys were indeed in a high state of excitement.

On the noon of that same day Agnes Morrell had under injunctions of strictest secrecy told Maria Gilman and Annie Rich of a certain plan which she had developed in her own mind. In some unaccountable way it had been whispered around until before recess was over, nearly every one, excepting Deacon Littlefield, knew that Aggie proposed giving what she called "a neck-tie party." There were but two others who knew what kind of a party this could be, and they were Maria and Annie; therefore it is not to be wondered at that she was almost overwhelmed by questions from the other girls, even before she was fairly out of the schoolhouse.

As a matter of fact the boys were equally interested; but Si Kelly had said to his particular friends: "Now don't let on that we care a cent about the party, whatever it is;" and acting under what was both advice and a command none of the boys had condescended to ask any questions, although they took good care to be near Aggie when she finally explained the purpose of the party.

"Now this is what it is," she said as she tied her muffler closer about her neck, and sought shelter from the cold wind behind the high board fence. "All of us girls must meet as often as we can during the coming week to make aprons and neck-ties out of prints. Only one apron and one neck-tie is to be alike, and Walt Haley and Mr. Dilloway are going to give us as much calico as we need."

"I thought you said you was goin' to have a

party!" And Master Kelly, forgetting his own caution to the boys not to appear interested in the scheme, looked decidedly disappointed.

"So I am; but we are going to get money enough out of it to give Aunt Betsey Bolton a nice present."

"Oh, it's some begging thing, is it?" And although Si knew very well that he had not a single penny about his person, he plunged his hands deeply in his pockets as if to prevent any inroad upon his wealth.

"It isn't anything of the kind," replied Aggie indignantly, her face flushing with something very nearly resembling anger until her numerous freckles stood out quite prominently. Aggie had a large supply of freckles as even a very near-sighted person could see. "We are going to have just as many boys as girls, and no one is obliged to come. But if any boy is willing to pay ten cents towards helping Aunt Betsey he buys a neck-tie, and the girls each buy an apron. Either one will be worth the ten cents, so it hasn't anything to do with begging."

"But what do you have these things to sell for? Why not let each one give ten cents for going to the party?" asked Winny Curtis in a tone that was very nearly a squeak, so shrill and peculiar was his voice.

"That's the fun of it," replied Aggie triumphantly. "After we girls have made the neck-ties and aprons, mother will wrap each one in paper, so that no one can tell which is which. Then when a boy buys one of the packages, he sees what color of neck-tie he has got, and he hunts for the girl that has an apron like it. He must go in to supper with that girl, and walk home with her after the party is over."

"Are you goin' to have a supper?" squeaked Winny.

"Yes, mother says she will get a nice one for us, and that will be the only party I am to have this winter."

"Goin' to have cake?" continued Winny, growing deeply interested despite Si's caution.

"Of course we are. It will be just like any party except that each boy will have to pay attention to the girl whose apron matches his neck-tie. Now we want all of the boys to come, because it won't be any fun if there isn't an even pattern of aprons and neck-ties. We girls are going to Maria Gilman's house to-night to begin the work, and to-morrow morning the boys that will come must tell us, so we'll know just how many neck-ties to make."

Winny Curtis, thinking more of cake than of the charitable purpose of the party, and remembering how difficult it was for him to persuade any of the girls to allow him to walk home with them because of his diminutive size and disagreeable voice, at once announced his determination to be present. The other boys looked at Si, and as he did not choose to commit himself, they also remained silent.

Aggie saw at once that there were more difficulties in the way of this manner of giving a party than she had supposed. She knew that Winny, as the only boy present, would not make matters very lively, even though he should be willing to buy a dozen neck-ties, and escort as many of the girls home.

"We'll have lots of fun," she said, "if you boys will come, for I'm sure the girls will all be there, and while we're enjoying ourselves we shall know that we're doing something to help Aunt Betsey, who's a good deal poorer this year than she was last."

Then Aggie understood from Si's face that he was growing more and more opposed to the plan, and as her freckles came prominently into view again, she said with a show of dignity that even Deacon Littlefield might have been proud of, as she started down the street: "Come, girls, let's go home so that we can get over to Maria's house early. We'll have the party, and we'll each buy an apron."

Then Aggie walked away followed by the girls, each one trying to appear as if perfectly indifferent whether any of the boys came to the party; but all thinking that it would be a very tame affair if no one but Winny was present.

On this particular year there had been but little to amuse the school children of Orland, therefore the girls, if not the boys, had hailed Aggie's scheme with delight. None of the girls had openly expressed any opinion as to the advisability of having the party for the double purpose of enjoying themselves and helping Aunt Betsey; but it was easy to tell from their faces that the plan had their unqualified approval.

Winny looked around him as the girls walked away. He had but just begun to understand that he was the only boy who had agreed to attend the party, and it was by no means pleasant to be in opposition to Si Kelly, who had a most disagreeable way of making sport of any one who did not agree with him. Nothing but the thought that he could have a perfect feast of cake would have caused him to forget, even for an instant, that the self-appointed leader of the boys had not approved of the plan. Now, since he had accepted the invitation without first consulting Si, he believed it necessary for him to make some effort to correct what had undoubtedly been a very grave error on his part.

"Of course I sha'n't go if the other fellers don't," he said; "I thought you was all in for it when I spoke."

"Well, you'd better run home now an' see how many ten-cent pieces you can find," said Si, in what he intended should be a scornful tone. "You'll be the only feller to the party, and you'll have to buy a good many neck-ties."

"Where are you fellers goin'?" asked Winny, feeling that he was in disgrace.

"That needn't bother you any. We're goin' to have a reg'lar good time — none of your ten-cent parties, an' you can go home now."

"But if you are to have a time I want to be in it."

"Well, you can't, cause you've agreed to go to Aggie Morrell's an' wear a ten-cent neck-tie, so run home, Sonny, for we want to talk about what it wouldn't do for you to hear."

Poor Winny! his desire for cake had caused him to place himself in a most unenviable position. He knew that Si and all the boys would call him a "girl baby" during the remainder of the winter, and he was quite sure the fellows would get up some kind of a good time which would be more jolly than the girls' party. He knew, however, that it would be useless for him to say anything more after having offended Si, and he went sorrowfully home, while the other boys remained to discuss a scheme their leader had decided upon on the impulse of the moment.

"We won't have nothin' to do with the ten-cent party," the Oracle said as soon as Winny was so far away that he could not hear. "If the girls had come to us an' asked what we thought of it, then p'rhaps we'd gone in with 'em; but instead of that they fixed the thing up to suit themselves, an' then told us what they was going to do. Now they can have their party, and Win Curtis will be the only feller there."

It is safe to say that fully half the boys wished to go to Aggie Morrell's, and that nearly every one would have been pleased to have done something toward helping poor old Aunt Betsey; but Si had said that it must not be.

"But what'll we do to get even?" asked Lute Hubbard anxiously. "We shall have to get up something that'll be better'n the party."

"I guess that won't be very hard to do," replied Si loftily. "If I couldn't get up a better kind of a time than follering girls 'round by their apron strings! We'll each of us put in twenty-five cents to hire Grout's two-horse sleigh, an' go on a ride to Bucksport for all day."

There was no question but that Si was right. A ride to Bucksport in Mr. Grout's handsome sleigh was the one thing the boys could enjoy, and for the moment all desire to go to the party was forgotten. Each boy pledged himself to raise twenty-five cents, and with some little difficulty in "counting noses," after which Si laboriously figured up the total amount, it was learned that they would not only have money enough to hire the sleigh and horses, but there would be a surplus sufficient to buy such a goodly supply of candy and nuts as would make a really respectable feast.

"Now that's all right, an' we'll have the sleigh-ride," Si said; "but we've got to fix it with the girls. Let's go back to the schoolhouse, an' I'll write a letter to Ag Morrell that'll show her she can't make us do just what she thinks best."

"What's the use of writin' her a letter?" asked Tom Hardy, who wanted to get home in time to do his chores before dark. "We can tell her in the mornin' that we hain't goin' to the party, an' that will settle it."

"We'll write the letter," said Si, with the air of one who does not allow himself to be contradicted. "We've got to let the girls know that they can't do jest what they want to with us, an' now's the time to do it."

Then Si led the way back to the schoolhouse, knowing that every boy would follow him, and

while Deacon Littlefield was making his preparations to leave for the night, Master Kelly wrote a letter to Aggie. The composition and writing required no small amount of time and labor, for if Si was the leader of the school, he was not a remarkably brilliant scholar, and he was forced to pucker his brows and bite his tongue a good many times before it was completed.

"There," he said as he handed it to Tom Hardy, after he had tried unsuccessfully to wipe off a large blot of ink with his coat sleeve, "read that out loud, an' if it won't show them girls that they can't do jest what they want to, then I don't know what will."

Tom read, after considerable difficulty, the following remarkable production, which, in justice to Si, is given here exactly as he wrote it:

"MIS MOREL US BOYS DONT WANTER COME TO YOUR PARTY CAUSE WE'RE GOIN SOMEWHERS ELSE YOU THINK YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANTER JEST CAUSE YOUR GIRLS BUT YOU MAKE A MISTAK THE NEXT TIME YOU WANTER START ANYTHING YOUD BETTER ASK US ABOUT IT & THEN PURHAPS YOU CAN DO SOMETHING WE HOP YOULL HAVE A GOOD TIME AT YOUR TEN CENT PARTY BUT DONT GET TOO MUCH MONEY SO THAT ANT BETSEY WILL THINK SHE IS RICH & GET RECKLIS. THE BOYS."

No one ventured to express an opinion on this ungentlemanly epistle, although there were several in the party who did not think it fair to send such a reply to the kindly-meant invitation, and Si said with a satisfied air:

"I guess that'll show 'em what kind of fellers we are! When they want to get up any more times, they'll find out first what we think about it. I'll put it in her readin' book where she'll be sure to see it the first thing in the mornin', an' then I'll talk to Grout about hirin' his sleigh."

Even those who were opposed to sending so harsh a reply in answer to the invitation, did not remonstrate against the plans of their leader, and that which was believed would be the death-blow to the girls' neck-tie party was left where Aggie would be sure to see it when she came to school next morning.

II.

AGGIE'S SCHEME.

While it is a fact that nearly every boy who had allowed himself to be influenced by Si Kelly in the matter of refusing to attend Aggie Morrell's neck-tie party, was almost ashamed of himself for permitting such a letter to be written without making protest, each one was at the schoolhouse early next day in order to learn "what the girls were going to do about it."

Aggie had always been a favorite with her schoolmates; but on this particular morning when she came into the schoolhouse a quarter of an hour before Deacon Littlefield called the pupils to order, the boys, with the single exception of Winny Curtis, were very careful to keep on their own side of the room. Every fellow was anxious to hear what she would say when she read Si's note; but no one was willing to put himself forward more prominently than another, for even the redoubtable Si was rather afraid of Aggie's temper.

Although Winny had no idea of what the boys were intending to do, he was at the schoolhouse quite as early as any one, in order to see all that might take place, as well as to make his peace with the boys if possible. Si refused positively to have anything to do with "the ten centers," as he called Winny, and the others gave him the "cold shoulder," acting very much as if they blamed him because they had refused to go to the neck-tie party.

When the girls entered the schoolroom in a body, the boys were gathered in the back seats, strictly following Si's commands to "act as if nothin' was up."

It was not many moments before Aggie and her friends understood that the boys had decided against the party; therefore when just before school was opened the letter was found, it caused but little surprise. Indignation was the feeling that predominated, and had Deacon Littlefield not rapped loudly on his desk as a signal that it was time for school to open, it is probable that Master Si would have heard from more than one of the "ten centers" the exact opinion they all had regarding him.

The good old deacon knew that some great

and barely suppressed excitement among the pupils was the cause of the inattentiveness even on the part of those who were usually the most studious, and he acted as if his life was particularly a burden to him during the hour and a half that elapsed before recess. He had reproved nearly every pupil before half-past ten, and then he said in his most severe tones:

"I hardly know whether you or I feel the most relieved because the forenoon session is half-finished. If it was any other time than immediately before the holidays, I should think it my duty to inflict extra tasks upon you all; but, under the circumstances, I propose to do just the reverse by increasing the length of recess, giving you half an hour instead of fifteen minutes. After that time I expect you will be in a more fitting condition to give proper attention to your studies; if such should not be the case, it will become my duty to remind you forcibly that you must not try to unite your amusements with your studies."

The boys, headed by Si, rushed out with their customary shout of joy, and the girls went at once into one of the class-rooms, where an indignation meeting was held, but not called to order.

"It's all Si Kelly's doings!" exclaimed Aggie. "The other boys would have been in favor of the party if he hadn't said they shouldn't. I should think they would be ashamed of themselves to come and go at his beck and call!"

Si's ears must have tingled during that recess if there is any truth in the old saying that those useful members grow warm when their owner is being spoken ill of, for every girl present seemed to think it her duty to say something against him before she could discuss the matter with calmness.

"It's no use standing here talking about that Kelly boy," Maria Gilman said at last. "The bell will ring, and we sha'n't have anything settled. The question is, what are we going to do? Of course it is foolish for us to say that we can have very much of a party if all the boys stay away."

"We must have it," said Annie Rich decidedly. "It would never do to let them think that we had given up a good time just because they wouldn't join us."

"Yes, we must have the party," said Aggie thoughtfully, "and we must make the boys come, if possible. It's no use for me to try to study now, and I'm going to ask the Deacon to let me go home. Some of you girls catch Winny Curtis, and find out from him what the boys are going to do. I'll think up some kind of a plan, and after school to-night we'll see what can be done."

Then, refusing to answer a single question, but cautioning the girls not to look as if they cared in the slightest because of the letter, Aggie went into the schoolroom where she had no difficulty in getting permission to go home. As a matter of fact Deacon Littlefield would have been more pleased than his pupils could have been, if he could have given them all a holiday; for trying to teach a number of boys and girls who were in the highest state of excitement over Aggie's proposed neck-tie party, was a task.

Maria and Annie "caught" Winny Curtis as Aggie had proposed; but the information they succeeded in getting from him was limited, for the reason that he knew nothing of the boys' plans. All he could tell them was that "Si Kelly was fixin' it for a reg'lar high old time," but, unfortunately, he had not been permitted to join them, even had he been disposed to give up the party, where it seemed probable that he would be the only boy among twenty-five or thirty girls.

The boys did not have as much sport out of the letter as they had expected. The girls spoke to them pleasantly, without any reference to what had been said or done, and they began to fear that some plan was under way which might promise even better sport than their sleigh-ride.

"They'll get up something to beat us," Tom Hardy said mournfully. "It's got to be a pretty smart boy who can get the best of a lot of girls, an' I tell you what it is, fellers, they'll serve us out before we get through puttin' on airs."

"Now, don't be an idiot, Tom," cried Si angrily. "Do you want them to say that we can't have a good time unless they're along too? Our sleigh-ride will go ahead of anything they can get up, an' they'll be mighty sorry they can't go with us."

"P'rhaps so," replied Tom doubtfully; "but Aggie Morrell has gone home to cook up some

plan, an' we sha'n't know whether we're goin' to have the best time or not till we find out what she's about."

"If you want to go in with the ten centers an' wear a calico neck-tie, why don't you say so?" cried Si, now thoroughly angry.

"If I wanted to, I would," retorted Tom. "I stood by an' saw you write that letter, an' I'll stick to it; but all the same I'm sorry we've done what we have, 'cause whenever we've started anything the girls have always gone in with us, an' it looks mean."

More than one of the boys believed as Tom did, and the result was that the opponents of the neck-tie party held a stormy meeting, although no one had the slightest idea of "backing down" from the position he had taken under Si's leadership.

Aggie did not show herself to friend or foe until just as the afternoon recess was ended, and then she entered the schoolroom with such a demure, innocent look on her face that every girl knew she had decided upon some plan that promised success. Even Si Kelly looked anxious when she came in, and he immediately resolved to collect, on the very next morning, the money each of the boys was to pay toward the sleigh-ride, in order that no one might be tempted to join the neck-tie party.

So attentive was Aggie to her studies during the remainder of the afternoon, that Deacon Littlefield must have thought it would be a good idea to send each one of his pupils home for a few hours. The girls tried in every way, except that of breaking the rule against whispering, to induce Aggie to give some hint of what she had decided upon, and the boys watched her jealously; but neither to the one party nor the other did she make a sign betokening that she had even thought of the neck-tie party since she went home.

When school was dismissed the boys, instead of rushing out at full speed as was their custom, appeared to have a remarkable amount of trouble to arrange the books in their desks, and Deacon Littlefield was yet more surprised by seeing every one of his boy pupils loitering around as if pained at being obliged to go home.

The girls understood at once that they might have some trouble to hold a meeting in the schoolroom and at the same time prevent the boys from knowing what was said or done, and they adjourned to the classroom, locking the door behind them.

"Now tell us all about it, Aggie," said Annie Rich, as she stuffed the keyhole with paper. "What is it to be?"

"Did any one find out from Winny Curtis what the boys think of doing?" asked Aggie.

"He doesn't know anything about it. Si Kelly won't let him join them because he said he would come to our party."

"Jen Hardy, you must try to find out from Tom to-night what they are going to do, and at the same time you mustn't whisper to him a word of what we say here," and Aggie spoke in a tone of authority warranted by the fact that the girls looked up to her as their leader. "Now I believe we can shame those boys so that, whether they come to our party or not, they won't serve us such a trick again. Here is a letter I have written to Si Kelly, and each one of you must write the same thing to some other boy, so that they will all get one. Now listen; I'll read it, and then every one can copy it."

With a look of the most intense satisfaction on her freckled face Aggie read:

DEAR SI: — All of us girls are sorry that you can't come to the party. We made a great mistake when we proposed that each one should pay ten cents, even though the money was to be used to help Aunt Betsey. We know that only the lack of money prevents you from coming, and in order that you need not be obliged to stay away when we all want to see you, I have paid the ten cents for your neck-tie, which I send with this letter. Will you please come as early as eight o'clock?

Your friend,

AGNES MORRELL.

For several moments after Aggie ceased reading, the applause was so great that it was impossible for any one to make herself heard. The girls were so pleased with the scheme that they were almost as noisy as the boys would have been under similar circumstances.

"Now we must each give twenty-five cents," Aggie said, as soon as the tumult had partially subsided, "and we will buy the things for Aunt Betsey so that the boys will know we have really paid the money. Each one decide which boy she will write to, so that every one will get a

letter, and mother says you may all come to my house to-night to make the neck-ties. I've been to Mr. Dilloway's and Lute Haley's and got the prints, so that we can have everything fixed this evening."

"When will we send the letters?"

"The first thing in the morning. Mother will wrap up the neck-ties to-night, so that we sha'n't know which ones we are sending away. We will leave the letters, with the packages, on the boys' desks before school begins, and if they are not ashamed of themselves by the time they read them, I'm mistaken."

"But suppose the boys don't come after we do all this?" said Maria dolefully.

"Then we'll have the party just the same, and I guess we can manage to have a good time even if Mr. Si Kelly does not permit the boys to come."

"But how can we leave the letters?" Maria appeared to be full of doubts even though Aggie's plan seemed so promising. "The boys will be sure to come here the first thing, and we shall look rather silly carrying the letters around to the desks when they are all here."

"I know that," replied Aggie promptly, "and I'm going to tell Deacon Littlefield the whole story just as soon as we get through here. We will ask him to let us come in first, and to keep the boys out until we get everything fixed."

There was no question but that Aggie had thought of all possible contingencies, and the girls were convinced that under her leadership they would be able to rout Master Kelly, even though they might not have the satisfaction of seeing him at the party.

"Now we'll go home and write the letters before supper, so that we shall have nothing to do this evening but work on the neck-ties," said Aggie, as she made her preparations for leaving the room. "You girls go, and I'll arrange it with the Deacon, so that we can get in here in the morning ahead of the boys."

Of course girls don't cheer when anything pleases them as boys do; but this particular party of girls were strongly tempted to do so as they left the room, so thoroughly convinced were they that they would soon triumph over these who had tried to humiliate them.

III.

TOM'S SCHEME.

Despite all efforts, not a boy had been able to learn what course the girls had decided upon during the meeting in the class-room. Several of those who were in favor of the sleigh-ride had sisters among the "ten centers," and they used every effort to learn what had been the result of the meeting; but, in each individual case, before the boy had asked very many questions, he found that his sister was more successful in getting information from him than he from her.

During that evening the girls kept their secret closely guarded, while more than one of the boys had inadvertently divulged enough of Si's great scheme to enable the girls to judge quite clearly what they proposed to do. Si had notified his friends and adherents that he would meet them at half-past eight in the schoolroom, when he expected that each one would be prepared to pay his share of the cost of the sleigh-ride, and all hands were in the playground at an early hour next morning, anxious, but unable to get into the building.

Why it was that the schoolhouse door should be locked so late on this particular morning, when it was usually opened as early as seven o'clock, no fellow could imagine. That the girls were the cause of their being deprived of their regular place for holding business meetings never occurred to them, and the only reason they could assign for this remarkable delay on the part of the janitor was that Deacon Littlefield was ill. They did not really hope that their teacher was sick; but they would have been willing he should be slightly indisposed, if in such case they would have an unexpected holiday.

Si did not think it advisable to neglect business simply because they were obliged to stand out of doors instead of being in a warm room, and he promptly collected twenty-five cents for the proposed sleigh-ride from each boy who was so fortunate as to have that amount of money with him.

At ten minutes before nine the boys, who had begun to grow surprised because none of the girls had appeared, were disappointed at seeing

Deacon Littlefield, whom they had believed to be sick, come into the yard, and in five minutes more they trooped into the schoolroom behind him, the door having been opened by the janitor from the inside the moment the teacher stood before it.

All this looked mysterious, and the mystification was complete when the sleigh-riders saw every individual member of the ten centers, with the single exception of Winny, seated at their desks much as if they had remained there all night. On going to his seat each boy found a letter and a package staring him in the face, and from that time until the Deacon called the school to order, no sound was heard save the rustling of paper as the boys read the missives, while the girls appeared to have no thought save for their books which they were studying with most remarkable intentness.

No one of the boys had time to compare notes with his neighbor when Deacon Littlefield said, after he had rapped vigorously on his desk to command attention:

"It has been suggested to me by such of your parents as I have had time to call upon, that, in view of the near approach of the holidays, and of the many plans you may possibly have in mind, that school be dismissed until after the beginning of the New Year. To have followed out my original intention, we should have continued in session to-day and to-morrow; but, believing that I should have only your divided attention during that time, I have concluded to give you two extra holidays, trusting that when we assemble here again, you will endeavor to make up for the time thus lost. You are, therefore, dismissed from attendance until the day after New Year's."

Under ordinary circumstances this unexpected announcement would have been received with cheers by the boys; but so confused were the sleigh-riders by the letters they had just received that they remained quietly in their seats while the girls walked demurely out of the building.

Even before Deacon Littlefield had taken his departure the confusion began, Tom Hardy being the first one to express an opinion.

"I tell you what it is, fellers, the girls have got the best of us, and no mistake."

"The best of us!" growled Si Kelly. "I call it about as mean a thing as I know of."

"Is it any meaner than what we did to them?"

"Of course it is. They write as if we couldn't afford to pay ten cents to go to their old party, an' here the most of us have already given twenty-five cents for our ride. Ag Morrell can have her calico neck-tie back, an' I'm goin' to carry it up to her house before I'm an hour older."

"I wouldn't do that," squeaked Winny, who was secretly delighted at the turn in affairs. "If she gets to talkin' about the letter you sent you'll have the worst of it."

Then everybody spoke at the same time until no one could understand what the other was saying, and Deacon Littlefield rushed out of the building to save himself from premature deafness.

It was some time before anything like order was restored, and then Tom Hardy said impatiently:

"Look here, fellers, it's no use for us to stand here cawing like a lot of crows, when nobody knows what the one next to him is saying. I go in for havin' this thing done right if we're goin' to do it at all. The girls have got the best of us now, an' if any of you think we can turn things around, let's go to work ship-shape."

"I nominate Tom Hardy president of this meetin' to see how we can get ahead of the girls," squeaked Winny; and, to say the least, he was very officious in so doing, since he was a member of the "ten centers," and really had nothing to do with the discomfiture of the sleigh-riders.

In the general excitement, however, no one seemed to remember that Winny was not one of them, and all called for Tom Hardy to conduct the meeting. Si Kelly recognized the fact that he should have been the one to occupy this proud position; but the leadership seemed to be slipping away from him, and shout as he might, no one paid any attention to him. He had led the boys on to defeat instead of victory, and since he could suggest no wiser plan than to return the neck-ties and letters, all looked to Tom Hardy for advice.

"Fellers," he said gravely, as he seated himself in the Deacon's chair, understanding the importance of his position, "we've got to do

something to get ahead of the girls, an' I go in for havin' each one say what he thinks is best. After that we can pick out a plan. Now, what do you think we ought to do, Si?"

Master Kelly was very sulky; but he managed to state as his conviction that they could do no less than return the neck-ties and letters to the senders, treating the whole matter with silent scorn, and carry out the idea of the sleigh-ride as if such insignificant persons had never had an existence.

Joe Dorr thought it best to accept the invitations given, and treat the whole matter as a good joke whereby each boy had saved ten cents. Joe, however, had not yet paid the assessment of twenty-five cents for the sleigh-ride, and many thought he had proposed this plan as a way of evading any outlay of money.

Eben Coulliard was willing to do whatever the others thought best; but at the same time he reminded them that a party at Aggie Morrell's house was not a thing to be "sneezed at," and if the invitation could be accepted gracefully he thought it would be a pleasant way of spending an evening.

Dan Crockett announced that he was not afraid to say he had rather go to the party. He had already paid his quarter toward the sleigh-ride; but he was willing to look upon that as so much money thrown away if the others would agree to go to Aggie's house. He thought that the money that the girls had spent could be returned to them in some way, and that the friendly feelings between the boys and girls of the school could be restored.

Jack Haley and his four intimate friends "did not care a cent what was done;" they would agree to anything the other fellows thought best.

Bart Carleton agreed with Si Kelly, but since it was known that he owed Si four agates and seventeen marbles, to say nothing of three tops, all believed that his debt had influenced his decision.

All, save Tom Hardy, gave their opinion, and it was found that the boys were about evenly divided; one party adopting Si's suggestion, and the other favoring the acceptance of the invitations if it could be done so that they would not appear to be "backing down."

"Now, see here, fellers," said Tom, when every one looked at him as if expecting to hear what he thought, "I want you all to understand in the first place that I am willing to do what the majority think best; but I've got a little scheme that I think a good one. Let's go on the sleigh-ride, an' go to the party, too."

"Then the girls would think we were smart," growled Si."

"Wait a minute till you hear the whole of it. About half want to do one thing and half another. Now I say let's each one write to the girl who has sent him a neck-tie, thanking her for the invitation to the party, and ask her to go on a sleigh-ride with us. We can hire both of Grout's big sleighs, an' have about as big a time as was ever seen in this town. I guess the girls won't be much ahead of us then."

"But how about their payin' for our neck-ties?" asked Dan Crockett.

"We'll let that go as if we was much obliged to them; but we'll raise ten cents more apiece, an' buy Aunt Betsey wood enough to last her till summer. If we pay the money now, we can each get a saw, an' have it all cut up before night. The girls won't have any the best of us then; Aunt Betsey will be just that much better of; we can have our sleigh-ride, and we can go to the party as well. But if we should do simply one thing or the other, then the girls would be sure to think we had been beaten. Now, if all the fellers will agree to that, I'll get my share of the money right away, an' we'll ask Deacon Littlefield to buy the wood this morning."

Tom saw, even before he had ceased speaking, that the majority of the boys were in favor of his scheme, since by carrying it out they would miss neither one pleasure nor the other, and would only be obliged to pay ten cents extra, and to spend a little time sawing wood.

"But we can't get both sleighs for the same price we could one," said Si, but even this objection showed that he was favorably inclined toward Tom's scheme, if it could be accomplished without too great a sacrifice.

"Yes, we can, if we don't take them till the middle of the afternoon. We will start about three o'clock, an' come back to Aggie's house in time for the party."

"But how'll you fix it about the letters?" asked Si.

"I'll send this one to Maria Gilman, for she sent me the neck-tie, an' you can all copy it." Then Tom read the following letter which he had written while the others had been talking:

DEAR RIE: — I am much obliged for the invitation and the neck-tie. I will be there by eight o'clock if you will do a little favor for me. Us boys have been getting up a sleigh-ride for Saturday afternoon; we shall start about three o'clock from the schoolhouse, and get back to Aggie's in time for the party. Will you go?

I am sure Aunt Betsey will feel grateful to you girls when she knows you each gave twenty cents toward making her comfortable, and if it had not been for the "lack of money," we boys would have paid our share.

Your friend, TOM.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dan Crockett. "I reckon that will fix things, an' when they find that we bought the wood for Aunt Betsey, they can't think that they've got the right to feel very superior."

"They'll never know but that we meant all the time to do this very thing," said Tom, "an' we shall have as good a time as can be had."

There was no question but that this scheme would be carried out, for even Si Kelly came to understand that it was a very graceful way of extricating themselves from what, at one time, promised to be a decidedly disagreeable position, and he announced his decision by saying:

"Now every feller must hurry home an' get the ten cents so's we can buy the wood quick, an' then there won't be any chance for the girls to believe that we thought of this after we got their letters."

"Take the money you had collected for the ride, an' we will all make it up before night," suggested Tom.

In another moment Si was running at full speed toward Deacon Littlefield's house to ask him to buy the wood, and Tom suggested that each sleigh-rider sharpen his saw in order to be ready for work as soon as the fuel should be in Aunt Betsey's yard.

Before night the wood had been purchased, sawed, and split; the letters had been written and sent to the girls, and both of Mr. Grout's sleighs engaged for Saturday afternoon.

The story of the ride, and of the neck-tie party that followed it would, without doubt, be interesting; but the telling of these pleasant festivities would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say that the girls readily accepted the invitations that were the result of Tom's scheme, and although they learned from some of the more garrulous sleigh-riders under just what press of circumstances they had been given, the "ten centers" were too generous to hint of what they knew.

Aggie's party was a dazzling success. Every one appeared to have a good time, and the pairing off of the aprons and neck-ties caused considerable amusement, especially when Debby Thompson, the tallest girl present, found that she must accept the smallest boy — who was Winny, of course — as an escort.

It is hardly necessary to say that Winny was allowed to become one of the sleigh-riders, and since he had voluntarily agreed to go to the party, he was obliged to pay for his neck-tie, as well as his proportion of the cost of the sleigh-ride and the wood. Thus it was that his love for cake proved to be quite expensive to him owing to the varied schemes of his friends.

A FAIRY IN DANGER.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, Lock Box 46, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO JULY TANGLES.

10. Humility.

11.
J upo N
U nit E
P lum P
I nle T
T opa U
E loi N
R ais E

12. He who loves jesting brings himself into many troubles.

13.
P Y T H O N S
R O A S T
E R E
P
P E A
E A R L Y
D R E S S E S

14. Money.
Roads.
Nandu.
Nadab.
Daubs.

15. Pride goes before; but shame follows after.

No. 16. PRIZE WORD HUNT.

As but few of our readers had sufficient time to prepare lists from the Word Hunt in July WIDE AWAKE, the time is extended to August 10. Those who sent lists from the July issue may send additional ones.

CONSIDERABLY.

The senders of the five largest lists of words made from "considerably" will receive special prizes, as announced below.

No words will be counted that are not found in the body of Webster's or Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary. Words in the regular Supplement of Webster's are allowable, but no words from the lists of geographical, biographical, etc., names.

The singular form only should be used, unless a word has only a plural ending. A letter must not be used twice in the same word.

Lists must be arranged alphabetically, and the total number given.

No. 17. BEHEADINGS.

Whole you'll find me among the birds;
Behead — I'm boisterous, empty words;
Behead again — though strange it be,
The sluggard now may learn of me.
Now curtail and as grammars claim
One of the parts of speech you name;
Again and yet I am the same.

No. 18. HOUR GLASS.

Blame; parts of the body; the employment of means to accomplish an end; a letter; to devour; refuse of broken rock containing an ore; protecting.

Primals: an act of incorporation.

Finals: to take out from the records of a court.

Centrals: notched on the edge.

No. 19. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole is composed of 12 letters and was the announcement of a victorious Roman commander.

My 9, 12, 3, 2 is a trailing plant.
My 4, 11, 2 is to frost.
My 5, 8, 1, 12, 7 is bright.
My 1, 6, 11, 2 is a synonym of crime.
My 10 is a pronoun. A. V. J.

No. 20. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

One who calumniates; a poisonous plant; explanation; a basket to be carried on horses; a weaver's instrument; sentiment; powerful; to censure; the shortening of a syllable; interdicted.

Primals: One who writes or sings unconnectedly.

Finals: Curtailed. CYRIL DEANE.

No. 21. ANAGRAMS. (American Writers.)

1. Lucille Wrynbalt Main.
2. Janet U. H. Whorlian.
3. Mrs. Lewellen D. Holovie.
4. Marlow Sedor Phalen.
5. Elsie Mallow Windhal.

E. M. C.

SOLVERS.

June Tangles were solved by Lewis B. Wheeler, Cora Blanchard, Maud E. Palmer, William C. Johnson Jr., S., Herman A. Wade, S. Margaret Hyde, Addie Marsh, Emily S. Little, Blanche C. French, Laura F. Allen, Sarah Sears, Gertrude Berger, Daisy Drake, Walter Dewey, M. E. H. Gammett, L. T. Hussey, Anna Blackie, Porter Heap, Louise J. Kellogg, Florence E. Dunn, Lucy Sanders, Edith J. Stahl, A. B. Oy, S. Sophie Keeler, C. Minta Rutter, Luie E. Taylor, Will Lawrence.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First complete list, Lewis B. Wheeler, Berlin, Mass.
Next best list, C. Minta Rutter, Lawrence, Mass.
No. 3. (Solved only by the above winners.)
No. 6. Gertrude Berger, Shenandoah, Pa.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for the first solution of this month's Tangles, excluding No. 16:

First complete list, WIDE AWAKE six months; or any $1.25 book from D. Lothrop Company's list.

Next best list, books to value of $1.00 from D. Lothrop Company's list (winner's selection).

No. 18. A microscope.
No. 21. A handsome mineral inkstand.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR THE WORD HUNT.

CLASS A. Standard Atlas, $4.50. Spyglass, $2.50. Vienna Writing Tablet, $2.50.

CLASS B. Caw's Stylographic pen, $1.50. Two mineral cabinets (40 specimens), $2.00. Perfection Hammock, $2.00. Alarm clock, $1.75. Pearl-handle knife, $1.25. Box of 24 colored drawing crayons, $1.75.

The senders of the two largest lists of words may select an article from *either* class.

The senders of the next three largest lists may select an article from class B only.

The prizes will be forwarded at winners' expense.

All solutions must be sent by Aug. 10th. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, "THE GOLDSMITH OF THE NORTH."

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

WASHINGTON IRVING wrote once of Oliver Goldsmith: "To be the most beloved of English writers, what a distinction, that, for a man!"

The story-teller of Copenhagen is perhaps dearer to the hearts of countless young readers than any other writer who ever lived. And what a distinction *that* is for any man to win!

Goldsmith and Andersen in certain important particulars were much alike. Both were simple and childlike in their natures; both were excessively vain — Goldsmith was as fond of fine clothes and as proud of appearing in them as any peacock of showing its plumage, and Andersen imagined himself the centre of everyone's thoughts — both were plain in feature even to positive ugliness, and both possessed a simplicity of literary style which goes directly to the hearts of their readers.

In regard to the vanity of these two men it should be said that it was of the most harmless character. Goldsmith never was envious of another's success, Andersen never let his self-esteem manifest itself in any way to the injury of another. The Danish writer was probably the most conceited man of his time, but it was a simple-hearted vanity which he could no more help, at least in later life, than a hen can help letting the whole poultry-yard know when she has laid an egg. For many years his was the most familiar figure in Copenhagen. Says one writer of Andersen:

"High and low, rich and poor, he belonged to all. If he went out for a walk, everyone saluted him; if he visited the theater, all present welcomed him; children worshiped him, claimed him as belonging peculiarly to them; every household reserved for him a warm corner by the stove; not a family, from the king to the peasant, but had a knife and fork and a seat at the table ready for him."

It would be a rare nature indeed that such an amount of adulation would not affect, yet Andersen's sweetness of disposition was such that it did not make him arrogant or selfish; it simply distorted his vision and made him look at the world in general through the meshes of a net-work composed of the letters of his own name.

It must not, however, be imagined, because Andersen was so universally beloved by his countrymen, that they regarded him as the greatest glory of their literature. On the contrary the Danes have always been puzzled to account for the admiration with which he is regarded in other lands to the neglect of several other Danish writers whom they rightfully regard as superior to him. But the reason is not so far to seek. The simplicity of his style made translation comparatively easy. English readers first made his acquaintance through the translations of his works by Mrs. Mary Howitt, herself a delightful writer for young people, and excellent Swedish and German versions appeared very early in his literary career. Then, too, people who made acquaintance with his works in their childhood have never been able to forget their love for the teller of fairy tales, and have regarded his novels with much the same feeling of uncritical admiration. To the majority of readers Andersen is the only Danish writer, a state of things as unfair to Denmark's other great

authors as harmful to the fame of Andersen himself. But even when the just claims of his contemporaries have been satisfied much, very much, remains to be grateful for in the genius of Hans Andersen.

He was born in Odense, the chief town on the Danish island of Funen, on April 2, 1805. His father was a shoemaker by trade, and a person of a melancholy disposition, a trait which at times showed itself in the character of his famous son. Says Andersen in *The Story of My Life:*

"During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud in Holberg, but I cried all the time. 'Wilt thou go to sleep, or listen quietly?' it is reported that my father asked in joke; but I still cried on; and even in the church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, 'The younker screams like a cat!' which words my mother never forgot. A poor emigrant, Gomar, who stood as godfather, consoled her in the meantime by saying that the louder I cried as a child, all the more beautifully should I sing when I grew older."

The prophecy so early made was abundantly realized in later years. To the poor shoemaker's son was given a singing voice that has echoed round the world and gathered half the children in Christendom about his knees. It is pleasant to read of those early years in Odense. One of the very first events that he recalls is the visit of the Spaniards to Funen when he was but three years old. A Spanish soldier took him up in his arms, danced him on his knees and kissed him with tears in his eyes, mindful, no doubt, of some little Alfonso or Benita left behind in far-off Spain. Once when he was six years old he stood one evening with his mother and her neighbors in St. Knut's churchyard gazing at the great comet which blazed its pathway across the sky, and the sight of which made a deep impression upon his childish mind. He writes thus of an incident of his childhood:

"Sometimes during the harvest, my mother went into the field to glean. I accompanied her, and we went like Ruth in the Bible, to glean in the rich fields of Boaz. One day we went to a place the bailiff of which was well known for being a man of a rude and savage disposition. We saw him coming with a huge whip in his hand, and my mother and all the others ran away. I had wooden shoes on my bare feet, and in my haste I lost these and the thorns pricked me so that I could not run, and thus I was left behind and alone. The man came up and lifted his whip to strike me, when I looked him in the face and involuntarily exclaimed—'How dare you strike me, when God can see it?'"

He was very young when he first went to the theater with his parents, and an odd figure the homely little fellow must have cut from his own account of himself:

"As to my dress, I was rather spruce; an old woman altered my father's clothes for me; my mother would fasten three or four large pieces of silk with pins on my breast, and that had to do for vests; a large kerchief was tied round my neck with a mighty bow; my head was washed with soap and my hair curled, and then I was in all my glory. In that attire I went with my parents for the first time to the theater."

The first exclamation of the future poet and romancer on entering the theater was sufficiently prosaic, and was to the effect that if he had as many casks of butter at home as there were people in the theater that he could eat quantities of butter. His imagination was soon stimulated, however, and as he could go but seldom to the theater he procured a programme every day from the person who distributed the playbills, and seating himself in a corner would imagine a whole play from the title and list of characters.

Hans was still a mere lad when his father died, and after this event he was left much to himself while his mother went out washing in order to earn their living. He was fond of reading plays, and the more tragic they were the better. From reading plays he soon came to writing them and strange affairs they must have been. His first piece was a most doleful tragedy in which the entire *dramatis personæ* died miserably. This youthful effusion having met with adverse criticism from a neighbor he began a new piece in which a king and queen figured. He says:

"I thought it not quite right that these dignified personages, as in Shakespeare, should speak like other men and women. I asked my mother and different people how a king ought properly to speak, but no one knew exactly. They said that it was so many years since a king had been in Odense, but that he certainly spoke in a foreign language. I procured myself, therefore, a sort of lexicon, in which were German, French and English

words with Danish meanings, and this helped me. I took a word out of each language, and inserted them into the speeches of my king and queen. It was a regular Babel-like language, which I considered only suitable for such elevated personages. I desired now that everybody should hear my piece. It was a real felicity to me to read it aloud, and it never occurred to me that others should not have the same pleasure in listening to it."

The delight which the boy took in his crude fancies was the same sort of pleasure, with comparatively little modification, which the man afterwards took in his finished work. He was in some respects always a child, and he retained to the last the simplicity of heart which characterized his childhood and youth. He never grew old in feeling, but remained perennially young at heart. In the opening chapters of *The Story of My Life* we get many glimpses of his childhood as well as the continued account of his later years; but he put much of himself into his novels, and in *Only a Fiddler*, one may read the story of his longing for fame, his aspirations and his disappointments.

He was twenty-three when his first work of any importance appeared, entitled *A Pedestrian Journey from Holmen's Canal to Amack.* Holmen's Canal is one of the principal features of Copenhagen, and Amack or Amager is an island connected with the city by long bridges, so the journey in question was not a long one. The book, which is mainly in rhyme and humorous in character, met with sudden and unexpected success and in consequence his confidence in his own powers could never afterwards be shaken. In 1829 a play of his called *Love on St. Nicholas's Tower* was acted with great success and the next year his first volume of poems appeared and became immediately popular. It was while on a journey through the Danish provinces in this year that he fell in love, and of this event we are told in *The Story of My Life.* His love was not returned and he cherished the memory of this, his only love episode, throughout his long life. In his next volume of poems, *Fancies and Sketches*, published soon after, we find many traces of this sorrow. His *Skyggebilleder*, or *Shadow-Pictures*, was his next book, a volume containing an account of his travels in the Hartz Mountains. A year or two later, in 1834, he published what must be reckoned, all things considered, his greatest work, the famous *Improvvisatore.* It is rarely that a man of one nationality enters so completely into the life of another people as does Andersen in this wonderful book. Madame de Staël ambitiously adds to her *Corinne* the sub-title "or Italy," but with far more truth might it be added to *The Improvvisatore.* The book *is* Italy. Northman as he was by birth, Andersen was Italian by temperament, and the fervor, the excitability, the enthusiasm, the longing to impart to others the details of one's own life so characteristic of Italians, and to a less extent of other nations of the south of Europe, were part of his very nature. No wonder, then, that he could enter so fully into the heart of Italian life as he does in the brilliant pages of the wonderful *Improvvisatore.*

It was the grown-up public for which he had written up to this time, but he was soon to gather about him another and much more extensive circle of readers, the children of Denmark at first, and later those of half the world. It was for these that he wrote in 1835 the first series of his *Eventyr* or *Fairy Tales* as we call them. The collection thus begun he added to from time to time during a long course of years. No writer of his time has surpassed Andersen in the ability to gain the attention of children by story-telling. The sweet simplicity of these tales never fails to win their admiration. Himself as guileless as a little child he saw very clearly into child nature and children know him for one of themselves.

Andersen's pen was very busy in these first years of authorship and, indeed, it was never long idle. In 1836 he gave to the world his novel called *O. T., or Life in Denmark*, as notable a picture, of Danish life and customs, as *The Improvvisatore.* The letters "O. T." were formerly branded on Danish criminals, and are the initials of the Ondense Tughthuus, or House of Correction. In the same year his pastoral drama, *Parting and Meeting*, was acted on the stage with decided approval, and in 1837 was published his novel *Only a Fiddler.* With Andersen's countrymen this is probably the most popular of any of his works and it is quite as faithful a picture of Danish life as *O. T.* The hero's father is the shoemaker of Odense, the melancholy father of Andersen himself, and

the trials and sufferings of the talented Fiddler are drawn from events in Andersen's own life.

In 1839 he visited Sweden, and in his autobiography he tells us in an artless sort of way how he met with the once famous but now neglected Miss Bremer on board a steamboat in the course of his journey. While in Sweden he wrote a drama called *The Mulatto* which was so warmly applauded by the Swedes that he was invited to the university-city of Lund, where the students gave him a great banquet and a serenade. *A Picture Book without Pictures* was his next book, and in 1841 the results of a tour through Italy and Greece were embodied in *A Poet's Bazaar*, a book which met with greater favor abroad than at home. In 1846 the first part of his autobiography, *The Story of My Life*, was published, at subsequent periods continued to 1855, and then to the close of 1867. In this book it is easy enough to see the remarkable vanity of the man, but with this inordinate self-esteem was mingled so much of real gentleness and sweetness of temper that to judge harshly of Andersen because of his vanity becomes nearly impossible. Less popular than his other novels was the one entitled *The Two Baronesses*, his next work, but it is very well worth reading for its pictures of Danish life and its masterly delineation of character. In 1851 *Pictures of Sweden* appeared which by an English critic has been considered as his most delightful work, the autobiography excepted. It is certainly a fascinating book, though it hardly deserves the rank the critic mentioned accords it. During these years he was continually producing dramas many of which were exceedingly popular. One of these, called *Ole Lukoie*, was a sort of wonder-comedy in which the adventures of the dream-god, who figures in more than one of his fairy tales, were narrated. *A Poet's Day Dreams* was his next book. This appeared in 1853 and was followed at intervals of a few years by several collections of his *Wonder Stories*, and still later came the results of a Spanish tour called *In Spain*.

In 1873 his health began to fail and the end seemed not far off, yet he partially recovered and was seen again in the homes where he was always welcome. At last these visits had to be given up because his strength no longer admitted of his climbing the stairs that led to his friends' apartments. In the last winter of his life a young lad, the son of one of his friends, devoted himself to the care of the aged poet with an almost filial affection. When the weather permitted he would take him out for a daily walk, sustaining his feeble steps and guarding him from over-exertion in the tenderest manner, and when it was too cold for this the boy would sit by his friend cheering him with his bright boyish fancies or listening to some fairy tale that would never be written. Young Robert Henriques did in his own person what all young people whom the dear old man had loved and written for would gladly have done had the tender privilege been theirs.

April 2, 1875, was his seventieth birthday and deputations came from all parts of Denmark to greet him on that day; he was presented with a copy of one of his tales in thirty-two languages, money was raised to erect his statue in Copenhagen and to build a home for poor children which should bear his name, and on the little house in Odense where he was born was placed a tablet with his name and the date of his birth. He never appeared in public after this and four months later, on the fourth of August, 1875, he entered into rest.

On the day of his funeral all the city shops were closed and Copenhagen was draped in mourning. The Church of Our Lady was filled with those who had loved him. On the coffin were heaped flowers, laurels and palms, and near it stood a great company of children strewing flowers. Close by, too, stood the King with his eldest son and Prince John of Glücksburg, bareheaded and in their regal robes. In his simple, artless way the dead poet had loved pomp and beauty all his life and so at his funeral all the magnificence and ceremony that he would have delighted in were not wanting. Just at the hour of noon the great organ began a tender prelude and then that vast company, king and peasant, rich and poor, sang Andersen's own hymn, "Like to the Leaf which Falleth from the Tree." Then Dean Rothe recited one of Andersen's last poems and spoke earnestly and tenderly of the man whom all Denmark had delighted to honor and was followed by the aged bishop of Odense, who said the farewell from

the birthplace of Andersen. After this Carl Plough's poem, "Sleep, Weary Child," written for the occasion, was sung and Andersen's friend, the composer Hartmann, played on the organ the music he had written long before for the funeral of Thorwaldsen. As the music trembled into silence people from all parts of the church went up to the chancel and laid wreaths and flowers upon the coffin. In the centre of these tributes lay a palm branch and wreath from Odense, the city of his birth, the scene of his early struggles. When the last wreath had been brought the coffin was borne down the centre aisle by a number of students followed by the various delegations from all parts of Denmark bearing crape-bordered banners, and a long procession of mourning friends. All along the route to the cemetery people sat at their windows clad in deep mourning and many of the houses and all the shipping in the harbor had flags at half-mast. As the procession left the church great numbers of poor people hastened into the building to gather the leaves and flowers which had fallen from his coffin and even the smallest leaf was lovingly cherished.

In spite of his love for splendor and show he never became forgetful of his own poor estate in early youth or ceased to have the warmest sympathy with the humblest person. His vanity, his self-esteem were in him the most amiable of foibles, the heart beneath was one of the tenderest and gentlest that ever beat. On a laurel wreath from Berlin which lay upon his coffin was fastened this inscription, as touching as it is full of tender truth:

> "Thou art not dead, though thine eyes are closed.
> In children's hearts thou shalt live forever."

A HANDY HOME-MADE MICROSCOPE.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

By A. P. Morse.

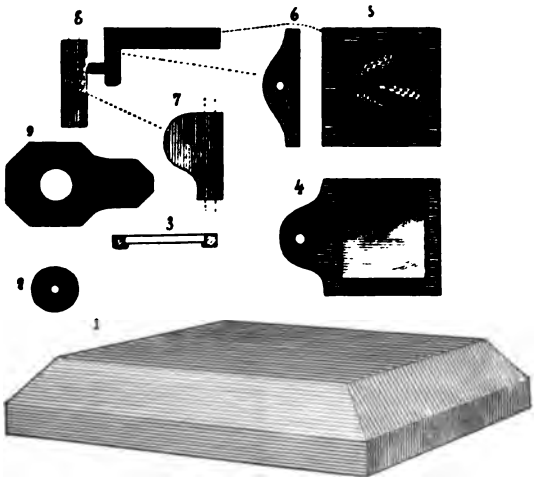
SCATTERED over the land in back-lying farmhouses and cottage homes there are many boys who are the happy possessors of a hand-magnifier of one, two, or three lenses mounted in hard rubber, and I wish to tell them how to obtain the most benefit from their glasses. Such a magnifier as I have mentioned or its equivalent, although enlarging but a few times, is a positive necessity to every boy or girl who is studying botany or entomology; and it may be bought for from fifty cents to a dollar and a quarter, or, better still, obtained as a premium with some periodical.

Years ago, after much wishing and some saving of dimes, I became the owner of one of these magnifiers with two lenses of one inch, and one and one eighth inches diameter, respectively; somewhat larger than necessary, but giving a more ample "field of observation." I bought it at a reduction as it was badly made and the lenses moved obliquely, and I wish to tell the boy-readers of this article how I rigged it up, hoping that my experience will be of service; for like most boys living on a farm I had more time and ingenuity than money.

To get the best results from a magnifier of any description it should be stationary, and leave both hands free to work with: when held in the hand there is unavoidably more or less motion with accompanying indistinctness causing strain upon the eyes which soon grow tired and ache.

The desideratum to be supplied therefore in my case was a stand of some description. Accordingly a piece of pine board three by four inches, and one inch thick, and planed upon both sides, was procured and reduced to shape by beveling all the edges on one side as in *fig.* 1. On my next trip to the grist-mill, a mile away, the magnifier was taken along. The miller's son, some years older than I, had a turning-lathe, and for the moderate sum of fifteen cents

took out the rivet on which the lenses turned and after enlarging the hole put in a piece of small brass tube on which the lenses worked accurately and easily; and he also supplied me



SECTIONS OF MICROSCOPE-STAND, FIGS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

with a piece of brass rod about six inches long to fit the tube, which, with the aid of a gimlet, I set in an upright position in the stand-block, toward one end. A small piece of elastic rubber cut from an old boot (*fig.* 2), having an awl hole through it, was slipped over the rod, and I had a stand on which the magnifier could be raised or lowered and remain at any point, allowing either one or both lenses to be used, and the focus to be changed accordingly.

My next move was to make a stage upon which to place the objects to be viewed, and as I wished to examine both opaque and transparent objects I determined to have one of glass. With the aid of a cheap glass-cutter I cut from some thin window-glass a piece an inch square. Taking a piece of thin boxboard I cut a hole through it with a jack-knife, of the same size as the piece of glass, except that at the bottom I left a rim or shoulder (*fig.* 3) for the glass to rest on, which I fastened in with glue. After boring a hole through it so that it would fit tightly on the brass rod I whittled it to shape (*fig.* 4) and had a "movable glass stage."

The next thing I wanted was a mirror to reflect light up through the stage. This was harder to make, but having some broken looking-glass (which can generally be obtained without much difficulty, either as the result of accidents at home or from some glazier or hardware dealer), I soon had a piece cut of the same size as the glass "stage" and set in a similar wooden frame, except that I did not cut entirely through the board leaving a back as well as sides to the mirror (*fig.* 5).

To mount the mirror on the rod so that it would move in any direction required some ingenuity, but was accomplished in this way: having succeeded, after several failures, in making a hole lengthwise through a piece of the thin boxboard (an inch long and of the shape of *fig.* 7) just large enough to allow it to fit snugly on the brass rod and yet be moved readily up and down, a thin piece of wood (shape of *fig.* 6) was next fastened to one end of the mirror with two pins and after making a hole through it a small screw was put in and screwed into the upper part of the side of the first piece (*fig.* 7). This completed a mirror which could be moved up and down, and also turned at various angles. It was placed at the bottom of the rod, the stage next above, and above both the magnifier, resting on the rubber ring. Then the instrument was complete.

A friend gave me part of a tube of artists'

THE MICROSCOPE MOUNTED.

black oil paint; and after a coat of this the microscope holder was quite a stylish-looking affair, and I was very proud of it.

When looking at the surface of objects or at opaque bodies, the mirror, not being needed, was turned upside down, making a black "ground," or a piece of paper of any color desired could be laid on it. I afterward made a "diaphragm" (*fig.* 9.) of stiff black paper which could be thrust in between the lenses, cutting off the oblique rays that caused distortion.

I used this home-made contrivance for years, long after I outgrew my boyhood, finding it an exceedingly convenient and useful instrument — and durable as well, for I still have it in my possession; and there was the added satisfaction of using something which I had made myself — a pleasure to which I hope these few directions will help many a lad.

A HELPING HAND.

By Mrs. James T. Fields.

IT was a lovely winter morning, bright and cold, when Laura Bellman awoke early with a plan for her day's work already before her. She had learned that excellent economy of time, girl though she was, of arranging in her own mind before going to sleep what she would do on the following day, unless, of course, some good reason presented itself when morning came for change of purpose. Therefore a sense of something to be done roused her and she rose from her bed at once.

A few months previous to this eventful day, she had met one evening two of her young friends at a little tea party at her aunt's. The company was in honor of the new minister and his wife who had lately come to Barnet, the town where Laura lived. The three girls found an early opportunity for getting into a corner by themselves and talking over their own plans, for they had grown up together at school and being neighbors they never allowed many days to pass if they could help it without meeting. This time Laura felt she had something of importance to say, therefore she began at once.

"Now, girls," she said, "all this talk of the minister about 'the use of working together' isn't so much a new idea as it is a hard one to carry out, especially in a town like ours where the factory people have come in during the last ten years and changed the whole look of the place, not to speak of its character! Now here's Mrs. Robinson who says we haven't got any 'poor' to speak of in Barnet! I should like to know what she means! because when I hear that factory-bell begin at six o'clock these dark mornings and think how comfortable I am in bed while hundreds of girls just about my age must get up the moment it rings and go out into the cold, half of them without a decent breakfast, and work all day long and then be rung home again at night, tired to death, I don't see how anybody can say we haven't any poor — I should call that being poor enough in all conscience to have to live in such a grind every day."

Laura paused here a moment to take breath and perhaps to see what effect her words were producing; but her listeners sat with puzzled faces as if they said, "We are very sorry, but what can *we* do about it?" though they kept perfect silence.

Therefore Laura went on: "I'll tell you, girls, what I think we might do. Do you remember a little book called *Ten Times One is Ten?* It is about a young man who got nine friends to help him start some good plans for helping those whose lives are sad and low, like the lives of these girls down at the factory. Well, he had scarcely started his work when he died; but these ten friends went on and multiplied and soon there were a hundred, and by and by a thousand, and now there are clubs and schools and plans of every kind all over the world, really growing out of the seed that young man planted. Now why shouldn't we say Six times one is Six, and make a beginning too, a kind of Boston

Associated Charities on a small scale—for who knows what it may grow into!"

At this the girls' faces grew brighter; they began to see light.

"Why, yes," said May Peters, the second of the three girls, "we can each ask one more, because there's Eliza Harris, you know, who would have been here to-night if her mother had been at home, and your cousin and mine, Laura, so I don't see but what we have six easily enough if that is all you want to begin with. But what do you propose we shall do?"

Before Laura could answer, the third girl, who was smaller than the others and wore a quiet expression, said thoughtfully: "For my part I wish we might do something for the little children of the factory people. You ought to have seen the street in front of their houses yesterday. It was literally swarming with the poor little neglected things. They were playing in the gutter, or sitting half-clothed on the stone door-steps, full of mischief and piling up trouble for their parents."

"For my part," Sarah Codman said, the second girl, "though I feel very sorry for the little children, I don't see how we can move a step till we do something for the boys between ten and fifteen years old. They seem like imps fathered by the Evil One himself. I believe they are at the bottom of all the thieving and house-burning and wickedness we have had in the town for the last five years. As for grapes and pears and cherries, it would be like watching a typhoid fever patient to keep one of them on the trees or vines till they are fit to eat—nobody pretends to have any fruit nowadays. Yet catch one of those boys alone, and he doesn't seem to want to be bad exactly. I say, let's begin with the boys!"

Laura listened with a pleased look to what the others had to say and then answered: "Come on, girls, you've got the idea exactly—we must of course begin to work for all three at once! Don't look cast down, Sarah Codman, for I believe we can do it a great deal better than if we tried only one thing; for some people will like to work for the boys best, and some for the children best, and some for the girls—and so don't you see we shall get just three times as many people to help as if we began to work only for one thing? My idea would be to ask the other three girls which work they will each choose, so we may have one helper apiece to begin with. Then as soon as possible each of us should find two more helpers and this would make eighteen people hard at work for good—and when we remember what the Bible promises to two or three who are gathered together I think eighteen will be pretty well to begin with!"

Laura's enthusiasm was very catching and the girls, though they kept pretty still, were evidently thinking busily. Therefore Laura went on: "If we are going to have classes or schools we must have some place for them and we can't think of hiring, for to judge by myself we haven't any of us got much money to put into this business; for my part I think it is a good deal to have my own time and I thank my father and mother for that."

"I'll tell you," said May Peters, "I have an idea, girls. Don't you know aunt Jane has got a house as big as all out-doors? it was a grand house in the old days of Barnet. She lives there all alone now and I think she would rather like to lend us the great sitting-room on the left-hand side of the front door."

"Do you?" said Laura. "Now, girls, if you'd like to have *my* opinion after May Peters has given hers, I can only say that I don't think aunt Jane would like it at all. She's very kind and all that, but when you come to think of half a hundred dirty little feet tramping up her front steps and half a hundred dirty little hands turning her front door handle—why, it would send the old lady to her grave long before her time, and she'd lie uneasy after she got there. No! we must go over to them first and not expect these people to come more than half-way, for if we do we sha'n't get them at all. None of your old gubernatorial mansions if you please just yet! My idea would be to go over to the factory and tell the superintendent what we want to do, and perhaps he will have an empty room he could put at our disposal. You see until they get used to us and will trust us, they will find it much easier to go to such a place than to come into our houses."

"I declare," said May Peters, "you're right, as usual, Laura! but dear me, how this evening

has gone. They are putting up their sewing and we must make haste because it is a dark night and we ought to walk along by Mr. Harris's lantern."

The girls ran for their wraps and made a hurried farewell to their pleased hostess who saw they had enjoyed themselves. Without having read Plato the excellent woman had somehow discovered that "there is no greater good to a state than for persons to become acquainted with each other," and she always felt more than rewarded for the trouble whenever she could bring the people of Barnet to know one another better. In her anxiety that her guests should be properly entertained she had frequently passed the corner of the room where the girls were sitting during the evening, and had thus caught some idea of their conversation. She determined to give them a helping hand so that their plans might not fall through.

The cold winter morning with which I began this history when Laura Bellman awoke with a feeling that there was much to be done that day, was about four months after the eventful tea party I have described. It had taken the six girls some time to find the other twelve and several of these were not yet as good and useful helpers as they could wish, but this was more than made up to them by the outside assistance given by their hostess and her friends; beside the new girls were beginning to take hold better, or when one fell out altogether the girl who immediately took her place was found to be much more serious in her interest and unselfish in her endeavors than her predecessor; therefore though they had found some hard places, on the whole the work had progressed admirably. The superintendent at the factory not only gave the room but the fuel for the stove, and nobody seemed to take greater pleasure than he in finding the place made clean and cheerful and put to such a good service. The girls themselves were like changed creatures; there were no more listless hours for them and not half so much criticism of Marianne's flounces and the chenille trimming round Becky's winter garment. The very nature of their occupation seemed to improve their taste. The girls never looked half so pretty and never dressed half so simply before in their lives. When will American women learn how vulgar it is to be overdressed, not to speak of the folly of using money to over-trim a garment which gives no particular pleasure and makes nobody like them any better, when that same money would buy a good many real pleasures to others if not for themselves?

Laura was ready early on the morning to which I have referred. The eighteen had decided a few days before, that it was time the people of Barnet should take more interest in what they were doing, because the classes were already very large and they began to need money for books and toys and other things too numerous to mention. So Laura proposed that they should have a kind of party — or three parties as it turned out — one to meet the factory girls, one to play with the children and one to see the boys go through their gymnastics; for although only four months had gone over, as I have said, since the classes were formed the boys as they themselves phrased it "had pitched in" with such zeal that it was already interesting to see their performances; and this was the day for the first party — the one to meet the girls.

A week before invitations, after the most approved fashion, had been sent throughout Barnet and the vicinity, and there was evidently a good deal of curious interest in the occasion. There was work to be done, therefore, to prepare for this reception; although "the committee" as they called themselves — that is Laura and her friends — had some time ago made up their minds that it was not well for them to clean and keep the "Club Room" in order because that was work which some poor woman could do who had no ability for other work.

They came to the conclusion after a good deal of discussion to contribute twenty-five cents a month each in order to pay for this service. Even so small a contribution meant some care and denial on the part of one if not all of them, but apart from the true charity of giving a fixed income to Mrs. Duffield who was struggling along with six children to support, it gave them more time and strength to think, and to carry out the important part of their plans.

Twenty girls had already joined Laura's "club," as they had decided to call it, and the meeting was sure to be a full one this evening. She

had managed wisely in allowing the members to send out their own invitations, under the advice and with the assistance of the "committee." The officers of the "club" were all chosen from their own body, because the girls were about Laura's age, and the six friends soon saw that a more natural association would grow up if they should work together rather than if they were to assume the positions of teachers and pupils.

One of the hardest things about the whole had been to get the twenty girls together and to make the first acquaintance.

Laura and her friends knew that the factory near their village employed about three hundred hands, but the hands went and came from their labor day after day without becoming acquainted with the people in the village. Work began at the factory while the world of Barnet was taking a comfortable breakfast, and ended while the same world was at tea. The people did not know one another even by sight, and Factoryville was as foreign to their experience as No Man's Land itself. What kind of a bridge to build in order to get into the heart of this strange country Laura did not know.

As last it occurred to her to ask Mr. Coleman, the minister, if he would not invite them some evening into the room promised her at the factory, for the purpose of giving "a friendly talk to girls," of which due notice might be given both at the church and in the factory.

Mr. Coleman fell in cordially with her suggestion and gave out the invitation the very next week, while Laura could not help a little shudder as she heard the words, and had to muster all her courage to face the unknown result of what seemed to her a daring step.

When the evening for the meeting came it was with a feeling half of amusement and half of disappointment that she found her band of eighteen well represented and early on the ground; but no girls from the factory — nor Mr. Coleman. After waiting awhile she heard the factory bell ring and then she discovered that in their impatience they were before the time. But the echoes had not yet died away when Mr. Coleman came in, and shortly after five girls of the neighborhood. A little later three or four more timidly strayed in; and after the "talk" was over, when Mr. Coleman suggested that some one should try the small parlor organ which they were surprised to find in the room, a few more joined the group around the instrument unperceived. May Peters had a pleasant voice in singing and knew a good many nice songs, so her friends asked for one after another, and when those were over an unknown voice asked timidly for "The Bay of Dublin." It happened she knew this song also, and there was a good deal of clapping when she finished, though Mr. Coleman saw the girl who asked for it wipe her eyes as she stood behind the rest. Then to their surprise he said it was almost nine o'clock and if they would sing "Home, Sweet Home" together he thought it would be well. They laughed at this till May Peters played the air through and they all joined in the song. After which, to Laura's amazement, he invited them to come again one week from that night at the same time to have tea there and some more music.

This new invitation was heartily accepted; and not to make my story too long, it was on that second evening that they decided to meet regularly and call themselves "The Girls' Club of Barnet Factory." Laura and the six friends who had voted to take care of the girls were chosen by Mr. Coleman as "Committee of Advice."

And so they were fairly launched upon their first voyage! Four months from this date had flown swiftly and Laura was aware that only a beginning had been made. On the other hand it seemed like a lifetime. Only four months before these same girls were living unprotected lives, feeling, as many of them did, that they had not a friend in the world. Now, although the steady labor of every day had grown no less, they had learned there was something beside this to live for, and that they had gained friends. Formerly if they read, it was such cheap novels as they could pick up among their acquaintances; novels, such as sometimes under the guise of amusement possess a positive power to degrade and to mislead. When the girls proposed to themselves to find amusement of another kind we recoil from describing scenes and places in which they too often found themselves.

But the twenty girls who belonged to Laura's

club had learned that such days of danger and homelessness were ended and new aims in life were unfolding before them. Laura knew and they knew how important the club had become to them and its successful continuance was a matter they held close in their hearts.

But Laura knew one thing they did not understand — and that is what the club had been to her and her friends. She had been lifted out of the narrow circle of thought and feeling into which she was getting bound as by a vice. She had called upon all her acquaintances in her country neighborhood, after she left school, she had tended her flowers, she had read a few books without definite aim — and she had only grown more uninterested and discontented. But at last she had remembered that her life must be really needed and that there must be a living purpose in the days which was like a seed hidden in the ground; and so she had made a beginning with what lay nearest to her hand, and had felt life and thought begin to grow within her and activity ripening into happiness.

The best of all this was that Laura did not think much about herself any longer. The morning in particular which was then before her was, to be sure, a rather exciting moment. The girls wanted the room decorated with evergreen for the Club festival and a few arrangements made which of course fell upon the Committee, and so she was up early in order to put her own bedroom in order and dust the parlor at home before breakfast.

It was still early when Laura and her six friends who had charge of the Girls' Club met at the factory, and began their preparations, talking busily all the while. There had been many plans for the future, but thus far only two classes had been perfected — one in reading and one in cutting and dressmaking. But of the girls' achievements in these two commoner branches of study they were to build up their evening's entertainment. As reading was somehow considered by far the most important among them all, though to read a book would give them neither food nor clothes, nor any of the things desirable and almost a necessity, it was nevertheless quite plain that they believed to read and understand a good book was the best thing they could accomplish on the whole.

"Oh!" said Laura as she took a long piece of evergreen from May Peters, while she stood high up on the steps, "how glad I am that none of our girls have taken to orating and declaiming and speaking pieces! I really wonder how it came about! To be sure from the first we all said we hated it, when it took the place of good solid enjoyment in a first-rate story or digging the junks of wisdom out of some good mine. At any rate the girls took to our idea as ducks take to water, and here they are all ready to-night to show what they have been doing. I declare, I think it is mighty interesting! I wish all Barnet could like it half as well as we do."

"Yes," said May, "but I'm afraid it's too long, Laura! We've got too much of a good thing."

"Well," said Sarah Codman, "I'll tell you what we can do. We will let the Club girls begin, but we will agree privately beforehand and tell them that only one out of five will be expected to read — this will allow a margin for those who will be disappointed, and we can quietly drop ourselves out altogether."

"Good for you, Sarah!" May replied; "but a little stiff perhaps when I remember how I have dug at De Tocqueville for the last month in order to be ready for this momentous occasion. But you're right."

"Dear me!" said Laura from her ladder, "if I'd thought I should be let off so easy shouldn't I have skipped something of the Macaulay business lately? I didn't take Macaulay because I loved him best of all the world either, but I thought it was just as well that we all should know more about his life and history and essays than anybody seemed to in our little crowd, and I have been through the whole mass, if you'll believe it, since we made our plans six weeks ago to write those essays. Well, I suppose the work is not quite lost — that's one good thing. I certainly have got some light where I was dark enough before."

And so they rattled gayly on while windows and pillars and desks were made festive for the occasion.

"Bless your hearts, girls," Laura suddenly broke out, "how about the dressmaking? I guess the essays will turn out something; but we must lead off with the other, you know, and I

forgot to ask Miss Gunning to come round here this morning for a dress rehearsal. But here's Billy Duffield with his mother's pail — I'll let him run round to see if she can't come now."

And so Miss Gunning was found and brought, contrary to all expectations, as she was a busy woman. She had learned dressmaking in New York with a view to building up a fashionable business in one of our large cities, but her parents grew old and infirm and her sister and brother who were their mainstay died, and Miss Gunning threw up her more brilliant prospects to come back and settle down in Barnet. When she heard what the girls were trying to do she said, "Oh! how I should like to help," and so when they agreed to cut and make their own dresses and found they must have a teacher, Laura told them about Miss Gunning. They all agreed however that it would be "real mean" to get their "clothes out of her for nothing," so they proposed they should each pay something for the lessons. The prices once agreed upon, they were soon at work, two evenings each week, with the privilege of taking home their sewing.

Laura was much relieved when Miss Gunning at length appeared at the door. "I declare," said she, "I don't doubt that you have thought out exactly what the girls are to do to-night, but I wasn't sure of it and so I thought I would ask you to look in that we might talk over the matter."

It seems that Miss Gunning had thought it over and was all ready now to arrange the programme with Laura.

"You see," she said, "you have all made two dresses and one warm winter coat since we have been at work. Now I thought I would make a little speech and tell the people how industrious I think the class has been. Then you know it was planned that every one should wear their best new dress so that the ladies can judge how well they fit. I think the talk which will follow and the interest in the dresses will take up time enough."

"Yes, I suppose it will," said Laura, "but I wish they could see how beautifully Maria Lewis and Anna Hobbs can cut. They've real genius for it."

"Well," said Miss Gunning, smiling a little at Laura's geniuses, "they are very clever, and if there should be time I will ask Mrs. Sparhawk, and perhaps one of the other ladies, to lend us their new French cloaks in order to get the pattern, if they are willing, and let them see how quickly and beautifully these girls will do it. Not an easy thing either to cut an exact copy of a garment in this way!"

"That's a splendid idea," Laura answered, as she became more and more excited with the prospects of the evening. "Now, do, Miss Gunning, there's a dear!"

Miss Gunning would make no rash promises, however; but after settling upon the hour for the opening ceremonies she went away to her work once more leaving the girls to themselves.

"Now before another Commencement, or whatever you choose to call it," said Laura laughing, "we shall have to get the other classes started we've been wishing for so long. There's the Cooking Class — we've got to have that, you know; and by and by a carpenters' class. Yon needn't laugh, girls, at the idea of women being carpenters. I tell you it would be a household convenience in Barnet! And then there's the nursing! O dear! I don't know yet how we shall get that going, but we need it enough, and so I suppose it will come. But it's almost time for dinner now — so good-by, old room, till night — come along, girls!"

With that they turned the key on the room which they had made truly beautiful, and hurried away to their several homes.

The moon was shining high and clear as the invited guests of Barnet wended their way towards the factory after supper that evening. There was not a large number of guests, after all, which was a little disappointing to Laura, we are obliged to confess, but her country neighbors were not often enthusiastic and habit made it easier for them to cling to the chimney corner or (far worse) to the stove, than to sally forth into the keen air for one of "little Laura Bellman's notions!"

But the room was quite full enough to be comfortable, and Laura forgot everything in the pleasure of the real success of the occasion; and when Mr. Coleman announced at the close that a week from that evening the company was cordially invited to meet the Boys' Club, under charge of the Committee of which Miss May Peters was chairman, her cup of joy was full.

In the excitement over her own work she had for the moment forgotten the two other branches which were equally interesting in their way, and to have one of them recalled just then was a crowning glory to the occasion in her eyes. She forgot whether all Barnet were there or not. The doing was happiness enough; and what a large measure of success had been added to that pleasure! She tried to think that she should have done just as well if she had not been quite so successful; though on the whole she could not trust herself far that way. "It is so encouraging," she said to herself.

How I should like to tell you the true story of the Boys' Club and about the schools for very little children. I wonder if you ever read "Patsy"! I can't give you anything better than that, but if there were room we might possibly have something which would be half as good and wholly as true.

Meanwhile the boys must be thinking how to get up a Club for winter evenings. I can tell them it will be a real success, for I have tried it.

There is a secret, which I feel sure every reader must have guessed before this, underlying any successful plan for helping others; the secret is, *to teach others to help themselves.* This is what the poet means when he says:

> "I will give you a golden string,
> You shall wind it into a ball;
> It will lead you in at heaven's gate
> Built in Jerusalem's wall."

THI'-BEIT WANG T'SUE: "DWELLERS ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD."

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens.

THIS extraordinary people, the Thi'-beit Wang T'sue, owe their nationality to a princely Chinese rebel, who on account of some court intrigue took refuge with his family among those mountainous regions now called Thibet. Establishing himself on the Yarling River, he gathered to his standard the wild, hairy, mountain-cave dwellers of this lofty plateau. With the Khuenlun Mountains on the north and the mighty Himalayas on the south Wong Chou felt himself invincible and impregnable; and so it proved, for this settlement of savages flourished, and in course of time developed one of the strangest civilizations in the world.

In order to understand this people, their manners, customs and religious rites, we must glance at their country.

It is the loftiest plateau on the globe, girt with steep barriers and with extremes of temperature, in some parts freezing every night even in summer, while in others the noon sun is more fierce and scorching than in the hottest regions of Hindostan. From its lofty tableland descend some of the greatest rivers of Asia: the Indus, the Brahmapootra, the Irrawady, the Ganges, the Hohang-Ho. At their sources mountains pile upon mountains, some bare and volcanic, others covered with primeval forests frightfully tangled together with huge creepers, as yet unnamed by the botanist. The highest peaks soar in awful grandeur, vapor-crowned and snow-clad, assuming in the rising and setting sun forms of unspeakable splendor. The annual transformations of this land of mountain and valley are magical: evergreens, ferns, lichens, mosses, thousands of mountain rills, and myriads of flowers fill it with music, fragrance and dewy beauty; in winter storms, darkness, heavy mists and a terrifying silence enwrap the land — now and then this awful silence is broken by avalanches of ice and snow, thundering and booming down the mountains as with the roaring of distant cannon. And above all when night comes on, there is nowhere a

land so weird: it is full of milky vapors of serpentine form, of shades and phantoms, inspiring in the minds of its inhabitants a sense of awe, mystery and sublimity. It is not strange that the dwellers on the "Roof of the World" should be what they are — the most superstitious, reverential, religious and credulous people on the face of the earth.

Nowhere, as in Thibet, does Buddhism and its mysterious doctrine of the transmigration of souls hold sway so absolute. The mountain caves are filled with male and female ascetics

MAUSOLEUM OF A LAMA.

who practice the most austere forms of penance, abstinence and self-torture, in order to work out their deification; in what was once the lair of wild beasts, live Thibetian maidens who for years scourge themselves with bruises, sanctify themselves by continual fasts, prayers and pious meditations, in the hope that they may become mothers to future Delâi Lâmâs; here are convents and monasteries without end, temples, shrines and pagodas without number, filled with pilgrims, saints, sages, magicians, rahats* and arahats, both male and female. Here is enshrined the great Delâi Lâmâ himself, the latest living incarnation of the Buddha, believed in as a veritable man-god, pure, infallible, omnipresent and omniscient, who is worshiped with the most sumptuous of pagan rituals morning, noon and night as a heavenly deity; while on every conspicuous rock and towering peak is cut in huge Thibetian characters the mystical and symbolic prayer offered to this strange man-deity: "*Öm Manni Padmih Hom.*"

Amid this grand scenery and these strange ideas of human deification, a Thibetian village makes but a mean appearance. The houses are alike, and each resembles a brick kiln in size and shape, built of rough stones, heaped without mortar of any kind, and on account of the strong winds and terrific storms each has only one or two apertures to admit light and air; on the flat roof are placed piles of stones to support a small flag-staff, from which is suspended a strong rope strung with scraps of religious paper and colored cloths stamped or inwrought with sacred texts from the Buddhist scriptures — for all the world like the tail of a kite, stretching to a neighboring roof, and supposed to act as a charm against miasma, walking ghosts and evil spirits.

The Thibetians are pure Mongolians; they have the oblique small black eye, the cone-shaped head, the high cheekbones, the flat nose, wide mouth and tawny skin of the Turanian family. But unlike the Chinese, their figures are light, elastic and symmetrical, their young men and women have much more attractive expressions, owing no doubt to their open and generous dispositions. They love music, and everywhere they are heard singing, chanting or humming the wild plaintive Thibetian airs which are more rhythmic than those of the Chinese.

Not only is there in Thibet a Delâi Lâmâ, but there are several Teshu Lâmâs or semi-incarnations of Buddha. These act as vicegerents of the Delâi Lâmâ, or Pure Incarnation, in the provinces of Thibet, and receive the homage and offerings suitable to a semi-deity.

* Saints in the various stages of deification.

The great question of questions in Thibet is to find in what babe or child the pure spirit of Buddha has become re-incarnate.

The first condition is that the mother of this extraordinary infant should be one who before marriage has practiced the most austere forms of penance, fasting and prayer, and that the father should be a man of equal piety and faith. The babe itself must show the five supernatural marks on its body: a crescent mark on its forehead, a dimple in its chin, bright glistening eyes, a red spot on its stomach and a similar mark on its right foot. Every male infant born in this strange country is subjected to the strictest scrutiny.

When several such babes have been heard of, they with their parents are escorted to the city of Lhâssâ and conducted to the monastery of Lha-Brang, or Sanctified House. This building is regarded as the centre and heart of Thibet, from which all the religious life, as well as the main roads, radiate. It is not merely a religious centre, for here are the seats of the civil, political and judicial officials of Thibet. Here the chief Lâmâs of all the monasteries meet, and after a week of fasting, prayer and meditation, each in his appointed cell, they come together in the temple, open to the sky in the middle, towering in many-storied roofs all around, and on its huge gates, standing out in strong relief, colossi of the spirit guardians of the four corners of the earth. Here they wait in profound silence the hour appointed for the ceremony of divining in which of the babes the pure spirit of Buddha has deigned to become re-incarnate.

At sunset these baby-candidates for divinity are ushered with great pomp into the temple; here they are prayed over, then examined as to the accuracy of the supernatural marks. This done, their names are written on the backs of artificial golden fishes, which are then cast into a golden urn of water, which stands on the right of the altar-throne of Buddha. Then the chief of the Lâmâs puts his hand into the urn, and with his eyes lifted up to the blue sky, he draws out a fish, and reads with a loud voice the name of the babe. Loud trumpet-blasts repeat the name through and through the ancient temple. The parents, overcome with joy, fall on their knees before the wonderful babe and worship it, not doubting its divinity. The other babes are looked upon as semi-incarnations and reserved to become Teshu Lâmâs.

The next day the sacred babe is carried through the city at the head of a vast concourse of priests and people, with music, shoutings and hymns of joy, and placed in the Potala until he shall become of age and his mind illuminated with the indwelling spirit of the Buddha. Strange to say this ripening of the spirit of the Delâi Lâmâ varies; in some incarnations it takes place at the age of fifteen, in others not until eighteen or twenty. The evidence of this maturity is to be perceived by a certain rare fragrance emitted by the body of the Delâi Lâmâ, and an almost profound expression in the eyes.

After his inauguration, the Delâi Lâmâ appears at stated times on his various thrones or altars openly to receive the adoration of his fellow men. But of his private life the public knows nothing. Those whose business it is to wait in private on this strange fiction, are vowed to the strictest silence and secrecy. His death, which often happens early in life, owing to the unnatural life forced upon him, is preserved as a secret until a new baby-candidate to divinity has been heard of. His remains are privately burned in the great Lha-Brang temple. His ashes are preserved in a golden urn, and his clothes, as holy relics of great marketable value, are cut up and sold to the highest bidders.

For nearly a thousand years the kingdom planted by the Chinese rebel, Wong Chou, in Thibet, had remained, it is said, steeped in the grossest superstitions of spirit and devil-worship. It was in the seventh century of our era, the Indian king Srongdsam-Gampo, for some political cause of offense, invaded the country, took possession of the throne, stamped out Shamanisen or Spirit-worship, and introduced in its place his own religion — Buddhism; his wife introduced the arts of reading and writing, and caused all the new learning and literature of Thibet to be written in the Sanskrit or as it is called the Dewanagri alphabet. Ever since the Thibetian language, though of the Mongolian family, has preserved the Aryan characters.

The Chinese Government has always regarded Thibet with an anxious and jealous eye. They

have an ambassador with a strong force resident at Lhâssâ who are literally spies on the Delai Lâmâ, on the regent, and on the Semâ-Delâi Lâmâs and report all their doings at head-quarters. But in the spiritual sense even the Emperor of China is forced to render homage and adoration to the great Delâi Lâmâ, that dwells in Thibet.

FROM ANTONINUS TO AURELIAN.

(*Search-Questions in Roman History.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

161. To what former ruler of Rome is Antoninus frequently compared?

162. To what subjects of the empire was he particularly iudulgent?

163. Why does a noted modern historian say that the reign of Antoninus Pius was "like the Erie of the great St. Lawrence"?

164. Name a famous physician who flourished in the time of Marcus Aurelius.

165. What insurrection took place at Antioch in this reign?

166. What is the most serious stain upon the character of Aurelius?

167. To what early English king has Aurelius been sometimes compared?

168. What great war was ended by a peace purchased by Rome?

169. What emperor fought as a gladiator before the Roman public?

170. How long did Pertinax reign?

171. How was a ruler secured after the death of Pertinax?

172. How did Septimius Severus regard the Senate?

173. Where did he die?

174. What emperor has been styled "the common enemy of mankind"?

175. What emperor was formerly a priest in the temple of the sun?

176. Who revoked all the edicts against the Christians?

177. In whose reign were there nineteen claimants for the throne?

178. What great defensive work did Aurelian execute?

179. What queen at this time opposed the power of Rome?

180. When was Dacia relinquished to the Goths?

ANSWERS TO JUNE SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

121. "I found Rome a city of brick and leave it a city of marble."

122. The Pantheon.

123. Alexandria.

124. Proconsuls.

125. Massilia, the modern Marseilles.

126. The protection of the emperor's person.

127. Herod the Great.

128. The Senate ordered that he should be worshiped as one of the gods of Rome.

129. Germanicus.

130. Arminius the leader of the Germans.

131. The trial of Cneius Piso for the murder of Germanicus.

132. Persons who made it their business to denounce those obnoxious to the emperor.

133. Sejanus.

134. His mother Livia.

135. He became cruel and suspicious.

136. The ninth year. Up to that time the empire had been in the main well governed, but the influence of Sejanus then became powerful.

137. To the island of Capri.

138. In the last year of his life.

139. Josephus, Philo, Tacitus and Suetonius.

140. The earlier writers, such as Josephus and Philo, speak of his reign as a mild and just one, but the later writers, like Tacitus and Suetonius, represent it in the darkest colors.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.

MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *ten cents* in postage stamps to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

No answers to Search-Questions can be credited later than the first day of the second month after the publication of the Questions.

Prizes can be awarded only to those Searchers who are Members of the C. Y. F. R. U., *and have paid their yearly dues* into the Secretary's office, Plainfield, N. J., and who are bona-fide subscribers to either WIDE AWAKE or the JOURNAL, and have purchased the Required Books. *Where several members of a family answer the Questions for the month, and but one copy of the magazine and one set of the required books are taken by that family, one prize-book only can be sent to that family.*

Address answers to Search-Questions to Editors of WIDE AWAKE and JOURNAL, 32 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., with the words, "Search-Questions," on envelope.

Prizes will be awarded each month to those who send complete sets of answers as follows: For each complete monthly set, any 75c. book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash; for two complete monthly sets, any $1.50 book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash. Always specify the month for which prize is due. *Catalogues mailed free.*

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR AUGUST.

First Week: Hans Christian Andersen (*Dear Old Story-Tellers*).

Second Week: Nelly Marlow in Washington — Chapters VI. and VII.

Third Week: The Thi'-beit Wang T'sue (*Our Asiatic Cousins*). A Helping Hand.

Fourth Week: Nellie Marlow in Washington — Chapters VIII., IX. and X. How to make a Microscope (*Ways to do Things*).

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

First Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by Quotations from Hans Andersen.

II. Quiz on Denmark; its history, characteristics, important cities and great men.

III. Short papers on "The Children of Hans Andersen's Stories."

IV. Hans Andersen as a Traveler. Readings from "The Improvisatore," "A Poet's Bazaar," or "Pictures from Sweden." (The younger C. Y. F. R. U.'s might have tableaux representing scenes from Andersen's fairy tales.)

V. Music.

VI. Famous Monuments for Famous Men. Short oral descriptions of the Scott Monument at Edinburgh, the Albert Memorial at London, the Washington Monument, etc., one being assigned to each member. Where the monument selected is an elaborate one, let a drawing of it be made and brought to the meeting.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by naming prominent senators in the present Congress and the State which each represents.

II. Papers on "United States Navy Yards" and "National Cemeteries."

III. Music.

IV. Reading. Selections from accounts of the reunion at the 25th anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1-3. (The Philadelphia papers published very full accounts.)

V. Singing. We're Tenting To-night on the old Camp Ground.

VI. Short papers on "Mt. Vernon," "The Soldiers' Home at Washington," and Arlington.

VII. Quiz. Review of facts learned about Washington (each member to bring ten questions on a certain part of the review assigned to him).

Third Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by naming and giving the course of the great rivers which have their sources in Thibet.

II. Spelling Match. Words taken from the article on Thi'-beit Wang T'sue.

III. Two Papers on Points of Similarity in customs, religion, etc., between the Ibrhi, the dwellers in El Areib, the T'sing T'song T'sue and the Thi'-beit Wang T'sue (the writers of the papers should not compare notes be-

forehand and the club will be interested to see how nearly the two papers agree).

IV. Music.

V. Reading by each member from a slip of paper on which is written a characteristic of each of the above tribes in which it differs from one or all of the others.

VI. Recitation. Harmosan, Dean Trench.

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by naming and describing briefly some of the trees of the Adirondacks.

II. Definition Match. On names of flowers, plants, or chemical substances from Readings in "Nelly Marlow in Washington."

III. Papers: "The History of the Microscope." "Lenses, how made and how used."

IV. Recitation: Longfellow's poem on the fiftieth anniversary of the birthday of Agassiz.

V. Short compositions on "Vacation — the best way to spend it."

The C. Y. F. R. U. Club at Bastrop, Texas, have been very successful in their efforts to find answers to the Search-Questions. The leader of the club writes that several have already won book prizes, and the members of the Union are full of enthusiasm. The following programme was carried out by the club at their last meeting:

Opening chorus. (By Society.)
Reading from Poets' Homes.
Declamation.
Music.
Reading from Journal.
Music.
Current Events.
Opening of Question Box.
Music.

The question box ought to be made a feature of every club meeting, as it will afford impromptu "search-questions" which may often prove very helpful. Let each reader write on a slip of paper any question which may occur to him while reading, and drop it into the box at the next meeting of the club. At the close of the meeting some member previously appointed should open the box and read the questions. Any which cannot be answered on the spot or with the help of a dictionary should be distributed and answered at the next meeting. Sometimes questions which are merely matters of opinion might be contributed and discussed by the club in a sort of informal debate.

Under "Ways to do Things" for this month our readers will find an article on a "Home-made Microscope." Let us see how much skill and ingenuity the C. Y. F. R. U.'s have in carrying out the suggestions given. Write us how you succeed and what you have examined through your microscope. "My Land and Water Friends," one of the required books for next year, will furnish some interesting subjects for study, and happy the club that is then supplied with a microscope!

We are glad to hear from a number of "Unions" this month. Let us have many more reports for our next number. The C. Y. F. R. U. columns should be crowded with news from the C. Y. F. R. U. clubs. Letters from members who do not belong to clubs will be equally welcome.

A club at Livingston, Wis., report a membership of nine, with meetings twice a week. We should like to hear further from them.

Incorrect or incomplete lists of answers to June Search-Questions: G. W. Bryant, Jack Spalding, Lizzie Francis, Lydia E. Deal, Beulah Green, Addie L. Mansur, Madeleine Adams, Alexander G. McChesney, Minnie C. Green.

Correct and complete lists of answers to May Search-Questions: Ethel May Adams, Mabel Ralph, Charles C. W. Pettee, M. B. Frye, Marion H. Lamson, Clara Lincoln, Rachel M. Davis, Henry L. Eaton, Nellie Ward, Edith Johnson, Mary B. Harris, Nellie Colfax Smith, Dora Barstow, Mary Goff, Frank R. Parker, Walter C. Yeatman, Lester E. Prescott, Clifford L. Reynolds, John H. Woods, Minnie Green, Kate F. Clark, M. A. Morrison, H. S. Blackmar, Ethel May Abbott, Mattie Ellis, Lydia Deal, Maude G. Lewis, Beulah Green, St. George L. Sionssat, Sadie C. Marshall, Jennie D. Fellows, Rebie E. Hill, Jack Spalding, Josie Green, Mrs. J. J. Soule, Susie E. Houghton, Helen L. Batcheller, Alice M. Morgan, Addie L. Mansur, Madeleine Adams, Clifford B. Daniels, Annette M. Davis, Katharine L. Wright, Mrs. H. J. Peavy, R. M. Byam, "X. Y. Z."

Incorrect or incomplete lists of answers to May Search-Questions: Lizzie K. Francis, "Quiz," J. Withrow, E. J. Kimball, Lila K. McChesney, Alexander C. McChesney, Katie D. Orgain, Jane A. Wright, Eddie B. Dwight, Belle C. Schonaker, Hallock C. Sherrard.

Additional correct and complete lists of answers to April Search-Questions: "X. Y. Z.," Nellie Colfax Smith, Edward M. Moore, M. B. Frye, Lester E. Prescott, Clifford L. Reynolds, Winona Parker, Clara Lincoln, M. H. Lindsay, Iowa (no name), M. A. Morrison, Frank A. Fall, Ethel May Adams, Lydia E. Deal, Clifford B. Daniels, Rachel W. Davis, Nellie Ward, Hallock C. Sherrard, Josie Green, Mattie Ellis, Mary A. G. Ralston, Mabel Ralph.

Additional incorrect or incomplete lists of answers to April Search-Questions: M. B. H., Clara F. Harkness, Henry L. Eaton, Grace Moffett, Minnie Waite, Rebie E. Hill, Eddie B. Dwight, Katharine L. Wright, Maude G. Lewis, Susan C. Darrow, Helen L. Bacheller, Susie E. Houghton, Alice M. Morgan.

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The fact that Ohio has but just passed her hundredth birthday, and that she will throughout the year be engaged in various interesting forms of civic celebration, renders singularly opportune the appearance of this compact and picturesque narrative. In it the reader will find a complete picture of Buckeye progress; a picture etched rather than painted, for the book is not of formidable length, and the author has been compelled to adopt a crisp and nimble style to tell his story in due space.

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Mr. Black's book sketches the early history of the Ohio Valley, touching briefly upon the romantic Indian struggles and traditions; describes succinctly the movements that planted civilization in the Northwest, and brings the State history down to the present year, with its centennial observances, thus covering the full century of Ohio's life. The author declares that in the matter of great men a writer upon Ohio suffers from an embarrassment of riches. The list of these men is, indeed, a remarkable one. With Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Garfield, Hayes, McClellan and Custer among her soldiers and statesmen; with Howells among her literary and Edison among her scientific children; with Beecher among her theological graduates, and Powers, Ward and the Beard brothers among her sculptors and painters, the State certainly enjoys a peculiar distinction in diverse fertility. Yet the writer has been able to do little more than "sample" the list of Ohio celebrities. The story of the people has been his study, and the great men have taken their natural place under the exigencies of the narrative.

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TILTING AT WINDMILLS: A Story of the Blue Grass Country. By Emma M. Connelly. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 12mo, $1.50.

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A MIDSHIPMAN AT LARGE. By Charles R. Talbot. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. Mr. Charles Remington Talbot is the author of half a dozen books for boys, which have attained a wide popularity and which have not only the merit of being bright and interesting, but thoroughly wholesome. The two "Royal Lowrie" volumes and the capital story of "Honor Bright" deserve a place in every boy's library, and to them may now be added "A Midshipman at Large." What a midshipman at large is, very few young readers will know until they read the opening chapter of the book. A midshipman is a naval cadet, or a student at the United States Naval Academy, and is nominated from a particular district by a member of Congress. A midshipman at large, instead of obtaining admission to the Academy in this manner, is appointed directly by the President. During the four years of his course he is allowed but one vacation, which comes generally at the close of the second year. It consists of forty days' leave, and one can well imagine what a season of freedom and enjoyment those forty days must be to the healthy young fellows who for so many months have been kept as closely to the limits of the school ground as a State convict to the bounds of the prison where he is confined. The midshipman at large who is the hero of the present story is Flagler Hamlyn, and the time covered is the period of his forty days' vacation. He comes to Newport to visit an uncle and cousins whom he has not seen for a number of years, and a freak takes possession of him to present himself to them under a different name. His experiences as Thomas Flagg are very entertaining and will be thoroughly enjoyed by boys and girls alike. The story is capitally illustrated.

ETHEL'S YEAR AT ASHTON. By Mrs. S. E. Dawes. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.25. Ethel Maybury is an orphan girl who finds a home with an uncle in the country, and who through her natural sweetness of disposition and early training transforms the inner life of the household from one of monotonous drudgery and intellectual barrenness into their opposites. It is an exemplification of how "a little leaven leavens the whole lump." She has no extraordinary obstacles to overcome; only to show her cousins how in little ways common things may be beautified, and how the everyday cares and burdens of the home may be lightened. Her uncle is fond of her, and is willing enough to fall in with her ideas, and the old farmhouse and its surroundings begin to show the effects of her influence in the way of clearing up, painting and repairing. Her aunt, a good, hard-working woman, but exceedingly economical and practical, is the last to succumb to Ethel's influence, but when she does, it is freely and entirely. The story, of course, is quiet and lacking in exciting incident, and on that account is all the more valuable. It should find a place in every Sunday School Library in the land.

THE STORY OF NEW YORK. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. This volume forms the first issue in a proposed series descriptive of the rise and development of the different States of the Union. It is from the pen of Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, the editor of the series, and it is to be hoped that the example he has here set, of treating his subject in a thoroughly unconventional manner will be followed by the writers who are to come after him. There is no reason why facts should not be made as interesting as fiction, and Mr. Brooks proves in his "story" how easily it can be done. Instead of a dry collection of incidents and dates, he has given us a book full of life and movement, in which the past is made to live again by the introduction of the spirit of the present. In the opening chapter we are introduced to the captain and crew of the Gilded Beaver, which sailed up the harbor of New Amsterdam two hundred and thirty years ago. One of the passengers, young Teunis Jansen, is made a settler and the founder of a family in the town, which had already reached a population of over a thousand, and the author follows his fortunes, and those of the generations that come after him, down to the present. Mr. Brooks truly says that the history of American progress is builded upon matters of even greater importance than its record of wars, of politics and of men of renown. Between the lines of every history should be read the unwritten but not less notable story of the people, whose daily duties, activities, cares and needs are a part of the success of the State. The great Commonwealth of New York, we are reminded, was founded upon a monopoly; a monopoly whose selfishness, arrogance, greed and tyranny can hardly be realized at this day. The Dutch West Indian Company secured the exclusive trade upon the American coast of the Atlantic, and was invested with extraordinary powers, and for forty years the governors of the New Netherlands were merely officers of that company, who cared for nothing but its interests. The State grew, because of the increasing independence of the people, and not because of any liberality on the part of its founders, or of public benefits from the hands of its early governors. The change from Dutch to English rule made little change, but the colony grew steadily, and even at that day, as at present, its inhabitants represented nearly every country in Europe. Every ship that entered the port brought new accessions, and there were many who had "left their country for their country's good." Mr. Brooks gives a very vivid picture of the little town and its inhabitants at this period, and from his descriptions we get an excellent idea of life among the Knickerbockers of that day. A century later the colony of New York had grown to nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, widely scattered, however, over what is now the whole State. Its outlying possessions in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania had been given up, but around its trading posts, from Albany to Buffalo, settlements were rapidly growing into important villages, and adventurous pioneers were pushing into the wilderness in every direction. The town had increased in proportion, and over one hundred and fifty ships were engaged in the European and West Indian trade as early as 1749. But the morals and manners of those "good old days" were very much what they are now. The evils which we are apt to consider as the result of modern ways of living, and the restless desire for wealth, existed, the historian tells us, in even more aggravated form than now. Peculation and embezzlement were common among officials, merchants and men of high social position. Frauds of all kinds were common, while smuggling and even piracy were ordinary methods of acquiring a fortune. Drunkenness and its attendent social evils had attained frightful proportions, and fully one fourth of the houses in the town was devoted to the sale of brandy, beer and tobacco. History reproduces itself, and the New York city of to-day is but an enlarged copy of the New York of a century and a half ago.

The chapters dealing with the Revolutionary movement are singularly impartial in their treatment of the subject. The author shows how it was possible for a colonist to be honest in his opinions, thoroughly conscientious and a good citizen, and yet remain loyal to the king during the revolt. Later events are treated with sufficient fullness to make the story well rounded and complete. Mr. Brooks has a peculiarly attractive style, and his book will be of the greatest service to the general reader who has neither the time nor patience to wade through the historical collections of the State in order to get at the facts here brought together.

A WORLD OF LITTLE PEOPLE. By Raymond M. Alden. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price 60 cents. In this little volume, which grown people may read with as much profit as children, the author gives an exhaustive description of ant life, making the ants themselves the characters of the story, and the ant-hills of the various tribes the scenes of the incidents described. Incidentally there is a good deal of interesting information given about other insects, the way in which they live and make their dwellings, and their various curious habits and customs. The text is well illustrated.

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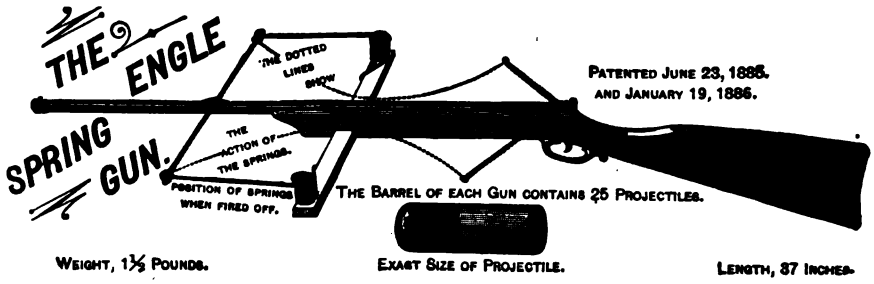

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PROFILES. By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden) and Mrs. C. M. Livingston. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. It has very justly been said that "no living author has exerted an influence upon the American people at large at all comparable with Pansy's." Her stories combine intense interest with the purest moral teaching, and in the tens of thousands of homes where they penetrate they carry with them influences at once healthful and benign. The present volume contains five such stories. There is not one of them but has its special lesson, and the same may be said of those contributed by Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Alden's co-laborer and helper in all good work. They are girls' stories, full of love and sympathy, and showing what may be accomplished within a girl's sphere of action — however limited by circumstances — by ordinary effort in the right direction. One of the most striking of these is entitled "Clean Hands." In it the author emphasizes the lesson that mental and moral cleanliness are as important as personal cleanliness, and the instances she adduces in illustration are strongly to the point. "Circulating Decimals," "My Aunt Katharine" and "His Friend," are other stories of the volume which are freighted with good teachings, and which cannot help making a permanent impression upon the reader.

HOW TO COOK WELL. By J. Rosalie Benton. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 12mo, price $1.50. A new and thoroughly revised edition of "How to Cook Well," by Rosalie Benton, has just been issued by the D. Lothrop Company, and commends itself to housekeepers generally as covering the subject on which it treats fully, thoroughly and understandingly. It aims not merely to give a collection of receipts, but to teach young housekeepers the science of cooking. Even in these days of cooking-schools and kitchen manuals, the amount of ignorance in innumerable homes, as to the proper preparation of food for the table, is almost incredible, and any book which will assist to lessen that ignorance and bring about a better state of things is a public as well as a private boon. Mrs. Benton's instructions are, for the most part, intended for those housekeepers who find themselves taxed to make variety in the different meals. The receipts given are intended for households of moderate means, and especial attention is paid to showing how to prepare "made-over" dishes in a tempting manner.

COOKERY FOR BEGINNERS, with Marion Harland's name as author, needs no other indication of its character and genuine value. A new and revised edition of this valuable book has just been issued by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. Price 75 cents. It has been a fault of previous books on cookery that they have taken for granted the possession of a certain degree of knowledge requisite to their successful use, not always possessed. This book, while affording a range of information unsurpassed by any other book, and thus suited to the use of all, has the advantage of being perfectly adapted to the needs of the veriest tyros in cookery.

The *Lutheran Observer* says: "This is the best book that Marion Harland has written on cookery, because it is the simplest and the most useful. Graduates at cooking-schools will find it suggestive. The *New York Observer* says: "A book from Marion Harland on any subject which invites her pen, needs no introduction and little commendation to insure its acceptance and popularity by the general public. She is emphatically 'at home' on the subject to which the volume is devoted. It contains just such counsel and instruction as every young housewife requires when she finds herself obliged to depend upon her own resources amid the perplexities and embarrassments of early housekeeping."

HOW TOM AND DOROTHY MADE AND KEPT A CHRISTIAN HOME. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price 75 cents. This bright little sketch was written for a purpose, and is directly addressed to those young people who are just beginning married life on small means, and who find it hard to resist the temptations of dress and amusements in the whirl of life in a great city. Tom Foster is a clerk in a store in Boston on ten dollars a week. Dorothy Barnes, whom he marries and takes to the city, is a girl of high aspirations and loving character, and with little experience in the ways of the world. Both were professed and earnest Christians. They accepted the fact at the outset that it would be a struggle to live as their desires would tempt them to live on ten dollars a week; that they would be tempted without and tempted within, and yet they faced the future and its chances with stout hearts, loving each other and depending on the strength which should come to them from above. Their experiences during the first year are interestingly told, their little trials and temptations, common to all, are touched upon, and the story as a whole cannot but be helpful to readers in a like position.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, a story for boys, written by Margaret Sidney and published by D. Lothrop Company, says the *Toledo Blade*, "is an entertaining and instructive recreation for children who can rise to its moral and discriminate its delicate shades of character study. Not every adult even can at the first reading grasp the intention of the author, namely, to teach heroism and bravery and unthought for self. The second story, "Kensington Junior," is, although very short, full of the same noble suggestion and thought.

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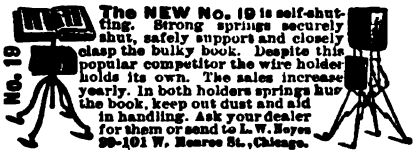

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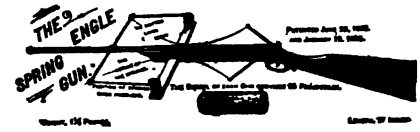

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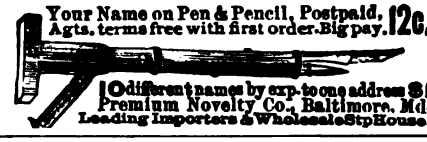

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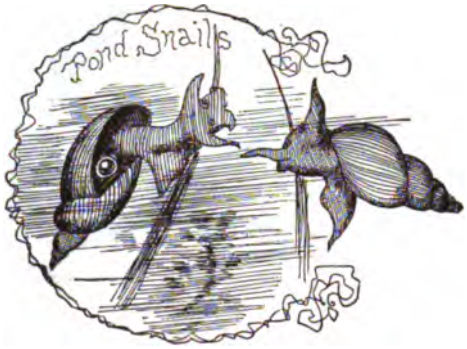

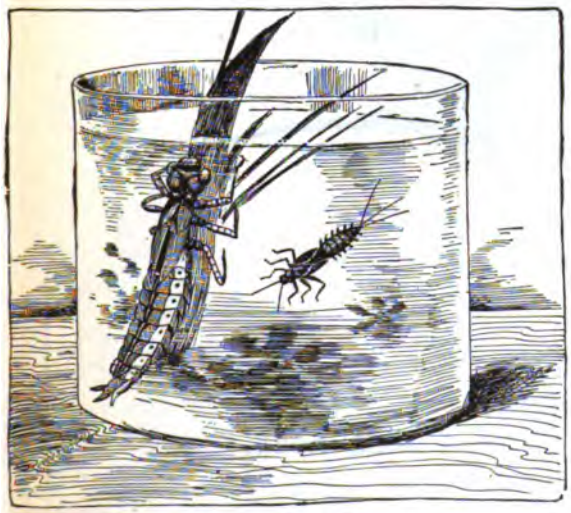

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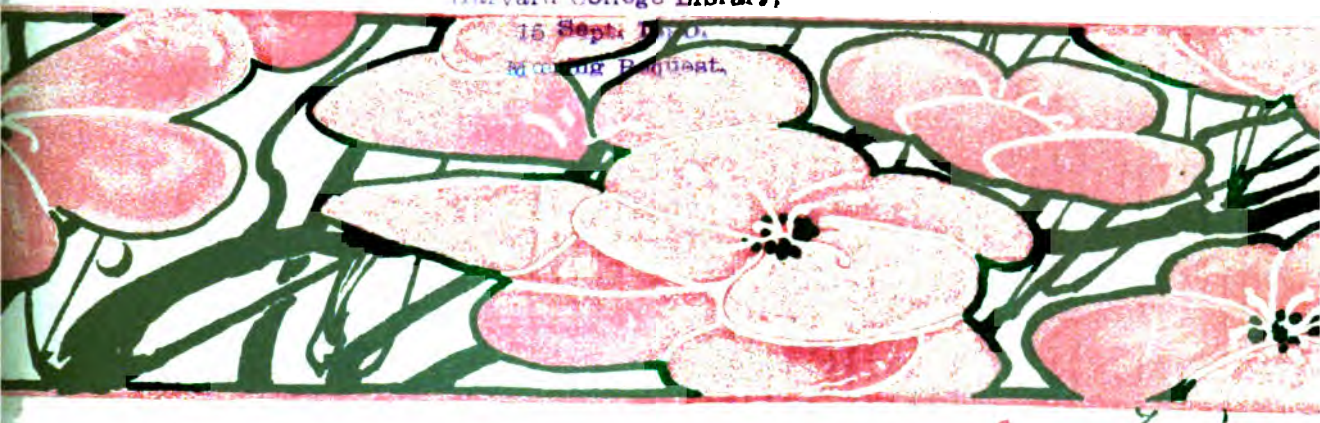

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AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE

EDITORS ·
CHARLES·STVART·PRATT·
ELLA·FARMAN·PRATT·

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P. VARNUM MOTT, M. D., Boston, Mass., in the *Microcosm*, New York, February, 1886.—"There are numerous Foods that are much vaunted, and all have their adherents. The 'IMPERIAL GRANUM,' in my hands, seems to be all that is claimed for it, and experience has brought me to rely on its use where its special properties are indicated. In infantile diseases it has proved very efficacious, and I always direct its use when a child is being weaned."

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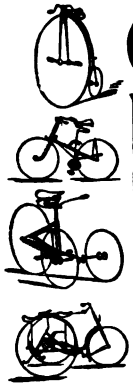

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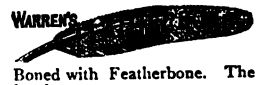

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THE WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE.

CASTINE, Me.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I wrote to you once before, but that was several years ago and now I am going to send you another letter.

In reading the article entitled "The Pleasures of a Young Numismatist," in the May number, I noticed that it said that the standard dollar of 1878 with eight feathers in the tail was worth ten dollars. I know of a gentleman who has several of these and would be glad to sell them, if you will be kind enough to let me know through the Post-Office where they can be sold.

Will you also let me know where, and for what price, I can obtain the *Coin Collector's Journal* spoken of in the same article?

My father has a small collection and I am trying to add to it.

I have taken the WIDE AWAKE since 1880 and I feel now as if I could not do without it.

I should be glad to correspond with some of your readers, about my age (seventeen years), especially some who live in the Western States or in foreign countries.

AMY C. WITHERLE.

Will some of the coin-collectors answer Amy's inquiries? and to Amy herself the Postmistress would say that any letters addressed to the author of the article in question, care of WIDE AWAKE, shall be forwarded.

FRANKLIN, Ohio.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I will exchange several stamps, natural history or youth's papers, or papers published by boys and girls, for each WIDE AWAKE, *Century*, *Lend A Hand*, etc., or four copies of *Golden Rule*, *Harper's Young People*, *S. S. Times*, etc. Please send list first as I want no duplicates.

EVART G. ROUTZAHN.

YOKOHAMA, Japan, 1888.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am very glad that you printed my last letter in the Post-Office. I will write about butterflies this time. I do not know much about them myself. My father and I go out moth-hunting in the evenings sometimes. My father makes a kind of syrup out of Japanese beer and black sugar, and he puts some of this mixture on smooth barked trees with a brush. The smell of the syrup attracts the moths and they come and alight on the trees and begin to suck the sugar, and the beer intoxicates them and they are easily caught. The Bapilio Xuthus is very common here. The larvæ are so plentiful that they eat up the carrot leaves; and my father has seen places where the farmers have dug ditches round the fields so that when the larvæ try to crawl into the field they will fall in the ditch and get killed. In some parts the butterflies and moths are so plentiful that they nearly seem to swarm. The King of Japanese butterflies is the Euripus Charonda. It sits way up on the tops of the highest trees and flies after any passing bird or insect. If it meets one of its own species they are sure to have a fight. They dash at each other and soar upwards in a circling flight till they can hardly be seen. If you throw up a piece of paper they will chase it also.

Two years ago we were spending the summer on the top of a mountain near Yokohama. While we were there, there was a severe gale which lasted for two days. During that time my father and I caught in a hollow several new and beautiful species of the Genus Amblypodia. When the wind ceased they seemed to ascend to the tops of the great Cryptomerias and so entirely disappear.

HARRY LOOMIS.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have been going to write to you for a long time, but have forgotten it when I could write. I began to take the WIDE AWAKE last Christmas, but I had read it almost every month for a long time in the Library. I was much interested in "The Midshipman at Large," and hope we shall hear something more about the hero. I was thirteen years old last December, eight days before Christmas. I should like to correspond with some of the girls of my own age and especially Bessie Kimball, Anna Giddings and May Hanscom. If the girls are willing to correspond they will please write first, as they have my address and I have not theirs. With love to WIDE AWAKE and all subscribers,

LILLIAN GREY INGLIS.

EUROPE.

MY DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am an American girl abroad, and I think it may interest your readers to hear about some of the sights I have seen. We went at once to Dresden, and the first place we visited there was the famous Gallery. The pictures have been so much spoken of that I will not say anything about them except that they are superb and far exceeded my expectations. Next we went to the beautiful Opera House to hear some of Wagner's operas. The orchestra and troupe of singers are said to be almost the finest in Europe. We then went to the Palace, and though we were disappointed not to see the private apartments we were delighted with the gorgeous ball and reception rooms. In one corner of the beautiful old inner court is the famous Green Vault which contains the priceless Saxon jewels, besides many other curious and costly treasures. Of course we saw many other

things but these were the principal ones, and as I want to tell you a little about Vienna I must leave off about Dresden. In the former city the first place we went to was the Spanish Riding-School; this is a Royal Establishment where officers and gentlemen of the Court go to learn the higher arts in riding. From there we went to the Royal Stables. Some years ago in the articles on "Royal Girls and Royal Courts" Mrs. Sherwood told what a splendid equestrienne the Empress of Austria was, and so of course it was very interesting to see her saddle horses. Then the Coronation Coach was beautiful. The upper part is all glass and gilt, and the panels of the body were painted by Rubens. This coach is drawn by ten beautiful white Spanish horses. Then the hearses for the princes of rank and for the Emperor and Empress were shown. Then we went to the Augustine's Church and saw the beautiful monument to Marie Christina, Marie Theresa's favorite daughter. Behind the altar there is a little cell into which one peers through two little barred openings, at a great many silver vases in which are the hearts of the Emperors and Empresses. Next we went to the Vaults of the Capuchin Monks where the Royal Family are buried. The most interesting graves were those of Marie Theresa and her sixteen children, of the little Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon II.) and of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. It was very cold and dreary down in these vaults, almost all dark except for the feeble light from the candle our guide, the monk, carried.

It must be horrible I think for the Royal Family to have everything all arranged for them — their hearse, their grave and the place where their hearts will rest. But I must stop now and some time if the Postmistress is willing and this letter printed I will write again.

E. G. L.

We all hope "E. G. L." will write again.

WAYLAND, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

So many letters came to me in answer to my letter which you published that I kept forgetting to answer your kind questions.

The *History of Rome* that I referred to was written by Dr. Goldsmith. It was published in London, 1795. There is a still older one in our library which was printed in 1732. The title is *The History of the Revolution that happened in the Government of the Republic.* It was first written in French by De Vertot, and translated into English by Mr. Ozell. This was also published in London.

GRACE MILLS.

PLAQUEMINE, La.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I write to say that I would like to exchange for WIDE AWAKES of 1884, any three of the following books: *Jean Ingelow's Poems, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Draytons and Davenants, The Caged Lion, Around the World in Eighty Days, In the Fur Country, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* These books are all well-bound and I will pay postage both ways.

MARY CRAIGHEAD.

(*Letters from a School.*)

I.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

Your stories are *splendid*, but the Post-Office is better.

THREE BOYS AND THREE GIRLS.

II.

I think Anne Babcock's letter was very interesting and wish she would write another. I should like to correspond with her, if she will write another letter so I can tell where she is.

"VERSA VE VAN VERDA."

III.

I think Harry Loomis must be very nice and would like to correspond with him.

"O. P."

IV.

I think Ralph Shetzner's letter as interesting as Anne Babcock's and would like to correspond with him.

"GUY GILL."

V.

I think it would be very nice to correspond with Anna G. Lagergren.

"L. S."

VI.

If Muriel Jordon will, *I* should like to correspond with her.

"VINNIE VINE."

VII.

Hurrah for the WIDE AWAKE! I will correspond with any man, woman or child that reads this glorious paper.

"A BROTHER OF CHARITY."

---

318 Commonwealth Ave., BOSTON.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

My brothers and I have taken you for several years and think you perfectly splendid.

I enjoyed "Mabel's Cousins," by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood very much, and am delighted to find it continued in the June number under the title of "Double Roses."

I would like to correspond with some of your girl-readers about my age (which is thirteen) as I have seen many charming letters from girls in the "Post-Office" and would like to know the writers.

I am *very* fond of reading and enjoy studying languages, especially German.

KITTIE L. SHEPARD.

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AN ARCHERY PARTY — THE WINNING ARROW.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 27. SEPTEMBER, 1888. NO. 4.

TWO CONSPIRATORS.

(*A True Tale of the Harrison Campaign*, 1840.)

Frances A Humphrey

IT was a lovely July morning and early dawn. The mist rising from Wintuxet River spread lazily over the meadows on either side, taking on pale tints of rose from the rays of the coming sun; a flock of sheep, feeding among the juicy grasses, appeared through this veil of mist more like phantom sheep feeding upon the Delectable Mountains than like the ordinary woolly creatures from whose coats commonplace yarn and cloth would be made. The birds were hopping about and twittering cheerily in search of the "early worm," or bursting out in songs of welcome to the bright new day.

Dick however bestowed little notice on all this beauty and bustle as he hurried along the winding bowery lane leading to Calline's. He was deep in thought. He had slept but little the night before. He was first awakened by a flashing light and thought it was surely morning. But on getting up and looking from the window he saw Ezekiel on his last round with his lantern before going to bed. It was only nine o'clock.

Again he was awakened by a pale glow. This time it must be dawn. Alas, no! the clock struck one. A brilliant aurora was flashing and paling in the northern sky. The crowing of the cocks awoke him the third time, but it was yet dark and he fell asleep to wake suddenly with the red light of dawn in his room at last. He dressed quickly and quietly, dropped from his window upon the woodhouse roof, thence to the ground and so across lots to Savin Lane. As he passed the windows of the room wherein Squire Leighton was sleeping the sleep of the just, his feet were shod with velvet and he scarcely breathed. For Dick was quite sure that however much his father might sympathize with his motives he would certainly disapprove of his measures.

"But," thought Dick, "he'll like it after it's over. He can't help it." And at the thought of all which that little word "it" indicated, he laughed outright.

But Calline approved; Calline, the sympathiz-

ing confidante of all the boys within her ken. Calline was a tailoress and a woman of sixty. She lived in a little red house known as "Crow-Nest" situated at the terminus of Savin Lane. Every spring and fall she shut and locked the yellow door of the red house and made a pilgrimage about town in company with her pressboard, her iron goose, her big shears and her patterns. The motive of this pilgrimage was the making of jackets and trousers for all the boys in Hartland.

Doubtless it was because her thoughts were fixed upon them so much during the year that she was so fond of boys. For while she had very little to say to girls, the boys were at liberty to invade her premises at all times and seasons. She made their balls, mended their kites, tenderly bound up their bruised and cut fingers, and dried their clothes when they chanced to tumble into the river, thereby saving them many a well-merited scolding from long-suffering mothers. Many a famous candy-pull was enjoyed by them winter nights in her tiny kitchen; May-basket expeditions were fitted out from it. In short the Crow-Nest was a general rendezvous for that much-maligned, much-enduring class of humanity known as "boys."

While she looked with a favorable eye on all boys, it must be acknowledged that she had her favorites among them. Dick was one of these. Perhaps because he was such a frolicking, fun-loving boy, always getting into scrapes and having to be got out of them. Whatever the reason, his bonny face was always a welcome sight to the somewhat lonely woman. And then he was a — democrat! and Calline was a democrat of the democrats! If she had a weak side (and she was mortal) it was for democracy. She utterly despised whigs and whiggery. A whig boy, if he hadn't been a *boy*, would have found little grace in her eyes. But luckily for the boy, she was able to distinguish between the sin and the sinner. So Dick was sure of her utmost sympathy and help in this dilemma in which he found himself at a time of which I am now to tell you.

All this was in 1840, the year of the presidential campaign in which General Harrison was the whig candidate. Comparing the presidential campaigns of to-day with those of fifty years ago, they are as a mild hurricane to a cyclone. The whole country at that time was in a state of violent ferment and the boys everywhere, then as now, shared in the wild excitement, and on the playground and at school burlesqued with admirable fire and spirit the battles of their elders.

In Hartland the excitement seemed to culminate at the central district schoolhouse. Dick was the leader of the democrats and Bob Williams of the whigs.

In the Indian War of 1811, Gen. Harrison had gained a victory at a place called Tippecanoe, and it used to fill Dick with rage to hear the whig boys as they came down the road shouting the war cry:

"TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO!"

John Tyler was the whig candidate for the vice-presidency. If they reached the schoolhouse without being assailed by a volley of mud from the democrats lying in ambush by the roadside they were lucky.

The democrats were a small minority in school, as well as in town, and a hard time they had of it. But they got an occasional crumb of comfort. Gen. Harrison was irreverently dubbed by the opposing party "Granny Harrison," and great was Dick's exultation when that fact came to his ears. Thereafter every shout of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was echoed by a groan for "Granny Harrison."

"Listen to this!" cried Bob one day from his perch on the ridge-pole of the schoolhouse. And he spread out his father's newspaper and read out in a loud triumphant tone an account of an immense mass-meeting in the West. (Ohio lay in the extreme West in those days.)

"It is impossible," wrote the reporter, "to state the exact number of loyal whigs who came together to listen to our beloved General, we can only report" (then followed the number, but this historian has not the paper at hand to give it with exactness) "acres of whigs!"

"Think of that!" cried Bob, waving his paper on high like a victorious banner. "*Acres* of whigs!"

"It's a lie! it's a lie!" came from the democratic ranks, and a shower of missiles — sods, hemlock bark, pine cones — fell about Bob's ears and clattered upon the roof.

Mr. Wilson, disturbed in the midst of his

explanation of cube root to a class of girls, rang in the boys, and Bob entered removing bits of sod and adhering pine cones from his tangle of curly hair. Mr. Wilson said nothing; it was of no use to say anything. The wisest thing was to stay his soul with patience till the election was over. To tell the truth he was about the only man in town who was not interested in the result, being what is now called an Independent.

The girls shared to a considerable extent in the excitement. Some very serious quarrels resulted. Sally Williams and Pussy (Priscilla) Leighton, who had been inseparable friends from babyhood, fell out and did not speak for six weeks. Mrs. Leighton, finding Pussy in a state of mingled wrath and tears one day at the sight of Sally and Sue Perkins going by with their arms linked in a tender and confidential manner — Sue Perkins whom neither Pussy nor Sally had ever been able to abide — ventured to remonstrate.

"Isn't it rather ridiculous, Pussy, to quarrel with Sally about such a small matter? Hadn't you better make up?" she asked.

"Make up indeed!" said Pussy, wiping her eyes indignantly and glaring ferociously after the two new-made friends. "I sha'n't sacrifice *my* principles for any girl! the mean whig!" and her mother seeing her so much in earnest patted her consolingly and replied:

"Well, well, we'll wait awhile;" and she half-sighed, half-smiled to herself. A trying time she had of it, poor Mrs. Leighton, what with the Squire and Dick and Pussy!

"I shall be glad when the election is over," she secretly avowed to herself. But then Mrs. Leighton was no politician.

Gen. Harrison at one time had lived in a log-cabin, and this fact was made much of during the campaign. This manner of dwelling was talked about as something meritorious, and there was a campaign song the refrain of which ran,

"And the log-cabin candidate shall march to Washington."

It was sung to the music of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and the whig boys were very fond of singing this song and wanted to sing it in school, but Mr. Wilson would not consent unless the boys on the opposite side could be allowed to sing their "Locofoco" songs, as they were called. To this proposition neither party would agree, for what boy having a grain of spirit could sit calmly at his desk and hear the opposite party sing their campaign songs? No! silence was preferable.

As I have said, the "log-cabin" played a conspicuous part in the campaign, always having its place in the innumerable and almost endless processions.

"There's going to be a bully log-cabin procession Fourth of July," said Bob one day. "It's goin' from Dutton to Boytown and comin' through Hartland. Three log-cabins and two miles long! a stunner, you bet!" Bob exaggerated as to number and length, but it is, as we all know, the habit of politicians to exaggerate.

Dick smiled incredulously, though quaking inwardly lest Bob's statement might be true.

"Is it so, father?" he asked that night. "Are the whigs a-goin' to have a log-cabin procession?"

"I believe so," replied the Squire, looking very black himself.

Dick's heart swelled within him as he thought of it. Was he to be compelled to witness such a triumph on the part of the whigs? He felt it was an insult, a deep insult to every democratic boy in town, to say nothing of the democratic men — though he did not much concern himself about them; the men could take care of themselves. And on the Fourth of July, too! the day when — when — Dick couldn't recall exactly what did happen on that day to make it *the* Fourth of July; but it was sufficient to know that it was a day devoted to firecrackers and powder and a general good time. And who could have a good time with a log-cabin procession marching through town, right under one's nose, as it were?

What was liberty worth if the whigs could do as they chose and the democrats couldn't stop 'em? He felt very much like proposing to the rest of the democratic boys to go fishing for the day to Monponsett Pond, three miles away, where neither sight nor sound of the passing procession could reach them.

But it must be acknowledged that Dick, as he thought of this last expedient, felt it would be a tremendous sacrifice to principle. He

confessed to a profound though secret curiosity to see what a log-cabin was like. But — if he could only do something to spoil their fun, to dim their glory! He was at his wit's end and he went down to see Calline.

Calline was just on the point of pressing Bubby Bolton's new trousers, and was sitting with her goose in one hand and her press-board ready to thrust into the trousers-leg in the other, as Dick made his announcement.

"Calline," said he in a tragic tone, "there's goin' to be a log-cabin procession in Hartland Fourth o' July!"

"You don't say so! well, I am beat!" and the hand which held the goose trembled. "It'd oughter be stopped! it'd oughter be stopped!"

"CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING, CALLINE?"

And down came the goose on the wrong place in Bubby's trousers, making a wrinkle that took her a whole half-hour to sponge and press out.

"There!" she said, "I haven't done sech a thing since the day Deacon Smith's critter tumbled into my well an' I dropped my goose and run. It'd oughter be stopped!" she added again, emphatically.

"So I think," rejoined Dick. "Say, can't we do somethin', Calline?"

Calline thought. She thought long and deeply, with her goose on the open seam of the trousers-leg, till an odor of scorching cloth aroused her.

"There, if I don't tend to my bizness I shall spile Bubby's trousers. You jest wait a minute!" and Calline sponged and pressed, sponged and pressed, till, the last seam being done, she turned the trousers, shook them vigorously, hung them on a nail behind the buttery door, and then turned to the patient Dick.

"Yes, a-flauntin' their log-cabin right in our face and eyes. We'll fix 'em, Dicky. Don't you worry. But don't you tell a soul!"

Dick promised, and they two talked a long time, with an ear at the door and an eye out of the window and in such low tones that the cat who purred and listened from her corner by the fireplace could not hear a word; so neither can we. But as we follow the course of this authentic history we shall learn how these two conspirators plotted the discomfiture of the whigs.

During a succession of daily visits on the part of Dick, a plan of operations was laid out, and each detail carefully arranged, so that when Dick went down to Calline's on the morning wherein this story opens, it was not so much because anything was to be done as to assure himself that everything was done. Then he drove the cows to pasture, ate his breakfast, and went down behind the barn to work on his new kite.

At intervals, he heard the report of the mortar on the Green where the boys, regardless of party-lines, were firing it, running the imminent risk of being blown in pieces every time the rusty old thing went off. Ah, Dick would like to have been there, would he not? On such occasions he was usually the leading spirit. But to-day he could not trust himself with the other boys. So full of his secret was he that he felt he should certainly betray himself in some way. At one moment he was bursting with laughter as he thought of the coming sensation. The next he fairly shivered with forebodings of what would happen to him if he should be found out. Then he thought of Calline and took heart. All strategy was fair in war; and he worked away at his kite-tail with Rover for company and so the forenoon passed.

As the tall eight-day clock in Squire Leighton's kitchen was on the stroke of twelve, the procession was seen slowly moving around the curve by Dr. Williams' house. Dick had already stationed himself at the guide-board near the point where Savin Lane joins the main street, a commanding position overlooking the highway to the east and west. To the very last moment he had a faint hope that Bob might be mistaken as

to the log-cabin, but there it was, unmistakably! not the three as Bob had said, but one; only one, but such a one!

It was not really built of logs as Dick at first supposed, but of boards covered with cedar slabs, which gave it the look of a true log-cabin. It was about thirty feet long and was full of people, many of whom were looking out of the windows and door. A beautiful flag drooped from the staff which was nailed to the chimney. The driver stood on a platform at one end, and it was drawn by ten superb black horses.

Dick stood for a few moments in open-mouthed admiration. He secretly confessed that it was much finer than he had expected. As it moved majestically along he was startled that he had dared to plot against anything so grand. He belonged to a generation of boys who had no Barnum to cater to their appetite for the marvelous. Dick had never seen a gilded circus chariot nor a gorgeous wild-beast car. So it is no wonder that he at first viewed the moving monster with a feeling of admiring awe, especially as outriders in uniform preceded the log-cabin.

Aside from the log-cabin, the procession bore a general resemblance to all processions of the kind. There were flags and banners and mottoes numberless. One flag bore the legend "Tip and Ty," a curt rendering of the whig war-cry.

At one point in the procession was a huge caldron in which was an effigy of Martin Van Buren, the democratic candidate. The caldron bore this inscription: "We have tried you *in*, now we will try you *out*." This was received with deafening yells by the whig boys led by Bob Williams.

The procession closed with Jake Neal, a well-known drunken reprobate. He was mounted on a high-spirited bay horse that danced uneasily to the music of the brass band that accompanied the procession. Strapped upon the horse behind him was a ten-gallon keg, on the head of which was printed in large black letters:

"HARD CIDER."

This was intended as a compliment to General Harrison who was said, I do not know with how much truth, to have a liking for hard cider.

Cider-mills were plenty in New England fifty years ago and the majority of people drank cider. But Squire Leighton was of the minority and he had trained Dick upon strict temperance principles. Dick, too, was president of a small temperance society known as the "Young Volunteers." The name has a military sound and the members were obliged to cultivate a somewhat military spirit. Bovs are never naturally non-resistants. And one day when the Y. V.'s decorated with their badges were marching in procession and a posse of anti-temperance boys fell upon them, they did credit to their name and put to flight the enemy, not without loss of blood on both sides.

But this is not the place in which to give the history of the Y. V.'s. Suffice it to say that each member of the society was pledged: "Not to swear. Not to lie. Not to drink liquors. Not to smoke."

Jake Neal had evidently been drinking a good deal of hard cider and kept his seat with difficulty. As Dick caught sight of him he gave an exultant shout.

"Here comes yer true blue!" he said. "Here's a specimen o' yer whigs!" This certainly was a little hard on Bob Williams who was vice-president of the Y. V.'s, and he felt it too.

Flags were flying along the route and Captain Briggs, in addition to a fine Harrison flag, had mounted a new-ground plough about a rod long on a wall near his house, bearing this inscription: "This is the plough General Harrison used at the battle of Tippecanoe."

As an offset to this, and in derision of "Granny Harrison," the storekeeper, who was a rabid democrat, had suspended a scarlet petticoat to a pole near his store, which waved "*gal*-lantly in the breeze," as Trask Leighton remarked. Trask was Dick's older brother, home from Harvard on vacation.

The procession moved slowly up the hill past Squire Leighton's. The banners waved, the band played "The Blue Bells of Scotland," the steeds of the outriders caracoled, the driver of the log-cabin urged on his superb black horses, while the people inside waved hats and handkerchiefs; the dignitaries, riding in a dusty lumbering barouche, alternately raised their hats and smiled; the caldron bounced along over the stones or in the deep sandy ruts, and everything seemed going on prosperously and

triumphantly, when just as the head of the procession reached the old meeting-house the bell began to toll.

It was a heavy, deep-toned bell and the effect was startling. The outriders, disturbed by the solemn tones in place of the joyous peal they had a right to expect, reined in their dancing steeds so abruptly they fell back on the ten horses attached to the log-cabin and that, in its turn, coming to a sudden standstill, the effect was the same as when you hit the end of a row of blocks; the shock communicates and one after the other falls.

The band-wagon, too, felt the shock and "The Blue Bells of Scotland" died out in a plaintive wail. The caldron tumbled off the wheels upon which it was insecurely fastened, and as it chanced to be upon the bridge which spanned the Wintuxet, "Martin Van Buren" rolled over into the water and sank to rise no more. Jake Neal was quickly unhorsed and fell into the shallow edge of the stream while his terrified horse fled snorting down the meadow.

Meanwhile the bell tolled on with a remorseless regularity, and as Dr. Williams and Captain Briggs having rallied from their first emotion of angry amazement were about to investigate the cause of the confusion, a diversion was made by the appearance of a grotesque creature trotting rapidly up the lane leading from the Crow-Nest. As it drew near every eye was turned in its direction, though no one but Dick recognized in the four-footed beast "Pompey," a favorite horse of Squire Leighton's, who, long past work, was enjoying, or supposed to be enjoying, a calm and peaceful old age in the pastures bordering on Crow-Nest.

Squire Leighton was at one time colonel of a militia regiment and used to ride Pompey on parade. It was doubtless some reminiscence of that time aroused by the military air of the procession that caused him as he drew near to quicken his speed and to attempt to fall into line. But his appearance was startling both to man and beast, and it was not surprising that the horses took fright and shied.

He was painted in alternate stripes of red and yellow; encircling lines of red and white paint were drawn about an inch from his eyes imparting a fearful expression to his countenance. His ears were decorated with turkey feathers, while to his tail was fastened a huge bunch of burrs. This last attachment was from no ill-will to Pompey, but lest the natural inertion of old age should overtake him and he should stop to feed in the grassy lane instead of proceeding to the fulfillment of his mission.

But his rider! Everybody in Hartland — with two exceptions — would have taken their oath that no such creature was to be found within the limits of that township. It was a monkey; and the assembled towns-people stared at him in sheer amazement, while some of the younger ones showed signs of fear and slunk behind their elders. The monkey was dressed in the complete uniform of a general in the United States army. He sat erect clinging to Pompey's mane, grinning and chattering in a truly diabolical manner.

As Pompey and his rider darted in and out wherever a gap chanced to be, the procession broke in the wildest confusion. The ten superb black horses, frantic with terror, dashed down Meeting-house Hill, the log-cabin swaying violently and threatening each moment to keel over on one side. Whigs and democrats alike flew to the rescue and Pompey at last being captured, the procession gathered its scattered fragments and passed on, but with banners literally trailing in the dust.

A crowd of men and boys immediately gathered about the striped animal.

"I'm blest if 't isn't Pompey!" said Trask Leighton under his breath, casting a look of suspicion at Dick.

But that young gentleman was engaged at that precise moment in trying to coax the monkey, who parried his efforts with quick grabs, from off the horse.

"I say! who's a-goin' to take him off anyway?" queried Dick, finally ceasing from his efforts. "Here, Bob, you do it! he's your candidate!"

But just at that juncture Calline came into the yard. She came from the woods in the rear of the meeting-house. She said she had been berrying and the old tin coffee-pot which hung from her waist and which she always carried on such expeditions was full of luscious blackberries.

"Here, let me take him off. I ain't afraid of him," said Calline.

At the sound of her voice the monkey turned and with one leap seated himself triumphantly on her shoulder, chuckling and grinning and patting her cheek in a way that made certain of the bystanders fairly shudder.

"Queer, ain't it, how things do take to Calline?" remarked Dick admiringly. Ah, deep, very deep was Dick!

"If nobody else wants him, I'll take him," said Calline, glancing about with a mischievous gleam behind her round-eyed, silver-bowed spectacles.

"No, nobody wanted him!" everybody hastened to assure her. She was quite welcome to him. Take him! not an individual in that crowd could have been hired to touch him!

So the two walked off, the one perched upon the shoulder of the other, and apparently on the best of terms — and why should they not have been, pray? For a whole fortnight, unknown to any one but Dick, had that monkey been a sojourner at the Crow-Nest, a gift to Calline from a sailor cousin, a very acceptable and well-cared-for guest.

CALLINE AND DICK ARE OVERCOME WITH ASTONISHMENT.

Thereafter he was known in all that region as the "General," adding another to the many attractions of Crow-Nest, and a true history of his pranks would fill volumes.

"The whigs are awful mad about it," said Dick to Calline the next day. He had gone down to the Crow-Nest to exchange congratulations on the success of their plot.

"Well, *I'm* satisfied," replied Calline; "an' I guess you are, Dicky. An' now we'll let

bygones be bygones. I'm goin' to Dr. Williams' to-morrow to make Bob's new suit ag'in he goes t' school."

"Of course," said Dick; "I haven't anything 'gainst Gen. Harrison, only that he's a whig."

"An' they do say he'll be elected," added Calline. "Folks 'pear to like to 'lect a general! Well, you and me've had *our* fun, Dicky, no matter whether it's whig or democrat."

The two conspirators kept their secret well and, although some shrewd guesses were made, nothing definite was ever found out. And there are certain gray-haired men and women who reading this story to-day, will learn for the first time to whom they were indebted for the merry, mad, rollicking time they had when the log-cabin procession marched through Hartland on the Fourth of July, 1840.

DEW-BELLS.

Edith M. Thomas.

ONCE on a summer morning
In elfland I awoke,
When, all without a warning,
Sweet tongues the silence broke;
Sweet tongues of tiniest bells,
Fine tongues of crystal sound,
Rang all the fields around,
And tinkled down the dells —
Merry bells,
Faery bells!
They tinkled down the dells!

A long time I lay quiet
To hear the frolic peal
Some great event reveal —
A muster, or a riot,
Or royal pixy wedding!
I heard a light foot treading
The measures of a reel:

It was a giddy elf;
I asked what bells were ringing.
He laughed: "Why, look yourself,
And see the dew-bells swinging!
Dew-bells,
True bells!
Glad bells,
Mad bells!
Green bell-ropes all are swinging!"

Quoth I: "My friend, you fable
About this joyous babel;
I've heard, indeed, of blue-bells,
But dew-bells —
They're new bells!
My little friend, you fable!"

Then up my head I lifted:
The grasses young and tender,
On points of lances slender,
Bore each a drop that shifted
To take the morning splendor;
Clear drops,
Like tear-drops
(Or like lost diamond ear-drops),
Did lightly clash together
In the soft zephyr weather,
And ring a tuneful change.
By little hands unseen
Were swayed the bell-ropes green:
But it was passing strange
No liquid bell was shivered,
Though each one danced and quivered:
Brave bells,
Suave bells,
Oh! how they danced and quivered!

When on a summer morning
I watch the wondrous grass,

I hear wise people scorning:
They whisper as they pass:
"Poor youth! his wits are flown;
He babbles things unknown,
He talks of chimes one hears
Among the grassy spears!"

Ah me! have I grown deaf
Since I through elfland strayed?
I see, with smiling grief,
The crystal dew-bells swinging
In sunshine and in shade,
But cannot hear them ringing —
Dew-bells,
True bells!
Joy-bells,
Coy bells!
I cannot hear them ringing!

THE OLD HOME — A TYPICAL INDIAN CAMP.

THE RAMONA INDIAN GIRLS' SCHOOL.

By Horatio O. Ladd.

AS IT IS AT PRESENT.

UNDER the shade of a group of sturdy old cotton-woods, on the banks of the Rio de Santa Fé, in the midst of a spacious plot of seven acres, stands a small cluster of adobé houses and a long, plain, light-colored wooden dormitory. An orchard of pear, peach, apricot, cherry, plum, quince and apple trees makes a bank of fruit blossoms behind this group of Mexican and American buildings, in brilliant contrast with the dark green of the grove.

Here in the gay sunlight of a cloudless New Mexican morning are children running from one building to another clad in work aprons, carrying brooms, dusters and baskets of wood or coal,

or freshly washed clothes to the lines; or in neat school garments with smoothed hair and clean faces approaching the door of the schoolroom. Soon there are gathered around a dark-eyed teacher, with a gentle look and manner, twenty or thirty little North American Indian girls, from

APACHE BOYS, ON ARRIVAL.

five to thirteen, with black eyes, ruddy cheeks, trim figures, and slender hands and feet.

An open grate fire is burning in the center of the schoolroom; the walls are plain but brightened with reading and singing charts, and the mottoes and pictures above the long blackboards. A kindergarten table on one side with low chairs and numerous groups of material make a cosy corner. Half a dozen Apache boys, waiting for their own government school to be erected near by, form a background to the picture.

This is the Ramona Industrial School for Apache Girls, the Indian department of the University of New Mexico, whose large brick building, Whitin Hall, stands in sight on higher ground on the other side of the river.

ITS PUPILS.

These Apache girls were brought a few months ago from camps three hundred miles away to the queer old town of Santa Fé. They have been transformed in this school from dirty, thin-faced, unkempt girls in moccasins, buckskins, blankets and paint, into eager pupils who are dressed and can read, count, write, draw, sing, sew and work like the American white girls in our own homes.

These children are all genuine Apaches, yet show traits which surprise those who have despised the Indian. They are not inferior in capabilities to white children. They learn quickly, are apt in number-work and imitative studies, like drawing, writing and singing. They readily catch hold of the forms of words and at once associate with them their objects or ideas. They learn the letters without any particular effort of teaching. They have to learn everything, as we learn a foreign language, as English is to them a foreign language. They understand it more easily than they speak it.

Their interest in domestic occupations is marked. They prefer their sewing-classes to play, and their trained eyes and muscles make accurate stitches. At the age of ten or eleven they cut and make their under-garments, aprons and plain dresses, and do every kind of sewing that is required in the hems, gathers, sleeve-fitting, overcasting and button-holes. Those of twelve make excellent bread, cook plain food, wash dishes, do laundry work, make beds, set and wait on tables, sweep, dust and arrange rooms.

The work of the school is so divided that it falls lightly on each one of these little girls, who are thus learning, in a three years' course, to become capable mistresses of homes. Those who take a longer course, of six or ten years, will be trained to become skilled cooks and housekeepers, designed to take places in American households, whence they will carry established habits into their own homes, perhaps with husbands trained in the Government schools.

TRAITS OF THE PUPILS.

These Apache girls appear to have strong mimic powers and to be fond of using them. The evenings in the dormitory are devoted to games

of their own invention. Their charades are vivid personations. Their naturally keen observation seizes upon the peculiarities of persons and animals. They "play school" with accurate imitations of their teachers, commending and correcting the pupils with good judgment. They watch the scenes in different church-services to reproduce them. The tall, sedate, long-bearded singer in the choir is depicted with great truthfulness in the act of singing. The Bible is pounded with vigor, with a squint to their companions, when a certain preacher is personated.

They detect and remark on bad acting. Their imitations of a trained bear are wonderfully good. Once the bear began to talk English. Immediately one of the girls among the spectators exclaimed with critical surprise: "Why, how well that bear *talks!*"

A favorite play is "tourist." The Ramona School is most generally visited by numerous tourists. They are usually astonished at the attainments of these savage children and often express themselves before the pupils, who sit with demure faces. But Nature has been lavish in her skill at making eyes and ears for the Apache. The American tourist is therefore vividly impressed on their minds. Her remarks are treasured up and her peculiarities remembered. In the dormitory, at evening, the visit is reproduced. The pupils are in place. The tourists enter, walk about, look about, and talk with the "teacher."

"Is that girl all Indian?" says one. "That is a muchee bright boy." "She reads well." "Our children would not learn so muchee in so short time." "Is it true these are Apaches?" "Where are their parents?" They never forget to praise the reading or spelling, especially if the teacher is present at the play, thus adroitly reminding her of the propriety of commending her pupils.

They are implicit believers in what they are taught of religion, or from the Bible, and respect the Commandments. The second Sunday after fourteen or fifteen Apaches had arrived they were fitted out in American garments and sent to church. As they were leaving the house it was discovered that a skirt of one of the little girls was too long. The teacher took a needle and thread and fastened it up securely. The older girls were anxious that the first impressions of the new pupils, just from an Apache camp, should be correct. One of them went at once to the matron and indignantly asked: "What for Miss DeSette sew on God's day? What for you no tell her to stop?"

They have commonly a sense of value which many white children lack. One evening a group of girls in the dormitory were talking of their little matters and about going up town for candy, where they are allowed to purchase to some extent what they like with money they have earned by industrial work. Some declared that candy was good and their favorite thing to buy. One of the older ones was heard to say in reply: "Candy eat, no come back. I buy scissors, have now."

APACHE BOYS, TWO WEEKS AT SCHOOL

They often use their English songs in their Apache plays, and the older ones often admonish in English the little ones to go to sleep: "Shut your peepers now — tuck in — go to sleep." They like to indulge in Apache to describe the

exciting incidents of the playground, but if overheard they are required at once, while the excitement remains, to tell the story in English. At first this is very hard for them, but soon the Indian sign-language of arms, fingers, feet and every feature is vividly illustrating the story as told in English to the amused listeners.

APACHE GIRLS, ON ARRIVAL AT THE SCHOOL.

These Apache children are easily led by their unfeigned belief in a Great Father to our Christian faith and worship. Superstition in them gives place to childlike devotion in which every want, every friend, every blessing finds a place. At the hour of going to bed in the dormitory, when all are ready for sleep, they begin to say, after the "Our Father," their own prayers. Sometimes in praying for their friends there is a devout rivalry among them, as among some older American Christians, to pray for what others have not thought of. One of the little girls had been very particular in naming all her family relatives, besides the teachers, and finally, as with a new idea, closed her list of "father, mother, sisters, uncle, aunts, nieces" with her "brother-in-law." The next one, not to be surpassed, included in her petitions all these and then with great emphasis, made prayer for her "mother-in-law."

The pupils are from the first obedient, quiet and orderly in school, very tractable, modest and self-respecting. Though they are the children of barbarous tribes they seldom quarrel among themselves, and have never come to blows in their greatest provocations, though they have once showed the powers of the Apache tongue in "calling names." The younger girls follow the example of older ones with great docility. What they say in their Apache tongue and how they regard the life around them, is of course not easily known.

They have, however, a ready appreciation of the change in their condition. They say that all the best things and people come from the East; that soon the Indians will not be all together, but one here, one there, in his own house and owning his land — and that they wish to go back to such homes, not to the camps.

"But what shall we do," they were heard to say to one another recently, "if we have to go back to live in tepee and wear blanket?"

To this one of them replied excitedly, "If we have tepee, we will have it *clean*. We will have blanket and clothes *clean*, if we do not have houses like these."

Their parents are, even now, taking up lands to build houses, which will reward the patient and thorough learning by these girls of American ways.

They exhibit a kindness of feeling which would be called, in any other children than Indians, "true politeness." If their teacher, of whom they are fond, is seen getting fuel, one or two of the Apache boys admitted to the school, run and take it from her hands, saying "I too," "I too." A short time ago this teacher received the unexpected tidings of the death of her brother. It came to her but an hour before the opening of school. When it became known to the Ramona girls their sad countenances showed their quick sympathy with their teacher, who tried to perform her usual duties. Soon it was evident that every word and act was thoughtfully expressing the tenderness of these little Apaches. Everything was put and kept in place. Every lesson was learned and recited with special care. There was little intrusion of needless questions or noise. The work of their sad teacher was made light in every way. She noticed all this with surprise, and asked the

matrons at noon if they had instructed the girls thus to act. They knew nothing about it. That evening a matron learned, by close questioning, that the four older girls (from twelve to thirteen years old) had called the little ones aside that morning, told them of their teacher's sorrow, and that they must not trouble her in any way that day.

Some white men and women say that such children should be exterminated, that they are only fit to die. Is it quite true that the children of these people, who thus condemn them, show a better right to live?

BEGINNING OF OUR TROUBLE WITH THE APACHES.

WIDE AWAKE has often described, in stories of adventure, the Apaches of the Southwest. Its readers have strong impressions of their savage natures, of their atrocious deeds on the war-path, of their degraded condition.

Their name has been the most frequent in reports of Indian wars for twenty years. Full credit has been given to their wonderful alertness, endurance and skill in scouting, or eluding and often whipping the trained officers and soldiers of the United States and Mexico. They have spread terror through a country five times as large as New England. Though comparatively few in numbers they have been subdued at a cost of not less than one hundred million dollars, by a policy of extermination which has brutalized the sentiment of our nation towards them. The latter result has been more disastrous than the expenditure of the money. A majority of the American people quote with approval the opinion "that there is no good Indian but a dead one."

But Americans first opened the war-path against the Apache and taught him to hate the people of the United States as he did the treacherous Mexicans. The Apache was friendly to Americans and other foreigners, except Mexicans, as early as before 1837. The Apache warriors treated individuals and trading companies peaceably, while always making war against their hereditary enemies the Mexicans.

The cowardly governor of Sonora, worsted by the Apaches, offered in 1837 a reward of one hundred dollars for an Apache warrior's scalp, fifty dollars for the scalp of a squaw, *and twenty-five dollars for that of an Apache child.* The governor of Chihuahua, at the same time, offered the right to all booty that could be captured from the Apaches.

Accordingly twenty men, chiefly foreigners, with an American as commander, made an expedition against a temporary village of fifty Apache warriors under a famous chief Juan José. The Apaches, at their approach, inquired their intentions and declared themselves ready to fight if they were hostile. The American leader assured them that they sought a friendly interview for trade. Having stationed in good range, well concealed, a small field-piece loaded with bullets, slugs and nails, he invited the Indians into camp to receive a present of flour. While dividing the flour among themselves, the Apaches were fired upon and twenty killed on the spot, including Juan José and other chiefs. The savages who escaped, infuriated by this treachery, fell upon an unsuspecting party of fifteen American trappers, and massacred every one. Since that time the Apaches have estimated the American and Mexican character alike.

APACHE GIRLS, ONE WEEK AFTER ARRIVAL.

The Apache has finally been subdued. Geronimo, the last great leader, and his tribe are captives, and their children are in school in Florida, Pennsylvania, Virginia and New Mexico, learning a different kind of American character and conduct.

WHO THE APACHES ARE.

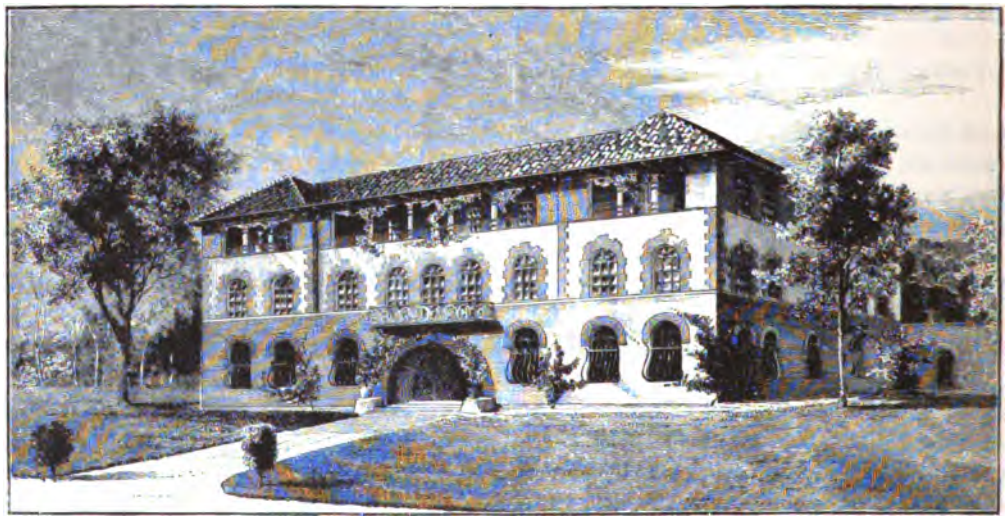
The Apaches are believed to have been the Faraones and Taracones whom the Spaniards discovered in 1540 to exist in large numbers near the Seven Cities of Gold. They were never conquered by the Spaniards. During our century they have numbered nine large tribes and include the great tribe of Navajoes and the Utes, in all about thirty-five thousand. Some of the tribes are small. Most of them are self-supporting on their great reservations in Arizona, New Mexico and Southern Colorado. They have remained the most savage in their superstitions and ways of living and in their warfare of all the North American Indians.

Their vast country, with its great mountain ranges, fertile valleys, wide table-lands, forests of pine and oak, masses of flowers and fields of rich grass, plains and tremendous gorges, offers every possibility of wild, barbarous, pastoral, agricultural and civilized life. It should be dotted with homes and farms owned by Indian farmers and mechanics.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

In 1862–68 the Navajo and Southern Apaches were put on the reservation at Bosqué Rodondo on the Pecos River. Over eight thousand Apaches were there and three thousand children. It was the policy of General Carleton "to collect them together, little by little, on to a reservation away from the haunts and hills and hiding-places of their country; there to be kind to them: there to teach their children how to read and write, teach them the arts of peace, teach them the truths of Christianity." General Carleton's efforts with the United States Government and with religious associations and churches, utterly failed to obtain for them the benefits of an education. Only one lay Roman Catholic teacher was found willing, for a few weeks, to teach them. No teachers were sent there, when scores were crossing the ocean to China, Africa and the Pacific Islands, to races and people whom we had not wronged.

Chatz, Cochise, Hane, Magnus, Chihuahua and Geronimo, those great chiefs and dread warriors were on this reservation. These untaught young Indians were returned to their own



THE NEW HOME — THE RAMONA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS.
(The above view of the main building is from the design by Mr. Stanford White.)

country in 1868 to become, five or ten years later, leaders in the wars and massacres which for twenty years devastated and depopulated the Southwest.

IMPORTANCE OF APACHE WOMEN.

Among the Navajo Apaches on that reservation at Bosqué Rodondo, were over six hundred looms on which they manufactured their own garments. Who has seen Navajo blankets and dresses, and not wondered at the skill of women who could weave fabrics so beautiful on looms so rude, with a simple hand-shuttle and stick? When these Indians were returned to their country the Government gave them fifteen thousand sheep and goats for supplies. These became the property and care of the women, according to their tribal customs. In 1873 the flocks of the Indian shepherdesses had increased to 200,000 sheep and goats. In 1876, to 500,000. The tribe were cultivating 9,142 acres of land and had become entirely self-supporting. In 1884 they had 1,000,000 sheep and had raised 220,000 bushels of corn and 21,000 bushels of wheat on 15,000 acres. In 1886 they are estimated to have had 1,200,000 sheep and to have sold 1,000,000 pounds of wool. This represents to some extent the remarkable work of the women in this tribe.

These Indian women had not only sold this weight of wool, but had made, by hand, all the woollen blankets and garments for the people, as our American great-grandmothers did before the Revolution.

These Apache women have the controlling influence in the family. It is natural to them to amass property. They own the flocks, sell the wool, make the bargains, and give money to their husbands, of whom they are very independent in many respects. They have the right to divorce themselves if they are not satisfied with their treatment. Their voice is heard in the councils; their votes are taken when electing their leaders; they have control over their children, especially their girls. One woman's voice in an assembly of five hundred Navajoes, which the writer recently addressed, sounding clear and fearless in answer to his arguments and pleas for the education of their daughters, prevented his obtaining a single girl on that trip, from the two hundred families represented in that gathering of about two thousand Navajo Apaches.

What can be more important for the elevation of the Apache race than the education of the girls whose influence and position, even more powerfully than our customs admit, will determine the character of the future homes and families of their tribes? Of course their standards of intelligence and taste and morality will raise or lower the young men to their level. There are seven thousand youth of school age among the Navajo Apaches alone, of whom not sixty are anywhere at school.

WHY THIS RACE SHOULD BE EDUCATED.

The Apache Indians are usually strongly built, with broad shoulders, erect bodies, muscular limbs and great powers of endurance. Educated and trained they would become a powerful portion of the "bone and sinew" of the nation. These young men in our colleges, would be the splendid athletes of their classes. Their muscle is of better quality than the Saxon and German, of finer and tougher fibres. Physically, the Indians are worth preserving on our globe as a people.

Education alone can clear their minds of superstitions, and free them from foolish and cruel observances. At present the Navajoes desert their hogans or houses forever at the occurrence of a death. No substantial homes will be constructed in face of such a custom; it is no great sacrifice to give up a conical hut of poles and mud. These hogans are scattered about the reservation to be occupied or left. The tepees of the Southern Apaches scarcely protect at all from rain and cold. Folded at will, to be set up leagues away, this tepee prevents all ideas of a settled home. The tepee and hogan must be educated out of the Indian life. The Indian mind, uneducated, will not evolve stationary roofs and walls.

With these shifting homes would depart other evils. The effects of a continued picnic and camping out produce an indifference to clothing, preparation of food, and smoke and filth.

They worship devils, beasts, birds, snakes,

forces of nature, like the lightning, rain, sun and winds. Christian missionaries rarely find in any part of the world worse heathen — but there is not now a single Christian missionary among them.

The dread of death is very remarkable among the Navajo Apaches. They often will not bury their dead at all, unless immediately after life has departed from the body.

In April, 1886, San Juan, a Southern Apache chief, died. His sickness had been protracted so long, that his people believed him to have been bewitched. Ere his body was cold, it was flung across the choicest steed of the whole tribe and borne in the night to the mountains. There it was cast into some old pit, covered with brush, and his horse killed over him, that he might ride to the spirit land. Both bodies were covered with earth and the grave hidden from sight.

While waiting for the old chief to die, his two two sons, fully armed, sat on their horses, ready to go to a deadly fight with the two Indians, camped upon a mountain side, who had bewitched their father. They were with difficulty restrained by the authority of the agent, from the bloody conflict which all expected to take place.

But even the missionary, a stranger, would be a weak agent of civilization among these flitting families, compared with a daughter or a son who has spent three years among white people. Dirt and barbarism are bound to retreat in presence of the knife and fork, the table cloth and napkin, the fresh towels and flatirons, the sweepings and dustings and dishwashings of the Ramona schoolgirl. Let us hope she will have comrades among her brothers who can saw and hammer and build a house, a table, a chair and a bedstead.

HOW THE RAMONA SCHOOL BEGAN.

San Juan, a Mescallero chief, whose burial has been described, was once a bitter enemy to the Americans, but often fought with his men against the hostile Apaches. In 1884 before a great assembly at Santa Fé, surrounded by forty of his braves, he made a speech, while every nerve and muscle of his stalwart frame trembled as he spoke. He commended the American life, and asked for schools for the children of his tribe, that they might become like those whom he saw before him. His appeal touched many hearts. One at least resolved to do his utmost that these children should have such a school. Within two years a school was established in Santa Fé, with aid of the Government, and of benevolent people in the East, and in Santa Fé. Fifteen children from the Mescallero reservation with thirty-five Pueblo Indian children were receiving there Christian instruction Not long after the Pueblo children were placed in Roman Catholic schools. The school was then devoted especially to the education of the Apache girls of the Southwest. It was recognized as a branch of the University of New Mexico, and received its baptismal name, "The Ramona Industrial School for Indian Girls," in honor of that tender friend of the Indians, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, and of her great book, *Ramona*. Every girl who goes from the school back to the Arizona mountains will return there less of an Indian; and we mean to thus send into Indian homes a company of "home missionaries" each year, instead of United States soldiers.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

PLUCKY SMALLS: HIS STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

PLUCKY SMALLS SAILS FOR EUROPE.

BUT the day came when we had to say good-by. I don't like to think of it. I had *my* lady an' little Harry to leave — they were all I had. The other boys had friends come to see 'em off; even Tink had somebuddy. His uncle came all the way from Brooklyn. He had on a reel handsome plaid suit — reel big pattern — an' a shiny hat, an' Tink said he felt reel proud of him. "An' he says he's reel proud of me too," says Tink, "gettin' into the United States Navy an' all that," but I always wondered why he never took any notice of Tink when he was nearly starvin', livin' in the dumpin' ground an' the carpenters' chests. P'rhaps he would, if Tink had let him know.

Anyway he was there, an' all the boys had somebuddy — but what did I want more than *my* lady? Miss Stafford came off on board, an' she brought the Great Supreme a splendid blue an' white bureau-cover. She worked it all herself. I used to see her workin' on it at the hotel. I was messenger that day, an' I was standin' near his door an' I heard him say: "Isabel, you will not forget? It is a promise."

"Do I ever forget?" says she, laughin', an' a little while after she got into a shore boat, an' the gentleman who helped her in was the one I saw her go a-drivin' with that day — an' over there in front of the hotel I could see them horses a-standin', an' Puss-in-Boots was at their heads, an' I jest knew that she was goin' right ashore to go out again with that gentleman an' jest forget all about Mr. Wilkins, an' the old *Manhattan* an' everybuddy aboard of her.

I don't know what come over her, but as she stepped down into her seat she looked up to where I was standin', drawin' a pretty long face perhaps, an' she seemed to catch on all in a minute that I was feelin' pretty low in my mind, an' before I knew it she had pulled a bunch of syringa out of her dress an' threw it full at me. It was a good throw an' no mistake, an' I caught it fair an' square. "Good-by, Plucky," she says, "an' don't forget me."

You just ought to have seen the Great Wilkins's face! Of course it was all "out of order," as the officers would say — but what did she care? She didn't do it so much to please me, as she did it to make Mr. Wilkins mad. But the flowers was mine, an' I kept 'em. An' then I was told I was wanted in the cabin. *My* lady was there an' little Hal. I can't write down all she said to me. I can't think of it now an' keep steady — but the last words was, or nearly the last:

"Poor little fellow! You are so young to go to sea — try to keep good, Plucky, and come home the same boy I see before me now." An' then Master Harry set up a howl, an' he pushed into my hand a silver dollar.

"It's all your own, Plucky," he says, "buy somefin' to remember Harry by." An' then *my* lady put into my hands a package of books an' a red silk purse.

"I knit that for you myself, Plucky," says she. "You will want a little spendin' money on the other side. Buy whatever you like, but whenever you spend it think of me, an' then I'm sure you won't go wrong."

An' then the bugle began to play "Sounds from Home," an' I knew my time was come, for that was to call away the gig, an' sure enough, "Wa-a-a-ay, Gig!" was called, an' then Hal put up his little face an' kissed me — an' then *my* lady put her arms round me an' kissed me once, twice, an' then I jest bolted through the cabin-door, an' down to my diddy-box where I locked up my presents. An' then I ran up to take a

last look at my friends over the side. They was my friends. All I had. The last thing I heard was Harry's little voice calling out:

"Good-by, Plucky, be as good as you can!" an' everybuddy laughed, an' so did I.

"Yes, I'll be as good as I can," I says to myself; "who wouldn't be with a friend at home like *my* lady?"

Oh! but what a sight when the ship set sail! Up aloft we went — loosed sails an' dropped 'em all together at the order, "Let fall!" Then down we came an' "sheeted home" an' hoisted sail. All this time we could hear the fife playin' "Pop goes the Weasel," as the men were "heavin' round" the capstan. An' then we braced the yards, hoisted the jib, set the spanker, catted an' fished the anchor an' were off for blue water. My! she did look a daisy, though! Everythin' was set, alow an' aloft, from the courses to the royals, an' we did jest go larrupin' along.

"It's good-by to Ameriky this time," says Pandy. I looked round. Gracious! wasn't it jest gettin' dim? Where I had seen *my* lady an' Harry standin' on the lawn jest a few minutes before, the' was only two little specks, then the hotel got small, an' then the land began to slide right away from us, an' to be jest a kind of a green line.

"Gangway, gangway there!" says the Bose'n's Mate as the officers of the deck came fo'ward, an' I went below. When I came on deck again there was nothin' but sky an' water far as ever you could see. The next mornin' when old Ticklepitcher hollered, "Up-*a-a-all* hammocks!" an' we fellers tumbled out on deck, there wasn't any land to be seen, only a few sails in sight, but all mighty fine an' pleasant, an' the old barco was jest larrupin' along. The blue sky was over our heads, an' the blue water under our keel. The sky was full of little white clouds, an' the sea had a few sails here an' there, an' it seemed to me 's if whether you looked up or down, you were lookin' in a lookin'-glass, an' seein' the other's picture. I told that to Tink, but he said it was all reel foolishness, an' that I was gettin' too elegant.

"Leave sich talk for me, Plucky my boy," says the Tinker; "literature an' sentiment suit my tastes, an' you stick to your legittermate business, which is," says Tink, "a-makin' Turk's-heads, an' a-cleanin' bright-work."

But though I didn't say anything like that again to the Tinker, I jest thought it all the same, for it was a pretty thought, an' made me somehow feel a little nearer *my* lady and Harry — though why that should be I don't know, onless that all good an' sweet an' pleasant things were so mixed up with her in my mind that I couldn't separate 'em. Good weather at sea is a blessin'. A fresh clear day, an' a spankin' breeze, no mist, no fog nor drizzle, the riggin' runnin' smooth an' not gettin' foul, makes everybuddy good-natured — an' everybuddy was good-natured but the First Lieutenant. He looked bluer 'n blue for two or three days.

Well, we went boomin' along to the eastward an' in three days we were pretty well into the region of fog. We had orders to go into Saint John's, Newfoundland, an' comin' out we had to feel our way pretty careful. An' then what a fog set in. My! you couldn't see her length ahead, an' we kept the fog-bell ringin' all the time. Once there came a kind of a screech an' a boomin' sound, an' right past us, not mor'n a ship's length away, rushed one o' them big ocean steamers bound into New York. This was later, when we was well off the Grand Banks. We couldn't see her name, but old Burtontown (we used to call him Put-'em-down, because he had such big feet an' walked so heavy), the signal-quartermaster, said that she was a Cunarder. How he told I didn't know then, but an old seaman can tell with just a glance almost any kind of a craft that sails, an' often the particular one, with jest a look at her.

Well, we was a-comin' out of Saint John's, an' as it was foggy an' we had to sound anyway, the First Lieutenant thought it would be a good chance to teach us 'prentice-boys how to do it. So up we got into a boat hung from the davits at the quarter, an' up gets the quartermaster, an' up somebuddy hands a long line with some red and white tags tied on to it an' on the end of it a heavy piece of lead. Then the quartermaster swings it round and round in even circles, an' after the third swing away it goes an' falls far ahead of where we are a-standin' into the water.

"*Bye-e-e the mark fie-e-eve,*" sings out the quartermaster, an' "By the mark five," calls out somebuddy stationed below — for the wind was jest a-howlin' an' they had to pass it along. Then again he swings, an' round goes the weight, an' away in front, an' splash into the water, an' "*A quarter less fie-e-eve,*" says he, an' "A quarter less five," repeats the other man.

After tryin' it a while, an' tellin' us to notice how he did it, he giv' it to Pandy. Queer enough! Pandy was the one chose to go in the boat with Pilton Hall an' me. Pandy gave the lead a swing an' nearly hit the quartermaster aside the head. I dodged (he was a sharp one, that Pandy!) and it fell over the side an' thumped against the ship. I heard a gurgle an' looked up — the quartermaster had his fingers twisted in Pandy's collar, an' Pandy was pretty black in the face.

"Try that again, young man, an' you'll foller the lead!" says the quartermaster.

"Try what?" blurts out Pandy.

"D'ye s'pose I didn't see ye a-aimin' at Smallses head?" says Quartermaster.

"I wasn't," says Pandy — an' I didn't know it, only for what the quartermaster had said. "Ye can't expect me to sound the first time," says Pandy, "'specially out here in four fathoms an' three quarters."

"So you do know something about sounding, Mr. Pandy?" says the quartermaster sharply. "Now let me see you heave that lead straight, an' call out the depth correct, or into the brig you go just as sure as my name's Thompson."

"Who'll put me in the brig?" says Pandy.

"The First Lieutenant, that's who — let fly!" An' with that Pandy let fly, an' as straight a throw as a sailor ever gave Pandy made then, an' pulled in, an' called out all ship-shape an' proper.

"You know too much, Pandy," says Mr. Thompson.

It was gettin' pretty dark, what with the fog an' all, an' we was expectin' to hear 'em pipe to supper every minute. I was jest a-thinkin' how hungry I was an' how good a cup of coffee would taste, when *slap! bang!!* I didn't know nothin'

I GOT UP ON THE BUOY . . . AN' I KEPT MY HANDS UNDER PANDY'S ARMS.

for a minute, an' when I did I had come up an' was a-strikin' out for dear life. I could see the old *Manhattan* a-scootin' away before the wind (with the boat we had been a-soundin' from a-hangin' bow downwards), an' I was a-paddlin' about in the foam of her wake. Now you mustn't think that everythin' that happened

aboard the old barco happened to me — I'm only jest a-tellin' you my part of it.

I wasn't afraid but what I could swim, but how long was what bothered me. I knew they would be a half a mile away before they could heave her to, an' whether they'd think poor little Plucky Smalls worth waitin' for I didn't know. An' then I thought of *my* sweetest lady an' the little kid, an' there was two kinds of salt water round those diggin's. There was a great runnin' an' shoutin' aboard the ship, an' then I saw a flash an' I knew they had dropped the lighted life-buoy, an' that I could swim up to it after a while. An' then I heard a splash, an' a sort of groan, an' bless me! if there wasn't somebuddy lyin' half over a seat that had tumbled out of the quarter-boat when she broke loose! My heart gave a great big thump — I wasn't alone then. I swam a stroke or two — he lifted his head, an' I saw it was Pandy! Seein' him there so kind ov helpless took all the mad out ov me, for would you believe it, I was a-thinkin' as I swam along in the wake of the vessel how I'd be even with Pandy if ever I did get aboard again?

An' then he says: "O-oh! Lawdy, Lawdy! — 's that you, Smalls?" an' then he puffed an' panted.

"I can't swim a stroke," says he, "don't take the board away from me, for God's sake!" Jes' 'sif I'd a-took away his board — it made me all kind o' choky to think that even Pandy'd think anybuddy so mean! But it wa'n't no credit to me to let him have his board — I was all right.

"Do you think you can get to the life-buoy, Pandy — there it is — don't you see that light? They're certain to come back for us."

"No-o-o," says Pandy. "I can't stir a step an' I won't. They've got to pick us up! it's Gov'ment's dooty."

I felt like askin' Pandy who'd have picked me up if he'd hit me with the lead — but I thought I'd keep that till we got aboard. An' then Pandy began to cry.

"Don't give in, Pandy," says I, jes' as encouragin' as I could, "you jes' lay on the seat an' I'll push you over to the buoy."

So Pandy straddled across the board, an' I pushed him, jest as easy, over to the buoy, an' there he hung on. The water was pretty cold, for it had freshened up, an' the waves were a-gettin' pretty big; they began to curl over us, and Pandy began to shiver. I held on to the board an' kept near him.

"Don't give in, Pandy — they're sure to be here in a minute," says I, an' then I hollered as loud as I could, but I didn't seem to make much sound. The water was so cold, an' my voice was only a sort of a shiver.

"Hold on, Pandy," says I, for his lips were blue, an' he was a-gettin' white.

"Hullo-o-o!" says I, "hullo-o-o-o!" An' then, oh! my Heaven, I heard the squeak, thump of the oars in the row-locks, and I knew they had sent back for us.

"Hullo-o-o!" calls I again, but I couldn't make much sound, an' Pandy was slippin' — slippin'. I got up on the buoy, I braced my legs round it, an' I kept my hands under Pandy's arms, for his hands had slipped off — an' then I called "Hullo-o-o!" once more, an' I felt all freezin' inside. An' the next time I said Hullo-o! I was all burnin' inside, for they had filled me full of some kind of stuff, an' Pandy was fuller'n I was.

"The doctor's orders," says the sick-bay nurse. "O, dear!" says I, "an' I promised Chaplain I'd never touch a drop."

Chaplain was there — he smiled.

"This is a case of doing evil that good may come, my boy," says he; "not my motto, nor my principle, but I guess it was the only thing to do, Plucky. And you hav'n't broken your promise, if the doctor has for you."

And then I heard how the accident happened. They told us that the ring-bolt at the stern of the quarter-boat had given way, and as her bow fell down so awful sudden the quartermaster an' the other boys caught in the ropes an' seats, but it threw out Pandy an' me, an' then — Mr. Wilkins was on deck, an' when he heard the fall an' splash an' every one runnin' to the side to look over, he jest ran to the stern an' pulled the knobs that drop the life-buoy — one to light her, an' one to let her go — an' whatever any one says after this about Mr. Wilkins they'd better not say it to me, that's all!

We had one more experience on the passage out, an' that was a thunder-storm. Fust the sea

was oily an' greasy, an' the great swells rolled in under her bow an' we pitched until I thought we'd go down head-foremost. An' then it began to blow great guns, an' it blew until I thought it would blow the riggin' all away. It did carry away the weather main top-sail sheet, an' that old sail jest flapped all to pieces. An' then the wind backed round to the south'ard, an' then she rolled — oh! how she rolled, till we thought she'd roll the masts out of her. Then the wind hauled an' we jest had to scud before it. We boys wa'n't allowed much on deck jest then. The Kimmander giv' orders that the old sailor-men should do the work of the ship, for he was afraid of the little chaps gettin' carried over-board. Old Burtontown was standin' astern near the binnacle when he saw an awful comber comin' along astern. Mr. Brent was officer of the deck. He jest sung out to the captain of the after-guard, "Nail her down!" Mr. Brent had him stationed there at the hatch with his hammer in his hand waitin' for jest such a wave. An' then he sung out to old Put-'em-down "Jump!" An' they both jumped, and old Put-'em-down afterwards said he jest grazed a gun an' brought up with his feet in the riggin' at the foot of the mast, for that sea took 'em both end over end. Mr. Brent wasn't much behind the quartermaster, but he wasn't so lucky, for he went slap-bang! against a gun an' dislocated his shoulder. An' the doctor had a pretty hard time gettin' it in place again. Then it thundered an' hailed, an' rained an' blew, harder 'n ever, till there wasn't no kind of comfort, an' the lightnin' was jest a-playin' all round us in the sky, like knives cuttin' up an' down, an' at last there come a awful crash, an' I thought it was the end of the old *Manhattan* sure! An' we saw the next day where the lightnin'-rod had melted an' spattered in drops over the deck. I have to laugh now, when I think of the doctor's assistant, though we was all solemn enough then. When the fust big sea come over the stern an' poured in tubsfull down the hatch-way, we boys all thought the ship was a-sinkin'. Dr. Whiteson ran to the after-ladder.

"Where are you goin', Whiteson? That's the captain's ladder," sings out Mr. Wilkins.

"No time for ceremony now, sir," says the doctor. An' we boys who had to stay on the gun-deck, swamp or not, saw his boots jest a-skip-pin' out of the hatchway as lively as anythin'.

But it didn't storm all the time, nor rain nor blow, except enough to get us along, an' just fifteen days from Cape Race we sailed into the harbor at Havre.

I tell you it looked funny to me to see those high stone walls, an' to be towed right in be-tween 'em, an' in further an' further, with more stone walls, an' streets an' houses on each side of us, until at last we was way up in the inner basin of Havre.

That was a pretty place, an' when Tink an' me got liberty we'd go ashore, an' through the town, an' up the hills at the back of it, where all those fancy houses an' gardens are, or else we'd walk out to the lighthouses on Cape LaHere. Once when Tink an' me was walkin' up that long dusty road, we saw a splendid open carriage comin' up behind us. There was some mighty pretty young ladies in it; an' then, out from a house by the road, there come two little ragged kids an' they began to turn summersets an' cart-wheels along by the side of the carriage till you couldn't rest, an' the ladies laughed an' threw 'em some money, an' the little beggars sang out: "All r-r-ri-ght," an' another one said, "Me speak Eenglish," an' then the ladies laughed harder 'n ever, an' threw 'em some more money — an' I thought that was a great way to get money, that was — but a Frenchy'd do anythin'. An' then one of the ladies said, "Oh! do look, mamma, at those cunnin' little sailor-boys! An' they have *Manhattan* on their cap-ribbons." An' then they stopped the carriage an' talked to Tink an' me, an' Tink he did all the talkin', an' they thought he was reel interestin'. An' then I heard one ov 'em say that "Cousin Charlie," was on board the *Manhattan*, an' then they asked us where the ship was, an' if Mr. Barker was aboard, an' the next day I saw 'em goin' down into the ward-room to lunch. Now that isn't much to tell, is it? But I can never forget that sunny day, and those pretty young ladies, an' how awful friendly they were with two poor sailor-boys.

One day when we was a-lyin' up in the basin, old Ticklepitcher come to me an' says he, "Smalls, the captain has giv' leave to some of the boys to go up to Paree to see the Exposition.

He says six can go. Do you want to be one?"

"What's Paree," says I, "an' what's a Exposition?"

"Well," says ole Tick, puttin' on airs such as I never see before, "Americans say Paris, but out here in sunny France, we says Paree."

"No," says I, "I guess I don't care about it."

"Say yes, you big goose, on principle," says Tink, a-nudgin' me, an' a-whisperin' low in my ear, "an' ask for leave for me too."

So I did, an' he got it. We went up to Paris with old Ticklepitcher himself, an' I shall never forget that splendid ride in the cars. We crossed the river ever an' ever so many times.

The *Sane* Ticklepitcher called it, an' he said he should think it would be *in*sane, wanderin' round so much. He kept sayin' this all the way up to Paris, an' laughin' very hard. At last we ran into the station at Paris. What a gabblin' those Frenchies did keep up!

"Why can't they talk a Christian languidge, Bose'n?" says Tink. Ticklepitcher was only a bose'n's mate, but when we were off alone with him he made us call him Bose'n, an' you had to do it to keep on the right side of him.

"They's born so," said old Tick, "it's their misfortune, not their fault." An' then old Tick got into a fuss with a cabman. Fust off he called him "Mossoo," an' kept a-sayin' *bong, bong, bong*, but he wanted cabby to take five of us inside, an' two on the box, an' then the row began, an' how they did sling e-pithets! The last thing that Bose'n said was, a-shakin' his fist in cabby's face, "What you fellers want is a empire again, an' I hope 't somebuddy 'll see thet ye get it; I'd like to be king here myself."

An' then he walked off reel mad, an' we followed along behind, an' pretty soon we got into some great wide streets all lighted up as bright as day. My! my! what a place that was. We jest preambulated along — some of those wide streets — what old Tick called bully vards, an' at last after lookin' in about fifty million shop windows, an' walkin' till we couldn't stand up another minute, old Ticklepitcher dove down a side-street where it was as dark as pitch an' he brought up at a queer little house that was kind o' squeezed in between two tall ones. A kind ov lantern, a great big one, swung over the door, but it was pretty dirty an' didn't seem to give much light. Old Tick said that "it made the darkness visible." He was awful up in fine sayin's, old Tick was — an' I couldn't help thinkin' what a thing it was for me to be travelin' with two such reel educated persons as him an' the Tinker. Tink was all for society, but Ticklepitcher was reel litary.

Old Tick had been there before, an' we went in with him an' was treated jest boss, an' I told Tink that I hadn't slept so sound since I left the dumpin'-ground. Tink told me to hush up.

"You are now in Paree, Plucky my child," says he (he said Paree just like old Ticklepitcher), "an' you must forget the vulgarity of your late surroundin's."

Well, we was all up bright an' early the next mornin', an' the landlord got us a sort of bus with some flags flyin' on top and little scalloppy things at the horses' ears, an' red an' blue covers over the seats, an' we all piled in, three on one side an' four on the other, an' started for the Exposition. Now what is the use ov my tryin' to tell you anythin' about it — even Tink couldn't say anythin'. He jest drove along with his mouth an' his ears an' his eyes wide open, takin' in everythin' that he could. We rode, an' we rode, an' we rode, up some bully vards an' then up some more bully vards, an' past some great big monuments, an' then into a big square where there was a little monument an' gardens an' palaces till you couldn't rest, an' then we turned into a broad street that looked like a park itself. Carriages drivin' up an' down the middle an' on the side under the trees, an' ladies an' gentlemen sittin' an' walkin' an' talkin', an' lots of little kids diggin' in piles of sand that the Bose'n said was put there on purpose for 'em. An' there was music a-playin', an' flowers a-sellin', an' shows a-goin' on, an' at last old Ticklepitcher stopped the bus an' told the man to wait where he was, an' we followed the Bose'n, all six of us, an' went into a sort of tent where we all got on to some wooden horses that was goin' round in a circle — an' we rode, an' rode, an' rode, till I thought my head would fly off, I was so dizzy. At last the thing stopped.

"Well, we can't spend all our money in one place," says Bose'n. "Bong jour, Mossoo, come

along, boys." An' then we all piled in again an' drove up the long street. Tink said it was the *Shangs-el-eesy* — but he said he hadn't got the Paree touch on the French — couldn't get it in one day.

Bimeby, after goin' round a big square stone thing that Ticklepitcher said was an Ark of Triumph, we rattled up a cross-street, turned a corner, an' stopped short.

"Get out, boys," says the Bose'n, "for here you are at the Exposition."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SAND DIGGERS.

Mrs M. L. Butts

DIG, my dainty workmen in blouse and pinafore,
Kilted skirts a-flutter all along the shore;
Mix your mimic mortar, build your baby walls,
Pile the pretty pebbles for fairy waterfalls.

Dig, my dainty workmen, steady labor tells;
Deeper, ever deeper, grow your little wells.
Ah, you shout in triumph, kneeling on the rim,
To see the great grand ocean fill them to the brim!

Dig, my darling workmen — you will understand,
When no longer children playing on the sand,
Brave with seaweed tassels and chains of shining shells,
Always, when they're ready, God will fill the wells.

IN A MAGIC CIRCLE.

ADVENTURES OF AN ABYSSINIAN MONKEY.

(Around-the-World Stories.)

Olive Risley Howard

THIS pretty mischievous little creature became a member of our party in Egypt, and proved a most diverting traveling companion.

We had but lately come from India, the land of strange beliefs and fantastic customs, where the peculiar veneration which the Hindoos bestow upon monkeys had given us a new interest in the monkey race.

And the attention of all thinking people had recently been directed to the nature and habits of the monkey everywhere because of certain new philosophical theories concerning his origin.

We were greatly struck while driving one day through the wonderful streets of Benares, the sacred city of the Ganges, when we passed a broad Hindoo temple towering above a high inclosing wall, for the temple and the court surrounding it were crowded with monkeys of all ages, sizes and colors. They climbed up the carved pillars, raced round the architrave, scampered over the roof and hung by the tail from all sorts of impossible and dangerous-looking places; while as for the streets and by-ways, in the vicinity of that temple, they were as closely inhabited by monkeys, little and big, as the alley-ways in New York are by cats.

This heathen temple was dedicated to the worship of these active little creatures who are believed by the Hindoos to be no less than "gods and goddesses."

One meek and gentle native told us why monkeys are held to be divine. Said the Hindoo: "They are the most trying of all creatures to the *patience* of men, and they are worshiped and guarded by devoted Hindoos who seek perfection in the practice of this noble virtue."

It was a new idea to us that a "trying and mischievous disposition" could in any sense be thought admirable, or that one needed to leave the ordinary path of life to learn the practice of patience. We therefore wondered to see hundreds of Hindoos who, coming from afar, made their homes near this temple, fed the monkeys, cared for them, made them welcome everywhere, even blessed the ungrateful naughty little things and left them unmolested in their cunning tricks and scampish way.

The "sacred monkeys" were so funny and so fascinating, my sister and I rather regretted that the course of our lives was not likely to offer us a closer study of the attributes so highly prized by the soft-eyed Hindoos.

There is a belief in the East that anything

much wished for is sure to come to pass, and our wish to know more about monkeys was by way of being gratified sooner than we could have believed.

The first three hundred miles of our journey in Egypt were by railroad to the landing-place on the river where a steamer waited to take us far beyond on a journey up the Nile.

We halted at Ghizeh, a station on the way, where an Arab, acting as United States Consul, looked after the comfort and rights of such of our countrymen as passed that way. This consul came to greet us, and brought to the railway carriage the monkey hero of this story, who was about the size and color of a large gray squirrel. He had a long curled tail and his tiny grayish paws were lined with what looked like the very softest and finest of black kid. His little tapering finger-nails were smooth and polished. His teeth were very white and even and closed firmly together. He had a slightly "jowlish" look, the effect of the mouth-pouches provided to hold the surplus when he had more goodies than he could eat at one time. His eyes were "large, brown and expressive," and he wore little side-whiskers perfectly white and as evenly trimmed and curled as those of an English butler.

He stood in the carriage window and gave us a Turkish salute or salaam, bowing and touching the sill with his paw, raising it to his forehead and mouth and then crossing his hands on his little stomach, after which salutation he sprang up to the rack where our bags, rugs and lunch basket were stowed, and watched us curiously from over the top of the luggage.

The consul said this was a very rare kind of monkey, brought from Abyssinia; that he carried him about in his pocket and was very fond of him.

When the engine whistled and the train was about starting, we looked for the monkey to give him to his master, and found the little thing wound into the rack in such a way that he could not be disentangled quickly without cutting the netting or hurting him. "Never mind," said the good-natured and generous Arab, "since you like him, and he evidently wishes to stay, let me give him to you. He is very docile and amusing, a faultless pet that I should be delighted to present to you."

We smiled our thanks as the train moved off, and there being no time to ask the name of our unexpected little traveling companion we called him "Nap," in honor of Lord Napier of Magdala in Abyssinia, and in memory of Napoleon in Egypt.

There was so much to think of in the ancient land through which we were passing that for the moment we naturally gave no further attention to the ex-pet of the American consulate.

The voyage of the Nile is always a solemn and impressive journey, and it was more than usually sombre in the late season of May when we made it. The palm-trees and green patches by the river side were already dry and browned, and the Nile was low and turbid, while the sands of the trackless desert were shadeless and shining under the rays of a glaring sun. Just before us, and outlined against the burning sky, were the unbending forms of the pyramids from which the centuries have looked down not only on Bonaparte and his army, but on the whole civilized world of history.

There stood the Sphinx, heedless as she has ever been of the million questions which winds of ages have whispered against her stony cheeks, and our train wended its way still further along the rush-covered river-banks, where the marvelous cradle was woven hundreds of years ago, and the little Moses rocked among the reeds growing just as we saw them now. Looking across the great desert, we dreamed of Arabs, and tents, and caravans, and oases, and mirages, and adventures until, reminded by hunger of the dinner hour, our attention was brought back to the railway-carriage. We asked for the lunch basket and our surprise may be imagined when it was found fastened to the rack, and our dismay when the monkey was discovered holding it fast.

Busy indeed that small Nap had been while we were engaged in harmless reveries. So ingeniously had he wound and threaded his long tail into the rack, his neck and limbs into the basket, that it was immovable. He was lying partly in the basket braced by his strong legs, while his nervous arms and cunning fingers were free to rummage among the good things he found there. Complete master of the situation he leisurely regaled himself and had a way of rejecting the things he did not like and of gobbling

those that were to his taste, which was most "trying indeed to the patience of men." Our discomfort was increased to real suffering when he managed to open the water bottle most carefully provided for our hot dusty journey, and before we could prevent it, upset the contents over the rugs and wraps.

There was nothing to do but grin and bear this unwelcome discipline as every moment we became hungrier and thirstier. The expediency of choking the little gourmand was discussed, but we rejected this as inhuman, and at the slightest advance he showed his sharp teeth in such a way as to convince us that he could cause us to suffer worse pangs than those of hunger if he were once roused to anger, and we were forced to submit unwillingly to the first lesson in forbearance of which Nap was to teach us so many. The remaining hours were passed in a famishing silence, while the monkey feasted on our viands, alternating this occupation with the pastime of pelting us with balls of bread, half-squeezed oranges, bitten bananas, grape-skins and egg-shells, taking his aim and pitching with a precision which even Mike Kelly might be glad to imitate.

When at length his ravenous little appetite was satisfied, and the remains of the feast scattered, the gray monkey made his way coolly down to the seat, looked out at the window, and after holding my finger in a friendly way for awhile curled himself up and went to sleep — the picture of docile innocence. We began to reflect that the poor little thing must have been nearly starved and to excuse his rudeness on this account, and furthermore determined to take such good care of him in the future that a repetition of such behavior would be impossible.

At Rodah we changed from the railway train to a large steam yacht, the *Crocodile*, on board of which we expected to pass the next fortnight exploring the Nile.

On embarking our first care was to provide quarters for little Nap, and we were not long deciding that the deck was the place where he would have the most freedom and do the least mischief. He already had a strong leather belt fastened around his body and a little chain. To this we added a long chain fastened to the flagstaff. Later a little house was contrived for him under one of the ship's benches, while the ship's master and crew were strictly charged to be very kind to him.

Mr. Seward, who was an inveterate student at home, relaxed none of these habits while traveling abroad, and he also kept us up to the mark in study, sight-seeing and note-taking in every country through which we passed. We knew this voyage up the Nile would be our most serious undertaking in point of study and we arranged our state-rooms with special regard for this object. Guide-books and dictionaries were taken out, and paper and blanks, pen, ink and pencils gotten ready for work, and a convenient place found for each separate article we might use or need.

Coming to a stopping-place, our first excursion was made on donkey-back to Abydos, the stupendous ruins of an ancient temple built between five and six thousand years ago, and where a stone tablet on one of the interior walls shows the carved chronological record of seventy-six Egyptian kings, beginning with Menes and ending with Setis. This list is rather hard to learn to say backward, but it was probably as easy to the little Egyptian students mummied thousands of years ago, as it is to-day for an American schoolboy to begin with the name of Grover Cleveland and repeat back to George Washington without missing in the list of presidents.

After so much serious study we were glad to get back to the steamer and to have a merry romp with the monkey. He was full of fun and quick at learning a game, and raced after us until we went to the cabin, leaving him on deck, and then he went to the railing round the ship, and assumed an attentive attitude, as if thoughtfully listening to the sound of our voices coming up from the open port-holes.

The next day we went ashore to visit the temple of Denderah, and here we found something more modern than the ruins at Abydos.

The temple at Denderah belongs to the Ptolemaic period and part of it was built at so late a date as the reign of the Roman Tiberius. It is full of names of the Cæsars, among them Caligula, Claudius, Nero and Augustus, and on one of the back walls is shown a veritable life-size portrait in intaglio of the boy-prince Ptolemy-

Cæsarion, taking a social walk with his celebrated mamma Queen Cleopatra.

These excursions to tombs and temples were made at night, for the sun was too hot by day for strangers to venture out. When we returned in the early dawn from Denderah, and "sought the repose the cabin grants," what a scene of confusion met our eyes! The books and papers we had so carefully arranged lay scattered on the floor, torn in strips; odd boots and shoes were lying about everywhere (we discovered later that the missing fellows had been thrown out at the port-holes into the Nile, with numerous other valuables); soapy water had been upset in the cabin berths, and our beloved pith hats torn to shreds and trampled into the matting, while Mr. Nap, the author of this mischief, was gleefully chattering and gesticulating on the hand-rail above, where the day before he had demurely laid his destructive plan of campaign.

Of course we "went for him," but before we reached the deck he had disappeared over the railing and through the port-hole into the state-room; and when we were in the state-room it was impossible to catch him there, for he bounded at one jump out at the port-hole over the railing on to the deck again. Lesson number two in patience and forbearance from Nap — but those lessons shortly became numberless.

He was one of those creatures who are never conscious of doing wrong, or of making any one uncomfortable, and had an air about him as much as to say, "I am so fine and rare a monkey that you must admire even the worst of my monkey tricks." But he was so droll and gentle that we grew more and more to like him, notwithstanding all his pranks and apish vanity.

Our dining-table was spread on the deck of the *Crocodile* which was the Khédive's private yacht, and dinner was served with the same observance of Turkish etiquette, including the ceremonious passing of coffee and chibouks, as if the Khédive himself were on board.

Nap was always at hand at dinner-time to catch the tidbits given him, or get such other dainties as he could prig unseen. His greedy ways were endlessly funny and his liking for sweetmeats prodigious. He had a special taste for sugared almonds, and watched eagerly for these hard brittle bonbons. He stowed them away like a miser, four at a time, when they were given to him, gripping them testily with his feet or hind paws, packing them in his cheek-pouches and his mouth, and clutching them in his hands. Only when he was persuaded that he would get no more until these twenty-eight were eaten would he sit upon his haunches and begin crunching and munching, one by one, in the reverse order in which he had packed them away — beginning with the almonds in his mouth and eating those held in his hind paws last.

Nap was also a thirsty fellow. A contrivance for freshening the deck and also for cooling purposes, so indispensable in a climate where the thermometer ranged from 130° to 140°, and ice unknown, was very convenient for Nap also. A trough about ten inches wide and a foot deep ran around the edge of the deck, and Nile water pumped by machinery from the river was kept running rapidly in the trough day and night. Here Nap stooped and drank from his hand like a schoolboy, or lapped the cool stream like a dog. Here wine bottles were kept, and here Mr. Nap learned some very bad tricks; *how* he learned to pick and pull off the metal covering and then to nibble out the cork of the claret bottle we never knew — but more than once we found him grasping the neck of an upset bottle, and holding his tiny mouth to catch the crimson stream. We fancied he longed for the grape-juice of his native land, but this charitable view was not taken by the less indulgent steward when his best bottle of sweet rich Château Yequem was found upset and empty and Nap staggering about the deck in a high state of merriment, dropping off at last in the senseless stupor of intoxication.

By the time we reached the cataracts of the Nile we had often wished Nap at Benares among those monkey "gods and goddesses," teaching patience to Hindoo devotees. We had tried different modes of discipline in vain, and the rogue had indulged in every species of prank, caprice and mischief which monkeyhood could suggest. He had at last gnawed and picked our only remaining toothbrushes to pieces, mimicking their proper use meanwhile from his perch in the port-hole, and had spilled our last bottle of ink, carrying it to the top of the flag-staff and letting its contents trickle down among the stars

and stripes, giving our beloved banner the character of a "black flag" before he was discovered, for the top of the flag-staff was his favorite resting-place and last retreat.

The officers on the steamer, staid, silent Moslems, despised the Abyssinian monkey heartily, and he showed them as little respect in return.

All Turks and Egyptians from the Sultan on his throne at Stamboul to the fellah in the desert of Sahara, wear one and the same style of head-covering — the red cloth fez or tarboosh, and are never seen without it. This fez has superseded the turban of the time of Sinbad, and is so revered in the eyes of all Mussulmans as an emblem, that it is invariably carved on their tombstones. Every day after our dinder a squad of officers in fez and military uniform came marching around the deck, each carrying a pipe several feet long, having an amber mouth-piece inlaid with gold and precious stones, which they set in silver trays at the feet of each guest. These were the Khédive's chibouk-bearers, and they offered the pipes of peace and good-will with great stateliness and decorum.

Nap regarded this ceremony with fierce contempt and disfavor. Perhaps the smoke made him sick, for he always scampered away when the pipe-bearers appeared and chattered at them from the flag-staff. One evening, however, he seemed impelled to a madder prank than usual, for he swung himself down noiselessly and sprang without warning to the back of one of these officers, seized his fez by the black tassel and threw it into the river. The agile little rascal was at the top of the flag-staff again before the officer could realize that his insignia of dignity was gone, and what an absurd figure he made standing pipe in hand with only the yellow pasteboard rim around his head which, "dude" that he was, he wore concealed under the clumsy fez to keep it in shape. The officer was furious and it was plain to see that he inwardly vowed to have his revenge on naughty Nap.

His chance came the very next day when the steward, who had not forgotten the loss of the Château Yequem, caught the monkey slyly picking the metal casing from a wine bottle, and, seizing him by the throat, shortened his chain, and tied the poor fellow up to a stanchion. The injured officer of the stolen fez passing at that moment gave the helpless mite a cruel cut with a rattan, and simultaneously my ears were greeted by his piteous cries. Not long coming to his rescue I seized the rattan which the officer dropped at my approach and before even throwing it overboard I unfastened the howling little prisoner.

We had never seen him other than gentle and good-natured with all his mischievous cunning; but now he was shaking with rage. He lashed his tail about savagely, struck at the air with tiny clinched fists, while his whole body trembled and his eyes were glazed and gray with anger. His great pain and fury must have turned his small brain, for spying the instrument of torture in my hand, he sprang at me with a vengeance. In one second his four sinewy limbs were clutched around my arm protected only by a lace sleeve, and his double row of sharp perfect teeth were buried in my flesh. The steward caught a large knife from the dining-table and raised it to cut Nap's head off, but our good Freeman was luckily at hand to choke the clinging animal instead, and he dropped senseless to the floor. Not before he had left a mark on my arm however, a miniature copy of that indented circle which boys like to make in a ripe pound sweeting, and all hands gathered round to care for my hurt.

Meanwhile Nap recovered and scrambled out of the way, with his belt loosened and a part of the chain gone. The knife, nearly twice as long as the monkey's whole body, lay forgotten on the floor. He grabbed it stealthily, and tucking it under one arm, scaled the flag-staff waving his wicked weapon aloft, and chattering his grievances and his triumphant escape long and loud from the top of that liberty-pole.

The spirit of revenge is often mistaken for manliness and courage, but if any one who cherishes it could see an enraged monkey, sullenly nursing his stripes and waiting a secret chance to strike back with a big carving knife, he would banish such ideas of that ignoble passion. Even little savage Nap grew tired of resentment as the day darkened and a storm came on, and dropping the knife, began slowly sliding down the pole, and started humbly on all-fours for his friends.

Not so forgiving that Mohammedan pipe-bearer whose dignity Nap had overturned. It was *his* time now, and more sly than the monkey he waited until the little fellow was near, then grabbed him by the remaining bit of chain hanging to his strained belt.

The monkey, as if knowing his hour had come unless he could escape altogether, made one desperate squirming struggle, and the belt snapping in two he sprang head-first into the dark fast-flowing river.

We were grieved to lose the poor pet, and as the storm gathered pulled up and fastened to a landing to offer rewards for Nap in the Arab villages, hoping his irrepressible monkeyship had managed to swim ashore; but no trace of him could be found, and giving him up for lost we proceeded on the voyage.

At dawn the next morning my sister and I were pacing the deck, recalling Nap's sad fate and pretty ways when we suddenly saw the humped-up figure of our miserable little fellow-traveler, on the middle seat of the large empty life-boat following the steamer's wake at the distance of a long rope's length. He was drenched and shivering, but when nearly perished from cold and fright, had had cleverness enough in the moment of his dire extremity to strike out for the life-boat and rescue himself from a watery grave.

After this he was given in charge of a good-natured sailor whose sole duty it was to look after him, and Mr. Seward was greatly disappointed to learn that our downward trip would not permit us to stop at Ghizeh for a call on the Arab American consul who thought the Abyssinian monkey a faultless and desirable pet.

When we arrived at Cairo Nap was so far restored to favor that we hoped Mr. Seward would be willing to let us carry him to America; but he was of the opinion that we wasted valuable time playing with Nap, that he was a great care, and would prove an intolerable nuisance in ordinary travel. We tried to give him away at Cairo, but could find no one who appreciated him, and he followed us in the baggage car to Alexandria. Fearing to leave him unprotected in the hotel there, we invariably took him on the carriage box in our drives, and in this way Nap visited all the sights of Alexandria, and saw Pompey's pillar and Cleopatra's Needle even as he had before seen many of the ruins and obelisks of the Nile, in our company.

Mr. Seward was fond of pets and very considerate of others in their friendships for the dumb creatures; but he became stern about the Abyssinian monkey, and at Alexandria he said we should not take him with us to the Holy Land, to Greece and to the other countries we hoped to see before going home, and made an agreement with the master of the hotel by which the latter promised to take the little fellow off our hands and be kind to him. And so we bade farewell to our Abyssinian pet, and set sail without him from the continent of Africa.

Our steamer was lying at anchor in the bay off Alexandria, and as we stood on her deck gazing our last at the ancient city with the Pharos light in full view, we saw a steam launch carrying the American flag put off from shore and make direct for our vessel. As it came near we recognized a gay familiar little figure, perched at the top of the flag-staff. In the innkeeper's absence the innkeeper's wife, finding Nap moaning alone in our deserted apartment, not knowing of the contract which her husband had made, had taken pity on the forsaken monkey, and in the kindness of her heart forwarded him to us by special conveyance.

His moans were changed to such chirrups of delight at recognizing his traveling-companions that we thought Mr. Seward would surely relent. But he was obdurate, and Nap was returned with a kind message of thanks to the innkeeper's wife, and the explanation that as it would be at least three months before we sailed from England for America we could not possibly take the monkey with us.

When we came at last to England and were about starting on the final voyage of our long journey, many things had diverted our thoughts from Nap; but the sight of hand-organ monkeys and the little apes in the British Zoo had never failed to produce with us pangs of regretful memory. On the day we were to leave London for Liverpool a sailor-like looking man appeared at our hotel, carrying a monkey, whom at a glance we could not fail to recognize as at least a relative of Nap. The same size, pretty gray color, natty white whiskers, big restless eyes and

indeed, as we soon found out, the very same Nap.

Those over-kind hotel people at Alexandria had kept our address and the date when we were to be in England; and at a loss what else to do with the valuable charge we had left forwarded the Abyssinian monkey by the hands of a sailor who now claimed his hardly-won reward, and Mr. Nap was thereupon ensconced entirely to his own satisfaction at least in first-class quarters at Fenton's, St. James.

Mr. Seward was now confounded and my sister and I perplexed, for much as we liked him we were forced to admit that we could manage this persistent little creature even less well now than when we left him in Egypt. Mr. Seward's cherished friend, Mr. Evarts, who happened to be in London at the time, came to the rescue. He had promised to take a nice little animal of some sort from England to his youngest son at home in America, and after hearing as much of the monkey's history as we could tell in a few moments, saw him, liked him, and was pleased to accept him as a present, and a rare find for his purpose.

Nap's next home was therefore on Second Avenue, New York, varied possibly with journeys to Windsor, Vermont, and to Washington, and a history of his American experience would doubtless be hailed with interest by the Nap family in Abyssinia to whom it would seem a barbarous romance.

It is now known that before many years had passed Master Evarts presented a "rare specimen" of Abyssinian monkey to the Zoölogical collection in Central Park, New York. Here Nap was greatly sought and admired among others of his race less distinguished than our little traveler, and here he may have had the pleasure a little later of examining again the obelisk of Cleopatra's Needle which he had seen from our carriage-box in far-away Egypt and which was brought, like Nap, all the way from Africa to adorn the great pleasure park.

It has been intimated to me that Master Evarts' mother had something to do with suggesting the propriety of this precious gift to Central Park on the part of her son; and in a recent conversation with Senator Evarts about Hindoo monkey-worship and Darwinian theories that grave gentleman told me, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, that whatever peculiar importance Indian fanatics and certain disciples of modern thought might give to the race of apes, he was very sure that for Mr. Seward and himself they had learned, in their experience with one Abyssinian monkey, the profound truth of at least one great and universal precept of moral philosophy — the precept which teaches that "it is better to give than to receive."

A DAUGHTER OF THE PHARAOHS.

THE LAZY GIRL.

A LAZY GIRL'S WISH.

By Mrs. Mary Norton Bradford.

YOU ask, if I could be
That which I would be,
What, from all Nature's sisterhood,
Would I change place with —
Would I circle in space with
The stars, as a star? or, from yonder wood,
Pour my soul singing
As, upward winging,
I sought the blue, fit home for a bird?
No, a bird is too busy,
And a star might get dizzy,
So, I'd be neither — now, don't say a word!

Pray, do you suppose that
Lovely red rose that
Nods and beckons and beams on me
Ever gets weary?
That ever a tear she
Sheds but for joy that she can be?

And that great daisy,
So white and lazy,
That stands with her sisters there in the sun —
Has she a care, a
Burden to bear, a
Trouble in life? O no! not one.

I've read the story
Of the King in his glory
Who "was not arrayed like one of these";
'Twas Solomon; still he
Couldn't equal a lily —
A red field-lily that flaunts in the breeze.

So, if I could choose me,
With none to refuse me,
The lot I'd like best of all on the earth,
'Twould be that of the flowers
Who all through the hours
Have nothing to do from the hour of their birth.

There are no traces
On their fair faces
Of sickness, sorrow, of grief or sin;
Their only duty
On earth is beauty —
"They toil not, neither do they spin."

SUMMER LANES.

(*An Art-Paper for Young Landscape-Painters.*)

By Mabel F. Robinson.

THE love of rock and mountain, raging sea and wind-swept barrens is a purely modern taste. To the ancients the wilder aspects of nature were suggestive merely of danger and discomfort.

Compared with modern peoples the Greeks appear to have had little feeling for external nature. Peace, culture and fertility were to them the beauties in landscape. Every beautiful landscape in Homer is made up of the same peaceful details — the garden, the fountain, the grove of trees; and not with Homer only, but with all the ancient writers, trees are an essential of landscape beauty.

In very early times trees are generally mentioned in connection with a garden. Later the love of the garden extended to the fields; but the beloved scenery continued to be home scenery and the ideal beauties were still peace, quietude and fertility.

To the artist's mind the love of a thing inspires a wish to reproduce it. So we may conclude that the conscious love of scenery did not take form very long before painters introduced landscape backgrounds to their pictures. This revolution in art, for it was nothing less, was headed in Italy by Giotto at the end of the thirteenth century, and in the Netherlands by Hubert and John Van Eyck about a hundred years later; but it was not till the sixteenth century that even one picture was painted which was simply a landscape without figure interest, and not till the seventeenth that we find any artists devoting themselves entirely to landscape.

These landscape-painters brought a new spirit into their art; for if we study the works of earlier masters, we shall find that their aim and object is quite distinct from the aim and object of modern landscapists — a difference arising mainly from the fact that while we paint earth they painted their idea of Heaven, and sought to convey an impression of peace, perfection and serenity. Darkness and cloud and dead trees find no place in these celestial landscapes which have, and are meant to have, a symbolic rather than a natural appearance.

The English National Gallery is enriched by the earliest purely terrestrial landscape — that summer lane by John Bellini wherein Peter, the Dominican martyr, is murdered by woodcutters. In Bellini's day there was no school for landscape, and when his younger contemporary, Titian, painted a landscape in which there were no figures, not even the painter's surpassing fame could succeed in finding a buyer for a picture of anything so dull as a mere grove of trees. Bellini therefore showed his wisdom in adding figures to please his contemporaries, while to please himself and posterity he painted this road through a wood. A summer wood; for Bellini is like the ancients in that his idea of beauty is an abundance of trees. He lived in Venice, and had the Grand Canal and the lagoons perpetually before him; but when he wished to paint a landscape he went inland, found such a grove of trees as may be seen in any wooded neighborhood, and sought to fathom the most unfathomable mystery of art — the truthful treatment of trees in full leaf. Certainly he has produced a very charming picture; but it is charming, not in the least as he wished it to be charming — as a truthful study of trees. It is charming for its simplicity and earnestness and for a certain quality called style — a quality separable from, and too often separated from, realistic achievement.

For judged by the standard of realism this patient living landscape is a failure. Bellini has reasoned too much; and knowing that foliage is composed of many leaves, has argued that many leaves must produce the effect of foliage. This artist, one of the greatest of the great age in which he lived, had not even learned how to see a tree, and has given us nothing but a collection of boughs and of leaves, of which there are not so many in his entire wood as nature gives on one single bough. Each leaf too stands up on end stiff and rigid, and with the under side towards us, whereas in nature no two leaves are placed alike, and they decline with the most unaccommodating obstinacy to look the artist full in the face or even to stand still to be painted. Moreover, in nature we do not see an arrangement of leaves. We see a

DEATH OF SAINT PETER, MARTYR.
(From the painting by John Bellini.)

tree, just as we see masses of hair, not a number of single hairs, and to paint a tree truly we should depict its general form, its habit of growth, and the masses of its foliage.

Dürer, who was fifty years younger than Bellini, realized this, though distinctness is still the prominent feeling.

It was Bellini's pupil, Titian, who first painted trees broadly and with freedom. The stem and the leaf — these had till this time composed the tree of the painter; the sparse foliage of the pre-Raphaelite masters never conceals the stem, and the carefully drawn leaf is big out of all proportion to the tree or the landscape. But even after the idea of mass had reformed the tree-painting of the early sixteenth century, a tree continued for very many years to be merely a tree; a tall tree, a broad tree, a light tree, a dark tree. The days when artists should render lovingly the distinctions of form by which we know the sycamore from the plane, the beech from the birch, the ilex from the olive, were yet far to seek.

To a great degree this unscientific spirit is the right one, for it is not the artist's business to show us what he knows, but what he sees and feels; and the moment he places his knowledge of what a thing is before his vision of how a thing looks his work loses in artistic value, in poetry, and in charm. The sole artistic uses of the sciences of anatomy and botany are to help us to see things rightly; to help us to discern between what is essential and what merely accidental, what we may change to suit our picture and what we must copy from nature. Botanical knowledge will save us from painting trees that diminish without branching or branch without diminishing, will help us to see things truly, and to see things truly is the most difficult of all the artistic faculties that can be acquired.

All through the great age the Italians gave much attention to landscape; but with the less

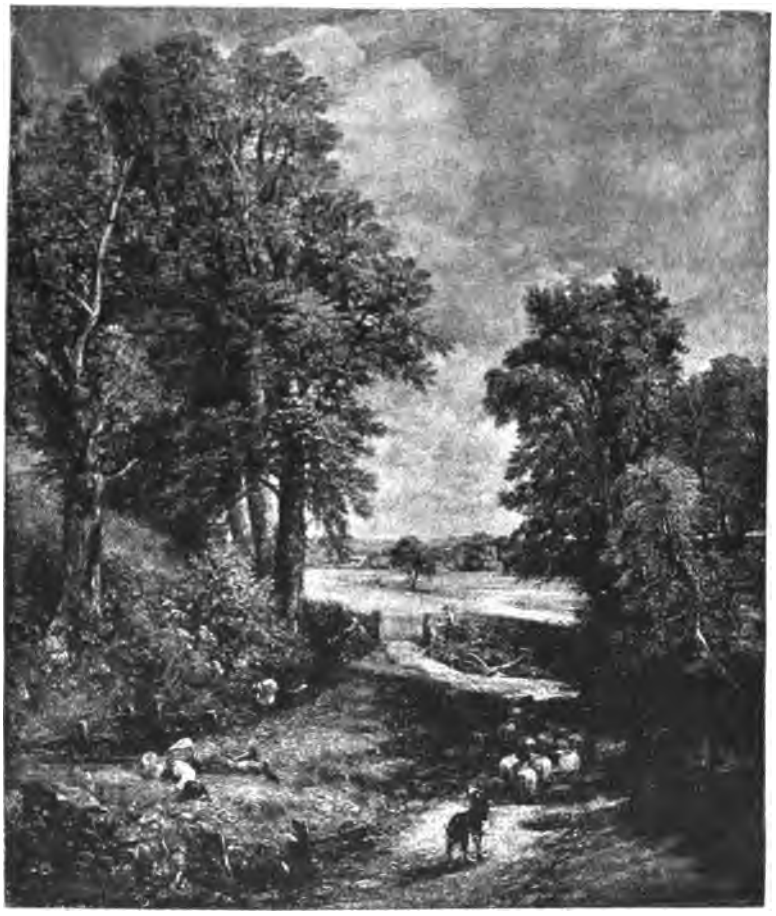
SHOWERY WEATHER.
(From the painting by Hobbema.)

imaginative Dutch rests the honor of having invented landscape painting pure and simple. Paul Bril, of Antwerp, who was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the first painter to devote himself to landscape without figures. For a long time Bril had the field all to himself, for Jan Wynants, with whom begins the long line of realistic painters of Dutch scenery, was not born till 1600 — the year which also gave birth to the French landscape painter Claude Lorraine. Wynants became a painter of his native land; his canvases usually represent a summer lane winding through flat Dutch country and leading from nowhere to nowhere. But like Bellini, he was an earnest seeker after truth; and it is this humble attempt to paint Nature as she is that constitutes the chief merit not only of Wynants but of the mass of his fellow-countrymen. Like Bellini they were much occupied by the fascinations and difficulties of foliage, though unlike him they had learned to see foliage in masses of light and shade. They had abandoned all hope of rendering foliage leaf by leaf, and had invented a lumpy treatment, as lifeless, as mechanical as Bellini's wrought-iron foliage, but without those charms of dignity, simplicity and sincerity which we sum up as style, and which distinguish Bellini's work.

In these Dutch pictures we look in vain for the loftiness and serenity of Italian landscape, for the airiness and elegance of Claude's classic pieces, for the breeziness, movement and life, of the later English and French masters. These Dutch painters were the pioneers of realistic landscape; they had yet to learn the limitations of their art, and that the charm of foliage is its life, its sway, its easy bend to the passing breeze, its grace, the light and living spring of its masses, the verdure of its lights, the broken flicker of its half-tones, the soft poetic darkness of its shades.

In all these qualities the trees of the Dutchmen are deficient; they are hard, they are stiff, they are immovable, and they are painted a dark unnatural color in the delusive hope of lending an added brightness to the sky by force of contrast.

The two most famous Dutch tree-painters were Ruisdael and Hobbema. Ruisdael, the more poetic and romantic, was a lover of melancholy gloom, and delighted in painting the wide stretches of land and water of his own flat country, darkened by gathering storm or overhanging trees. Hobbema, whose paintings are now so highly prized, was absolutely uncared



THE CORNFIELD.
(*From the painting by Constable.*)

for in his lifetime and he died in great poverty. His subjects are akin to those chosen by Ruisdael, but he depicted Dutch scenery with more uncompromising fidelity and preferred sunshine to storm. His *Showery Weather* is an admirable example of Dutch tree-painting.

Although Ruisdael and Hobbema were the most distinguished landscape-painters of their age, a broader and more modern style of landscape-painting than they followed had been introduced by the famous figure-painters Rubens and Rembrandt. We have only to glance at Rubens' *Sunset* to see how far ahead he was of his younger contemporaries in movement, life, breadth of treatment, tone and color, while Rembrandt anticipated all that is understood as "modern" in the feeling for landscape. This modern feeling was expressed by Constable a century and a half later in his saying that "there is nothing beautiful or ugly but light or shade make it so:" but it was Rembrandt who first discovered that from certain lights the most commonplace objects borrow a great though transient beauty. Rembrandt's trees too, and more especially his etched trees, are most admirable and may be studied with great advantage by those who wish to sketch with pen or pencil. Many of these etchings have been reproduced. In point of style they are the last words of art, and have never been surpassed for strong delineation of the wood and light handling of the foliage. Scientifically they are less perfect, for he gives only a very small variety of species and those of doubtful botanic accuracy.

LA SAULAIE.
(From the painting by Corot.)

Art is a plant that thrives by transplantation, and the successors of the Dutchmen were born not in the Low Countries, but on the eastern shore of England. Gainsborough, the father of English landscape art, was born in Suffolk in 1727, and was succeeded at an interval of between a quarter and half a century by two great artists who devoted their genius entirely to landscape-painting. Like Gainsborough, both Crome and Constable were born in the Eastern

counties, and like him both chose their subjects from among lanes and homesteads.

LANDSCAPE.
(*From the painting by Corot.*)

Crome was entirely self-taught, but his style is free from the defects that so commonly arise from the want of education; and though his paintings are singularly true to the homely lanes and commons of Norfolk, everything he touched is elevated by the dignity of a poetic and lofty style. His *Lane near Chapel Fields*, one of the loveliest lanes ever painted, is peculiarly interesting to students of trees, because in sentiment and line it is akin to Bellini's landscape, so that a comparison of the two pictures gives us a fair example of the advance in the treatment of trees.

Like the Italian masters, Crome loved to paint peaceful weather, but Constable is a true son of the North, and was the first to depict the rustle of leaves that precedes a storm, and the sudden azure gleam that follows a summer shower. He is therefore one of the inventors in art, and his fame rests not only on his achievement but on his influence upon posterity. He was never appreciated during his lifetime, and it was in France that his works first came to be prized, and it is in France that we must look for the fruits of his teaching.

LANDSCAPE.
(*From the painting by Diaz.*)

All the French landscape-painters of the past generation — Corot, Millet, Troyon, Rousseau, Diaz and Daubigny — look up to Constable as their master, because from him they learned to be painters of weather. Weather, light and shade, wind and atmosphere — these are the real subjects of Constable's landscapes. His *Cornfield* shows the bright freshness that follows a summer shower. He was the first to see, or at least to attempt to depict, this transient charm, just as Millet was the first to suggest that pathetic and beautiful relationship between the peasant and the soil that he cultivates, and Corot the first to render the pure white hour of early dawn.

These men have added something to our vision of nature, have taught us to see beauties to which we were blind before; and their high place in art teaches even the amateur that the path to greatness is not the path that others have trodden, but the new road that Nature reveals to each one of us, have we the courage to try to paint what she shows us and the skill to succeed. Practice, and the study of the works of great masters, will teach us the skill, and much can be learned from a master and by thoughtful and beautiful books and such manuals as Harding's Trees. Still the history of landscape-painting shows us that, given the talent and the love, Nature alone can train an artist.

LANDSCAPE.

(From the painting by Diaz.)

JERMICKY MAKES A STARTLING PROPOSAL.

JERMICKY'S SACRIFICE.

By Katherine B. Foot.

JERMICKY lived in the little house by the gate, and a long, wide, smooth road with a good many turns in it and great trees on either side led to Sam's house, which was a very big house with a beautiful green lawn all round it and with a great many bright flower beds dotted about in it.

Jermicky's name was really James Hickey, shortened to Jim Hickey and finally into Jermicky by Sam Floyd. He and Jermicky were exactly the same age to a day and they were five years old apiece. They were the best of friends, although they did quarrel occasionally; and all summer long, and in good weather in winter, Sam and Jermicky were either together or not very far apart on the broad road that led from one house to the other; or else in Sam's playroom where there was everything to play with, or in Jermicky's woodhouse where there was nothing meant for them to play with, but which they much preferred.

On the very hot summer day when Jermicky made his Great Sacrifice, both boys were busy building a stone wall round a small tree near the woodshed. The men on the place were busy building a wall round the lower garden, and as the boys always did just what the men did — so far as they could — they at once began a very fine wall which was to go round the little tree, leaving a good space inside for Jermicky's bull-pups to live in.

These bull-pups were two just as delightful little baby dogs as one could find anywhere. They were six weeks old, with little heads that were almost round, and little twinkling eyes, and very sprawling and unwieldy paws that looked a great deal too big for them and that never seemed to help them to walk in exactly the way

they wanted to go. Mrs. Hickey tried to keep them in a box in the corner of the woodshed, but they would tumble out and scramble up the two steps into the kitchen and Mrs. Hickey was always tumbling over them and they were very soft and squashy to step on — and they yelped awfully whenever they were stepped on, and then Mrs. Hickey always squealed, and Jimmy roared because he didn't want the puppies hurt, and all that noise was sure to wake the baby and then she "yowled" too. That was what Jermicky said: "She yowls 'cause she's a gurrul — boys holler and gurruls yowl."

Well, certainly all this was enough to make Mrs. Hickey declare that the little dogs must be put outside somewhere and that was the reason the boys wanted to make the pen round the tree.

They each had an express wagon, and they drew them down to the road where the men were working and picked up little stones that were chipped off the big ones that were used in the wall, and took them back to their little tree; but Jermicky's stones rattled out after he put them in, because his wagon had no tail-board. It did once have one, but it never was as good as Sam's; it wouldn't go out and in with the pins like a real tail-board, and the cart didn't tip up either and Sam's did. Jermicky looked with envious eyes at Sam who had a good load at the end of every trip, and when he took out the pins on the tail-board and took it out, and took out the pin on the handle, and tipped up his wagon and shot out his load just as if it had been a real cart — then Jermicky felt that he couldn't bear it any longer.

"Say, lemme have your cart, will you?" he said.

"No," said Sam, marching sturdily off for another load, "I want it myself."

"I want it too," said Jermicky.

"Well, you can't have it," said Sam, "it's mine."

Just at that minute Mrs. Floyd came slowly driving down the avenue on her way to the village. She stopped a minute.

"What — not quarrelling, I hope," she said; "what's the trouble?"

"He wants my cart, mamma, 'cause it's got a tail-board and his hasn't, and I want it too."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Floyd, "you must be kind and make a sacrifice and you take Jermicky's cart, and let him use yours sometimes. You know you play in Jermicky's woodshed and he lets you."

Sam looked at his mother a minute and then said solemnly:

"I don't want to saccerfize — it don't take two men to run a wagon, and Jermicky's woodshed holds me and him and the pups."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Floyd, smiling. "You know Jermicky needn't let you in there to play with him and the pups if he don't want to."

"Well," said Sam with a long sigh, "I s'pose if he's determined to, he can take hold the other side o' the handle and help pull."

"No," said Jermicky decidedly, "I want to take out the tail-board and tip the loads my own self."

"Now be a kind boy, Sam, and lend it to him," said his mother.

And Sam said, "Well — once — he may drag it once — and I'll get in and drive the horse down to the gate."

"All right," said his mother, and Sam climbed up the low step and in beside her.

Just then Mrs. Hickey came to the door with the baby in her arms.

"Good-morning, ma'am," she said, "it's only a little tiff they've been havin' — they're mostly good friends."

"How's the baby?"

"Splendid, ma'am — see," and Mrs. Hickey stepped to the side of the carriage.

"Isn't she big!" said Mrs. Floyd admiringly, "why, she's much larger than my boy two weeks older."

"Is she then?" said Mrs. Hickey, with great satisfaction.

"Perhaps we'd better change," said Mrs. Floyd, "as I've six boys and you've five girls and only one boy," and she gave Jimmy a little tap with the whip she held in her hand.

"Could you spare the baby, Jimmy?"

"I dunno," he said thoughtfully.

"Ours is a boy, you know," said Mrs. Floyd, "and then you'd have him to play with by and by."

"But ours is the biggest," said Jermicky.

"I don't think he wants to let her go, Mrs.

Hickey," said Sam's mother. "I don't think we can exchange to-day," and she gathered up her reins.

"I like girls best," said Sam, "there's too many boys at our house."

"That's what Mr. Floyd says," said his mother, and then they drove off.

Sam was gone a good while, for he concluded to go down to the village with his mother and Jermicky hauled several loads of stones and when Sam came back and wanted his own cart it seemed very hard to give it up, and beside he had a fine plan in his head.

"Sam," he said, "now I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. Now wud yer like my baby for your baby an' you gimme your cart for my cart?"

Jermicky stood opposite Sam, his hat pushed back on his head, a very determined expression on his freckled face, and a fist on each hip and his feet stretched widely apart.

"My cracky!" said Sam, staring at him, "I donno!"

"Yer see," said Jermicky, "me mother likes byes best an' yer mother likes gurruls best — and moine's the biggest uv thim two an' so I'd orter have the best cart when I give yer the best baby — yer see?"

Sam still stared at him.

"Well," he said slowly after a while, "I'd like the girl — but girls, you know" — and he put his head on one side and looked meditative — "well, there ain't any girl as good as boys, an' our baby's a — well, he's a boy. No, I don't think I'd give you the cart for her. I might," he said, leaning his cheek on his hand with his elbow on his knee as he sat with his back against a tree — "I might, you see, if the cart didn't have a tail-board, an' it tips up, too."

Jermicky looked utterly disconsolate. Presently he had a happy thought.

"Does your baby yell nights?" he asked.

"You just better b'lieve he does," said Sam, "he wakes me up."

"All right," said Jermicky artfully, "our gurrul, she don't yell an' so yer see yer's be qui'ter like nights."

"That's so," said Sam. "an' my father likes girls too — yes, he does," he said, and Sam lifted his head and looked Jermicky in the eye. "He said if I'd been a girl he'd give me a pony — but I wouldn't, Jermicky — I really wouldn't. I'm just too crazy to wear breeches on my legs."

"Well," said Jermicky decidedly, "yer know if yer don't have a gurrul in your house sometime — p'raps you'll have to be one."

This awful prospect was almost too much for Sam, but he still shook his head. "I couldn't do it," he said, and got up and took hold of the handle of his wagon.

Jermicky despaired — he resolved instantly and without thinking of it before to make his great sacrifice.

"Say, hold on," he said, "I'll tell yer what I'll do, Sam, I'll give yer the littlest bull-pup!"

Sam dropped the handle. "Will yer, honest?"

"Yes — see me turn black if I don't!" said Jermicky.

The bull-pups were sound asleep in the box in the wood-house cuddled close together, and they gave sharp yelps of dismay when they were suddenly hauled out and held up in the air — their poor sleepy little heads rolling round in a very aimless way.

"I'll have this one," said Sam.

"I guess," said Jermicky indignantly; "he's the biggest!"

"Oh! is he?" said Sam. "Well, gimme the other then." And he put down the one he held.

Jermicky put the puppy in his arms and Sam hugged it tenderly and the puppy whined and struggled.

"Oh!" said Sam, "he's as slippery as — as anything. Say — you take the puppy an' I'll take the baby."

"Take the baby!" said Jermicky; "you bring yours first."

"Hey," said Sam. "What's the use! Then I'll have to walk up to the house twice and back. There's your baby out in the wagon now. We'll roll her up an' take her out, an' put ours in up there an' you roll it home."

"All right," said Jermicky. "An we'll leave the cart here."

"Yes," said Sam, "we'll leave both carts and I can get mine to-morrow."

Jermicky looked puzzled. "You mean mine — my cart without any tail-board, don't you, Sam?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, of course," said Sam. "Come on now, I'll push the baby."

So he reached up to the handle and gently pushed the baby wagon off the little grassy place where it stood, into the roadway.

It gave just a little jar to the carriage and Miss Maggie Hickey woke up. She was a very nice round, good-natured baby, between four and five months old and as Mrs. Hickey said, "It's always good-natured that she wakes up." So Jermicky trotting along beside her saw her blue eyes open at first with a sleepy look, but in the next second a bright smile came all over her face as she saw the little brother she knew so well leaning over her.

"Nice good baby!" said Jermicky. "Want to take a ride now?"

The baby threw up her arms and gurgled away half to herself and half to Jermicky, and Sam pushed the carriage steadily on. Little gleams and flickers of sunshine came filtering down between the leaves and boughs of the trees above them and made bright, ever-changing patches of light on the blue blanket over Baby. A gentle little breeze just lifted the rings of reddish hair over her forehead, for her cap was very much pushed back on her head, and a prettier, happier-looking baby it would have been hard to find anywhere.

Just then Mrs. Hickey looked out of the door. "Where're ye goin'?" she said; "if yer're goin' to ride the baby out be careful and not go fast an' don't go out o' sight."

Then she went in, for she was busy and she was only too glad to have the boys roll the baby carriage up and down under the trees, for they had often done it before. They went on until they turned the first curve in the road.

"Jermicky," said Sam, "won't she be s'prised when you bring back our baby?"

At this speech for the first time a dreadful doubt entered Jermicky's head — he wondered if his mother would like another baby quite as well as this one.

"I dunno," he said; "does your baby know you when you talk?"

"I guess!" said Sam; "just as well as anything."

"As well as this?" said Jermicky, and he held the puppy hugged fast to his neck with one hand while he put the other over the baby. She at once grabbed one of his fingers with a fat little hand. "See," he said with pride, "ain't she just cunnin'?"

Just then the puppy began a series of short ear-splitting yelps and the baby, frightened out of all propriety, burst into a private wail of her own.

"Oh! my cracky," said Sam, "are they both going to yell like that — both together — 'cause that'll give my mother a headache!" And a dreadful doubt also came into Sam's head — but he looked lovingly at the puppy.

"Now there — there — now don't cry," said Jermicky soothingly to the baby. "Now — now be a nice baby. Stop, you puppy! — Stop!" and he hugged and squeezed the puppy tighter, which made him yelp all the more.

"O dear, dear!" said Jermicky, and real big tears ran down his cheeks; "p'raps — p'raps she's homesick."

Sam dropped the handle and came round and looked into the carriage with grave concern. "Do you s'pose so — say, Baby, here! hi now, hi!"

But the baby cried on, and who could blame her? She was scared half to death, poor little thing.

"Sam," sobbed Jermicky, "I'll — I'll make a saccerfis — and you can keep your old 'spress cart and I'll keep the baby an' the pup too."

"Oh!" screamed Sam in dismay, "you ain't goin' back on the pup, are you? Gimme the pup an' I don't care for the baby — I'll keep my own baby."

But Jermicky was firm. "I couldn't do it," he said.

Sam stamped his foot. "Fellers never break off bargains," he said.

"I'm a-goin' home," said Jermicky, and with the puppy in one arm he tried with the other hand to turn the wagon about.

Sam made a plunge for the puppy, and for a minute the usually quiet road was the scene of a very noisy combat — the puppy yelped — the baby screamed — Sam and Jermicky roared as they pommeled one another — the dust flew — and how it would have ended no one can tell, for just at that minute Sam's brothers Will and Ned appeared round a turn in the road.

"See 'em at it!" cried Will, and he and Ned ran to separate them.

"What's the matter?" they both inquired as each held a ramping yelling boy fast by the shoulders. The puppy was dropped in the struggle, and ran home as fast as he could, yelping all the way, and Sam and Jermicky explained the situation both together and at the top of their voices.

"I wanted — his — his old 'spress cart," said Jermicky.

"An — an' he wanted our baby an' he said — yes, he did too — he said he'd gimme his baby an' a bull-pup, an' I said I would — we've got too many boys — you know papa said so — an' then I went an' got his old baby way up here an' he says 'cause she hollers she's homesick — an' now he won't — won't gimme the bull-pup."

"O, Christopher Columbus!" said Will, doubling over with laughter, "they've been swapping the babies with a bull-pup to boot."

"An' a 'spress cart — my 'spress cart," said Sam eagerly; "it's got a tail-board — an' our baby — you know, Will, he's a boy baby — he's better'n this — she's only a girl. Now," he said, turning to Jermicky, "now you can take your old baby home. I won't do it either!"

"Oh! just hear him," said Will. "Anybody would think he owned our baby."

"So I do," said Sam, nodding his head and his curls so that the brim of his broad hat waved up and down — "so I do — but I sha'n't change him now. I was going to make a saccerif — 'cause mamma said I ought to, but I won't now." And he turned on his heel and marched home as fast as he could go.

Will and Ned wheeled the baby back to her proper home, and Jermicky ran before them, crying as loud as he could. He burst into the kitchen and flung himself at his mother, who happened to be making bread at the kitchen table. He clasped her round the knees and sobbed and roared.

"What in the world's the matter, Jimmy?" she asked.

"I brought her all back — I didn't sell her," he sobbed.

"Who — what — the baby?" said Mrs. Hickey, trying to get the dough off her hands. "Where is she?"

Just then she saw the baby all safe in her carriage — by that time quite smiling and happy, and Will and Ned behind her, laughing very hard. They told her the story as far as they knew it, and then Mrs. Hickey laughed till she cried.

But all that was nothing to the sensation Sam created when he tore into the nursery at home, banged both the doors and tried to shoot the bolts and then threw himself on the bed where the baby was placidly taking a morning nap, screaming, "I'm awful sorry — I was goin' to sell him — an' I don't like bull-pups at all."

The baby woke up and cried — the nurse scolded Sam and shut him up in the next room, and there he roared till he was tired, for his mother was out, and until the boys came home, breathless and laughing, no one knew what the trouble was. Then Sam was called out and comforted and made quite sure that no one was going to hold him to his bargain, and as he found Will had brought home his cart — tail-board and all — he was soon happy again. But he left the cart at home when he next went to play with Jermicky.

Sam sat in his father's lap that night and told the story and kept his head down all the time, which was very lucky for Mr. Floyd, for he couldn't help laughing a little then; and afterwards when he sat on the piazza with Mrs. Floyd after Sam had gone to bed he laughed very much; but all he said to Sam was: "Well, you see we like girls best if they come to our house first, but if they don't, why, we like the boys best that we have right here" — and he gave Sam a good hug.

"Did you want the bull-pup very much, Sam?" he asked.

"I wanted him most awfully much," said Sam.

But a week after Sam ceased to long for a bull-pup, for one day a Scotch terrier came in a box to their house, and his name was Pepper.

Pepper and the bull-pups grew up in peace — possibly it was because they lived in different houses and saw but little of one another; and Sam and Jermicky grew up in peace, although they saw a great deal of one another, but neither of them will ever forget the day when they each made a great "saccerefis."

THE STORY OF BOSTON COMMON.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

By Edward E. Hale.

ONE or two things do not change, though the name of the century changed. The cows fed on the Common still, the frogs croaked in the Frog Pond still, the boys found that there was a good coast on the Common in more places than one in the winter, and they flew their kites in the summer with little danger that the strings would be caught in the trees. For there were very few trees on the Common when the nineteenth century came in. There were one or two old willows by the Frog Pond. There was the Old Elm, where the fence is now, and there were the English elms, of which you have been told, in the Great Mall. For the rest, one could sit upon the fence at the head of Park street, as they began now to call Centry Lane, and look across the Common, and across the Back Bay to the Blue Hills.

When people began to talk about Pompeii and Herculaneum, there was one Boston boy at least who wondered what would happen to Boston if the Blue Hills should prove to be volcanoes, and pour out, some day, a storm of lava or pumice or ashes.

Yes, the fence was restored as times grew prosperous. It was a fence of three rails, each of which was six-sided. If the thoughtful carpenter who built it permitted a flat side to come on the top, no boy could ask for a better seat than that top gave him as he perched there hour after hour, on a day of muster or of artillery election, to see the military movements within. But if, alas, the carpenter had turned the angle upward, the seat had about as little comfort as a seat well can have.

But, comfortable or uncomfortable, on such occasions every rail was fully occupied by boys or men. You can imagine easily that the second rail formed a convenient foot rest for the smaller boys.

Election day never changed until the sad year 1833 threw the "Governor's Election" into midwinter. The Artillery Election remains to this day. But, whereas the pageant used to be near Centry Lane, or Park street, the growth of the trees has now rendered it impossible to have any extensive military movements there, and the Governor now "sits in his chair" on the Parade Ground, which is below the old bastioned fort of which you have read, and a part of which indeed has been rescued from the sea since Percy's time.

As the town became more and more prosperous, the Common became more and more a place to be ornamented for beauty than a mere field for the exercise of soldiers or the feeding of cows; and when the year 1815 came, with the joyful news of peace, after the second war with England, a certain committee, which had been entrusted with some funds for fortifying Boston, found it had some money left. Instead of returning this to the subscribers, they determined to improve and extend the fences round the Common, and, if I understand it rightly, it was then that Beacon Street Mall was laid out, and Park Street Mall. After this, people began to talk of the Lower Mall, which is the Great Mall, between West street and Park Street Church, and by way of distinction to speak of the Upper Mall, which is Beacon Street Mall, and of Park Street Mall. The Charles Street Mall came afterwards.

To secure these malls from intrusion from the cows, a second line of fences was put up, so that the Common was now a field of green grass with two or three trees in it, bounded on the western side by the tide-water of the Back Bay and by the Burial Ground and by Boylston street, and on the irregular sides, south, east and north, by the three malls. If you will go by there some day and look, you will see that almost all the trees in the southern part of the Tremont Street Mall, in the Park Street Mall, and in the Beacon Street Mall are American elms. I suppose that people had found out that the American elm is really more beautiful

than the English, and as they no longer considered that England was their home they no longered hankered, as their fathers did, for the English trees. Perhaps I have said somewhere else, that the great French botanist Michaux calls the American elm, the monarch of the vegetable world. No matter if I have. What he says is true, and will bear repeating.

Nine years after, the Common showed all its glory when Lafayette arrived in Boston. It was forty years since he had been in Boston, in 1784, still a young man, though he had already distinguished himself in the Revolution. Now he was sixty-seven years old. He had been a leader in the French Revolution. He had incurred the dislike of the Bourbons after their return, and they showed that dislike by every method of petty persecution. When, therefore, he accepted an invitation to visit the United States, for which he had done so much in the struggles of its birth, this nation received him with enthusiasm. The account of his journey is a very interesting story of a prolonged triumph to him, and of a series of public celebrations, which revealed to the Nation itself the progress it had made in the fifty years since the Revolutionary War began. As a part of the ceremony in Boston, all the children of the Public schools were marshaled in a double row upon the Common, each child holding a quill pen in his hand, and wearing a silk badge bearing Lafayette's picture upon it. All the children sang as he passed, a song of which the refrain was: "Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!"

A MODERN REVIEW OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY ON BOSTON COMMON.

When Boston came under the form of government which is called "city government," in New England, to distinguish it from the old "town government," the Common was given into the care of the Mayor and Aldermen. Mr. Quincy, the second mayor, was always interested in plans for the beauty of the town, and under his lead some changes were made in

the Common. The trees in the lower part of the Beacon Street Mall were planted in his time — that is about 1827 — and Charles Street Mall was laid out. Most of the elms in that mall are therefore now about sixty years old.

When President Jackson visited Boston, he reviewed the soldiers of the town on the Common. He was an old man, but he still rode a horse well, and all the country came to see him. It was just after he had suppressed "Nullification," and he was more popular in Massachusetts than any one had thought he could be. The boys heard that he said he wished he had had such soldiers at New Orleans. But this is as doubtful to me now as are the Wishing Stone stories.

Not many years after, Keokuk and Black Hawk came along. Now Black Hawk was an old Sac or Fox Indian, and Keokuk a warrior of the Sac-and-Fox tribe, or else they were Pottawatomies. I do not know, and I am sure you do not care. But they lived and ruled once in what is now Wisconsin. And they fought with the United States, and strange to say, they were beaten. And Uncle Sam thought he would show them his greatness, so that they should never, never, never make war with him again, so long as they lived. And they never did. And they are dead now.

Well, in the course of the journey, in which Uncle Sam showed them what beautiful cities he had where were once Indian wigwams, they came to Boston. Governor Everett was then governor of Massachusetts, and Black Hawk and Keokuk and the rest of the Indian delegation promised to show him a great Indian war-dance. In all its quick excitements, Boston was never more eagerly and hotly moved than it was then. And when the afternoon came for this dance upon the Common, all Boston, women, men, and children, repaired to the Common to see the dance. The soldiers of the town were there, too — either to see or to keep the peace — I do not remember which, if I ever knew. Here is an account of the scene, as a bright young man of twenty years wrote it down at the time.

Remember that military sentinels are keeping the lines of the malls, so that no one shall trespass on the grass within, which is reserved for the dancers.

"*Guard:* Captain ——, the guard must be strengthened here — don't signify; those women will press forward, sir, in spite of us. Ladies, will you go back — the performances will not go on unless we have room — you must stand back."

Lancer (riding at full speed): "Go back, you rascal!"

Loafer: "Take care of your horse, mister — if he kicks me, I'll — I'll" —

(*Girl runs guard.*)

Guard: "Back, gentlemen! we must preserve the line."

Officer: "Col. ——, that western line must be driven back at least twelve feet! Take one division of cavalry and do it." (*General charge of a squad of horse, spurs in and swords out.*) "Stand back! Back with ye! Further back!" (*Cries of the wounded.*) "Get off my toes! Let alone of my shawl," etc.

(*Music in the distance.*)

Vox Populi: "Here they come! See 'em! No — them be the cadets!"

(*Procession enters, and having gone the rounds, the Indians form in a circle. Cadets and procession all sit on the ground. Dance commences to the tune of* BOM, BOM, BOM; and from BOM, mingled with a few whoops, and many cheers, huzzas, "go its!" etc.)

"Them's savage enough!"

"My! what awful things!"

"Them are Florida Injuns, ain't they, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

(*Dance recommences.*)

Guard: "Stand back! Back with ye! Back, ladies! You must go back!"

Ladies: "Why, sir, how can you?"

Jane to Sarah: "I say, Sally, let's pound him." (*Scuffle ensues, in which the guard is floored — rush of girls pass the lines.*)

Bom! Bom! Bom! Bar! Bar! Bar!

Boy: "Look at that ere dog, he's biting the Injun!"

SHE WAS THE DEAREST LITTLE "SISTER OF CHARITY."

DOUBLE ROSES.

M E W Sherwood.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYLLIS for the next few weeks was perfectly happy in a feverish sort of way. She was left very much to herself with her new chaperon, who in her turn was greatly amused to go off on top of a coach with this handsome young girl, now somewhat of a sensation, to take her to the opera, and to the theater, to balls and parties, with Mr. Bentley in devoted attendance.

Phyllis had not forgotten the episode at Newport at Mrs. McGillard's, where the Fisher girls had betrayed her, and where Mr. Bentley had laughed at her. She told Mrs. Chapman of it.

"Oh! that is so like Fred, don't mind it at all. He is like all young men — merely seeking the amusement of the hour. He told me however yesterday that he had always admired your beauty and hated to see you so kept back. He also said he had never seen any one so improved as you are. He said you had lost that rather rustic pronunciation which you brought from the West. Indeed, Phyllis, you have become a charming girl. You are not any longer 'A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye' — you are a belle. And if you wish to enjoy Delmonico balls and society, you are sure to do so if you become a favorite with Fred Bentley. Do not remember anything against him."

A strange change had come over Mrs. Bestwick. She went about with Mabel to all the

theater parties and dinners which were given to her, as was her duty; but she seemed in a maze; a cloud hung over this brilliant social leader. Charlie Jermyn had grown very exacting and demanded more of Mabel's time and thought; he felt that she was his, and that she neither belonged to Phyllis or Wilhelmina, nor indeed to her mother any longer, so that he was sometimes a little pettish if Mabel gave hours to them which seemed by right to be his.

Mrs. Bestwick complained of headaches, and laid down on her sofa more than usual. She lost her interest in her house and in her social duties. Mr. Bestwick got alarmed and sent for the doctor. He said she had malaria and must go to Lakewood, a very charming health retreat in the pine woods of New Jersey, where the fashionable people of New York go to get well after a season of prolonged gayety, and where mothers take their pale children who need the vitalizing air of the country.

Mrs. Bestwick therefore with Mabel left home for a few weeks, leaving her housekeeper Mrs. Shingley in charge, and caring little in her feeble condition what happened.

So it came about that both Phyllis and Wilhelmina had their own way for a long time in the great luxurious house which went on like clock-work.

One night at the opera, Phyllis was surrounded by gentlemen and young women, and in her high spirits she so far forgot herself as to talk and laugh aloud — so loud that Frau Guinneld who was singing on the stage heard the laugh, and thinking it was intended for her, stopped and burst into tears. This is an event which seldom happens at the theater, or opera; when it does, the whole house is shocked, and every one turned to look at the opera box of Mrs. Chapman, which had already been named the "chatter box"; the music-loving Germans hissed loudly, and all the talk suddenly ceased.

Phyllis blushed deeply and retreated into the back of the box.

"No! don't show the white feather," whispered Mr. Bentley; "come forward again — you meant nothing."

It was not good advice, for Mrs. McGillard sat in the next box and observed the whole scene, and thought it a great outrage on all lovers of music and on all people of quiet tastes.

Mrs. McGillard was about giving a rosebud dinner, and had put down Miss Phyllis Gatewood as one of her expected guests, but this night she ran her pencil through the name and sent an invitation to Mabel without asking her cousin. This incident and that of the loud talking at the opera got into the papers, and the echoes reached Mrs. Bestwick at Lakewood. She was too ill to come home, so she wrote a note to Mr. Wickham.

He had not seen Phyllis for several weeks, and having many other things to think of had temporarily forgotten her. He asked his sister to invite both the "twin roses," as they had grown to call Phyllis and Wilhelmina, to dine at the rectory quietly, and he took Phyllis off for a quiet talk in his library, while Miss Wickham showed Wilhelmina some of Gustave Doré's illustrations. "I think all fashionable people are bad," said Phyllis, the ready tears flowing over her cheeks as she told the rector her version of the opera story.

"No," said Mr. Wickham, "all fashionable people are not bad. You have simply got into a bad set. A lovely mother and her lovely daughter, like your aunt and Mabel, may go about together through the excesses of fashion as they would pick their way through a dirty lane, without soiling their feet. But it requires several talents and much experience to do this. First, purity of heart — to the pure, all things are pure. Secondly, clearness of head — one must see by instinct where vivacity ends and where vulgarity begins. Thirdly, self-command, which you, my dear girl, have not yet learned. With these qualities a woman may be as fashionable as she pleases, and still remain a good woman."

"Mrs. McGillard struck me off the list of her dinner because I laughed at a joke of Mr. Bentley's while Frau Guinneld was singing. I did not mean to hurt Frau Guinneld," said Phyllis.

"No, my dear! You did not mean to do wrong, but you did a great wrong, from pure thoughtlessness. No one should talk or laugh while music is going on — it is as outrageous a piece of ill-breeding as it would be if a person laughed during one of my sermons. Laugh and

talk as much as you please while the curtain is down, but not while the music is going on."

Phyllis felt very "good" for several days after this talk with Mr. Wickham; but she was a person sensitive to bad as to good influences. She loved pleasure above all things, and was soon again, in spite of Mr. Wickham's gently-suggested hints, quite as much with Mrs. Chapman as ever.

"Miss Wickham said the other evening to me, that she feared you were losing ground," said little Wilhelmina. "What did she mean?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," said Phyllis.

"She said Mrs. Chapman painted her eyebrows and was not a good chaperon for you," said Wilhelmina. "She said that girls who went out with her were always harshly criticised."

"What else did she say?" asked Phyllis, tossing her head.

"Oh! she showed me the picture by Gustave Doré, of the Ogre sitting on the big chair and pulling the little children up by the arm or the leg to see which he should eat first, and she said that was Slander — that was the Ogre's name."

Mrs. McGillard was one of the leaders of New York society whose appreciation was very valuable. She was a great friend of Mrs. Bestwick, and therefore her "snubbing of Phyllis," as it was called by the Fisher girls, had a disastrous effect on the invitations which would have been most valuable to this young stranger. She however had enough to amuse her, and she fell back occasionally on her little cousin Wilhelmina for sympathy and conversation.

"I am going to a party myself, to-night," said Wilhelmina quite proudly to Phyllis one day as the latter sat in the schoolroom gloomily.

"Are you? Are you going to Mrs. McGillard's?" said Phyllis sarcastically.

"No, I guess I'm not. I am going to speak a piece at Mademoiselle Auber's, and we have a splendid party, music and dancing, and you can come if you wish to; Mademoiselle Auber says my improvement is wonderful, and I am going to wear my new orange merino — there it is now."

François entered with the dress which was tried on, and Phyllis was astonished at the becoming effect.

"You don't look much as you did when you first got to Saratoga from Haffreysburg," said Phyllis.

"No," said Wilhelmina. "I have grown a head since then, and I know more. I begin to know that I don't know anything, and one of my copy-books says that is the beginning of knowledge. Come, Phyllis, come to the party."

Phyllis had no engagement for that evening, so she thought she would go. To her astonishment when she got there she found the Fisher girls, and Mrs. McGillard, and many fashionable people, all of whom had come to this school entertainment to see the favored best scholars show off their proficiency. Mr. Wickham was there with his pleasant smile, and he took a seat by Phyllis.

"I do not approve of these entertainments," said he; "too much of the forcing process about them."

However they were interrupted by a long dashing pianoforte solo, played by a young lady with her teacher sitting by her side. Phyllis wanted to talk very much, but she restrained herself, remembering Mr. Wickham's advice.

When Wilhelmina's turn came to recite Phyllis felt herself overcome with anxiety — how could she help but fail?

However Wilhelmina made her curtesy and repeated a fable of La Fontaine, in French, rather like a parrot, but still without failing.

"What a brilliant child she is!" said Mr. Wickham. "Indeed I believe our genuises are all coming from the West."

This remark lingered in Phyllis' ears after he left her. She was surrounded by strangers and the lights were lowered for some tableaux which were to be enacted by the pupils. There she must sit alone, a part of the audience, until this show was over. All the people near her seemed to know each other, but she knew no one. The Fisher girls were far off in another room.

Soon she heard Wilhelmina and her declamation discussed. Then she heard her own name, and all her exploits at Saratoga and Newport and at the opera were narrated over again. The talk was not unfriendly, exactly — it was simply inaccurate and somewhat cruel, as people talk of that which they do not know much about.

"You see," said one lady whom her friend called Mrs. Laws, "Mrs. Bestwick was afraid that after Mabel married she should lose her social prestige; so she sent out West and told a friend to get her a novelty, something quite new, and they sent her two girls from an orphan asylum. One is this little girl who recites so well, and the other is handsome, and sings."

"Well, at any rate," said Mrs. Cottenham, "she has succeeded in one thing — she has got herself talked about. They say she has gone to Lakewood to hide her mortification because Mrs. McGillard would not invite her pet. It is too bad of Mrs. McGillard, for Mrs. Bestwick has always helped her along."

"Yes; but don't you see Mrs. McGillard is very jealous of Mabel's marriage to Charlie Jermyn — you see it will be the marriage of the season."

Phyllis, for the first time in her life, felt a deep sense of her duty to her aunt. When she heard this idle clatter, so false in every respect, as to their relations, she felt inclined to turn on these unknown women and correct them.

But she remembered Mr. Wickham's words, "self-control," and she held her peace.

The curtains rose, and the tableaux commenced. They were very pretty, and Wilhelmina appeared in several.

When the affair was over and Mr. Bestwick's footman appeared to tell them the carriage was ready for them, Phyllis entered it with a changed heart.

Wilhelmina was very talkative and full of her entertainment. "Weren't my wings just too splendid?" said she. "Mademoiselle made them out of white tarlatan, and as for that swan — why, he was only pasteboard."

"It was all very nice," said Phyllis, her voice sounding from afar off.

"What is the matter, Phyllis?" asked Wilhelmina.

"I heard something new to-night, about us," said Phyllis. "I heard that Aunt sent to a poorhouse out West to get us, just for a new sensation."

"Hoo! hoo!" said Wilhelmina, "Aunt Hannah would like that, now, wouldn't she?"

"She has been kind to us," said Phyllis.

"Yes, it was a poor house compared to hers that we came from, and we didn't have such a carriage as this to ride in, did we?" said Wilhelmina.

The next day, Mrs. Bestwick was brought home to her own house, very ill.

The doctor pronounced her disease to be typhoid fever, and in a few days Mabel sickened and took to her bed.

Then it was discovered that in their bathrooms, luxurious apartments, all paved with marble, finished with Mexican onyx, and silver faucets, a sewer gas, more deadly than any other, because indoors, had been poisoning this mother and daughter for weeks.

Mr. Bestwick was distracted; he was one of those men perfectly dependent on his wife. She had always been the sole director of his handsome establishment and he was lost without her. She lay up-stairs in her bed quite raving with fever, and he sat down in the parlor and held his head in his hands. At this dreadful moment to him, entered Mrs. Shingley the housekeeper, and announced that as the doctor had said that the fever was malignant and catching, and the house unhealthy and badly plumbed, she must leave at once.

"What, woman! go now, when you are needed? I don't know where the linen is!" said Mr. Bestwick.

"Here is my keys, sir, and I have my own health to think of, so I would like my wages, a month over for my disappointment, too, sir, if you please, and I leaves to-day."

Mr. Bestwick would have thrown up his hands in despair, but a slender figure stood before him, who looked inspired with the courage of Joan of Arc.

"It is I, Uncle, it is Phyllis. Let her go. I will be housekeeper, and nurse. Now you shall find that I know something. I am good for something if you will trust me, Uncle. Only insist that Mrs. Shingley shall stay long enough to show me the closets, and to give me the keys. I will do it all."

Mr. Bestwick stood like a man in a dream, and Mrs. Shingley laughed behind her apron. "Pretty housekeeper Miss Phyllis will make," she said sneeringly.

This brought Mr. Bestwick to his senses, and he gave Mrs. Shingley a genuine and very much

deserved reproof. With the thought of lost wages, and no character before her, Mrs. Shingley went over the vast house, and its contents, putting Phyllis in possession of the keys. To do her justice, Shingley's linen closets were in admirable order.

From that moment through six of the most dreary weeks of his existence, through a period of awful anxiety when the lives of his beloved wife and daughter hung on a thread, Mr. Bestwick leaned on one little slender figure, and the frail support never failed him.

Phyllis was everywhere, and untiring. She even took the place of the trained nurse who proved unsatisfactory. "Let me take care of Aunt, I am accustomed to sickness," said she to the doctor.

And for night and day, while the nurses were being changed, did Phyllis stand by her aunt's side, soothing her delirium, bathing her forehead, carrying out the doctor's directions with a fidelity, a clearness, and a precision which astonished him.

"Well, sir," said the doctor to Mr. Bestwick, "but that niece of yours is a clever girl! She would make a first rate hospital nurse," which from the doctor was the highest of praise.

Meantime little Wilhelmina had quietly taken her leave of M'lle Auber, attempting a very ambitious note in the third person, which had its defects, but which still convinced M'lle Auber that her pupil would "be somebody" in time. It ran in this wise:

Miss Wilhelmina Gatewood presents her compliments to Mademoiselle Auber, and shall not come to school at present. As my cousin Mabel *est malade*, I shall stay at home and nurse her. I know she would take care of me if I was sick. Mademoiselle Bestwick *souffre beaucoup avec la frèvre typhoïde aussi avec la vertige, et je suis ravi que ma cousine ayes besoin de moi.* So I shall stay at home.

Excuse mistakes. *Agréez Madama la Comtesse* (no, I mean Mademoiselle) *l'expression des* sentiments *respectneux avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur* (it was Comtesse in the book) *votre tres obéissante*

WILHELMINA.

Mabel's fever was most serious. It attacked the brain at once, and made her unlike herself, singularly irritable, and hard to please. She would not allow the nurse to come near her; but a little figure carefully gotten up, in a cap, and apron, was always welcome. This was Wilhelmina, whose experience in the tableaux had made her in love with costume. She evidently thought it "the skin of the part" like an eminent comedian.

At any rate, she had somehow procured the cap and apron, in which she looked very pretty and quaint, and she seemed to know by instinct when to put ice on the brow, when to fan Mabel, when to let her alone. She was the dearest little "sister of charity" in all the world, and never lost her courage or her composure, even during the hours when two doctors, two nurses and two friends, stood watch and ward, as the fever turned, and Life and Death fought for that beloved and precious creature.

Wilhelmina was the greatest comfort to Charlie Jermyn during these dreadful days. Her queer wit, her unfathomable quaintness, the strange development of woman and child (often discernible at thirteen), and her good heart, made her the best messenger from that sick room, which he was not allowed to enter.

As Mr. Bestwick said in after-days, that his experience with Phyllis reminded him of the South American traveler, who climbing a mountain, caught at a frail vine, which partly gave way under his touch, revealing a silver mine at its base — so might Charlie have said that a little bird flew between him and his love and brought back each day a letter under her wing.

Phyllis proved to be also an excellent housekeeper. "Make me captain, Uncle, and I will sail your ship," she said sententiously at breakfast, one day.

He recognized the necessity, and calling the butler he said, "You will all take Miss Gatewood's orders, and obey them."

Phyllis assumed the quarter-deck manner, and inspired respect. It is no easy thing to govern a house with thirty-four servants, in America. She gained every day a new lesson, and was inspired with an enormous admiration of her aunt who had done this difficult task so well. She kept her books with perfect accuracy, gave out the orders, marshaled her forces, saw to the comfort of the trained nurses, was always ready and neatly dressed for her uncle's breakfast, and astonished all her aunt's friends by her steadiness, dignity and sweetness.

Only once did she break down. It was when in her delirium Mrs. Bestwick thought herself again on Saratoga Lake and shrieked, "Do not drown me, Phyllis! Save me! save me from Phyllis." Then she did go to her room and have a "good cry"; but she was none the worse for it. Remorse will not kill us, if we still have the power to work and to do good.

When all danger was passed, and both Mrs. Bestwick and Mabel were on the high road to recovery, Mr. Wickham called to see Mr. Bestwick, and together they talked of Phyllis.

"She is the angel of the house," said her uncle. "I cannot tell you how she has improved."

"I always saw it in her," said Mr. Wickham. "Who was her father?"

"A railroad president, a wise executive man," said Mr. Bestwick.

"And who was her mother?"

"A most intellectual woman; the head of a great school," said Mr. Bestwick. "They both died young, from overwrought brains."

"That is the explanation," said Mr. Wickham. "Phyllis has inherited their capacity and she has been miserable from the persistency of a baffled instinct. She is all full of executive ability, energy and work, and if she had been born fifty years later would have been a railroad president herself. Such a girl, until she finds her work, is miserable. It is the old story of the two grindstones which having no grist between, grind each other."

"I believe I owe to her my wife's life and my own reason," said her uncle.

"And Mabel? How is she?"

"Doing very well, and the doctor says she can be married on the first day of June."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mr. Wickham, "if it is only that I may get rid of Charlie Jermyn."

"He has not been half the trouble to you that he has been to me," said Wilhelmina, who had been hanging over her uncle's chair, in her cap and apron.

Phyllis came in at this moment a trifle pale, but very sweet.

Mr. Wickham took her hand, and looking at her steadily, he said in tones which she never forgot, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but *thou, thou*, excellest them all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NED'S BASE-BALL CLUB.

By Mary C. Crowley.

WELL, I've about made up my mind to start a Base-Ball Club," announced Ned Bowen one morning at the door of the sewing-room where his mother was at work.

He stood, steadying himself upon the threshold, his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head. Tardily remembering that in the house this was not the place for it, with a dexterous toss he sent the hat into a corner where it lit upon Puss who was blinking sleepily, and enveloped her in sudden darkness.

"Yes, sir, I'm going to get up a nine," continued he, seating himself upon the edge of a trunk, which he proceeded to lash with a piece of whip-cord. Mrs. Bowen looked up inquiringly; Ned was regarding her with such an intent and critical expression that she vaguely wondered if he expected to press the girls and herself into the service.

"You see," he explained, warming up to the subject, and trying to hit a bright particular nail on the trunk, "there is plenty of good material among the boys about here, but they want somebody to stir them up. In affairs of this kind there's always got to be somebody to go ahead. I've spoken to several of the fellows, and of course, as I'm getting it up, I shall be captain. Jim Grey has a magnificent bat. They say it once belonged to the Bostons. His cousin knows one of the Bostons. I don't exactly be-

lieve that it was ever really used in a league game — but it's a good bat. And Will Norton thinks he can get a wire mask. He saw one in a second-hand store which he says they'll sell cheap. There's one thing, though, that we haven't got — and that's a ball! And there's no use asking boys who know how to play to join a club which doesn't own a ball — a first-rate one, I mean."

"No; I presume one is somewhat essential," agreed the lady, smiling a little, as if she knew what was coming. There was a moment's silence.

"Say, mother," at length ventured Ned abruptly, pausing in his punishment of the innocent nail, and drawing the string through his hand, "you couldn't lend a fellow fifty cents towards it, could you? I think we can make up the rest ourselves."

"Why do you not go to your father?" asked she, as if she were not aware that in such matters boys are more apt to apply to their mothers.

"Well, I don't like to bother him," answered Ned, with a degree of consideration of which no one would ever suspect him.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bowen, at the same time fumbling in her pocket, from which she finally produced a silver half-dollar. "There it is!" added she, handing it to him, "but do not come to me for any more money this week."

"Cracky! Hurrah!" cried Ned, slipping the coin into his waistcoat pocket with an important air. "You're the jolliest little mother out!"

Then, seizing his hat, and upsetting both Pussy and the mending basket, he executed a fandango in the hall, and bounded down the stairs, two steps at once.

For the next few days the family heard of nothing from Ned but base-ball. The actual ball itself he kept carefully locked in his bureau drawer — for being the largest stockholder of the company which owned it to his custody it was confided.

"I tell you, it's a beauty!" he said exultantly, and no one thought of disputing the assertion. Before long, however, there seemed to be a slight change of the original plan.

"Why, Ned," said Nan, one afternoon, "Minnie Grey told me that her brother was captain of your nine."

"Yes," assented Ned reluctantly, in response to the general exclamation of surprise. "You see, Jim thought because that Boston bat belonged to him he ought to be captain. I didn't think it was just fair, and I'll wager the bat isn't genuine. Still, I didn't care to have a fuss right in the beginning. It would hurt the club, you know. Besides all the fellows wanted me to be pitcher — so I'm pitcher — that's the position of honor."

A day or two later he came to Ethel and Nan, saying graciously: "If you will only get ready these score-cards for me, I'll be ever so much obliged." So they went to work, ruled and lined the pasteboard; but when they came to inscribe the names of the club in their respective places Ethel, the elder, exclaimed: "Bob Sawyer pitcher! I thought you were pitcher, Ned!"

"I — was," admitted he, hesitating, "but — well," he went on, plausibly, "the boys, you see, are not quite up to my style. I pitch a curved ball — same as the pitcher of the Champions. I watched him sharp till I know just how he does it. It's uncommonly fine — no one can bat it — he does not mean that any one should. But the fellows don't understand that! They say I'm too scientific. They want a chance to show off — that's the short and the long of it. Even if they strike a foul every time, because they do hit they think they are playing splendidly."

"Stwike a fowel!" echoed little lisping Mollie, aghast at the supposed cruelty. "What do they want to do that for?"

"A foul is a ball struck out of the line, goosie," interjected our hero condescendingly; then he went on: "The other boys have not been to as many professional games as I have. You bet I haven't spent in that way all the money I ought to have saved for Fourth of July, for nothing. Still, if they were not satisfied, I did not wish to insist; but I told them I'd rather resign than give up my method. They wanted Tom Davis because, they said, he could give a fair, straight ball — as if anybody couldn't do that if it was the proper way, which it isn't! So they asked if I hadn't better be catcher! Now I didn't exactly like to stand there and take any kind of balls from a fellow who doesn't know how to pitch. But anyhow, Will Norton trumped up a story about that wire mask, to match the

one of the bat, and said that as he bought it he ought to have an important position on the Nine. Such a reason! the whole thing was nothing but a guy! Yet, on the strength of it, they made him catcher. So I chose to go to first-base."

For a couple of weeks nothing more was heard upon the subject, till one morning Mr. Bowen asked: "Well, my son, how are you getting along at first-base?"

"Right field, you mean, sir; I'm there now," replied Ned — "Oh! but that's the place to get the elegant flies."

"Elegant flith," thought Mollie, "what thort are they? How I thould like to thee them!" She whispered the wish to Ethel and Nan, but Ethel said they must be a kind of ball. Mollie sighed; balls, certainly, had very queer names.

Ned did not talk so much about the club now, however. The family suspected, with no little amusement, that he rather avoided the theme. The girls joked about it among themselves, but never dared hint to Ned himself that his prowess and skill did not seem to be thoroughly appreciated by his comrades. His father, though, could not resist the temptation to chaff him a little.

"How goes right-field?" he inquired several days later.

Ned would fain have evaded a reply. He pretended not to hear — made an irrelevant remark, and appeared intent upon something else.

But it was all of no avail. Mr. Bowen mischievously repeated the question.

"In fact, I'm not there any more," he was obliged to confess. The others exchanged significant glances. "You see, it was this way," he continued, brightening up. "After awhile, the fellows began to complain that I muffed too often. I did not tell them I had sprained my finger, so that when a hot ball came I could not hold it."

"Muff?" — "hot ball?" Mollie's face was a regular interrogation point. Still Ned volunteered no solution of the mysterious terms, so she waited resignedly while he added: "It don't do to make a fuss about every little hurt like that. When Dick Davis said he could catch a great sight better than I could, I got mad and told him to go ahead and do it. Some chaps try to make a great splurge. But I don't mind; it's the person who does most work, who counts for most in the long run. I'm short-stop, at present," he concluded drily.

There was a giggle from the roguish sisters. Their mother looked at them reprovingly, yet she could not herself repress a faint smile.

"H'm!" exclaimed Mr. Bowen, who had a bad habit of punning, "you surely will not stop there long, judging from your frequent change of base."

"Only been on one base," grumbled Ned, sotto voce.

"I say, my boy," called his father, as our friend made a hurried exit, the conversation not being at all to his taste, "I say! even if you don't run very fast, you've managed to get all round the field in an incredibly short space of time." But this parting shaft of raillery had apparently no effect, for Ned was gone.

After that no one had the courage to say Base-Ball to him for a long time, till one day at luncheon, little Mollie innocently lisped, "Are you thort-thtop thtill, brother?"

"N — no," he acknowledged with evident embarrassment. "I'm — we-ll, the — fact — is — I'm an extra hand!"

It was very impolite, very inconsiderate of Ned's family — but the truth must be told: they received this intelligence with a general shout of merriment. An angry flush dyed Ned's cheeks for a moment, but a sympathetic glance from his mother softened his mood, and he good-naturedly joined in the laugh against himself.

But our hero was decidedly uncomfortable. "O, yes!" said he, when their mirth had subsided and he felt, as usual, that he must make some explanation, so that no one would imagine his many demolitions were due to any lack of ability on his part, "there are a lot of new fellows in the club now, who want to manage the whole affair. They actually tell me that I don't know anything about the game. Just think of that! They can't put me out entirely, though, because, you see, I own the biggest part of the ball. Hy-y-y! I do, you see. But they're just running Base-Ball into the ground. I think I'll go in for Tennis. Mother, you couldn't lend a fellow a dollar to buy a racket, could you?"

THE BOSSY.

By Herbert Wild Bradley.

BOSSY, on his sleek red legs,
Springs and plunges while he begs
To drink; and bunts the wooden pail,
Thrashing the stanchions with his tail.
He's quite insensible to pain,
Else he'd not do that again.

He's an unaccountable,
Bossy is! — and, O, so full
Of funny pranks I sometimes wonder
That unmitigated blunder
Of an ox can be his brother;
Surely, he is quite another.

Bossy's coat of shining silk
Is red as wine, and white as milk;
His little soul of fire is full —
To lead him is impossible;
Though in quiet moods he loves me,
Yet when interest prompts he shoves me.

Last night I led him from his stall —
He led me, to an endless call
Of bleats and bellows, round the farm;
Sure, he wears some magic charm —
I could not well decline the fun
I got from that impromptu run!

THE LITTLE LOMBARD HERO.

(*From the Italian of Edmond de Amicis.*)

By Marcia Thouay.

ONE June morning during the Italian war of Independence in 1859, and but a few days after the defeat of the Austrians at Solferino, a small troop of Italian cavalry were advancing along a by-path in reconnoissance of the country occupied by the enemy. The company was led by a young lieutenant and sergeant, and all the men kept a lookout as they moved along cautiously and noiselessly, carefully scanning the surrounding region and fully prepared to see, from one moment to another, the white uniforms of the Austrian outposts appear among the distant trees.

Proceding thus they reached a small farmhouse surrounded by tall young poplars. Before the door stood a boy about twelve years old, who was busily engaged in peeling the bark off a sapling to make a walking-stick. From one of the front windows hung a flag showing the Italian colors, but otherwise the place was deserted; for

the peasants, having hung out the tricolor, and knowing that death was the penalty, had fled for fear of the Austrians. On catching sight of the soldiers the boy threw down the stick, and hastily took off his cap in salute. He was a handsome little fellow, with hardy, laughing blue eyes and a shock of curling yellow hair. He wore no jacket, and his shirt, unbuttoned at the neck, fell back, baring his straight olive throat.

"What are you doing here all alone?" asked the officer, reining in his horse. "Why are you not off with your family?"

"I have no family," answered the boy. "I am an orphan, and I stay here because I want to see the war."

"Have you seen any Austrians hereabouts?"

"Not for three days past."

The officer called a halt, and sprang down from his horse, entered the house and went out upon the roof. But the building was very low, and from the roof only a limited stretch of country could be seen, and he came back disappointed.

"One might see something from the top of a tree," said he.

Just in front of the house a tall, slim poplar waved its graceful crest high aloft in the breeze, but as the officer looked from its slender stem to the sturdy forms of his peasant soldiers, he shook his head doubtfully. Suddenly he turned to the boy.

"Have you sharp eyes, my little man?" he asked.

"I?" answered the boy; "I can see a swallow a mile off."

"Could you climb to the top of that tree?"

"I should think I could — and in half a minute."

"When up there, could you tell me what you see — if there are any Austrian soldiers in sight, clouds of dust, horses, the glitter of bayonets?"

"Of course I could!"

"And what will you take to do me this service?"

The little fellow's clear dark face flushed. "I shouldn't want to be paid for that. Ah! if you were Austrians now, I wouldn't do it for you at any price — but for one's own people — you forget I am a Lombard!" he added proudly.

The officer laughed lightly. "Up with you, then, my brave little Lombard!" he cried.

The boy kicked off his shoes, tightened the belt of his trousers, threw his cap on the grass, and sprang on the tree like a cat.

"Hold on a minute!" cried the officer hurriedly, as if seized by a presentiment. The boy looked back at him inquiringly, with no shadow of fear in his brave blue eyes. But after a moment's hesitation, the officer motioned to him to go ahead, and away the little fellow scrambled up through the branches, until presently he sat perched on the swaying top, his yellow head shining like burnished gold in the sunlight, and his breast bared to the cooling breeze.

"Look straight ahead as far as you can see," the officer called up to him.

The boy, shading his eyes with one of his hands, looked intently in the direction indicated.

"Well, what do you see?"

"Two men on horseback, on the white road."

"How far off from here?"

"About half a mile."

"Are they moving?"

"No, they are standing still."

"What else do you see?" called the officer again, after a moment. "Look to the right."

The boy looked to the right, then called down:

"Near the cemetery, among the trees, there is something glittering — it looks like bayonets."

"Do you see any men?"

"No, they must be hidden in the corn."

At that moment a ball whistled sharply through the air, high up over the trees, and fell harmless some distance back of the house.

"Come down!" shouted the officer. "They see you — they see your yellow head — I don't want anything more — come down at once!"

"I'm not afraid," called out the boy sturdily.

"Come down, I tell you — but quick, look to the left and tell me what you see — and come down."

"To the left?"

"Yes, to the left — but be quick!"

The boy turned his head in that direction, and at the same moment another ball, lower this time and nearer, cut sharply through the air.

"*Accidente!*" exclaimed the little fellow, half-laughing and giving himself a shake. "I believe they are really aiming at me!"

"Will you come down!" cried the officer, angry and imperious.

"I am coming directly," answered the boy. "But don't be afraid — the tree shelters me. You want to know what there is to the left?"

"Yes, yes, but for God's sake come down!"

"To the left," repeated the boy slowly, at the same time stretching head and shoulders from behind the sheltering leaves to get a better view, "to the left, down there by the chapel, I think I see" —

A third ball hissed angrily through the air, and this time the boy threw up his arms and gave a plunge forward.

"*Maledizione!*" exclaimed the officer, springing toward the tree.

Down came the little form crashing through the leaves, at first the hands wildly clutching for support at the branches, and then falling heavily to the ground, where it lay motionless, a slender stream of blood trickling away from the left side.

The men crowded around pitifully, and the officer kneeling by the boy's side raised him up a little, drew back the shirt, and saw that the ball had gone clean through the left lung.

"Dead!" exclaimed the officer.

"No," cried the sergeant. "There, courage, my brave little soldier!" pressing his handkerchief to the wound.

As he said these words, the boy opened his blue eyes, already veiled with a shadow, smiled faintly and then he was dead.

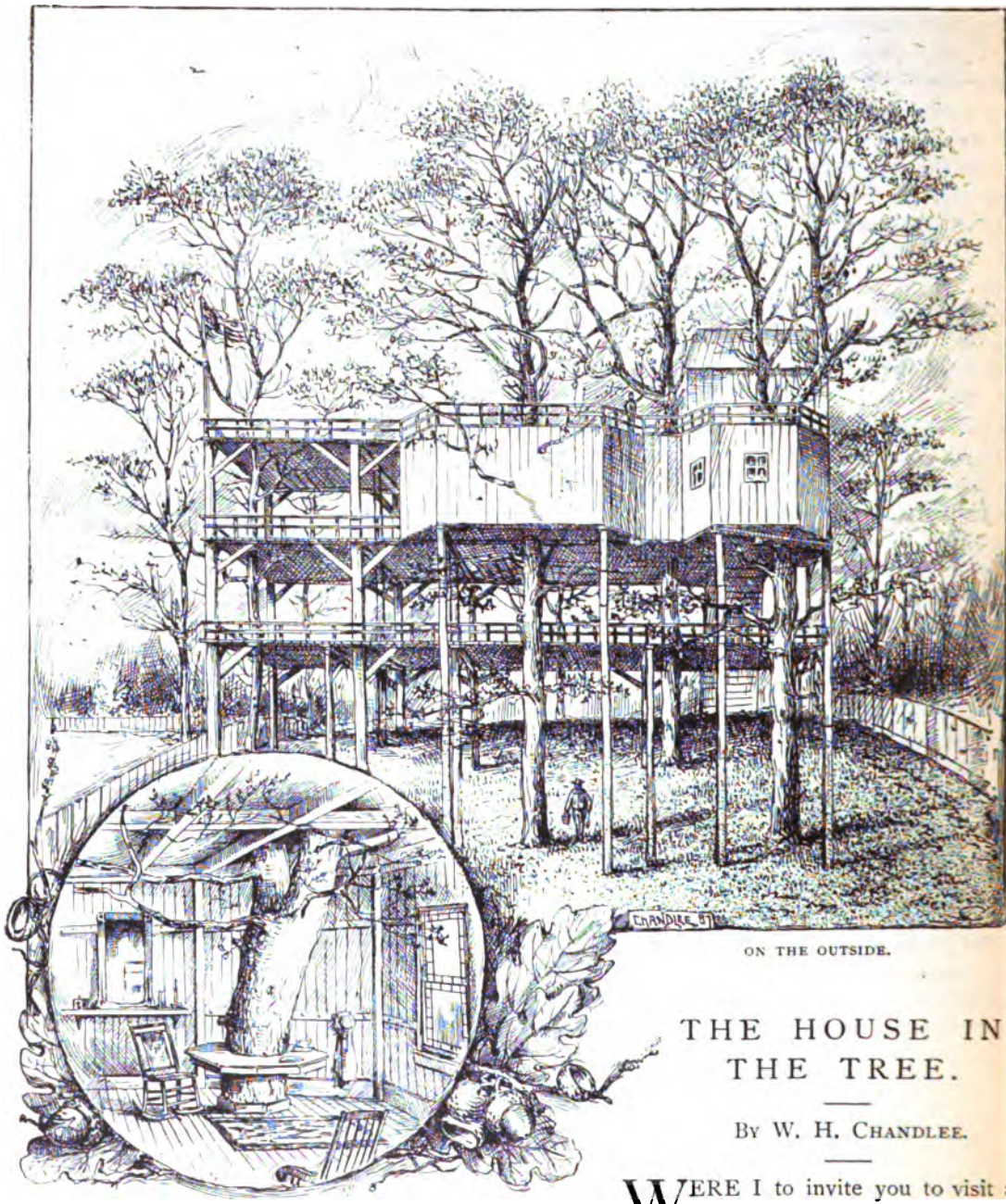
The lieutenant remained for a moment looking remorsefully down at the little form, then laid it back upon the ground. "Poor little fellow!" he murmured, "poor brave little heart!"

The soldiers gazed at the dead child, some with tears in their eyes. The officer went up to the house and took down the flag. He brought it back, and spread it over the little hero. By his side they laid the shoes and the cap, and the stick and knife too, which he had played with but a few moments before, and then the officer said to the sergeant:

"We will send the ambulance to fetch him — he has died like a soldier, he shall have a soldier's grave. To horse!" Springing into their saddles in a few minutes the troop of cavalry had galloped out of sight.

At sunset the front of the Italian army were advancing in line of battle against the enemy, and along the same road followed by the cavalry troops of the morning came a battalion of bersaglieri. The news of the little Lombard's death had gone through the camps. As the first officers in the line passed the little flag-draped form, they saluted, sabres in air. A brook, bordered with thousands of field flowers, ran by the roadside, and a young lieutenant stooping down gathered a handful of blossoms which he threw on the child sleeping in the colors. Each bersaglieri as he passed by plucked flowers to cast them on the little hero, and the rain of daisies, pink and white, snowy anemones, blue forget-me-nots, yellow dandelions and buttercups, and bright red poppies, gradually heaped a fragrant mound over the small bare feet, the blood-stained breast and the white face with its aureole of golden hair; and the smile on the pale face as it disappeared under the sweet flowers, seemed to say that the little patriot was well content to have laid down his bright young life for his beloved Lombardy.

A LOOK ABROAD.



ON THE OUTSIDE.

AN INSIDE CORNER.

THE HOUSE IN THE TREE.

By W. H. Chandlee.

WERE I to invite you to visit a man who lives in a tree, I suppose there would flash through your minds a memory of the "Swiss Family Robinson" and their home in the Banyan tree.

I should lead you, however, to the beautiful Rock Creek valley just beyond the northern boundary of the city of Washington.

Here there lives, in a very "castle in the air," among the topmost branches of giant oaks, an American gentleman, a soldier, the empty sleeve of whose coat tells of the service he has rendered

his country — one who dwells from choice where he can study the habits and enjoy the companionship of the birds and squirrels, and breathe pure air.

One bright afternoon, armed with book and pencil, I started out to storm "Airy Castle" in the interests of WIDE AWAKE.

Turning my back on the city I soon reached a shady lane which led me to an extensive grove of oak trees, where I made an illustration to show you how this queer house looked from the point where I first caught sight of it, up among the branches, and how it is supported by tall posts planted in the earth.

I was about to pass over a little foot-bridge spanning the natural moat that must be crossed in order to reach the castle, when I was warned that there was "No admittance" by an old man who stood at the farther end of the bridge holding a silver-gray fox by a chain, while behind him, against the board wall, hung a caged crow. When I made known my errand he changed from foe to friend, and conducted me up a long covered stairway and into the very castle itself.

The apartment we first entered was a glass-roofed conservatory. In one corner of it, merrily turning the wheel of his cage, was a gray squirrel, who upon being liberated sprang nimbly into my hat which I held in my hand, and sat there contentedly nibbling an acorn.

I followed my guide up another flight of steps — a short flight this time — and was ushered into the parlor of the mansion, where the old man left me after bidding me "make myself at home," and telling me that Captain Hayward, the lord of the castle, was absent, but would soon return.

With the squirrel perched upon my shoulder I made a tour of the apartment; and it was a quaint room enough: quite large, but with a low ceiling, such as one sees on board of a ship. A velvet carpet covered the floor, and contrasted strangely with the plain wooden walls and the raftered ceiling. Against one wall stood an upright piano covered with scattered books and sheet music; in one corner was a table with books and papers; pictures hung on the walls, and easy chairs stood about; but the most unusual adornment for a parlor was the massive trunk of an oak tree that entered through the floor in the centre of the room and passed out at the ceiling, its branches twisting about the room and disappearing at last through the walls of the house.

Here Captain Hayward entered, and at once invited me up to his tent-house on the roof. A flight of stairs led us to a large platform, of perhaps sixty by seventy feet, inclosed by a stout wooden railing. In the middle of this inclosure, on the roof, in the very tops of the trees, was a little house with a sloping canvas roof. Into this my host led the way, and as we sat there enjoying the extended view he delighted me with many interesting anecdotes; stories of birds and squirrels, and his studies of their habits; of how his dog fell one night from the roof to the ground, a distance of forty feet, and was pretty well shaken up; how, when the wind blew his cradle house rocked, like a ship at sea; and many other things.

Captain Hayward lives in this house summer and winter. His kitchen is in the first story and has every convenience; the guardian of the moat is the cook. The dining-room opens off the glass-roofed conservatory, and is about twelve by twenty feet. He sleeps in the turret house at the top.

The idea of living in the tree grew out of his love for out-of-door life: in summer he used to pitch his tent in the woods north of Washington in order to escape the heat of the town; but as the rains frequently rendered the floors damp and disagreeable, from their closeness to the ground, he conceived the idea of putting his tent on "stilts," but of only slight elevation. While lounging in his hammock one day, and gazing up into the branches overhead, he thought that it would be delightful to live up in the trees with the squirrels, and he began at once to put his idea into execution, until from its start, about four years ago, he has by changes and additions, passed from a mere tent in the trees to a perfectly appointed house.

THE CONTRIBUTORS AND THE CHILDREN.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.

— James Russell Lowell.

MY acquaintance with the late Miss Louisa Alcott was begun in so novel a fashion that I feel impelled to tell about it for the amusement of the WIDE AWAKE readers. I had come from a pretty Vermont town to Boston, just as *Little Women* was published, and having its first wonderful success. I was in one of Boston's largest circulating libraries, beginning to earn my own bread and butter. The *furor* for the new book was perfectly unprecedented, and we had over two hundred copies of it, not one of which was ever in. The order-book was filled with calls for it, and as fast as a copy came in it was sent out again. One day, when I had been about a week in the library, a lady came in, whose face I liked very much, and asked me for something "delightfully funny and nice" to read. By the merest chance I had in my hand a copy of *Little Women* that had just been returned to the library, and that I was about to do up to send out again. With a sudden impulse I handed it to the lady, saying, "I'm sure this will please you."

She took it, looked at it a moment inside and out, then threw it aside.

I was astonished to see the cherished book treated with disdain, but I managed to ask, "Have you read it?"

"I've seen it," was the curt reply.

"Don't you like it?" I again ventured.

"It's a ridiculous thing," was the answer.

This was too much for me, and I proceeded then and there to give a most eloquent defence of the book, mingled with a little satire at the taste that could find nothing but what was ridiculous in it.

The lady listened to me without replying, then turned away and sought the proprietor of the library, and was soon engaged in earnest conversation with him. I saw her glance around at me, and his eyes followed her glance. She was no doubt complaining of my impertinence, and I was sure of reproof, possibly dismissal. Suddenly the proprietor burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in which the lady joined. I don't know why it was, but I felt a little reassured, and just then I was called to the receiving-desk.

"Do you know who the lady is whom you were just serving?" asked the girl in charge there.

"What, the one talking with Mr. Loring?"

"Yes."

"No. I'm sure I don't," I answered.

"Well, it was the mother of *Little Women*."

"What! not Miss Alcott?"

"Yes, certainly, Miss Alcott."

"O, dear! and I've just been abusing her because she wouldn't take her own book."

And that was just what I had been doing; but it was such an unconscious tribute to her story that Miss Alcott regarded it as compliment, and, it is perhaps needless to say, neither of us ever forgot our first meeting.

Sallie Joy White.

I WANT to make a suggestion to young people who like to read, but have little time for it except in the long summer vacation when schools close and studies are laid aside.

I presume there are many such in our WIDE AWAKE circle; girls and boys who have said to themselves: "When the holidays come I will read this and that and the other," books of which they have heard, and which they feel that they ought to know, not for pleasure only but as a part of education. Not novels merely, though certain novels are also a part of education, and light reading is a permissible feature

in the general relaxation warranted by hot weather.

My suggestion can be put into few words. It is that instead of reading "all the world over," he or she should make a plan beforehand, and read, as it were, in groups or lines.

Two or three disconnected historical works relating to different nations and epochs rub each other out. The Age of Elizabeth grows vague and dim as the mind is taken with a jump to the reign of Queen Anne; and that again is effaced by the more recent interest of the time of the Georges and the War of Independence. All sharp outlines and fullness of understanding are blunted by such desultory skips up and down human history. Nothing being thoroughly and precisely learned or fixed, the mind retains only a jumble of confused facts and figures, as formless and as unsatisfactory as the flitting shadows of a magic lantern.

It is far better to make sure of one thing, to fix and deepen the impression, to live for awhile in a period and catch its spirit till you seem a part of it. I once heard a lady say that she was much more intimate with the people who lived in the time of George III. than she was with her own neighbors, and I considered her a fortunate person; since there were many more remarkable people in England at that time than any country neighborhood of to-day is likely to furnish. Beside, any one can know their neighbors, but only a few will be at the pains of becoming intimate with folk who died a century ago.

Let us suppose by way of illustration that a boy or girl has elected to read this summer Motley's two great books: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* and *The History of the United Netherlands.*

When she has finished (we will say that it is a girl to save pronouns), her mind will be full of vivid pictures and of only half-satisfied curiosity. Do you not see that it would be a pity to go off at once to some other period and forget Holland, its struggle for liberty and the brave leaders who conducted it? Her mind has not yet grappled thoroughly with the story and fixed it fast; a few months, another book or two, and it would be half-forgotten.

But suppose, instead, that by way of deepening the impression she reads a few chapters of Froude's *History of England*, to get another view of the events which were taking place in England under Queen Elizabeth while the Hollanders were having their fight with Spain. Then perhaps she will feel like something lighter by way of a change, and can take up Kingsley's novel of *Amyas Leigh*, which relates to that time and is full of brilliant pictures of adventure. A dip into the voyages of Sir Francis Drake will not be amiss, and Macaulay's spirited ballad "The Armada." After that, if she likes a little more light reading, she might take Miss Yonge's *Chaplet of Pearls* for an idea of the French Court at that period, and the battles going on between Catholic and Huguenot. After that Kingsley's essay on Sir Walter Raleigh, and Tennyson's ballad of Sir Richard Grenville and the *Revenge* —and perhaps her interest will be freshly excited in Queen Mary of Scotland, and it will be a good time to read Sir Walter Scott's *Abbot* and Miss Yonge's *Unknown to History.* This is surely a liberal allowance of fiction.

By the time our imaginary girl has gone thus far, she will be so much at home with her subject as to be little likely ever to lose it again.

And this portion of history made her own, it will be easy and delightful to go farther: to love Shakespeare better because he was of the time now grown familiar; to make acquaintance with portions of the other noble Elizabethan authors and dramatists; and so to come down, perhaps over Gardner's *History of James I.* to the Commonwealth and Carlyle's Cromwell, and Milton's Prose and Verse (*John Inglesant*, and Macdonald's *St. George and St. Michael* may come in here by way of contemporary fiction)—in short there is no end to the delightful paths which open out in all directions, and no willingness to stop for feet which have once learned to tread in them.

I wish some of the WIDE AWAKE young people would try this plan of mine and see how it works.

Susan Coolidge.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, Lock Box 46, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO AUGUST TANGLES.

17. Brant.

18. C en S ur E
H e E l S
A R T
R
E A T
A t T l E
T ut E la R

19. Veni, vidi, vici.

20. R evile R
H enban E
A ccoun T
P annie R
S huttl E
O pinio N
D rasti C
I nveig H
S ystol E
T abooe D

21. 1. William Cullen Bryant.
2. Julian Hawthorne.
3. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
4. Ralph Waldo Emerson.
5. William Dean Howells.

No. 22. HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. They visited the Leyden market.
2. We heard of the danger many miles away.
3. They were cases of Warsaw ales, packed away.
4. We have seen the new church in a town near by.

No. 23. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is composed of thirty letters, and is a Latin motto.

My 18, 22, 7, 12, 30, 20, 17 is one who loves his country.

My 15, 2, 23, 9, 29, 21, 5 is one of the muses.

My 1, 6, 27, 11, 4, 19, 25, 17, 13, 16 is commonly called the "laughing philosopher."

My 8, 13, 3, 10, 25, 14, 5, 24 is an ancient musical instrument.

My 18, 12, 28, 26 is a vessel.

No. 24. DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

Overthrown; relating to Babylon; conveyed back; a shopkeeper; bringing forth; novelists; those who ransom; apostates; permanent dwellings.

Diagonals: left to right: a peculiar sect mentioned in the Bible; right to left: advised against. F. S. F.

No. 25. WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. From backward take a termination and leave an article.

2. From a request take a beam of light and leave through.

3. From flattery take to bathe and leave a state of equality.

4. From to splash take to weave and leave a termination.

5. From a place of sale take a large vessel and leave encountered.

6. From custom take deed and leave value.

SIDNEY.

No. 26. BEHEADINGS.

Behead a creeping animal and leave a measure of length; again and leave to be indisposed; again and leave a prefix; again and leave a letter.

Behead a shoot of a plant and leave to entreat; again and leave a fish; again and leave an affirmative, again and leave a letter. TIDAL WAVE.

No. 27. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of 19 letters, is the name of a famous poet.

My 14, 15, 17, 8, 12, 10, 12, 19 is an ornament worn by ladies.

My 11, 2, 4, 16, is a flower.

My 16, 6, 7 is a fruit.

My 1, 5, 3, 19 is to languish.

My 7, 2, 13, 9, 12, 19 is a dance.

My 18, 14 is an abbreviation. A SMART TEA.

No. 28. DOUBLE CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In slaughter, not in kill;
In mountain, not in hill;
In listen, not in hear;
In peasant, not in peer;
In ancient, not in old;
In gather, not in fold;
In coffin, not in shell;
In hollow, not in dell;
In swallow, not in lark;
In Joel, not in Mark.
Now a certain fowl you will please name,
And now another for the same.

CYRIL DEANE.

SOLVERS.

July Tangles were solved by Fannie Smith, Maude E. Palmer, E. F. Sargent, Emily S. Little, Lewis B. Wheeler, Luie E. Taylor, Ernest Goodrich, C. Minta Rutter, Anna Blackie, Chas. W. Frazier, Mary W. Gale.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First complete list, Mary W. Gale, Lynn, Mass.
Next best list, Anna Blackie, Besemer, N. Y.
No. 11. Emily S. Little, Providence, R. I.
No. 14. E. F. Sargent, Nashua, N. H.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for the first solutions of this month's Tangles.

First complete list, WIDE AWAKE six months; or any $1.25 book from D. Lothrop Company's list.

Next best list, WIDE AWAKE three months.

No. 24. A mineral inkstand.

No. 28. A (magic) penknife.

A CORRECTION.

Puzzle No. 14, in July issue, called for a definition of *swears*. The word should have been *smears*. This will explain the definition given in the answer (August issue).

Solutions must be mailed by September 12. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, old and young, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original puzzles for publication as above directed.

DANIEL DEFOE.

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

IN the winter of 1711–12 all London was very busy talking about a certain man who had recently returned from a voyage to the Southern Seas. At the coffee-houses the men about town conversed of him with Addison and Steele and the other literary men of the day. Fine ladies in their sedan-chairs going to and from the play were full of the topic, and even the linkboys who stood without the doors of the playhouse till the acting should be over discussed it with the waiting chairmen. Hosts of people visited the sailor, whose name was Alexander Selkirk, and listened to his account of the solitary life he led for four years upon the island of Juan Fernandez. After a time several accounts of Selkirk's adventures appeared in print, then fresher topics came to the surface and so this nine days wonder passed from mind.

Several attempts, it is true, were made to use it as literary material, but they failed and it seemed as if Selkirk and his narrative had made no lasting impression upon the age. But nevertheless one man of genius had kept the affair in mind, and in 1719 this Selkirk germ flowered into the immortal *Robinson Crusoe.* Its author was perhaps the one man of his time who could develop such a tale as *Robinson Crusoe* from the outline furnished by Selkirk's adventures. He possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of circumstantial narration — the power, that is, of inventing a series of facts which shall seem perfectly natural, and the ability to throw over these facts, no matter how extraordinary in themselves, a wonderful air of reality. Among his contemporaries were men of greater gifts than he, but no one but Defoe, it is safe to say, could at that time have written a romance like this.

It is not a very clear notion that we get of Daniel Defoe from the works of his contemporaries or from the writers of our own day. An accomplished essayist writing thirty years ago calls him a "model of integrity," and a more recent writer says, "He was a great, truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived." Of these two estimates the latter is perhaps nearest the truth.

He was born in London in 1661, the son of a butcher in the parish of Cripplegate, named Foe. When he was about forty he changed his signature from "D. Foe" to "Defoe," and seems after that period to have written his name "Daniel De Foe" or "Daniel Defoe" as it pleased him. In 1731 he died in Moorfields, London, accomplishing in his life of seventy years a vast amount of literary work, more in quantity than any man of his time, busy as some of them were.

The list of his writings includes two hundred and ten works, ranging over the greatest variety of topics, and yet authorship was by no means his only claim to notice in his time. He was an active politician throughout his life and was manufacturer, merchant and journalist by turns. He was originally intended for the ministry, but after completing the course of training for that purpose abandoned the idea of that profession, a fortunate decision, for his talents, however great, were not those best fitted for exercise in the pulpit. In 1685 he became a hose merchant, but his success in this business may be guessed from the fact that seven years later he was

obliged to flee from his creditors. Tradition states that he went to Bristol and was there called the "Sunday Gentleman" from his appearing in public only on that day, for fear of the bailiffs kept him indoors the rest of the week. Later on we hear of him in various occupations, among others that of the manufacture of bricks, and it is pleasant to read that he labored diligently to pay his creditors.

In 1697 his first important work was published, entitled *An Argument Showing that a*

DANIEL DEFOE.

Standing Army with Consent of Parliament is not Inconsistent with a Free Government. The title may not sound attractive to us now, but the book was very effective in its day and is a marvel of direct and vivacious reasoning. From this time forward he used his pen vigorously upon all the foremost topics of the period, and when he wrote *The True-Born Englishman* he became suddenly famous. It appeared near the end of King William's reign, at a time when the king was exceedingly unpopular and the dislike of foreigners was at its height. Defoe in this satire declared that no such thing as a true-born Englishman existed, that they were all descended from foreigners. One would naturally imagine a turbulent London mob would have hung the audacious author before his own door. But they did nothing of the kind. The witty, hard-hitting strokes of his satire tickled the English sense of humor and eighty thousand copies of the pamphlet were sold in London streets. A still more famous political work of his entitled *The Shortest Way with Dissenters* appeared in 1703. Never was a jest taken so seriously, or a whole nation so completely "sold" as we should now say. In this work the author satirically urged that if all persons attending non-conformist chapels should be banished from the country, and all non-conformist preachers hanged, the evil of Dissent would be ended forever. Extreme as these measures of the clever writer seem, and in the urging of which he was only satirizing the intolerance of churchmen, they for a time much delighted the High Churchmen; but when these discovered that they had been tricked their rage knew no bounds. For a time Defoe concealed himself, but that the printer and publisher should not suffer in his stead he surrendered himself. The House of Commons ordered his book burned by the common hangman, and at his trial he was condemned to pay a large fine to the Crown, to stand three times in the pillory, be imprisoned during the Queen's good pleasure, and find sureties for his good behavior for seven years.

In the State of Delaware the pillory is still occasionally used and one may sometimes see there a culprit undergoing that most unpleasant kind of punishment. But the shame of such a punishment lies in its desert, and Defoe had done nothing to deserve his sentence. For three days the most popular Englishman of the period stood there in the pillory about which gathered the multitude who covered the pillory platform with flowers, while barrels of ale and wine were drunk in his honor by his enthusiastic admirers. He remained in prison till August, 1703; but various works of his were sent to the press from there and the time was by no means lost. It would be impossible to detail here a tenth part of Defoe's adventures. His restless nature was ever impelling him into controversy and intrigue. To most remarkable powers of argument and

wonderful skill as a satirist he united an unscrupulous disposition and a confidence in his ability to extricate himself from any complications into which his activity might plunge him — a confidence, it is true, not unsupported by experience.

Our modern habit of close investigation is fast disposing of the literary anecdotes which are often told in connection with authors. For instance, it used to be asserted that a certain London bookseller having on his shelves a large number of copies of a very dull book by Drelincourt, called *The Fear of Death*, induced Defoe to write a "puff" for this volume and that the *True Relation of the Apparition of One Mrs. Veal* was the result, and that *The Fear of Death* accordingly rapidly disappeared from the bookseller's shop. The reason for the sudden demand for the book consisted in the fact that the ghostly Mrs. Veal earnestly recommended the perusal of the work. Alas for the facts! If the inventor of this tale had had the fear of lying before his eyes, he would have told us that Defoe's book was first published without any reference to *The Fear of Death*, which was already popular and needed no "puffing" of this sort. But as "error runs a mile while truth is putting on his boots" this anecdote is likely to survive as long as the world cares to listen about Defoe. And that will be for centuries to come, for as the author of *Robinson Crusoe* his hold upon the hearts of young people is perhaps greater than that of any other writer.

It is with Defoe that the art of novel-writing really begins. Fiction, in prose at least, was new to the world then, and the reading public were eager to read *Moll Flanders*, *Captain Singleton*, and the other romances which Defoe rapidly gave to the world. It is not easy to think of a period when people found themselves reading novels for the first time. The sensations of a child old enough to think about the matter who tastes candy for the first time in his life can only be compared to the feelings of the first novel-readers. These books of Defoe's are not such as we should enjoy now, for they are coarse in tone and deal with customs and manners to which we are now fortunately strangers; but they show his wonderful power of story-telling, a power which reaches its height in *Robinson Crusoe.*

"Homely plain writing," Defoe termed his style, but it is this "homely" directness of his that constitutes the charm of *Robinson Crusoe.* It was written in the full maturity of his powers, for he was fifty-eight years old at the time, and all the bent of his life was such as to fit him for this sort of writing. Few men could make fiction seem more like fact than he. His whole career was such as to create a general belief that he was untrustworthy; yet he could pass himself off with the Tories as a Tory, and with the Whigs as a Whig, while he was constantly appearing before the public in assumed characters. Now while all this is by no means to his credit, it does show his inventive spirit in a very strong light, and how he was able by the exercise of this faculty to throw around the simple story of a man living on a desert island such a wonderful air of reality. When we read *Robinson Crusoe* we feel that the hero would not naturally have acted in any other way than he actually did. And it is this fact which gives its life to the book. Defoe might have kept his inventive powers in their place and never have gained his reputation for untrustworthiness, and still have given *Robinson Crusoe* to the world as perfect as it is now, no doubt, but we must look at facts as they are and not as we should wish them to be. And the fact is that this immortal story-teller was a man to whom the truth was a stranger. He was seldom straightforward. He was fertile in expedients to pass off falsehood for truth, and it is this gift of invention which, rightfully exercised in *Robinson Crusoe*, made, when carried into actual practice in life, so untrustworthy a character as his.

Says one biographer:

> "If he is judged by the measures that he labored for and not by the means that he employed, few Englishmen have lived more deserving of their country's gratitude. He may have been self-seeking and vain-glorious, but in his political life self-seeking and vain-glory were elevated by their alliance with higher and wider aims."

And with this judgment we leave him, remembering always that if he were lacking in integrity of purpose he could nevertheless serve his countrymen nobly, and that in spite of all his faults he was great enough to write for his time, and for all time, *Robinson Crusoe.*

TWO OPPORTUNITIES.

By Margaret Storer Warner.

I.

NANCY'S OPPORTUNITY.

Dear Sarah:

Many thanks for doing what I asked, without waiting to be told how. I have no doubt that little house in the lane is as comfortable as if I had sent many pages of directions.

As I fear that I cannot go to East Beach myself on Saturday, I will tell you all about it on paper.

You know Mrs. M—— who has so much to do with the East End charities, and you know also that I have been her substitute several times when she has wanted some particular person to be looked out for from day to day, and has been too ill or too busy to attend to it herself.

I enjoy it, and have made several very pleasant acquaintances, who come from time to time and see me at the studio, when they ask advice or sympathy and criticise my pictures.

A fortnight ago a messenger hurried into the studio saying that Mrs. M—— wanted me immediately; that she had broken her leg and wanted to see me before the doctors came. I ran across the street to the little alley which leads to her back door, and was taken directly up to her room, where I found her very white and suffering, but with her usual quiet manner. She said immediately: "I knew that you would come. Now go as quickly as possible to Mrs. Shaw's dressmaking rooms, No. 3, Strong Place, and tell Nancy Price that her brother is worse, and that she must go to him at once. Then go home with her. I can't tell you any more now."

I merely said, "I will go at once," and went. Somewhat dazed I felt as I walked along the street saying to myself: "Tell Nancy Price that her brother is worse." I found Mrs. Shaw's rooms, and asking a gorgeous and sour-looking woman for Nancy Price, I gave my message to a round-faced lively-looking girl, who answered, "I'll come. Mrs. Shaw, I must go."

"Very well," said the sour lady. "Then you need not come back. This is the second time you've been off, and there are three girls waiting for me to give your place to one of them."

Nancy's face fell a little, but she said quietly: "Please give me my week's money then, Mrs. Shaw." Mrs. Shaw hesitated, but finally handed over some money and we were soon on our way down that forlorn E Street toward the water.

I briefly explained my part of the performance, and Nancy being too anxious to talk, we hurried on and on, and then going down an alley we fairly burrowed into a dark doorway, and found ourselves by degrees coming out to light again at the top of a high building, which smelt like nothing that I had ever smelt before. I heard afterward that it was from curing fish — I don't know about curing, for it nearly killed me.

The little room where the sick boy was, looked clean and was quite airy, with two little dormer windows on the roof and a sea breeze coming in from the dock.

The doctor was there holding the boy's wrist and counting the pulse, and we stood still till he had finished. Then he said to Nancy in a low tone: "He was pretty sick for an hour this morning when I met Mrs. M—— here, and she waited till I got through some pressing visits. Then I came back and she went to find you."

So poor Mrs. M——'s accident befell her on the way to get Nancy. No wonder she was in a hurry to send somebody to let the doctor go. But it is not everybody who would have thought of anything beside her broken leg.

Nancy was sitting by the bed asking questions anxiously, until the doctor turned to me and asked, "Are you a nurse?" I said "No" but that I could spend the day there if he would tell me what to do, whereupon I was given some medicine to give once in half an hour; then turning to Nancy, he said briefly: "Go to bed. You were up all night. There is no immediate danger. She" — nodding at me — "will speak to you if he becomes conscious."

I took off my hat and sat down saying "Yes, Nancy, go." Without more words Nancy went behind a curtain and I heard her throw herself on a bed and almost immediately begin to take long sleepy breaths.

I sat still and looked about the room. The boy, who seemed about twelve years old, was lying on a clean cot bed, which was all the furniture in the room except a box and a chair. After a few moments I gave the medicine to him as he lay with his eyes half open. Then seeing some motion in the box I went to look at it, and found a heap of puppies just squirming themselves awake.

I tried to describe them to my precious brother Phil afterward, and he gravely told me that they must be "pure cur" from the description.

I'll tell you more when I see you, for there are many interesting particulars about the puppies and their mamma who came in soon after — a great yellow creature, who stared at me a moment and then deliberately jumped into the box and sat down on her children who took it quite as a matter of course.

Now imagine — as story-tellers say — that two weeks have gone by — or "fled" would perhaps sound better. The doctor has told me that Peter never will be well until he is out of that smell and in a place where he can have good food.

Nancy is dismayed and so am I, when suddenly I am struck by a tremendous idea which almost makes me gasp. But I calmly say to the doctor: "May I take Peter out of town next week?" They all stare, but the doctor says, "Oh, yes, if he can have better food and air than here."

So I wrote at once to you to get the little house at the end of the lane ready for occupants, and you have done it like a dear. Meet them at the 5:30 train on Saturday, and meanwhile we must think of something for them to do to help themselves, or I should be a very unworthy disciple of Mrs. M——. She always tries to keep her poor friends' self-respect, by keeping them at work.

Good-by till next week. We must think of something for Nancy to do.

I forgot to say that the puppies and their mamma are all going and can sleep in that horrid little shed at the end of the house.

Your loving sister, MARTHA.

DEAR MISS MARTHA:

We have been here three days now and your sister, Miss Sarah, says that I had better write and tell you about it all.

It is so lovely here and you and everybody are so good to us, that I can't help crying when I think of it. The dear little house looked so pretty as we came near, with its nasturtiums outside, and the sea so near, and then a real fire in the sitting-room such as I have not seen since I was little, and the two rooms for Peter and me and the nice little kitchen.

I have been trying all day to think what I could do and I have felt discouraged. Of course we cannot live on you, and I can see that Peter thinks of it too, as he lies on the blanket under the tree. I am well and willing to work, but there does not seem to be any work to do.

(*Afternoon.*)

DEAR MISS MARTHA:

I must begin again and tell you what has happened. I went out on the beach this morning after I finished that last sentence, feeling very blue and almost deciding to go and ask at the hotel if they could give me some work — waiting on the boarders, or anything — and at the same time wondering what I should do about Peter if they did want me.

I sat down on the sand for a minute to watch the bathers, when I began to hear what two ladies were saying just beyond me. One said, "Isn't that bathing dress hideous? I wish I could have one made here. All the ready-made ones are so ugly that I do not like to send to town for one." The other lady said, "You can't get any one here to sew decently. Everybody says so." Then my mind was made up and I turned round and said, "Please excuse me for hearing what you said, but I could not help it, and I thought perhaps I could make you a prettier bathing-dress than that one."

The young girl looked surprised a moment, but smiled and said very pleasantly, "I should

like to have you very much, but I do not believe that you can get material here."

I asked her if I might look in the post-office, where all sorts of things are crowded together — crockery and overalls, books and ox goads, calico and peppermints — and if she would come to my house in the morning I would show her what I had found. I hope you do not think that I ought to have offered to go to her. I thought that it would not seem so much like begging for work if she came and saw that I had a nice home and belonged somewhere, and she might send some one else to me; and she seemed to like the idea and said that she would come and bring some one else who had no bathing-dress.

I hunted through the post-office stores and carried home with me some of that blue stuff that overalls are made of.

The next day the lady came with two others, and I showed the cloth and told how I should make the dress — with a red collar and handkerchief to tie round her hair — and I told her that the material would shed the water and be less heavy than flannel. (I learned a good deal at Madam Shaw's.) I have four orders for bathing-dresses and have promised to make over some things. The ladies say that I can get a good deal of sewing and I thought that perhaps I might teach one of the little schools here in the winter. So please do not worry about us — we shall soon be able to pay you back what you have spent for us. We can't pay for all the kindness and trouble, dear Miss Martha.

Yours respectfully, NANCY PRICE.

DEAR MARTHA:

Your protégés are fairly established here and I think will do very well.

The little house looks pretty and homelike. Its four little rooms are all used and I find Peter making book-shelves and work-shelves for his sister out of boxes, begged from the store.

I went there yesterday and thought that Nancy was having a five o'clock tea at the very least. She was standing talking and gesticulating in a very lively manner, with seven or eight girls about her, and as I walked into the room she finished by saying: "I know that it will be pretty if you will let me try."

I said, "May I come in?" and then I was welcomed by two or three of the girls whom I had seen before at the hotel, and was told that they wanted Nancy to help them make costumes for a fancy party — and I was told that "nobody wanted to be an idiotic 'peasant' or 'Marquise' or 'Night' or 'Queen Elizabeth' or any of the fifty other characters that you always see at fancy parties."

Nancy had entered into the plans like one of themselves, and I could not see but that her two years apprenticeship to Mrs. Shaw grafted upon her mill-life and her childhood in the country minister's family, had made her up to these young city girls in more ways than one.

She was describing a dress that she had helped make, in town. It was called "December" and was a simple enough skirt and tunic of cotton batting fringed with pieces of glass — glass beads and prisms from the old-fashioned candlesticks and chandeliers. The crown was to be of fluffy cotton wool, with the prisms standing up all round, hair hanging down with glass beads fastened in, and what Nancy called "diamond powder" sprinkled all over hair and dress. She says that it looks like powdered glass.

I could help here — for I remembered the pride of the old Lyceum Hall — that great chandelier, with its prisms and candles. Oh! how fine it was, and now it is lying bundled off in the loft of Deacon Frazer's barn.

Nancy said she could help twelve girls, or girls and young men, to dress like the months.

This afternoon when I saw her she was busy with three young men, whom she told me afterward were to be respectively, a cod-fish, a merman with both legs fastened into a pasteboard tail covered with scales which hung over his feet as he walked, and a grasshopper.

Nancy said that she had suggested a common ink-bottle as a dress for one of the girls — short waist and large skirt with label and cork.

So you see she is making a place for herself among the summer people, and she has set her heart upon taking the little school for the winter.

Peter is doing well too, and is so happy that Nancy will not have to send him to the poorhouse, as she feared she must when Mrs. Shaw gave her up, that he does not look into the future with any fears.

I hope that Mrs. M—— is nearly well. I forgot to say that the puppies are well and some have been given away. The mother is as gay as a lark. Peter has been offered ten dollars for her on account of her abilities as rat-catcher, but he will not part with her.

You had better come home. For last night Belinda came here with Peter on an errand, and was seen scampering across the field with something bright red dragging after her, and when Peter went home and investigated he found that she had taken your red flannel petticoat from the line and had carried it home for herself and her babies to sleep on.

I only hope that all Mrs. M——'s friends are as well looked-out-for as the two Price children. Did you say that Nancy was seventeen? Isn't it strange that this girl should come from the city just to prove to you what I have always insisted upon — that a girl of average brightness could make a goodly sum of money by supplying the needs of the summer boarders and cottagers! Just think of the number of people who come here not for fashion, but to have an out-of-door time, who would be thankful to have their flannel dresses and sun hats made and trimmed for their girls after they come — not to mention bathing suits, fancy costumes and covers for summer furniture.

Nancy seems to be alive to all this; for to-day when she came here she spoke of it. By the way, she made me take her fares with Peter from town and told me that next week she wanted to begin paying rent. Of course it is best that she should be independent, but I do not like the feeling of taking rent from her.

She said this morning: "Miss Martha, there's a Mrs. Porter and her daughter and two sons that I know in the street where we lived who could live here comfortably on what they pay there to live uncomfortably. The mother and daughter could wash, iron, and *mend* for the people here. Did you know I have set up one day in the week as a mending day, and I have the washing of three families brought to me to look over and mend. Mrs. Porter washes flannel dresses and coats beautifully — nobody knows how to do it here. One of the boys is a good carpenter and could get better paying jobs here than in town — for the spring and summer at any rate; and the little boy could take home the clothes for his mother." Then as I looked amazed at this elaborate plan she went on: "I asked the rent of the little empty house across the bridge and the man said that it was fifty dollars a year. There is a kitchen and sitting-room and large bed-room downstairs and two rooms in the roof — and, Miss Martha, don't you think that I might write to her?"

I hesitated about advising her, and some one coming in just then she left.

I could not help thinking after, "What a pity to send for a family from town, when there are so many here who need the money — and the occupation. There are the Carters — they ought to be able to do just what Nancy's friends will; but Nelly Carter would think herself lowered in village as well as city eyes if she helped her mother wash and mend the pretty flannel bathing and tennis suits. They might make it a specialty — in these days of doing one thing perfectly. (That is the theory of specialties — isn't it?) They would become fashionable and more sought after than they are now. Annie is pretty and conscious and foolish, but she is quick-witted and I can see that Nancy Price has made an impression on her already, with her quiet business-like ways."

Considering however that I am going to see you to-morrow, I may as well save my paper, and we will have a long talk on the subject of How to open the eyes of our country girls to the possibility of making a good trade pay — such as dressmaking, millinery, upholstery, nice laundry work — making any of these pay externally, internally and eternally.

SARAH.

II.

JACK AND HIS ANIMALS.

MY sister's letters and my own have told the story of the young dressmaker and what she did. Now I should like to tell of what came to her brother Peter. I have almost forgotten his real name, for when I came home from my summer vacation and spent a week at my dear old home, before beginning my studio work in the city,

I found that he had turned into "Jack" by some mysterious means. Why is it that boys' names are changed so often by their comrades? I remember that my brother's name in school and college was quite different from the one given him when he was a baby, so that his college friends and his family friends had serious differences of opinion on the subject — each having known him by a totally different name from the others.

So in this case I left "Peter" and found "Jack," and I will tell you about him and his animals as I saw and heard about him and them.

I went down to the beach a few days before going back to my work and when my story begins I was sitting on a log of drift-wood watching Jack.

He was standing where each wave washed over his bare feet and ankles. It was a cold day in the last week in September, but he was thinking so busily that he did not mind it, but stood there, poking his toes into the sand until he was hailed from the cliff above.

"Jack! Hallo there!" came down the rocks, and he turned to answer.

A lively-looking girl came scrambling down to the sand where he stood and hurried towards him. As she approached I saw that she had a great yellow cat in her arms.

"Jack," she said breathlessly, "we are going in just an hour. Papa has come for us, and he won't let me take Pussy home in the cars. So I've been all over the village with her hunting for you, to take her. We shall come back to the cottage next summer of course and I shall want her then, and I will pay for all she eats this winter if you will keep account, and I will give you a dollar to start with."

So saying she deposited the great creature in Jack's arms and would have hurried away if Jack had not exclaimed: "But, Nell, see here! I haven't any place to keep her, and she will run away."

At this difficulty the girl turned back and I joined them as she was saying, "O, dear! Well! Let's talk it over. I have fifteen minutes and I may as well spend them here."

Here I offered a suggestion which had been gradually forming into a plan in my mind for several weeks.

"Jack," I said, "isn't there an old hen-coop that you could get for the Pussy? and for more than one? There must be plenty of people who would be glad to board their cats with you through the winter."

The girl jumped up from the sand with, "Oh Jack! we have a coop that is just the thing: don't you remember it?"

"Yes," says Jack.

"Let's get it now," went on Nell eagerly, "and fill it with hay. There will be plenty of room for two or three cats if you put in partitions, and you can keep it in your shed. All the cats down here are used to living out of doors."

"All right," says Jack. "She'll soon be willing to stay with me, she is so used to me in the boat."

This point settled, Nell said, "What are you doing down here, walking about in the water as if it were July?"

Jack looked a little shy, but answered readily enough: "I was wondering what I should do when you were gone, and Ned Barker and Tom, and all the rest of the fellows. I've had such fun this summer with you all, and with the books that you've lent me, that it makes me awfully lonesome to think of the long winter. But I've earned some money with my fishing and chores and can buy some books for myself and some boots, too. So I ain't so much to be pitied as I was when I was sick in the spring." Coming to his feet with a bounce which made Pussy's tail grow large with indignation at the rude awakening, he added, "Come, let's go for the coop."

I walked along with the two as they crossed the beach, and several people stopped to say "Good-by" to them.

All the boarders and cottagers were leaving Wraymouth, and each "Good-by" made poor Jack more and more uncomfortably sure that soon there would be no one left to speak to. The poor little fellow had had a hard time through the spring, but his summer had been the most delightful experience. He never had had real companionship before, except with his sister, for she had kept him away from the rough men and boys about their poor city home, and the boys and girls whom he had seen the last few months were a revelation to him.

With them he learned where all the flowers and birds lived. He learned to row and to swim. He knew where berries and nuts hid themselves in pastures and wood, and was soon oracle and guide to the younger "boarders" and "cottagers" who flocked to the shore.

Now he and Nell made their way over the rocks and up the cliff to the row of pretty houses overlooking the cliff and went straight to the barn of the first one, and Nell said triumphantly: "There, Jack! isn't that just the thing?" seizing hold of a great hen-coop and beginning to tug it out. Jack and I examined it, pronounced it large enough, and the two children proceeded to put it on to a sort of buckboard which Jack pulled out of a stall with an air which showed that he knew all the resources of the place, as indeed he did. Then putting "Patience" carefully in, Nell and he took the tongue between them and slowly dragged the load up the hilly road to the village street and the little house in the lane where Jack and his sister lived.

Jack pulled and Nell pushed the coop from the buckboard through the narrow entrance to the side yard, and at last with much puffing and blowing set it on end and straightway deposited themselves on the grass beside it to console "Patience" for her somewhat jerky ride.

After many farewell pats Nell said suddenly, "Oh Jack, there's plenty of room for another Pussy in here, and I heard Mrs. Prince say last night that she wished she knew somebody who would take hers. I must run, there goes the stage to our house. Good-by, Jack! Let me know how Pussy is," and away she ran looking like what some staid ladies called her, "a regular tom-boy."

Jack, however, had no wish to call her so, for he knew the warm heart and the honest friendliness of the little maid too well to wish to criticise.

I shall drop myself out of the story after this, only telling it as I put it together for myself as I heard and saw it.

Jack stood thoughtfully a moment watching his friend out of sight; then turning, he ran into the little kitchen where the supper was cooking, and said: "Sister, may I earn money this winter just as I've a mind to?"

His sister raised her head from her work, thought a minute, and then said: "Why, yes, Jack, I guess so — you are old enough to be trusted."

With this permission Jack dashed off to Mrs. Prince's house, a quarter of a mile down the road, where he vaulted the low fence and arrived on the doorstep in time to intercept a lady with a basket, who opened the door just as Jack landed with a bounce in front of it. He had just breath enough to tell his errand, which was, as you guess, to ask Mrs. Prince her plans for her cat's future; and as he ended his question the lady opened the basket a crack, just wide enough for a prolonged mi-ow to slip out, and said with relieved air: "O, Jack! *will* you take her? I was going to carry her to the hotel to ask if they would board her for the winter. But I would so much rather have you keep her. I will give you two dollars a month for her, because she must have cream every Sunday for breakfast and fish for one meal every day. Do you think that you can remember?"

Upon Jack's assurance that he could and would, Mrs. Prince handed over the basket of mews to him and taking a roll of ribbon from her pocket, she said: "Every Sunday you must put a fresh ribbon round his neck (his name is Potiphar), and then let him look in the glass, or he will feel neglected. He must go down to the beach on pleasant days at low tide to look for star-fish and jelly-fish. He does not mind the damp sand and stones, though he can't bear mud."

Jack promised, and after Mrs. Prince had given him a cushion and blanket for her dear "Potiphar" he was starting off with his arms full, when Mrs. Prince said: "Perhaps you'd better call at Mrs. Lane's — she lives just over there. Tell her I sent you, thinking that she might like to have you take care of her 'Pluto.' Don't let him come near 'Potiphar' though, for they are always longing to scratch each other's eyes out."

Jack first went home with his burden, put it down in a bunch at his sister Betty's feet as she sat darning stockings, only said, "Don't let him run away," and was off again, to Mrs. Lane's.

This lady was very cautious at first in giving Jack any hope that she would trust her precious Pluto with a stranger — perhaps because she

feared for the safety of the latter, as she said, when the bargain was almost concluded, "You must give him a separate room to himself in your coop. You say that you are going to make partitions in it; and then, too, you must chain him for he will of course try to scratch and bite for the first three or four weeks." Jack agreed, and Mrs. Lane finding that he did not seem to be alarmed by the prospect went on:

"Pluto must never have meat. But he must have oatmeal and milk, with cream twice a week, and he won't eat a thing if he does not have his own cup and saucer. And as for his own bed! why, he sat up all one night because I covered his cushion with blue when he was used to Turkey-red."

Two dollars and a quarter a month was to be given for this gentle creature; and Jack ventured to ask if she knew of any other cats who would like homes for the winter, when the question was answered by the appearance around the corner of the lankest, leanest, forlornest cat that you ever saw. As she came up to Jack timidly, in answer to his extended hand and pitying "Come, poor Pussy" Mrs. Lane exclaimed: "That cat belongs to a family who left here two weeks ago. And they must have left that poor Pussy to starve! There, now, why don't you take her and fat her up. She is pure Maltese and a splendid mouser. You could sell her to some of the cottagers next summer."

Without more ado Jack picked her up in his arms, and when he had been told to call for "Pluto" the next day but one, he went home with his forlorn captive, and soon had her busily engaged with a plate of fish, fully satisfied that she was with friends.

Jack sat down to tea half an hour afterward a tired boy.

He had gone to the little shed. There he had made three rough partitions, which he had fitted into the coop, making four rooms, each large enough for a good-sized cat to stand up or lie down in, with perfect ease. He put his three cats into their new bedrooms — "Potiphar" on his red cushion, the other two on clean straw, provided milk for each and then came in for his own bread and milk.

A month later Jack wrote a long letter to Nell, telling her of "Patience's" well-being and giving an account of the other three cats already introduced. Then he went on as follows:

"Just as soon as the cottage-people found out that I was willing to take care of their animals they sent them in from all around the shore. Mr. Clay sent his big hen-coop with twenty hens and a lot of little chickens. He sent a hen-book with them to tell me just how to take care of them, and I am to have a dollar and a half a month for my care, and a bill at the grain store, which I must get and send to Mr. Clay every month, with all the food charged on it. Then I found under Mr. Baker's barn a little Scotch terrier, with four puppies, not more than a week old. The mother was awfully scared when she saw me, but she was glad enough to get into the basket of hay that I brought down. I put all the puppies in first, and then she jumped in and I wheeled them all up to our shed.

"They are beauties. I mean to sell all but one, next summer. I shall give you the best one. I'll write again next month and tell you about 'Patience.' She has been out in the boat with me twice and sat in the bow as usual. Betty rowed and I fished and threw the fish heads to Betty as usual."

The next month, in answer to a gay little letter from Nell, Jack wrote:

"'Patience' is all right. She is the only one of the cats who likes to leave home, and she follows me everywhere, and the dogs come too — but they don't touch her.

"You do not know how many animals I have now. Sister helps me feed them. She is just as interested as I am, or I could not have kept on with them. Mr. Moore came down one day and said he was going to town in a few days and he wanted me to shoot his big dog 'Malta,' because he hadn't the heart to do it. He had his leg run over and couldn't be moved as soon as they had to shut their house, so they had decided to have him shot. I asked if I mightn't come every day and try to nurse him up, and he said Oh, yes, if I'd promise to kill him if he grew any worse. So I began the next day, and though at first he growled some he soon got to liking me and now he is well and happy though he walks with a stiff leg. 'Patience' and he

sleep together in the shed — she lies right between his paws. When I brought him over first she was all ready to tear his eyes out, but he was so feeble that he did not mind when she spit right at him, and she was so surprised that she began to make friends.

"'Malta' brings all the sand I want for the coop and kennels and the hay and the water, so it doesn't take near as long.

"Mrs. Prince came down to see about her house and call on 'Potiphar.' It was on Monday, so his ribbon was clean, and he was so fat and contented that she was real satisfied. I thought I wouldn't tell that Mrs. Lane's 'Pluto' bit the end of his tail off the first time they met, outside the coop; it would have bothered her, and now the hair covers it so it's no matter."

The next letter ends:

"I have four new dogs. One came to me himself; 'Malta' brought home one; one is a puppy that one of the neighbors was going to drown, and one is made of brown cotton flannel and is sitting on a pen-wiper, and came in my Christmas stocking."

It is too soon yet to tell how Jack will fare among the summer boarders with his animals; but the prospect is a good one, and so far he has much more than paid his way.

I will tell you of a visit to his shed that I made just after Christmas, and then I will leave the plan to work in the minds of those who have the same opportunities in communities where there are the same needs.

Remember that it takes, first of all, a genuine love of animals — not the kind of liking which makes one care for them as playfellows as long as somebody else feeds and attends to them, but the painstaking, careful affection which the real animal-lover gives, asking from the creatures themselves nothing but their friendship.

Next, it takes a well-considered plan of where to keep and how to feed them, and no new one should be taken in without a clear idea of how he is to be provided for.

Jack took me into the shed and I could hardly recognize the dark little hole of a place, where before there was hardly room to stow a boat. Now there were several windows, bought from a man "who was fixing his house to let for the summer and was putting in big ones and gave me these for most nothing," explained Jack. "Then I put 'em in myself." There were places for various dogs in the stall and a set of shelves for the cats, above the reach of stray dogs.

Little "Skye" and her puppies had the old coop to themselves. They all pounced out to see Jack, and I fell in love with the one destined for Nell — the brightest of all, Jack declared. He was told to bring his plate from his house, Jack saying in an aside: "Sometimes he will and sometimes he won't, but he understands perfectly. Just watch him. I call him 'Perhaps' because he always looks as if he were saying that when I tell him to do anything. P'raps, go bring me your plate!"

"Perhaps" looked knowing, dashed into the coop and returned triumphantly dragging one of his brothers, who apparently was used to it. Then he wagged his tail and went back for another victim, but was ordered sternly to lie down and stay at home.

Jack had some rabbits; but he said he should not keep them, for Nell hated them so — she said that they always reminded her of some of the girls at school who stayed in at recess and ate candy instead of playing "tag" in the yard. "Malta" was a splendid mastiff who unbent only with "Patience." She alone dared to take liberties with him and audaciously boxed his ears when he moved during her afternoon nap between his paws.

The hens had rather close quarters and were rather uninteresting to everybody but Jack, who had a name and a character for each. One poor thing had only one leg and hopped round on that until Jack fastened a little stick to what was left of the other, and when she was tired she would stop short and lean on the new one with an air of fatigue which made me laugh until I saw that both Jack and the hen resented it.

There was a monkey who had come only the week before, sent by a lady whose son had brought him home from sea. The son had gone on another voyage and his mother's soft heart would not allow her to have his pet killed.

When she brought him to Jack she told him that she had begun to think she'd have to run away — she "could not stand having that creature sit opposite her and imitate every mortal thing she did."

Jack told me that the monkey bullied the others dreadfully and they were afraid of him though he was chained. He had run up to one of the beams with a hen under one arm and a rabbit under the other.

He pulled "Malta's" tail — only once however; "he growled at her," as Jack said, "like an earthquake." He caught "Skye" and combed her hair all over, and bit the cats' heels until he reached "Potiphar," who refused to submit, and calling for his three neighbors with them went solemnly to within six inches of the monkey's paws, and then the four did growl and spit at the wretched creature until he disappeared behind a barrel and squealed for mercy.

My visit pleased me so much that I have sent for Nell to come down next week. What a good time she will have!

HOW TO MAKE A WEATHER-BOTTLE.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

By M. G. Manting.

A GREAT part of our conversation is about the weather. When you meet a friend upon the street the first remark is generally upon the weather: "What a fine day!" "Is it cold enough for you?" "Isn't this a roaster?" Besides, the state of the weather has a great influence upon our health, and if we are able to foretell the changes in the atmosphere we can take care that we are not caught in a rain storm without a rubber coat or umbrella. If you are making plans for a picnic tomorrow, you would like to know whether it is going to be "rain or shine."

This shows that a good weather-glass is an important thing, and I want to tell you how to make a serviceable instrument at a small cost.

Go to your druggist and buy one quarter of an ounce of camphor, and one sixteenth of an ounce of ammonia, and one sixteenth of an ounce of saltpetre. These must be separately dissolved in brandy of eighteen degrees and then mixed together.

Take a long and narrow bottle and pour the mixture in it, after which close it tightly. There are some styles of cologne bottles, slender and straight and of clear glass, that are suitable for weather-bottles.

This finishes your weather-glass. All you have to do, is to hang it in a window which has a northern exposure. It will show you the changes in the atmosphere by the following indications:

Rain: A roily and unsettled state of the fluid.

Hot or warm weather: A clear state of the fluid.

A heavy atmosphere (in the summer) is indicated by ice upon the bottom (*a*); in winter this appearance indicates frost.

A thunder storm: A roily state of the fluid with small stars floating in it (*e*).

A cloudy sky: By large flakes (*b*); and during the winter it indicates snow.

Wind: By the threads in the upper part of the fluid (*f*).

Mist and damp weather: By the small points (*c*).

Whirlwinds in the upper atmosphere are indicated by rising flakes (*d*). In winter if the ice upon the bottom keeps increasing it shows a falling temperature. If on a clear winter day you see small stars rising in the fluid you can depend upon snow within two days.

By carefully observing the changes you will find that it is as good an instrument as you could buy at a much higher cost.

COREA: THE CHOSEN LAND.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens.

THIS land by adoption of a great branch of our Asiatic Cousins has only recently become known to European travelers. Because of the shyness of its inhabitants and the rigid isolation of its government from foreign intercourse, it sometimes has been termed "The Hermit Land."

Stretching south from the northern portion of the Chinese Empire, Corea lies between two great bodies of water, the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan; it is separated by only a narrow strait from those enchanting islands which name the latter sea.

Owing to its northern position, Corea possesses a climate extremely healthful and agreeable; its rivers are frozen for months, and even in the south the snow lies long on the ground. The springs are slow, but at last the advance of vegetable life is almost instantaneous. In May ten thousand birds sing in the trees, the snow has vanished, the heavens are bright and blue and full of sunshine, the winds blow softly through the young leaves all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretches away green and beautiful to the horizon.

The superstitious inhabitants believe that a dead world is annually given back to life and fertility, by the especial interposition of their Great Spirit, Siang Tèie, who is therefore during the winter carefully propitiated with sacrifices of pigs, dogs and goats; dogs being held a delicate article of diet by the Coreans.

Like the Thibetians, the Coreans are a branch of the pure Mongolian race, and like them they owe their nationality to the intrigues of a disaffected Chinese nobleman. Chow Khë, in the year 1122 B. C., according to Chinese history, fled from his fatherland to escape the fury of an offended monarch, took refuge among the snow-capped mountains of this isolated point, and called the country Corea: the Chosen Land.

Great numbers of the primitive inhabitants gathered round Chow Khë's standard, taking a solemn oath of allegiance to serve him in times of war; and here was planted the germ of that brave Corean soldiery which fought so successfully against the Japanese and Chinese in late years.

The dynasty established by Chow Khë has lasted, under different names, for over three thousand years. Chow Khë created but two high officers of state; these are known as the Admirable Right Hand and Left Hand Councilors. There are always, however, a number of secret officials who visit through the country in disguise, observe what is going on and report at headquarters. The Admirable Right Hand and Left Hand Councilors preside over the more important judicial cases in which torture is employed to extract evidence; decapitation is often adjuged by them for very trifling offenses.

To himself Chow Khë arrogated almost divine honors, and these are to this day paid to his successors. The King of Corea, though a vassal of the Chinese Emperor, is within his own dominions a despotic monarch with the power of life and death over the noblest as well as the meanest of his subjects. He is not merely enthroned — he is enshrined. It is held a sacrilege to utter the name or title conferred upon him. The name by which his deeds are recorded in the great Corean history is only bestowed upon him by his successor after his death. But titles of the most adulatory kind are lavished upon him by his subjects, such as "Prince of Life," "Great Salvation," "Illuminator of the Universe." Day by day every word dropped from the lips of this sacred person is duly recorded. His actions, however base and ignoble, are glorified in the national annals as the doings of a pure and ineffable deity. To touch his person with an iron weapon, even by accident, is an act of high treason; the Corean Emperor, Tieng T'song Tai Ong, died from a painful abscess

rather than submit to the touch of a lancet. Every one who passes the royal palace must do homage by bowing before the sacred dwelling. No horseman can ride by, but dismounts and leads his horse until he has passed beyond the sanctified abode. Priests, teachers, the members of his own family, all subjects, no matter what their rank, remain prostrate in the presence of this semi-divinity, hardly daring to breathe, and none venturing to address him, no matter what the emergency, or how critical may be the affairs of the kingdom, until he chooses to speak to them.

Women are held in lower estimation in Corea than even in China. They have no rights in the home, save those which affection may procure for them. In the civil and religious institutions of the country they are as completely ignored as if they had no existence. All high-born Corean ladies are shut up in harems. They have no social influence whatever. At an early age they are given in marriage by their parents to the most suitable applicant. The marriage rites are similar to those of the Chinese, with the addition of a few more superstitious ceremonies, such as sacrificing a cock and hen to Siang Tèie, binding the dwelling with sacred cords to keep off evil spirits, and making offerings to the manes of dead ancestors. Still the Corean women are faithful and devoted wives, singularly affectionate to their children; the practice of infanticide and of exposing young female children to a cruel death by starvation and neglect are crimes unheard of in the land.

As a nation the Coreans are extremely superstitious, having faith in signs and omens, good and bad spirits, magic, sorcery and witchcraft. The country abounds in fortune-tellers who travel from place to place accompanied by a male or female born blind, and therefore believed to have prophetic powers in forecasting events, revealing the secrets of the past, and performing miraculous charms over evil spirits. At Hainang Seyool, the capital of Corea, the blind prophets male and female form an influential and regularly-constituted order of the Corean priesthood. A large number are in daily attendance at Court. Clothed in pure white and decorated with various symbolic shields, amulets and keys, they inspire with confidence the King and his followers, and are unceasingly employed in discovering secrets, exorcising devils and fortelling events.

In exorcising devils they have many curious ceremonies in which fire, water, earth, smoke, and particularly noise of drums and trumpets, are held absolutely necessary. When the farce of catching the evil spirit has been successful, the blind necromancer deposits it in one of the wide-necked bottles which are manufactured for the express purpose of bottling off bad spirits, and carries it off to a lonely place, and there after having exacted many promises of good behavior, audible only to the ears of the blind prophet, it is set at liberty.

In Corea are found all the various superstitious practices of Asia. As in Hindostan, so in Corea, the serpent is regarded as a divine being, and has extraordinary honors paid to it. Whenever it appears it is looked on as a harbinger of good; if any one is stung to death by a serpent it is regarded as a divine retribution for some grave fault or omission of duty, and instead of killing it they provide means of feeding it. As with the Fire-Worshipers, so in every Corean household there is preserved a sacred lamp called the ancestral fire, which is fed with oil and tended morning, noon and night; and every Corean mother of a family has the anxiety and responsibility of an ancient Roman Vestal Virgin in keeping alive her sacred fire.

Education, as in China, is valued for men, but deemed unnecessary for women. All public officials are obliged to pass a government examination at the capital, where four honorary degrees are conferred, that of the military requiring the least education. After the examination those who have passed with honors are invested with the robes of their new titles, and proceed on horseback, to the sound of music and drums, to visit the highest officers of state — the Admirable Councilors, who exhort each to excel in the office to which he has been appointed.

The young men then meet in a great hall, where in accordance with an old custom each scholar is subjected to a curious initiation to his new honors. As each young man enters, he is seized by a gang of his less-fortunate competitors, unrobed, his hands tied behind him, clothed in rags, his face stained with ink, his person

besprinkled with flour; then he is knocked, hooted and kicked about amid much laughter and jollity. When every conceivable insult has been heaped upon the poor Corean Bachelor of Arts, he is washed, once more clothed in his robes of office and permitted to depart in peace.

In addition to these Public Scholars, there is in Corea an hereditary body of sacred men; these from father to son devote their lives to one or other of the departments of Astronomy, Geoscopy, Medicine, Astrology, Auspication, Law, Religion, Painting and Music. The Court-painters take high rank and to these are entrusted the work of painting the portraits of each successive Corean King. The first prize is awarded to the best portrait of the reigning monarch, and after his death it is added to the Corean royal gallery preserved in the royal palace at Hainang Seyool, the capital.

This strange country possesses no less than four religions.

In Shamanism or spirit worship, the supreme being is called Siang Tèie, to whom there is a magnificent temple at Hainang Seyool, where public sacrifices are offered and daily prayers and petitions made by the Shaman priests, blind prophets, and other strange ministers of a stranger faith to implore rain, good crops, early spring and the removal of epidemics and other public or private calamities.

The second religion, which is professed by the aristocracy, is Ancestor Worship or Confucianism. There is in every district a temple to the great Chinese Moralist Confucius, and all the rites and ceremonies elaborated by him are carefully observed; government allowing large grants of land for the service of these temples.

The third religion is Buddhism, introduced into Corea from China about the fourth century A. D.

The fourth is Christianity. It is recorded with great minuteness in an ancient Corean book, that in the sixteenth century a learned man named T'siangtouwini, of great purity of life, when on a visit to China met a good man who talked with him and told him of the wonderful life and death of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ; and who gave him with other books one entitled *The True Principles of God.* T'siangtouwini's heart was so moved by what he read and heard that he hastened to return to his native land where day after day he went about preaching the true faith, winning converts both from the people and the Buddhist priests. The new sect built a temple and instituted a simple worship of the "True God and His Son Jesus Christ," which attracted great numbers among all classes, without meeting any opposition from the government.

The news of the existence of this little Christian church spreading abroad, some Roman Catholic missionaries, in spite of the most jealous prohibition on the part of the government, entered Corea. Then followed persecution — not so much of the native as the European Christians. These pioneers were followed by others; and at last, in 1866, a cruel massacre took place and those of the European Christians who were not murdered were expelled. Though the French Admiral Rose undertook an expedition to avenge this massacre of the missionaries, he obtained no concessions whatever from the inflexible Corean government.

In the capture of the city of Khanghon, the Admiral came upon a magnificent library containing four thousand printed Corean books; some of these were very ancient and were carefully covered with green and crimson silk, arranged in perfect order, and seemingly preserved with the greatest care. One rare volume especially attracted his attention. Its leaves consisted of the most delicate and almost transparent marble tablets with letters in gold incrusted on them; they were united by gilt hinges, and each tablet was protected by a flat cushion of scarlet silk. The contents of this beautiful marble book has not yet been deciphered; but it is pleasant to think of the Hermit Land with its grave old books and libraries which have been hidden for years and generations from the outside world.

The language of the Coreans is monosyllabic and belongs to the Turanian family of tongues. Chinese is used at Court, and in most of the cities for all official purposes. It is only the Corean scholars who carefully preserve and write the annals of their country in the native language.

FROM DIOCLETIAN TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

(*Search-Questions in Roman History.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

181. At the death of Aurelian what friendly contention occurred between the Senate and the soldiers?

182. What emperor who won many victories in a war with Persia was noted for his frugal habits?

183. Name the three colleagues of Diocletian.

184. What pseudo-science did Diocletian forbid the study of in Egypt?

185. When was the last Roman triumph celebrated?

186. How long did the last persecution of the Christians continue?

187. How were the last nine years of Diocletian's life spent?

188. Name the six emperors who at one time ruled the Roman world.

189. When did Constantine become sole ruler?

190. What famous event occurred in 325?

191. How was Constantine regarded by the people of the Roman capital?

192. Upon what great work did he engage after leaving Rome?

193. Name the four prefectures into which the empire was divided.

194. What profession became in this reign the most important?

195. What system of faith was now established by the State?

196. How was agriculture partially destroyed in this reign?

197. What was the indiction?

198. When was the seat of empire removed from the city of Rome?

199. Why was the emperor's son Crispus put to death?

200. With what legend are the words *In hoc signo vinces* associated?

ANSWERS TO JULY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

141. From March 37 to January 41.

142. That of his friend Herod Agrippa, who infused into the mind of Caligula the spirit of Oriental despotism.

143. "Would that the Roman people had but one neck."

144. He was the brother of Germanicus.

145. The emperor Augustus.

146. Caractacus.

147. The burning of Rome. The city is supposed to have been set on fire by the emperor Nero.

148. Boadicea.

149. Saint Paul.

150. Vespasian.

151. The Arch of Titus.

152. The eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed the cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiæ.

153. Agricola.

154. Domitian.

155. Nerva.

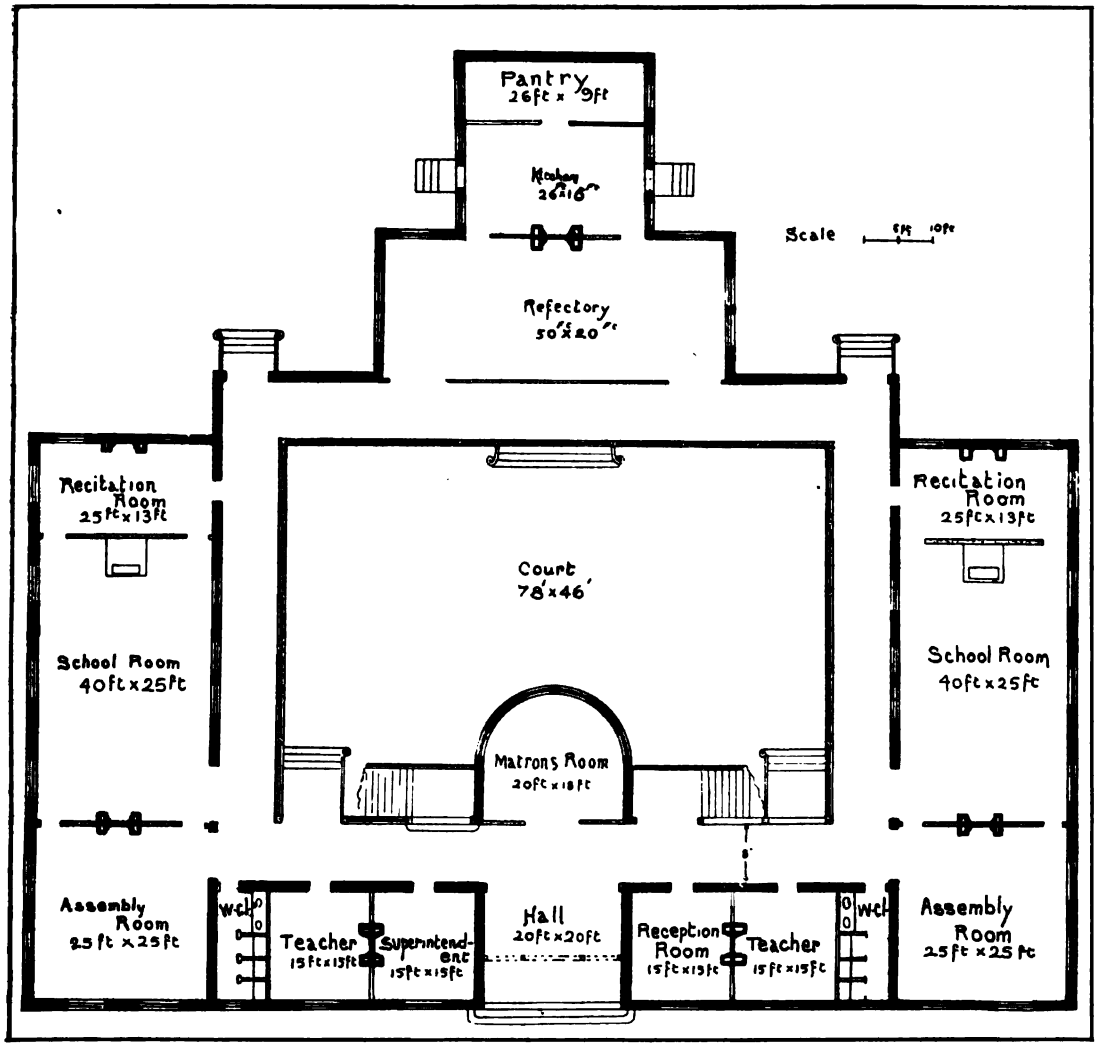
156. The great victories of Trajan over the Dacians.

157. Dacia, Arabia Petræa, Armenia and part of Arabia Felix.

158. At Antioch, in the year 117.

159. That of Augustus in refusing to extend the limits of the empire.

160. By Julius Severus. The Jews being forbidden to live in or near Jerusalem became scattered over the world.



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN OF THE RAMONA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

(The above is from the design by Mr. Stanford White.)

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL TO DO.

(*See article, "The Ramona Indian Girls' School," on page* 213.)

THE friends of the Indian Girls and those who love "H. H." (Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson) for her noble books in behalf of the Indians — *Ramona* and *A Century of Dishonor* — have now resolved to build a monument to this great woman which shall forever celebrate her name and work — a Memorial Hall, which shall be used as a school for Indian Girls, and be known always as "Memorial Building, Ramona, Indian Girls' School." It will be built at Santa Fé, and belong to the University of New Mexico.

In the erection of this Memorial Hall we all wish to help.

Mr. Stanford White, one of the best New York architects, has made the design for the Hall and given it, as his share of the work. We have shown you a picture of it as it will look

when completed (page 218) and you can see that it is a beautiful building for a tropical country. Rev. Mr. Ladd, the President of the University, describes it:

"It revives, in some of its most prominent features, the ancient cliff dwellings of New Mexico and Arizona, with its low tile roof, projecting vegas, its porticoes, and quadrangular structure around a spacious court. A portico surrounds this court, which may be inclosed in glass in cold weather for the preservation of plants that will usually fill its open spaces. The court will be about one hundred feet by eighty, and ornamented with flower plats, vines and walks around a central fountain. Opposite to the arched entrance in front will be the memorial room to "H. H.," projecting with bay windows into this court. The first floor of the main building, which will be one hundred and fifty feet long, including the front of the wings. is devoted to the hall, superintendent's rooms, reception and recitation rooms. In the wings are the school, matron and store rooms. The second story contains large dormitories, bath and wash rooms and teachers' apartments. The third story has work and exercise rooms, and small bedrooms for the older girls, and a large hall for music and general exercises. In the rear of the court a one-story building, containing the dining-hall, kitchen, laundry and other domestic rooms, incloses the quadrangle.

"The structure will be built plainly of red brick for the first story, brick covered with a warm colored stucco in the second, and brick with columns of tiles in the first upper portico, for the third. Red tiles will cover the roof, the windows will be arched with old style divisions and glass. The materials will be substantial but plain. The marked grace of the design will thus be increased by its adaptability to its uses for the Indian girls of the Southwest."

There will be room for one hundred and fifty Indian girls and their teachers and matrons. It will cost about $48,000. Money is now being pledged for the different rooms. The personal and literary friends of "H. H." have promised to build the "H. H." Memorial Room.

Let *our* work, readers of WIDE AWAKE, be to build the dining-room, which will be known forever as the WIDE AWAKE REFECTORY. Let us begin at once to provide the funds for our lovely gift to the Indian girls of whom Mr. Ladd has told us. Yes, let us begin. It is estimated that our dining-room will cost $1000.

The *Santa Fé Herald* thus describes the Refectory:

"In the centre of the court there is to be a fountain of appropriate design, surrounded by walks and flower plats. From the court on the south one enters the refectory. This is fifty feet in length, and as a dining hall will hardly be equaled in the Southwest for many years to come. The trim of the room is to be in native woods finished in oil. Panel work will take the place of the ordinary wainscoting, and will extend eight feet above the floor. The ceiling will also be in wood panels, the designs for which represent something very elaborate. The side of this room, facing the court, is almost entirely of glass, and during the winter season, when the enclosed porch is converted into one grand conservatory, one will look out upon a perfect field of floral beauty."

We invite one thousand of the WIDE AWAKE young people to pledge themselves to give *ten cents a month* for one year. This will just leave, as you can see, a slight margin for some dainty things we may like to place in the room after it is completed; perhaps we may be able to buy the tables, the linen, the silver and the china.

Who will be the first to help the Indian children? The names of the contributors shall appear each month in WIDE AWAKE.

A beautiful book with the names of the contributors will be placed in the Refectory, also a tablet commemorating the gift and naming the room. Mr. D. Lothrop has headed the subscription with a liberal sum for this purpose.

The "Refectory Thousand" shall be a company by themselves.

Other WIDE AWAKE Givers shall be divided into "Ramona Bands" to establish scholarships. $50 establishes a scholarship that, with the addition of a certain sum pledged by the U. S. Government, gives an Indian girl home, food, clothing and industrial and schoolroom training for one year, in the Ramona School. Every fifty givers of one dollar a year, or *two cents a week*, shall be enrolled and published as a "Ramona Band."

Members of the "Refectory Thousand" may send $1.00 complete, or *ten cents per month*, according to choice and convenience. All names and offerings will be acknowledged in the magazine.

Write "Ramona" in corner of all envelopes containing money or letters on this subject.

Address EDITORS OF WIDE AWAKE,
Care D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.

MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *ten cents* in postage stamps to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

EIGHTH ANNUAL COURSE.

REQUIRED READINGS (SERIAL).

(*To begin in Wide Awake and Journal for Dec.*, 1888.)

I. A LONG LINE OF HILLS. By Prof. Frederick Starr of Coe College. A dozen geological chapters. Each complete in itself, and relating some interesting geological event. The twelve make a dozen wonder-tales. Prof. Starr is a popular instructor of young men. He is a young man himself. Chautauqua Young Folks are sure to like Prof. Starr.

II. COOKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Mrs. Sallie Joy White. Twelve papers. The best thing yet written on Manual Training. Introduces Mrs. Hemenway's successful experiment, in Boston, to the parents and public school children everywhere else. Makes the whole system easy and clear. These papers will bring about Cookery as a part of the regular school course in thousands of schools. Mrs. White is an able journalist of many years' experience, and has watched the experiment in Boston from the first step.

III. THE STORIES OF THE FAMOUS PRECIOUS STONES. By Mrs. Goddard Orpen. Twelve papers. There are about a dozen pearls, rubies and diamonds in the Old World that have played a great part in foreign wars and politics. The thrilling adventures of "The Great Mogul," "The Regent," "The French Blue," "The Black Prince's Ruby," are as romantic as the plot of a popular novel.

IV. WAYS TO DO THINGS. By various authors. These popular and practical papers will include various home pursuits, doings and pleasures. Diagrams and illustrations.

V. Miscellaneous articles specially suited to needs of the C. Y. F. R. U. will be given as space allows.

VI. SEARCH-QUESTIONS. By Oscar Fay Adams. A new series of Search-Questions will be given, and *book prizes* will be awarded for correct answers as heretofore.

REQUIRED READINGS (BOOKS).

A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II. By Edward Everett Hale and Susan Hale. A new volume of this delightful Series, describing the scenes and events of early New England history, etc. Illustrations.

POETS' HOMES. Volume II. By Arthur Gilman and others. Charming pen and pencil pictures of the homes and haunts of the poets and the poets themselves.

MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS. By Mary E. Bamford. Natural history told by the creatures themselves. For the youngest C. Y. F.'s but equally fascinating to the eldest.

PRICE LISTS.

I	WIDE AWAKE (Special price to members of C. Y. F. R. U.).	$2.25
	A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II.	75
	POETS' HOMES. Vol. II.	.35
	MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS	.60
		$3.95

Postage on books if sent by mail, 25 cents.

II	CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL	$1.00
	A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II.	.75
	POETS' HOMES. Vol. II.	.35
	MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS	.60
		$2.70

Postage on books if sent by mail, 25 cents.

No answers to Search-Questions can be credited later than the first day of the second month after the publication of the Questions.

Prizes can be awarded only to those Searchers who are Members of the C. Y. F. R. U., *and have paid their yearly dues* into the Secretary's office, Plainfield, N. J., and who are bona-fide subscribers to either WIDE AWAKE or the JOURNAL, and have purchased the Required Books. *Where several members of a family answer the Questions for the month, and but one copy of the magazine and one set of the required books are taken by that family, one prize-book only can be sent to that family.*

Address answers to Search-Questions to Editors of WIDE AWAKE and JOURNAL, 32 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., with the words, "Search-Questions," on envelope.

Prizes will be awarded each month to those who send complete sets of answers as follows: For each complete monthly set, any 75c. book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash; for two complete monthly sets, any $1.50 book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash. Always specify the month for which prize is due. *Catalogues mailed free.*

C. Y. F. R. U. READING FOR SEPTEMBER.

First Week: (*Dear Old Story-Teller.*) Daniel Defoe.
Second Week: Two Opportunities. *Nelly Marlow at Washington*, Chapters XI and XII.
Third Week: (*Our Asiatic Cousins.*) The Coreans.
Fourth Week: Ways to Do Things; A Weather Glass.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

First Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by readings from "The Ancient Mariner," Coleridge.

II. Paper on "Notable People of Defoe's Time."

III. The Story of Robinson Crusoe. Told by the members of the Club in turn.

IV. Quiz on the Life of Defoe.

V. Short papers on "Some of the Pacific Islands and their Inhabitants."

VI. Recitation. Verses on Alexander Selkirk by Cowper.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call, answered by quotations referring to mountain scenery.

II. Recitation. Scenery selections from "A Forest Hymn," by Byrant.

III. An imaginary trip through the Adirondacks. Each member should be provided with a map, and one of the number previously appointed should act as guide. (Descriptive guides of the Adirondack region may be obtained from the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co., The Hudson River Steamboat Co., New York, or the Adirondack Railway Co.)

IV. Paper. The Story of John Brown. (The serial, Life of Lincoln, in *The Century*, contains an interesting account.)

V. Singing; John Brown's Body. (Found in the Fisk Jubilee Songs.)

VI. Reading. Wendell Phillips' Oration on John Brown.

VII. Recitations. Brown of Ossawatomie, Whittier; How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry, E. C. Stedman.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call. Answered by naming and bounding the different countries in Asia.

II. Spelling Match. On words selected from "Our Asiatic Cousins."

III. Map Drawing of Corea by each member locating the principal rivers, cities, etc.

IV. Music.

V. Quiz on the History of Corea. (Additional facts of interest will be found in the Chautauqua Text Book on China, Corea and Japan, which can be obtained from Phillips and Hunt, N. Y., for ten cents.)

VI. Recitation.

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call, answered by quotations referring to the weather.

II. Short Papers on "Meteorology," "Trade Winds," "The Tides."

III. Recitation. The Spacious Firmament on High. Addison.

IV. Paper. The U. S. Signal Service.

V. Comparison of weather reports made during the week.

VI. Recitation. Procession of Stars and Souls. Thomas Buchanan Reed.

VII. Original stories. (Facts relating to the subjects named above under II. and IV. should be worked into these stories.)

We are sure that all members of the C. Y. F. R. U. will want to try this month the experiment suggested under "Ways to Do Things." It will be a good plan also to keep a record of the temperature while you are experimenting with your weather glass, and the following simple method which is used by members of the Chautauqua Town and Country Club will be found very easily carried out:

Rule on a sheet of paper thirty-one vertical lines a quarter of an inch apart, and number at top from one to thirty-one. Rule over these sixty horizontal lines and number upward from thirty to ninety. Place a dot at junction of horizontal line corresponding to height of thermometer, and line for day of month each day at 7 A. M.

The observation should be made daily at exactly seven o'clock. At the end of the month join all the dots together by straight lines.

Memoranda for this year's reading were mailed to all active members of C. Y. F. R. U. in August. If any members fail to receive theirs, let them write at once to the office at Plainfield, N. J., that all may be supplied promptly. The papers cannot be returned until the November WIDE AWAKE and JOURNAL are issued as the required readings for the year close with that month, but as there are about thirty questions on the paper, our readers will be glad to refresh their memories by a short review of the year's studies before it is time to report. Let every member of the Union try the Memoranda.

Correct and complete answers to the July Search-Questions: Katharine L. Wright, M. A. Morrison, Lizzie K. Francis, Rebie E. Hill.

Incorrect or incomplete answers to the July Search-Questions: Jennie D. Fellows, Frank R. Parker, Dora Barstow, Ethel May Adams, E. J. Kimball, Belle Marsee, St. George Sionssat, Belle C. Schonaker, Annette M. Davis, "Clarissa," Mary L. Patch, R. M. Byam, Mabel Ralph, Edith L. Johnson, H. S. B., J. Withrow.

Additional correct and complete answers to June Search-Questions: Rebie E. Hill.

Additional incorrect or incomplete answers to June Search-Questions: Jane A. Wright, "X. Y. Z.," Katharine L. Wright, Ethel May Adams, Frank R. Parker, E. J. Kimball, Annette M. Davis, M. A. Morrison, R. M. Byam, Mabel Ralph, Winifred Parker, "Clarissa," H. S. B., Jennie D. Fellows.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, **EDENIA.**
LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, **MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE.**
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DELICATE! REFINED! FRAGRANT!

These Perfumes are for sale by almost all Druggists and Dealers in Toilet Articles, but if, for any reason, they cannot be so obtained, send for a Price List to

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Mothers Know the danger in using a poorly washed Nursing bottle—it often causes death. A bottle washed with **Pyle's Pearline and water will be perfectly clean—cannot be otherwise. Not necessary to use shot, etc., etc. Ordinary servants may be trusted to wash the baby's bottle if you see that they use Pearline. It has no equal for washing children's linen. For sale by Grocers everywhere. Manufactured by JAMES PYLE, New York.**

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To Live in Real Comfort

and reap the blessings of a joyful old age, we must be free from the irritable temper which comes from dyspepsia and disordered liver. To get rid of dyspepsia, to regulate the liver, and to avoid a shattered constitution, take **Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.** ● ● ● ●

Nobody Can Be Well

whose bowels are constipated, whose digestion is disordered, or whose liver is not in good working order. But almost anybody may be well who will take **Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.** Nothing like it to restore these organs to regular and healthy action. ● ● ● ●

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We are Indebted

to modern civilization for bringing dyspepsia, with its train of dismal distresses. But we are indebted to modern science for **Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient,** which takes away dyspepsia's distressing symptoms, and gently does its beneficent work, producing orderly action and perfect health.

For 44 Years

this famous remedy has been in use, not only by the public, but by the most eminent physicians. Its popularity increases every year, as it becomes more widely known. Among the best families it is regularly used. Army and Navy officers prize it. Travellers need it. Druggists sell it.

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HOW TO START A READING ROOM!

A Reading Room in every Neighborhood

Is practicable, and calls for a very small investment of money to begin with.

You need but to make a beginning; the profit and growth is a matter of a little time only.

There are thousands of villages and neighborhoods where libraries are inaccessible, where newsdealers and booksellers are unknown; but where you may be sure there is a demand for "something to read" especially if that "something" be fresh and popular (and it need not be trashy to be popular).

Your Reading Room (or "Circulating Library," if you choose to so call it), may be started with a very few books. Make your rates for loaning reasonable, and you will meet with success, if you have business tact.

WE CAN GIVE YOU A START.

The most popular magazine for young folks is *Wide Awake*, now in its fourteenth year. You will need two copies for your reading room. If you subscribe for two copies of *Wide Awake* for the balance of the year (the new volume begins with the June number) we shall present you with these

Four Books that the Young People want:

A BOY'S WORKSHOP, FARMING FOR BOYS,
A GIRL'S ROOM, HOW TWO GIRLS TRIED FARMING.

These volumes are strongly and neatly bound in paper covers and are printed on good paper. The print is large and clear. These same books in cloth covers will be found priced in our catalogue at from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents each. These books and the magazine will be in great demand by the young people in every neighborhood. All are eminently helpful, and interesting reading.

IT WILL COST YOU ONLY $2.40

for the two copies of *Wide Awake* and the four books as above mentioned.

SEND NOW!

If you do not care to take advantage of the above offer as a money-making affair, it will be a good opportunity to lay the foundation of a small home reading club — or of a village reading room, free to every one, or to all who contribute to the scheme, as you may decide. If you but make a beginning in some such way as we have suggested, others will come forward and help you. We have presented the opportunity for a popular and successful opening.

Reader, it is for you to take advantage of the opportunity.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, BOSTON.

MY WONDER STORY. By Anna Kendrick Benedict. Illustrated Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. The idea of imparting a knowledge of anatomy and physiology to young readers in the form of a story is unique, but it is very successfully accomplished in the handsomely illustrated volume before us. The author imagines a mother with two bright children, Jack and Florence, who are as full of questions as a page of exclamation points, and who are especially anxious to learn something about the structure of the human frame. The mother is only too ready to gratify them, and with a powerful microscope to aid them in their experiments, they begin their informal studies. First, the bones are taken up, and the young students learn how and of what they are made and joined together; then they take up the muscles, fat and skin; the organs that take care of the blood and the blood itself; the process of digestion; the lymphatic system; the nervous system, and, finally, special studies are made of the eye and the ear. At each lesson the microscope is brought into use, and the children are able to see for themselves the reality of what is taught them. The author has avoided as much as possible all technical terms, and wherever they occur they are accompanied by the corresponding popular terms. The text is very fully illustrated, and the work is admirably fitted for use in schools as a reader or supplementary textbook.

DANGER SIGNALS. By F. E. Clark. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price 75 cents. The author of this important little volume is president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and an earnest worker in behalf of young men and women. Two or three years ago he delivered a series of evening addresses in one of the churches of Boston, which were very largely attended, and the substance of those addresses is here presented. The work is appropriately named. The "signals" displayed are to warn young readers against the perils of intemperance, corrupt and trashy literature, low theatres, gambling, impurity, frivolity and dishonesty. The addresses are by no means of the wishy-washy kind; they are strong, pungent discourses, with words that go home like arrows, and that cannot help arousing and strengthening the minds and consciences of those to whom they are specially directed. Danger Signals is a book which should be widely read and as widely distributed.

FROM BYBURY TO BEACON STREET. By Abby Morton Diaz. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.25. From Bybury to Beacon Street, is one of the best of Mrs. Diaz's numerous books; and that is very high praise indeed. It begins with some village people taking counsel together how to turn the long winter evenings to best account for pleasure and profit. That inquiry results in the entertainment.

All sorts of questions concerning their interests big and little come up and are talked about in a neighborly way; and they get so engaged in these neighborly talks, that they forget their loneliness altogether.

What is best in the book, we have these actual talks set down in the talkers' own words, the clear common sense of neighbors about their simple affairs, unrestrained by any anxiety as to lookers-on. And then by an easy turn the little affairs of Bybury have their corresponding bigger affairs in the city. The problem with us all (men included, although we are speaking of women) is to manage our lives so as to make the most of them; most for ourselves and others. We are overworked; and what are we doing? Largely, not the things that count. We spend the most of our strength on things of minor importance and skip or slight the main ones.

And now the Bybury meeting, finding itself concerned with something larger than little country-neighborhood worries, goes to the root of the matter. What shall we do with our time? Who carries a woman's conscience?

Whoever rises from reading the book without a clearer notion of what woman is good for and best for, and what is good for and best for her, may have had the pleasure of reading a brilliant book, but has missed the best of it.

HOW TO COOK WELL. By J. Rosalie Benton. 12mo, 425 pages, $1.50. Revised new edition. The housekeeper who buys this book is sure of getting the full value of her money, for it is simply *packed* with useful information on all points connected with cooking. The arrangement under the different heads of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, etc., is a very convenient one, and saves much time and planning. The directions are given with great accuracy and minuteness, while they admit of adjustment to the material one as in the house.

The suggestions for making over remnants into tempting and toothsome dishes, which follow directly the rules for the original preparation, are alone worth the price of the book.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) *Times* says: "Here is a cookbook that does not take it for granted that you know all about cooking, but gives most minute and full directions, and reasons for the directions. It supposes that you wish to economize, and so tells of many ways to keep the butcher and grocer in due subjection. Variety is declared to be the secret of success in economical management, and a great many ways of turning left-over food into appetizing surprises are told of."

WIDE AWAKE ADVERTISERS.

Ayer & Co., Dr. J. C.	19	Gt. Am. Tea Co.	19	Price Baking Powder Co.	Cover
Albany Paper Co.	24	Gump & Co., A. W.	20	Rochester Plow Co.	Cover
Baker & Co., W.	Cover	Gunther, C. F.	2	Royal Baking Powder Co.	Cover
Barry's Tricopherous	Cover	Gillott, Joseph	19	Reynolds, J. C.	Cover
Brown & Co., B. F.	20	Imperial Granum	1	Spalding's Glue	Cover
Bird Food Co.	20	Knabe Pianos	Cover	Smith & Anthony Stove Co.	21
Brown Photo Co.	21	Keystone Watch Club Co.	20	Sozodont	Cover
Birch & Co., J. S.	Cover	Lothrop Company, D.		Spalding & Bros., A. G.	20
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Cerealine M'f'g Co.	2	McElhenie, Thos. D.	2	Tarrant & Co.	14
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Curtis & Mitchell	20	Osgoodby, W. W.	20	Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co.	2
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Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.	Cover	Pope M'f'g Co.	2	Willcox, S. P. & S. H.	20
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Emerson Piano Co.	5	Peerless Dyes	20, 21	Woodbury, Dr. J. H.	21
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A Free Subscription to any of the Lothrop Magazines may be secured by sending new subscriptions of twice the amount to any of the magazines. These new subscriptions must not be in your own family of course.

Thus: *Babyland* for $1 in new subscriptions; *Our Little Men and Women* for $2 in new subscriptions; *The Pansy* for $2 in new subscriptions; *Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal* for $2 in new subscriptions; *Wide Awake* for $4.80 in new subscriptions.

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THE LOTHROP MAGAZINES.

For all the family — from baby to — grandpa

Wide Awake

The best of all the young people's magazines! There are eighty pages every month — more if you count the post-office and other departments — crowded with pictures, the best of short stories, serials, poems, practical articles on sport, science, natural history, and ways to do things — everything that is good for the young folks to know and do. Intended for ages ranging from ten to — shall we say sixty?

Wide Awake has been aptly termed a "modern wonder" — and so it is. And best of all, there is nothing in it but what is good for wide-awake young folks, nothing but what is good for their growth to useful, successful, honorable, manly men and womanly women. $2.40 a year. A sample copy for 5 cents.

The Pansy

This monthly is especially intended for Sunday as well as week-day reading. "Pansy" herself is the editor. For children from eight to fifteen, there is no similar magazine that can compare with this. Many short stories and poems. Always has serials by "Pansy" and other favorite writers. Tales of travel at home and abroad, adventures, history old and new, religion at home and over the seas, and stories illustrating the International Lessons. *The Pansy* always inculcates moral lessons and teaches higher thinking and better living. It circulates widely among Sunday Schools of all denominations as it is non-sectarian.

The Pansy is full of pictures, many of them full-page. Thirty-two to forty pages monthly. $1.00 a year. A sample copy for 5 cents. Very liberal terms are made to Sunday Schools.

Babyland

Pictures and jingles, stories and play-helps for baby. If baby is five or six, he is not too old for *Babyland;* nor is he too young when he crows with delight at the sight of pretty pictures.

Babyland will start a smile many a time when baby is tired with play, or fretful, or wanting something — anything — new. Happy baby, that has his own little magazine to enjoy; and happy mother, who is wise enough to avail herself of such nursery-help.

Thick paper, clear engraving and very large type. Eight pages a month. Fifty cents a year. A sample copy for 5 cents.

Our Little Men and Women

Intended for youngest readers. Everything made entertaining and told in simple language all easy for the little ones to read and understand. The pictures are many — large and small. Think of seventy-five full page pictures in twelve numbers — a special feature of *Our Little Men and Women!*

The paper is thick, the type large, and twenty-four pages every month.

$1.00 a year. A sample copy for 5 cents.

Sample copies of the four for 15 cents.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston.

Lady Godiva,

Whose "rippled ringlets" fell to her knee, is famous in song and story. Many a lady owes her equally luxuriant tresses to the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

This well-known preparation—the most elegant and popular dressing in the market—keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth. Its lasting perfume, cleanliness, and beneficial effects on the scalp, commend it for universal toilet use.

"Some six or seven years ago my wife had a severe illness, in consequence of which she became almost entirely bald and was compelled to wear a wig. A few months since, she began to apply Ayer's Hair Vigor to the scalp, and, after using three bottles, has a good growth of hair started all over her head. ie hair is now from two to four inches long, and growing freely every day. ie result is a most gratifying proof of the merits of your admirable preparation." Fredk. P. Coggeshall, *51 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.*

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the efficacy this preparation."—P. H. Davidson, *Alexandria, La.*

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

pared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

IMPURE BLOOD

the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous erup-**ns of** all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints **til the** poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, safest and most effective medicine is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Give **a trial,** and make your complexion fair and brilliant.

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla ever since it was first in the market. my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases sing from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine." . C. Brock, *Druggist, Lowell, Mass.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

ared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Constipation

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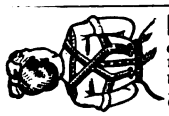

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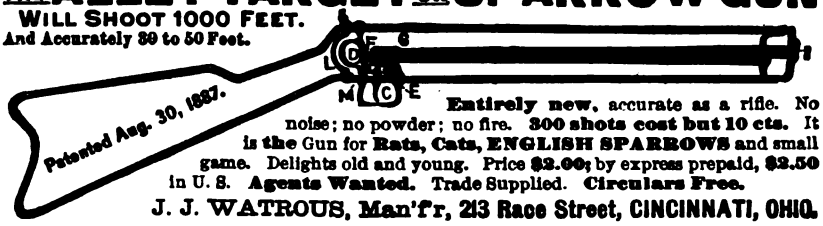

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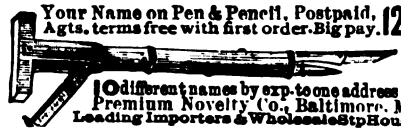

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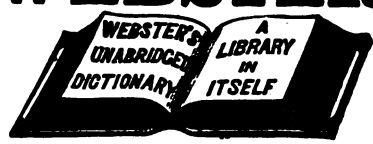

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THE HEREAFTER. Twenty-three Answers by so Many Religious Teachers to the Question, "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of the belief in a life hereafter?" Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price 60 cents; paper 25 cents.

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THE DOCTOR OF DEANE. By Mary T. Palmer. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, $1.25. "The Doctor of Deane" is a charming picture of village life in which all the strokes tell. The characters though few are exceptionally well drawn, and there is unusual skill and power shown in the analysis of different temperaments. Dr. West is a young physician of refined tastes who has a growing pratice in the village of Deane. A man of strong character and high purpose, he has found his happiness in his profession and in the society of his mother, who is a woman of rare qualities. But this state of things cannot last with a young man of impressionable nature. In one of his professional visits he incidentally meets a beautiful, refined young girl, the daughter of wealthy but uncultivated people, who devotes much of her leisure to charitable work. The doctor is charmed by her beauty and gentleness, and a warm friendship springs up between them, though he more and more recognizes the limitations of her nature, which could never develop the best that is in him. She on her part is conscious of no lack of interest in him, and learns to love him with all her heart, though no words but those of friendship have passed between them. She rejects the rector, who has long cherished a strong affection for her, and he sees with jealous eyes the hold that Dr. West has unwittingly obtained over the one person whom he believed specially designed for himself. Later on Dr. West meets another young girl, the only child of a doting father, beautiful also in a different way, gifted, and abounding with life and susceptibility. In her he comes to find his true soul-mate. But before he can make his happiness secure, a complication arises. The struggle to conceal what she realizes is a hopeless love, results in a long and nearly fatal illness for the beautiful girl who first attracted his attention, and for a time her reason is in danger. Throughout this illness, Dr. West, conscious of having been in a measure the accidental cause, watches over the patient with unceasing devotion, and it is his persisent care and skill that finally restore her to mental and physical health, with mind enlarged and heart purified by suffering. Then follows the real denouément of the story, which the reader will enjoy finding out for himself.

The author has made a critical study of the two distinct types of womanhood represented by Caroline Dexter and Helen Fairlie, and it is hard to choose between their differing attractions. The other characters possess strong interest, also, and all are drawn with a master-hand.

GLADYS: A ROMANCE. By Mary Greenleaf Darling. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. This work of fiction from the pen of a new author is not only of a high literary standard, but it is pure and wholesome and full of passages that show the author to have thought deeply and considered seriously concerning certain social matters. The main action of the story takes place in Boston, the home of the heroine, Gladys Amory, although incidental chapters are laid at Bar Harbor, and also at Memphis, during the terrible yellow fever year of 1878. The story—which has a very strong local flavor, abounding as it does with references to well-known Boston names and localities—is intense in its interest, and the writer shows a power that promises even better work in the future.

PATIENCE PRESTON, M. D. By Mrs. A. F. Raffensperger. 12mo, $1.25. An excellent story fairly well told, with a moral all through it. The moral is: first it pays to be earnest, intelligent scholarly; second the religious life is a higher accomplishment still.

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The reader alternately sides with Patience and those of the other party, so evenly is the web of the story woven. And, when the end comes, it comes without surprise; and yet the sympathetic reader is pleased that it ends just so.

WOMAN IN THE PULPIT. By Frances E. Willard. Boston. D. Lothrop Co. Price $1.00.

Frances E. Willard, well known through the country as an earnest writer and worker in the woman's temperance reform movement, has written a work entitled "Woman in the Pulpit," in which she clears away the rubbish which narrow-minded theologians have piled about the subject, and shows that woman is as truly called of God to preach and teach as man. After calling to mind the stock texts and arguments which have been used from time immemorial about women's keeping silence in the churches and their subjection to man, Miss Willard says that exegesis of this kind is one of the most time-serving and man-made of all sciences, and one which has broken Christendom into sects that confuse and astound the heathen world. In the face of it it is to be remembered that two thirds of the graduates from our great system of public schools are women; that two thirds of the teachers in these schools are women; that nearly three fourths of church members in the country are women, and that through the modern Sunday school women have already become the theological teachers of the future church. *Per contra*, out of about 60,000 persons in our penitentiaries, 55,000 are men; and whiskey, beer and tobacco to the amount of $15,000,000 are consumed almost wholly by men. Do these facts prove the superior fitness of men to instruct the people in the principles of morality and religion? It is truly said that "a pinch of common-sense forms an excellent ingredient in that complicated dish called Biblical interpretation." Rev. Joseph Parker of London, whose late visit to this country showed him to be one of the most eloquent of living clergymen, says of Miss Willard's book, "I feel that Miss Willard holds an invincible position, scriptural and experimental, upon this subject, and that it will be much more difficult to answer her argument than to sneer at it. I cannot but feel that women have a greater Christian work to do than many of us have yet realized or admitted, and that they have it to do for the simple reason that they are divinely qualified to do it. Men may have a certain degree of argumentiveness, and an undoubted skill in making Christ's gospel peculiarly hard to be understood, but they have not the sacred tact, the melting pathos, the holy patience, the exquisite sympathy, which belong to the omnipotent weakness which is the incommunicable characteristic of womanhood. I confidently look to women who have received the heavenly gift to recall and reëstablish the heroic and sacrificial piety of the Church." And Joseph Cook, in a letter to the author, adds, "No one thinks of denying woman's right to preach in print; why may it not be that some women have a divine call to preach in the pulpit?" The book is a straightforward, vigorous and final argument in favor of woman's equality with man as a teacher and helper in the religious and moral work which is called for by the times.

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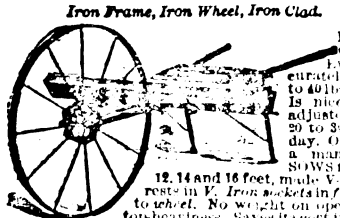

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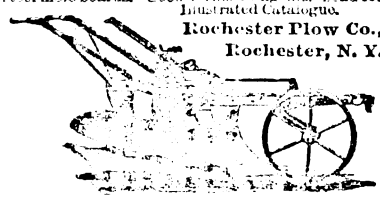

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WIDE AWAKE

AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE

EDITORS ·
CHARLES·STVART·PRATT·
ELLA·FARMAN·PRATT·

·PVBLISHERS
·D·LOTHROP·COMPANY
·BOSTON·V·S·A

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(Published monthly. Copyright, 1888, by D. Lothrop Company.)

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TO SUBSCRIBERS: The receipt of the first copy of the magazine will notify new subscribers that their subscriptions have been received. Renewing subscribers will be notified by the change in the date on the printed label that their renewals have been received. No other receipts are given for subscription money, unless specially requested in the letter containing the subscription. In ordering change of address, the *old* address as well as the new one should be given, and the name of the magazine should be specified.

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WIDE AWAKE

THE NEW VOLUME

Ingé, the Boy-King.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new dramatic ballad, which he read at the International Copyright Congress at Washington, was written for Wide Awake, and will appear in the Christmas number, illustrated by Howard Pyle. It rings like clash of steel. It will become famous in Readings and Recitations.

A Great Serial by J. T. Trowbridge.

The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane. In this splendid story, swarming with real young Yankee folk, Trowbridge has gone back, full strength, to the sparkling style and sterling stuff that made his name and fame a score or more years ago. It opens in a beautiful old "sugar bush," where the two remarkable Davids meet in a remarkable way, and crisp little Huldah is there also and takes them both in hand. Country boys and town boys both will admit that Mr. J. T. Trowbridge understands their case pretty well. No Yankee work so good as this since Mr. Lowell wrote his "Zekel's Courtin'." But it isn't *quite* all fun. *A first-rate serial to read aloud in the family.*

The best of home stories by Margaret Sidney.

Five Little Peppers Midway. At last the children and young people all over the country who have been clamoring to be told more about the famous Pepper family are to have their heart's desire gratified. There is a most delightful serial to be begun in the Christmas WIDE AWAKE, telling all about what Polly did when she was fifteen years old, and what Ben did, together with the happenings to Joel, David and Phronsie, while old Mr. King, Jasper and the Whitneys, and ever so many new friends, make the most sparkling of all imaginable stories for young folks. Look out for the Christmas number.

A brilliant series by Jessie Benton Frémont.

Early Days in the Wild West. These are travelling stories, prospecting stories, mining stories, climbing and coaching and horseback and mule-train stories, stories of riots and threats and deadly perils, camping stories, farmhouse stories — of all of which Mrs. Frémont herself was a part; she says, "I think it will illustrate American progress in state-planting." The first story of the series, however, is a charming California tale of to-day.

A story for the times by Susan Coolidge.

A Little Knight of Labor. This is a girls' serial — the history of one of their number who set forth to "seek her fortune," "'cross lots," so to speak; at least she had to break her own roads. But she *did* make her fortune, and so can more girls in the same and similar ways. For though the story reads all through like a romance, every idea is suggestive and practical.

(*A great article for the boys.*)

A Thousand Jack-knives.

By Prof. Otis T. Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution. This article will be accompanied with a whole museum of illustrations of curious knives from all over the world.

(*A great article for the girls.*)

Dolls of Noted Women.

By Miss Risley Seward. This will be a sort of symposium of famous women, with their views on the utility of dolls in general and something about their own in particular.

Three true stories.

Some French Boys. I. *Ambroise de Boufflers.* The story of the gallant little child-Count, the commandant of a regiment in the French and German wars of 1744. By the niece of General Grant, Madame Alphonse Bernhard. II. *A Little Nobody.* By Mary Wager-Fisher. An Aladdin's-lamp sort of boy; but the story is strictly true in all its particulars. III. *The Boy Who Invented a Telegraph.* By Rose G. Kingsley. It is said that everything now known to science and the arts has been invented, or discovered, many times, and as many times forgotten, or fallen into disuse — to be invented again by some other people in some other century. The French schoolboy Miss Kingsley writes about certainly perfected a fine system of communication.

(*Sure to be what you don't expect.*)

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A unique phenomenon, captured through instantaneous photography, by Mr. Baldwin Coolidge.

Miss Risley Seward's True Stories.

I. *The Naughtiest Boy I ever Met.*

II. *My Grandfather with Commodore Perry* (*war of 1812*).

III. *Tom, the Star Boy.*

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A Famous Baltimore Dining-Room. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. With eighteen portraits of the celebrated young society women of Washington's time, known as "The American Court." These beautiful portraits, executed from the original family paintings by an eminent French artist on the most exquisite porcelains, constitute, in a series of wall-plates, the leading decorative feature for one of the most artistic dining-rooms in the country; it was the "happy thought" of an American gentleman (ex-Mayor James W. Hodges of Baltimore) in our Centennial year, 1876, to thus create an heirloom for his family. The home and social atmosphere of that olden time, and the life of these young beauties, are delightfully reproduced by Mrs. Harrison. Beside exquisite engravings of the entire series of plaques, there will be a general view of the dining-room.

Children of the White House.

The Important National Series about the children of the Presidential families, including the family histories and contemporary American history, will be continued. No such important work in American history for young people has been before undertaken. The liberal engraving of family portraits, the pictures of the homes and interesting relics, will be a fascinating addition to the text. Some twenty illustrations are preparing for the Andrew Jackson chapter.

Sybil Fair's Fairness. By Charles Remington Talbot, author of *A Midshipman at Large*, *Honor Bright*, *Royal Lowrie*, and other favorite WIDE AWAKE serials. A story of washtubs and steamboats, and four gay young people, and a marine crisis where real nobility of character revealed itself. Each installment illustrated by St. John Harper.

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(*An amusing pictorial novelty.*)

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By L. J. Bridgman. Being extracts from a daily "court calendar," touching the haps and mishaps of Their Little Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess, and their immediate retinue.

Daisy's Letters to Patty.

By Mrs. William B. Claflin. A dozen short letters full of observations and criticisms on social matters, written to a schoolmate by a bright young girl just married and settled in her own housekeeping.

Fresh Worth-While Literary Articles. I. *The Boy John Burroughs.* Mr. Burroughs himself entitles his article "A Glance Backward." It is story all the way through, a crisp piece of autobiography which all Mr. Burroughs' admirers among the *Century*, *Atlantic*, *Scribner* and *Harpers'* readers will have to get the young folks' magazine in order to read. With a portrait of John Burroughs at twenty. II. "*H. H.*" (*Written for her friends, the children.*) Personal reminiscences of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson and of her little boy, by her intimate friend, Susan Coolidge. A beautiful article full of traits and anecdotes, and the *vivâ voce* story of "The Naughtiest Day of My Life," as told one day to S. C. by "H. H." With a portrait of "H. H." in her younger days, and like her at the most graceful part of her life, from the charcoal by Miss Bartol. This portait can be seen, published, only in WIDE AWAKE. III. *Pet Marjorie.* A delicious paper, written by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey among the old friends of Sir Walter Scott's famous little pet. With a portrait of Pet Marjorie from a water-color by her sister. IV. *Young Days of Lady Anne Lindsay* (author of "Auld Robin Gray") *at Balcarras House.* Written in Fifeshire, by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey.

Interesting things about Interesting people.

Sports, Games and Pleasures. I. *Fishing in the Tweed and Yarrow.* By Andrew Lang. II. *Christmas and Easter Wild-Flower Books; How to make them.* By Amanda B. Harris. III. *A Cascaroni Dance:* An Easter amusement for children. By E. L. H. Willis. IV. *The Art of Swimming.* By Harry R. Rose. V. *How to Catch Fish with a Bottle.* By Ives Everett Warren.

For vacations and holidays.

Cookery in the Public Schools. By Mrs. Sallie Joy White. Twelve Papers. Introduces Mrs. Hemenway's successful experiment, in Boston, to the parents and public school children everywhere else. Makes the whole system easy and clear. These papers will bring about cookery as a part of the regular school course in thousands of schools. Mrs. White is an able journalist of many years' experience, and has watched the experiment in Boston from the first step.

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C. Y. F. R. U. In addition to the two series, *Cookery in the Public Schools* and *The Stories of the Famous Precious Stones*, the course for '88–'89 will include a dozen geological chapters — a series of real wonder tales — by Prof. Frederick Starr of Coe College; more articles in the ever-popular *Ways to do Things;* miscellaneous articles specially suited to the C. Y. F. R. U.; and a new series of *Search-Questions* with book prizes as heretofore.

Required Readings (serial) in the new course.

Good Stories, Good Articles, Good Poems. John Strange Winter, the popular English author, will contribute a funny story called *Yum-Yum;* Major-General O. O. Howard will tell *How many Indians in the United States?* Elizabeth Stuart Phelps will tell who won *The Toddlethwaite Prize; Who ate the Queen's Luncheon?* will be disclosed by Susan Coolidge; Miss Risley Seward will write about *A Statesman's Pets;* Mary E. Wilkins will tell a fantastic story about *The Silver Hen;* Grace Denio Litchfield the story of *Bin;* G. Hamlen will give the amusing record of *The Frogsleigh Mikado;* and Mrs. Bates will introduce *The Little Girl of the Okebojo; Queen Mary's Child-Garden* is by Mrs. Humphrey; *Early America in Clay*, by Emilie Poulsson; *A Voyage on a Raft*, by Mrs. Hy. Sandham; Harriet Prescott Spofford will sing several of her beautiful ballads, including *Sweet Home* and one about *Caroline Herschel;* there will also be *Poems* by Jean Ingelow, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, M. E. B., Edith Thomas, Marion Douglass, Clinton Scollard and others. Margaret J. Preston will write of *Christmas at Briony in '63;* from the Norwegian will be the story of *Sampo Lappelit;* and Eleanor Lewis will describe *Some Pets in Stone.* Illustrations will accompany these articles.

John Strange Winter, Gen. O. O. Howard.

Elizabeth S. Phelps, Grace Denio Litchfield.

Jean Ingelow, M. E. B., Edith Thomas.

G. Hamlen, Mrs. Hy. Sandham.

The Departments: Tangles, the popular Contributors and the Children, the Post-office, the Prize Questions, all will be continued.

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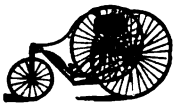

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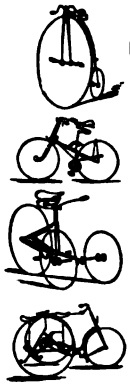

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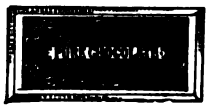

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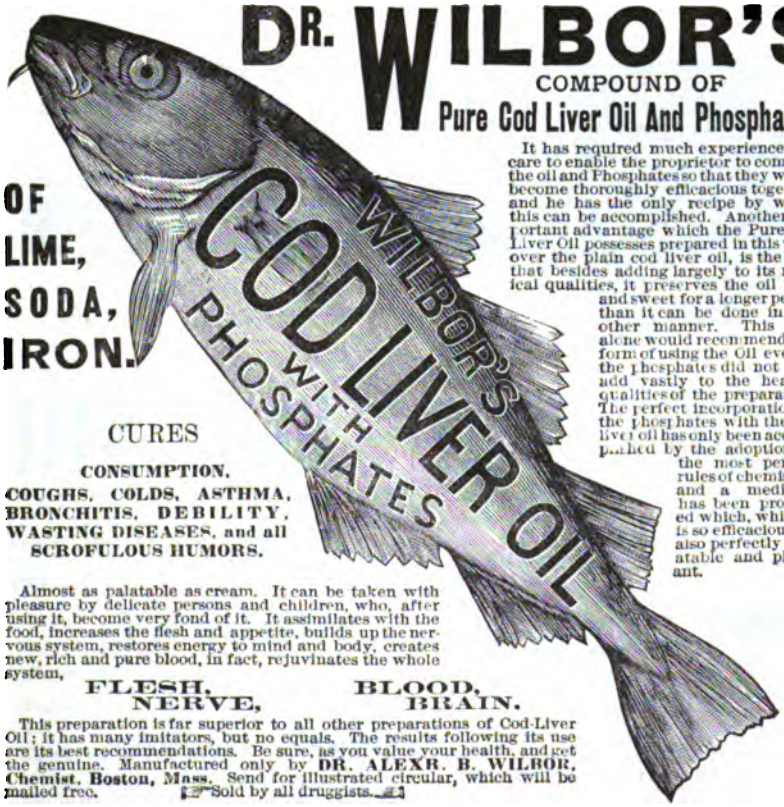

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THE WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE.

CORRECTION. — In regard to the statement in the Monroe chapter of the "Children of the White House" (July WIDE AWAKE) that the Mansion House in Druid Hill Park is now a "beer hall," the proprietors of the house, Messrs. J. H. and G. W. Irvin, write us that "there never has been one drop of alcoholic liquors or any intoxicant sold in the building" since they took charge nearly two years ago; and that "soda water, tea and coffee" are the only liquors sold in or about the building.

Mrs. Upton, and the Editors, regret that she should have been misinformed, and cordially correct the statement.

SPEARFISH, Dak.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you for six years, but have never written to you. As I didn't see any letters from Spearfish before I thought I would write.

We came to Dakota ten years ago. I am going now to the "Dakota Normal School" in S——. I like to live out West very much. I am fourteen years old. I like to read you very much; I think that "The Secrets at Roseladies" was very nice.

I would like to correspond with any boy or girl who likes to collect minerals and stamps.

Your loving reader, ALBERT L. SIBLEY.

WRIGHT, Cal.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you for two years and like you better every month. I like your stories very much. I am twelve years old, and should like to correspond with some of the WIDE AWAKE boys my own age (twelve years). I am collecting stamps, and when I get enough I should like to exchange some I have for some foreign stamps.

Good-by! Forever live the WIDE AWAKE.

FRANCIS ADAMS.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I thought I would write a short letter to you. I live three miles from the seashore, and in summer we ride down there in about twenty minutes in the horse-cars. I am thirteen years old and would like to correspond with a number of boys my own age, especially those living at a distance.

I read the WIDE AWAKE, and like it better than any other magazine.

I am very fond of athletic sports, especially base-ball, and last year played in the "Silver Stars," a nine of boys of my own age.

I go down to the seashore every summer, and I should like to have you publish this letter, as I want some correspondents. HARRY M. PACKER.

BALTIMORE, Md.

DEAR WIDE AWAKES:

Would you not have been surprised had some one called you up without a moment's warning, and placed in your hands a slip of paper, at the same time saying: "This is a ticket to Europe, all expenses paid for three months; go and enjoy yourself!" Would you not have gone?

Well, that is what happened to one of you, and she went. If you do not reach the Old World while you are still young Wide Awakes, it may be a pleasure to you to know that the one who did go, thought many, many times of the dear little readers of her favorite magazine, and wished they were all with her, enjoying the sights of which she knew they had read. The best she could do was to look "for all of you."

The trip across the ocean was of course the first delight. The voyage was calm, and enjoyable to all the passengers. Two large icebergs were visible one morning, and not a day of the nine passed without vessels of some description appearing. The porpoises were daily companions of the ship; and when nothing else distracted one, it was sufficient pleasure to watch the gorgeous pictures of inimitable coloring, dashed upon the waves by the setting sun. Or to meditate over the etchings of silver and ebony as the moon's rays traced their lines over the deep.

But London was eventually reached, and now just imagine you have awakened after a long night's sleep — in London! Where would you want to go first? Your friend Wide Awake took a "hansom," and with two friends, drove for several hours through the principal streets, passed St. Paul's and on, on to Westminster Abbey. If you think you would have selected some other historic point of view first, just look through your magazines and re-read Rose Kingsley's "Children of Westminster Abbey." Then read Hawthorne's *English Notes* and see how he enjoyed his hours in the Abbey, and you will not wonder that your friend made the choice she did. From the descriptions she had read of it, she was able to lead the way at once to "Poets' Corner," and be the first to point out the snowy marble bust of our own beloved Longfellow.

From this corner the little party slowly wended their course round the hallowed spot, reading inscriptions, looking for memorials to favorite authors or heroes — oblivious to time — when they were told the three o'clock service would begin.

They took seats near the choir, where they could see the high altar (before which, you know, the sovereigns of England are crowned) and listened devoutly to the divine service. I fear the mind of one, at least, of the congregation that day, was considerably distracted, as her eyes roamed from ground to roof, and side to side of the vast, solemn temple.

When the short service was over the chapels were visited. Here was felt the full force of the beauty and solemnity of the sacred pile. The chapel of Henry VII., with its "lace work of stone" is, without doubt, the most beautiful part of the whole edifice. The tombs of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots are of special interest, of course. But passing round the tomb of Elizabeth there are the tombs of some of your little friends — "the children of the abbey." There are the urn and sarcophagus of Edward V. and the Duke of York, murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard III. Then the full-length yet tiny marble figure of Sophia, infant daughter of James I.; but, what would attract you before all else — the cradle tomb of Mary — also child of James I.

When your friend saw these, and included in her vision the poem of Susan Coolidge on the "Cradle Tomb" (which poem is always to hang in Westminster in commemoration of her) she could not repress the "Oh!" which came to her lips. Miss Kingsley's portrayal of it all had been so faithful, it was just like meeting in a strange land a dear familiar face. Then the monotonous voice of the guide warned her that the visit for that day was almost over.

The next morning at ten o'clock she visited St Paul's. It seemed bare and bleak after the Abbey. She went to the Crypt to see the monuments to England's great heroes, Wellington and Nelson, and then to the dome to see England's greatest monument, the city of London itself. From there, she went with Miss C—— (who had started from the same city to take a week's look at London) to the Tower.

At the gate all packages were checked and kept until the tour was over. She went up the steps where the little princes were murdered; through the armory, and room in which the crown jewels are kept. Then across the court yard to that part of the tower in which Lady Jane Grey was confined. But she (our Wide Awake) thought it a gloomy spot full of dreary recollections. There was the place of execution where so many suffered death from the caprice of king or country. Such names as Anne Boleyn, Dudley, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh and so many others seemed to throng her mind with their varied lives and histories, that she was not sorry to forget their sufferings by having her attention called to something more recent.

A kind English gentleman met the two ladies at his office in Cannon street and accompanied them to the "Old Curiosity Shop." The little house has been purchased by the city and is kept in good order. In large letters on the front it bears the words "Old Curiosity Shop made famous by Dickens." Near by, they passed into a narrow court, through a passage way, and found themselves in a paved yard round which tall buildings rose on every side. It was the very graveyard into which little "Joe" in *Bleak House* looked for the grave of the "Unknown." It has been converted into a play-yard for the poor children of that neighborhood, and contains several benches and a fountain. A man has charge of them all day, and the kindly-disposed visitor will find a little box in the vicinity where he can put a few pennies to help pay the expenses of this kindergarten.

They were now in what is called the slums of London, and many of the little ones they passed cast curious but not unkindly glances at them. Through these narrow courts the visitors were surprised to see so many windows filled with growing flowers. It was a redeeming feature everywhere. Indeed the English flower-mission must be a success.

From there it was but a walk to the Thames Embankment. What they saw of interest that afternoon you shall know some other day. M. E. H.

We all hope that "M. E. H." will keep her kind promise.

ALLEGAN, Mich.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

My sister wrote you a letter and it was printed, so I thought I would attempt it. We have taken you for six years and find your stories very interesting. I have a cunning little pony and cart. The pony's name is "Baby"; it is very frisky and playful. I have two cats and I thought I would honor one of them by naming it after the president's wife "Frankie Folsom," the other one is "Silver." Nine of the girls and I have a club named "The Jolly Ten," of which I am president. We got up an entertainment and raised some money and helped the poor with it. St. Valentine's Day I gave a valentine party and invited my club; we had a very gay time. I would like to correspond with some of the WIDE AWAKE girls of my own age, which is thirteen years.

LOUIE J. PECK.

This little note shows what an enterprising youngster will do when his mind is made up.

LACY, Texas.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I had some money, but I broke a window and had to pay all my nickels for it. I am going to pick cotton and get some money to take *Babyland* next year.

I am six years old and my name is ROLLIE HILL.

THOMPSONVILLE, Conn.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have a receipt for old-fashioned molasses candy; hope it is the kind wanted; the receipt is as follows:

Two cups of molasses. one cup sugar, great spoonful of vinegar; put in small piece of butter and salt-spoon of soda just before you take it off.

I tried the rule for molasses gingerbread in the September WIDE AWAKE by Mrs. M. S. Warner and liked it very much. ETHEL DARLING.

THE HEREAFTER. Twenty-three Answers by so Many Religious Teachers to the Question, "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of the belief in a life hereafter?" Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price 60 cents; paper 25 cents.

The series of articles published in the Christmas number of the Boston Herald in answer to the question, "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of the belief in a life hereafter?" re-appears in a little volume bearing the imprint of D. Lothrop Company. The contributors to the series include representative preachers and teachers of nearly every religious denomination in the country, and what they have to say from their individual standpoints upon the subject is of remarkable interest. Each writer puts into a nutshell his individual opinion or creed and the grounds upon which it is based. No sectarian argument or coloring is admitted, and the twenty-three papers given are admirable specimens of how much can be said in few words. The writers include such men as James Freeman Clarke, Joseph Cook, Dr. Bartol, Rabbi Schindler, Julian K. Smyth, Brooke Hereford, Henry W. Foote and others.

THE DOCTOR OF DEANE. By Mary T. Palmer. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, $1.25. "The Doctor of Deane" is a charming picture of village life in which all the strokes tell. The characters though few are exceptionally well drawn, and there is unusual skill and power shown in the analysis of different temperaments. Dr. West is a young physician of refined tastes who has a growing pratice in the village of Deane. A man of strong character and high purpose, he has found his happiness in his profession and in the society of his mother, who is a woman of rare qualities. But this state of things cannot last with a young man of impressionable nature. In one of his professional visits he incidentally meets a beautiful, refined young girl, the daughter of wealthy but uncultivated people, who devotes much of her leisure to charitable work. The doctor is charmed by her beauty and gentleness, and a warm friendship springs up between them, though he more and more recognizes the limitations of her nature, which could never develop the best that is in him. She on her part is conscious of no lack of interest in him, and learns to love him with all her heart, though no words but those of friendship have passed between them. She rejects the rector, who has long cherished a strong affection for her, and he sees with jealous eyes the hold that Dr. West has unwittingly obtained over the one person whom he believed specially designed for himself. Later on Dr. West meets another young girl, the only child of a doting father, beautiful also in a different way, gifted, and abounding with life and susceptibility. In her he comes to find his true soul-mate. But before he can make his happiness secure, a complication arises. The struggle to conceal what she realizes is a hopeless love, results in a long and nearly fatal illness for the beautiful girl who first attracted his attention, and for a time her reason is in danger. Throughout this illness, Dr. West, conscious of having been in a measure the accidental cause, watches over the patient with unceasing devotion, and it is his persisent care and skill that finally restore her to mental and physical health, with mind enlarged and heart purified by suffering. Then follows the real denouément of the story, which the reader will enjoy finding out for himself.

The author has made a critical study of the two distinct types of womanhood represented by Caroline Dexter and Helen Fairlie, and it is hard to choose between their differing attractions. The other characters possess strong interest, also, and all are drawn with a master-hand.

GLADYS: A ROMANCE. By Mary Greenleaf Darling. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50. This work of fiction from the pen of a new author is not only of a high literary standard, bnt it is pure and wholesome and full of passages that show the author to have thought deeply and considered seriously concerning certain social matters. The main action of the story takes place in Boston, the home of the heroine, Gladys Amory, although incidental chapters are laid at Bar Harbor, and also at Memphis, during the terrible yellow fever year of 1878. The story—which has a very strong local flavor, abounding as it does with references to well-known Boston names and localities—is intense in its interest, and the writer shows a power that promises even better work in the future.

PATIENCE PRESTON, M. D. By Mrs. A. F. Raffensperger. 12mo, $1.25. An excellent story fairly well told, with a moral all through it. The moral is: first it pays to be earnest, intelligent scholarly; second the religious life is a higher accomplishment still.

A bright and true young woman with a medical degree, and money enough to give her a start apparently, by a rather taxing accident settles down in a little city and gets at first the easiest kind of practice—that of the poor—for experience. She conquers society and society conquers her. The mutual victory brings good fortune to both.

The reader alternately sides with Patience and those of the other party, so evenly is the web of the story woven. And, when the end comes, it comes without surprise; and yet the sympathetic reader is pleased that it ends just so.

Lothrop Literature Prizes

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

For What?

For excellent writing: the best thought most happily expressed.

No limitations, except that the writing whatever it be shall be suitable for publication in *Wide Awake.*

It may be an essay, story, anecdote, poem, verse, sentiment, proverb, sentence, a bright or pithy saying, a humorous trifle, a happy hit — a bit of description natural unaffected apt and adequate stands as good a chance to get the highest prize as the most ambitious performance.

A sentence to live forever is surely more worthy of a prize than a book to plague the booksellers and go to the rag-man. To be short and true and strong in this full world of vanities is an eminent literary virtue.

For Whom?

For all in any way connected with American schools (which includes British American): college presidents, primary scholars, committee men and women, class poets, boys and girls, professors, teachers, scholars: all on a level.

How Much and How Many?

Two-thousand dollars. Ninety-four prizes:

one of five-hundred dollars	$500
one of three-hundred	$300
two of one-hundred	$200
five of fifty	$250
ten of twenty-five	$250
twenty-five of ten	$250
fifty of five	$250
ninety-four prizes in all	$2000

What Forms to Observe — Conditions?

Write legibly on one side of the paper only. Head your ms "In Competition for the Lothrop Literature Prizes." Sign it with initials or fictitious name and enclose with it a sealed envelope containing the title of your contribution the signature to it your real name and address and stamps for the return of your ms if you want it returned. Write on the outside wrap or envelope on the lower left-hand corner these initials: L. L. P.

When?

Any time before December first. No prize for anything later.

Who Awards the Prizes?

The editors connected with D. Lothrop Company will consider all the mss select the best and pass them on to the Judges:

Edward Everett Hale, D. D., of Boston,
Maurice Thompson, critic and writer, of Indiana,
President James B. Angell, LL. D., of Michigan University,

who will award the prizes in time to announce the results in the holiday number of *Wide Awake.*

What is our Object?

Two-fold. To stimulate improving people to find out what they are good for. To advertise *Wide Awake.*

Wide Awake belongs to improving people and to improvers of other people; that is, to scholars and scholar-makers.

For twelve years past it has been the best magazine in the world for the young from twelve to twenty, and ought to be known to everybody.

D LOTHROP COMPANY PUBLISHERS
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A QUESTION OF HEIGHT.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 27. OCTOBER, 1888. NO. 5.

THE SHUT-INS.

Mrs Elia W. Peattie

THE wind was trying to shake the brown leaves from the oak-tree, but they seemed to cling as fast as little boys to a teeter-tawter, and would not let go. Some of them had been reduced to mere skeletons by this usage, but still they kicked and wriggled and clung hold. When the wind was doing this he was also trying to find a crevice in a large window which looked upon the oak-tree. There was a wide expanse of it, partially curtained with gay brocades and brightened by two living things — a flower and a girl. The flower was a purple primrose, and the girl was Thisbe Ticknor. The flower stood up straight and bloomed with its head toward the sunlight, but the little girl — well — the little girl for over two years had never moved from the broad pillowed sofa except when she was carried to the yet softer bed in the adjoining room. She tried to laugh at the plucky leaves, but there are backaches so hard that the funniest things in the world could not make one forget them.

Up the path leading to the house Thisbe could see approaching a very determined-looking old lady carefully carrying a glass jar in her hand. "O, mercy!" sighed Thisbe. "It's Miss Lockhart. It must be herb tea or pulverized burdock. If I'm going to die anyway I don't see why I can't have jam."

In a minute more Thisbe's mamma was ushering in the old lady. She was the chipperest little mamma that ever lived and made Thisbe think of a snow-bird — except that she always wore bright colors so as to look gay for her little daughter — but even she looked downcast now.

"Miss Lockhart has brought you a preparation she thinks will be cooling to your back, my dear." She drew a chair for the visitor and left her with Thisbe.

"Yes," said Miss Lockhart, "every time my spine gets paralyzed this cures me right up."

"Do you have paralysis?" asked Thisbe in surprise.

"Often," returned Miss Lockhart with satisfaction. "I think it's the long potatoes."

"The long potatoes?" echoed Thisbe.

"That's it, I'm sure. I never had the paralysis till one year when the potatoes grew long, and I've had it off and on ever since."

Not altogether understanding the nature of so peculiar a disease Thisbe made a polite effort to change the conversation. "The wind is very high to-day," she said.

"Oh! that's the railroads," said Miss Lockhart with conviction.

Thisbe gasped. "What, ma'am?" she said.

"So many trains coming in with a rush raises the wind, you know," said the old lady.

Thisbe tried to preserve her dignity and swallowed a giggle. At this moment mamma came back with the clean jar. "Thank you very much," she said.

"I was just going over to the east end," remarked the visitor, "to see if that little boy Pinney Jones wasn't dead."

"Some little friend of yours?" asked mamma sympathetically.

"Well, no," returned Miss Lockhart. "I can't say he is a friend, but I've been there to try and cheer him up now and then. I always did think the folks were taking the wrong course with his disease, and if he's dead I'm going to speak right out and tell them so."

"What is the matter with him?" asked Thisbe.

"Same trouble as yours, Thisbe, as I do believe! I saw from the first there wasn't a hope for him."

"Was his trouble falling from an apple-tree?" asked the little girl, laughing in spite of herself. "Because that's how I hurt my back."

"Well, no. His trouble's in his ankles. I always thought it was the diphtheria settled there. His ankle-bones are turning to stone."

"Oh!" Thisbe laughed and sighed at the same time. "Will he never be able to walk?"

"Not a step," said Miss Lockhart triumphantly.

Mamma had to turn her head away from her little daughter to hide a sad look that would come. "Couldn't we send him something, Mrs. Mamma?" presently asked Thisbe. "You'd just as lief carry something, wouldn't you, Miss Lockhart? Here, he can have my primrose. How old is he?"

"Well, I should say that he was a year younger than you, Thisbe. But he's like you—being sick so long makes him dull-like."

"Pooh! if he's only thirteen," with that contempt which a girl always feels for a boy younger than herself, "he'll like one of those Punch and Judy sets. Get mine, please, Mrs. Mamma?"

Mrs. Ticknor followed these suggestions while Miss Lockhart talked on concerning a kind of headache she had and which she thought came—from having striped paper on walls.

"Well, good-by," said Thisbe as the old lady left the room; "I hope you'll find the little boy better." Then quite tired out she again watched the vexed little oak leaves till she fell asleep.

Two days after her mother brought her a large envelope. It was addressed in red ink and bore three stamps put on at various angles to each other. When she opened it there fell out several highly-colored advertising cards and a very small folded sheet of paper. The cards bore pictures of everything from rosebuds to steam-engines, and the note said this:

October 15, 1884.

THISBE TICKNOR: I never heard of You before You sent me the Punch and Judy Box and the Flower. I could not find out whether You were very sick or not. Miss Lockhart thought at first that You might get well in a week or two, but before she left she said You would never step again—that was one sure thing. Very likely she told You I was dying, but I'm not. Hope You are the same. My name is Eugene Jones, but they call me Pinney. We live a block from the cemetery, which Miss Lockhart says makes it real convenient. I suppose I shall never walk again, but I feel pretty good on the whole. I am getting up a collection of Tin-Tags and I will send You all the advertisement cards I can get if You will send me all the Tin-Tags You can get. You can answer this letter if You want to. I never had so much fun with anything as with the Punch and Judy. Excuse mistakes.

PINNEY JONES.

This was how it began—the Society of the Shut-Ins.

Thisbe was always full of fancies and while she lay day in, day out, unable to move she had plenty of chance for planning. She was a girl who had read a good many books and who thought some very deep and tender thoughts. It was not strange that this odd letter and the cards brightened her up and gave rise to an idea.

"Mrs. Mamma," she said, "do you think there are many people around here who have to stay in the house all the time?"

"Sick people, do you mean, Thisbe?"

"Yes, people who have to lie still and can do nothing but get peevish and tired the way I do."

"Well," said mamma, laughing, "I should think there might be several."

"Well," said Thisbe with decision, "I'm going to give them something to do."

"That's good," said mamma, "what is it?"

"Wait," Thisbe said mysteriously, "I haven't formulated my ideas yet."

"Goodness!" said mamma.

"I shall begin by writing a letter," said Thisbe. Mamma propped her up, swung around the writing arm of the sofa and the little girl penned this letter:

October 17, 1884.

FRIEND PINNEY:

I was glad to get your letter and it has given me an idea. It came from your suggestion that we should write to each other and exchange things. I am sure you and I cannot be the only people in town who are unable to go out doors, and have hard work to pass the time; so if we could do something to amuse one another it would help keep us from getting dull and be a very good thing. I thought you might be able to tell me of some one else, and we might write to him or her (do you like grammar, Pinney?) and ask him or her what he or she thinks about it. (We might get up a new grammar with a lot of new and easy pronouns in it and nothing but regular verbs. Or we might invent a new language altogether.) Write me what you think of my idea of a Society. We could call it the "Society of the Shut-Ins," because you see it will be composed of people who are always shut in. I shouldn't wonder if Jake, the man who does our chores, could get you some Tin-Tags, but I'm in such a hurry to get this off that I won't wait to see him. Enclosed you will find one of those curious five-cent pieces which the Government called in because they hadn't the word "cents" on them. Hoping you will like my plan and that we both may be able to get some fun out of it and do some good too, I remain

Yours Respectfully,
THISBE R. TICKNOR.

When Thisbe had finished she ran her fingers through her short crop of curly auburn hair. "My, Mrs. Mamma!" she cried with a bright spot on each cheek, "the hours are just playing tag with one another to-day."

Three or four days of gray October passed without bringing Thisbe word from her correspondent. At last came one of those glorious mornings when the whole air is filled with gold and purple lights. The red on the maple leaves seemed burnished into living fire. Thisbe lay looking out of her window. The tears were in her eyes. Some girls were running by on their way to school. They waved their hands to her and called out "Halloo, Thisbe!" She tried to answer, but her bravery seemed all gone and she covered her face with her cold fingers and cried. "O, dear God!" she sobbed, "I don't

BEN CHRISTY.

suppose anybody but you can know how awfully hard this is for a girl like me. Couldn't you put some thought into my heart to teach me how to be happy?"

She heard her father coming and brushed away her tears and looked up as brightly as she could when he entered. "Well, little girl," he said, "you're getting a large correspondence. I've got two letters for you and a box."

Thisbe's voice couldn't be trusted yet, so she took the letters and the box silently with a smile. Being a girl, she opened the box first; it was neatly wrapped in coarse brown paper and tied with a string, and smelt strongly of oakum. Thisbe undid several layers of paper, and opening a pasteboard box discovered within a carved

wooden fan, such as expert whittlers cut out of a pine stick. It was about two thirds the size of an ordinary fan and after the manner of its kind was always spread open, not being made to shut. A casual glance showed that it had not been made by a very deft knife-man, but yet it was quite a triumph of the whittler's skill, being decorated here and there with sundry slashes and holes meant to represent the conventional figures of an unknown school of art. The various blades were laced with a bit of narrow blue ribbon a little the worse for wear, but which still added to its prettiness.

"Well, I declare, Thisbe," her father exclaimed, "who could have sent you that?"

Thisbe looked at it from every point of view. "Somebody that can whittle, that's sure — but who it is, papa, I've no more idea than you."

"Open your letters," he suggested.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "this one is written in tar ink." and she smelled the envelope. Her father cut it open for her and she read aloud to him this note:

October 21, 1884.

DEAR LITTLE MISS:

I have noed yr. Father these good Many Years and kepped my Nest-Egg layed away in hs. Bank ever since I had One. If you want to noe Who I am he can tell You all about me. Pinney Jones sent Me a letter with Bugs in it. They was dead and dried. He wanted to noe if I wd. jine yr. sarsity and wittle some gimcraks for You. I never had no girls and Boys, not been Married and living with my Sister who is an Old Maid too. Butt I allus did like Them and perfurctly willin' to wittle anything You and Pinney wants. I send You a fan and Pinney a ball and chain. If you send enny exchange I wd. take my pick of readin yarns. I don't go much on writin but I am a grate hand to read. I remane

Yr. Humble Serv.

BENJ. CHRISTY.

"Well!" said Thisbe again, holding the letter up to her nose, quite fascinated with the smell of the tar, "this is a queer letter for me to get. Do you know him, papa?"

"Yes, I've known Ben Christy a great many years. He has had business with the bank ever since I've been there. It must be three or four years now since he was hurt and had to leave the boat. He grows worse constantly, I hear, and now is hardly able to leave his bed."

"Poor old man!" said Thisbe.

"He isn't very old," said her father. "I don't think he is any older than I am."

"Well, you know you are getting a little gray," said Thisbe mischievously. Papa, however, seemed not to have heard the last remark. "I think you had better open your next letter," he said. This is what Thisbe found in that:

October 21, 1884.

THISBE R. TICKNOR:

I think Your idea about the Society is just gay. We might have a regular President, and Treasurer and everything. You could be the President and I could be the Treasurer, and I know a man who will be a member. I have wrote him a note telling him, and I hope he will like it for he can Whittle just beautiful. He lives in a house just like a ship. I was there with Pa before I got sick. The man's name is Benjamin Christy. He and my Pa has sailed together lots of times. When he found he could not sail any more he thought he would make his house look as much like a Ship as he could, so he has his bed fixed out from the side of the wall like a Bunk and won't have nothing in the middle of the floor. He keeps the deck clear, as he calls it, with all the chairs up against the wall in a Row. At the foot of the bed he has a binnacle and compass with a lantern burning all night long just as when he was on the ship. When he was well enough to walk around he used to look at the Compass twenty times a day to see what his bearings was. He has a three-cornered awning hung out of the window that he pretends is a sail and which he hauls up and down with a small Rope from his bed to the window sash. He has a weather-vane out in the yard where he can see it, and keep track of how the wind blows. When you come to see him he says "What cheer, my hearties?" He asks you to go "aft" and get him a drink of water, and when I tried to make the compass point South he told me to "Belay there." But though he is queer he is nice and likes boys. He got hurt looking after a Boy. You see there was a boy with his Pa and Ma lived in a light-house and the boy was left alone one day when his folks went to town in the light-house boat. While they was gone a Storm came up and they didn't darst go back. They didn't think nothing would happen to him, and they knew he had sense to tend to lighting-up, but Ben Christy he was in port there and he said he saw a light swinging down low and he thought something was up. He got men to get out the life-boat, and went with them. Well, sir, that light-house went all to pieces, and if Ben Christy had got out to it half an hour later they would have had to ask of the waves where that boy was. They had a terrible rough time getting back, but nothing really happened till they got to the Break-water. It was fearful dark and the waves ran mountains high and somehow the boat was steered smack into the break-water. It was almost smashed to pieces. If the break-water had not been covered with people Ben Christy and the other fellows would have perished.

They was all helped up, Ben last, and as the man ahead of Ben reached the top a big stone fell off the breakwater and hit Ben Christy in the chest. Two men jumped in after him and they thought he was killed. But he wasn't that kind of a Man. He was taken to the hospital and got well enough to move around some. His chest, you see, was all shoved up against his lungs and his lungs all pushed up and lots of his ribs broken, so he could not sail any more, and had to come home to live with his Sister. I haven't got anything to send you this time, but I am going to cut you a ring out of a button. Hoping to hear from you soon I remain

PINNEY JONES.

"I didn't know poor Ben had such a history," said papa.

"He's a real hero," said Thisbe. She thought a moment looking dreamily out of the window at the sere oak leaves. "Pinney makes some slips in his grammar, but he writes a nice letter, don't he, papa?" Mr. Ticknor did not reply.

"Don't think, papa," protested Thisbe after she had waited a long time. "Talk, please."

"It is necessary to think, daughter, before you can talk," remarked papa, smiling.

Thisbe shook her curly head. "You may have to, papa, but I talk first and think afterwárd." Thisbe peeped up at her father slyly — he was musing. "Papa, you are doing it again," she cried reproachfully.

"Well," he said at length, "I am trying to think of members for your Society. I have thought of two."

"Who?"

"Helena Cary and Mr. Harrow."

Thisbe grew pale.

"Papa! we couldn't!"

Papa leaned an arm upon her sofa. His kind eyes wore a serious expression. "My dear," he said softly, "your life and the lives of these two cheerful friends whom misfortune has drawn to you, are of necessity limited to a very small field of usefulness. But there are some things which you may do. You can give an example of patience and courage and cheerfulness, and to these two persons I have mentioned. Don't you think this will be better than simply trying to amuse yourselves?"

"Papa, but" — Thisbe quailed again — "Mr. Harrow!"

"Write a short note now," Mr. Ticknor said, regardless of the protest, "and I'll leave it as I go along. Write just the same sort of a note you would to any sick person."

Thisbe opened the little portfolio which always lay near at hand and wrote:

October 22, 1884.

MR. RICHARD HARROW,

DEAR SIR: I am the daughter of John Ticknor. I think you may have heard of me, because I am obliged like you to stay always in the house and some one may

MR. RICHARD HARROW.

have told you about it. I write to know if you would like to join a society called the "Shut-Ins" composed at present of a little boy named Pinney or rather Eugene Jones, a brave sailor called Benjamin Christy, and myself. We are all invalids like yourself and our object is to write letters to one another, exchange books, tell stories and make little gifts and try in such ways to have the days pass more pleasantly and seem not so long. Of course a gentleman who has traveled so much as you have could tell us some delightful stories and we would try to repay you in some way. I send with this little note — which I hope you will be kind enough to answer — a few pears which were sent me from California.

Very Respectfully,

THISBE R. TICKNOR.

"Now," said her father when he had read it, "write another for Miss Cary."

Thisbe looked at him appealingly, but he only smiled, so she took up her pen and bravely began another note. It opened:

MISS CARY:

You do not know me, but since we are both girls, and both unfortunate, I am sure you will not mind receiving this note from me."

Then she laid the simple plan before her in much the same language she had used with Mr. Richard Harrow.

Papa took her letters and kissed her good-by and left her. She felt dazed at what she had done and wrote Pinney and Benjamin Christy all about it, and asked them to send letters also. Then she wondered what the result would be till she actually got frightened with herself and curled her head down under the blankets to escape the outcome. Now the chief reason of all this alarm was — but we will follow Thisbe's note to Mr. Harrow.

Into a large library, where the sunlight was excluded and the dust gathered, Thisbe's little note bearing the address of "Mr. Richard Harrow" found its way. That gentleman sat warming himself over a cheerless register.

"Won't you have a fire in the grate, sir?" asked Selah, the most noiseless and withered of housekeepers.

"The crackling would set me wild! After such a night as I've had, how can you mention such a thing! I can't drink that coffee, Selah! I ought not to take anything but hot water anyway. What have you in your hand?"

"A note Mr. Ticknor just left."

"John Ticknor? He didn't ask how I was, of course? He didn't offer to come in?"

"He did ask after you, sir. He left this basket, too, with his daughter's compliments."

"His daughter!" growled the old man, raising his head from the invalid chair in which he lay half-reclined. "Did you take it, Selah, woman? Haven't I told you I wouldn't have any more dauby puddings and sticky jellies?"

"Yes, and many a good neighbor has been sent away with such words that they never came back again," muttered Selah.

"And rightly enough! buzzards! buzzards! They flock where they smell trouble. Did they ever come here when I was well?"

"They knew you weren't sociable, sir, but when you were sick and needed them" —

"I need them! What could I need them for? I had servants enough to wait on me, and enough to eat, goodness knows! Did they suppose I was short of victuals?"

Old Selah lost all patience. "You know, sir, what their motives were. There's no use in talking about it." She laid the note and the basket by his side and left the room.

Half the morning passed before Richard Harrow opened the letter. He moved irritably up and down the darkened room with his uncertain step or sat brooding and dozing. Once he accidentally hit the latch of the window blinds in passing, and the shutter swung back of its own weight, letting in the golden sunlight, the purple shadows, the glow of the scarlet foliage and the intense sky. He threw his hand over his eyes with a cry of pain, and closed the shutter to resume his weary march.

Richard Harrow was acknowledged the richest man in the village. His house was the largest and finest that many of the people thereabouts had ever seen, and represented to them the greatest possible magnificence. It stood in the midst of a grove which sloped at the rear to a willow-fringed stream. His nature, naturally cold, shy and proud, had been made, by certain misfortunes and a lingering illness, to become hard and suspicious, and quick to think evil of every one. He had grown terrible to his servants, with the exception of Selah, who had no fear of him and whom he dare not abuse. He kept a book in which he wrote descriptions of all the different pains he felt. On this morning he made the following entry:

"Extremely prostrated by excitement produced by interference of John Ticknor, the banker. Head feels as if floating and seems to fill half of room. Feet cold and hands clammy. Appear to be swelling into enormous size whenever I close my eyes. Have made up my mind to discharge Selah."

This last clause finished three out of every ten entries and had done so for the last five years. Selah had seen it there many a time herself.

Little cared she. It was no great favor to be allowed to live in that barred and bolted mansion; to tiptoe through its rooms, and wait upon its master. Yet a certain sense of loyalty held her to her post. She knew she was the only living soul who now felt for this wrecked, selfish man any interest or kindness. So the thankless solitary years had gone by and the two grew old together, while to the school children hurrying timidly by the dark house it seemed as if Selah were the wicked witch of fairy tales; and the owner grew to be little more than a myth, for only now and then in a summer twilight was his wasted figure seen creeping down his grim poplar-lined walks.

Thisbe's note lay on the untidy desk. Perhaps Mr. Harrow became more comfortable after a time and was looking about for something to arouse a desirable feeling of misery. Perhaps he wanted to know the exact extent of the insult which had been offered. At any rate he picked up, opened and read the pleasant letter. He read it twice — the last time from sheer astonishment.

"The impudent little minx!" he snarled, while the blood rushed to his cheeks. "Is this the way children are brought up nowadays? I should think John Ticknor would be ashamed to permit" — He raised the note to catch the perfume that floated from it. It was heliotrope. Richard Harrow remembered a country garden bordered with those shy blossoms, and a little child who used to pin them on his coat in the summer mornings saying "I brung you a posy, papa."

THISBE R. TICKNOR.

He dropped the paper and walked back to the register. He almost laughed; the whole thing was so absurd. A child write to him, Richard Harrow! Wanted to be told stories! Sent him a basket of — what was it, any way? He got up in a fume to see. He lifted the napkin. There in a bed of scarlet maple leaves lay three pears, mellow, golden, odorous. He had been living on oatmeal mush and prepared beef for three months. He would have nothing else brought into the room. The scent of the fruit arose fresh and luscious. He took one of the pears out and ate it, and as the delicious

juice trickled over his hot palate he read Thisbe's letter again.

"She must be a queer child," he thought. "She didn't say how old she was. Children usually tell that the first thing." The last time he had had a letter from a little child was when he was in the war; it ran thus:

"Dere Papa, I am six years old to-day. Can't you send me a flag for a present? Mamma sends love and I send kisses. I have a gun and can sing *Tramp, Tramp.*"

Twenty years ago! The dear little writer never had a seventh birthday! He walked to the cabinet, unlocked it and took out a picture. It was a round-faced, rosy girl with eyes like the ones looking at the picture.

Old Selah entered. "I have brought your beef tea, sir." She set the bowl on the dusty desk.

"Selah," he said, in such a strange tone that she started, "I believe I'll have a glass of fresh milk to-day and an egg."

Selah came near spilling the tea as she walked out of the room with it. Surely, she thought, Mr. Harrow was drawing near his end.

"So John Ticknor's child never leaves the house?" said the man in the dark library to himself. "Such magnificent weather, too," then added fretfully, from force of habit, "for any one who can stand so much light. Let's see. It must be nutting time—if I can recollect! How quick we used to fill up our basket! What a herd there was of us!"

When Selah came in she found him standing in the full sunlight at the window, with the shutters thrown wide. She set the luncheon on the broad sill. All the way down stairs she shook her head. "He can't last long," she muttered.

A little negro boy, chubby as a cherub, was going past with a basket of groceries. Mr. Harrow nodded to him and tapped on the window. He felt he would like to have some one smile at him. The boy lifted his great eyes, saw the pale, tall man in the "haunted room," and shrank and ran as if he had seen a ghost. Two hours before, Richard Harrow would not have acknowledged that he could have experienced any slight that could hurt him. But now he raised his hand to his eyes to press back the hot moisture.

"The very children hate me," he said. And yet—here was a little girl asking him to be her friend! His glance crept the length of the dull room where so many solitary years had been passed. The dust showed in the strip of flashing sunlight! A thought that perhaps recovery might not be impossible if he could get out into the fresh air came to him. The possibility of getting well had been a thing he would not allow any one to mention.

A little girl asked him to tell her stories! He read the letter again. How her hand had trembled! Perhaps she suffered a great deal.

The next morning Richard Harrow awoke with a sense of some happiness. He felt as if something delightful was going to happen.

Something happened, any way.

Selah came with a letter, and a box.

"These were brought by a boy, sir." Selah's voice trembled. She had dreamed three times the night before of a white horse. That was a sign of death in the house.

"Thank you," said Mr. Harrow. Selah rushed from the room to hide her terror. It was the first time her master had ever used that expression of common gratitude to her.

Meantime Mr. Harrow, with an expression of curiosity on his face, opened the letter:

MR. RICHARD HARROW:

Thisbe Ticknor who is an awful smart girl wrote me that she had asked You to join our Society. I have just got her letter and write in haste so a Boy who is here can take this note. Of course I have often heard of you and seen your House. I should think if you were well enough you would have a good Place to swim at the back. Thisbe says you have been sick years and years. That is pretty bad. I shall never get well again Myself, but I mean to have all the fun I can. Ma thinks you won't like them, but I send You a lot of dried butterflies I caught before I got sick. If you should have any Tin-Tags I would like some for my collection.

Yours truly,

PINNEY JONES.

(My right name is Eugene.)

Richard Harrow's lips worked curiously as he opened the pasteboard box. Inside was a ragged array of moths, millers and butterflies, with pins jabbed through their brittle bodies. The man looked at them a long time as if they were a very serious matter indeed.

"So these are the last treasures of this sort

the little chap will ever gather!" he exclaimed. He rang the bell for Selah.

"Do you know what Tin-Tags are?" asked Mr. Harrow.

"Never heard of them, sir."

"Go ask George if he knows."

Selah came back in a moment, grinning: "They are the little stamped pieces of tin that come off chewing tobacco, sir. There are a great many different sorts."

"Well," Mr. Harrow said haughtily, annoyed lest the old woman should ask what he wanted with them, "tell George and the gardener to save all they get and bring them to me. I have a use for them."

That afternoon Selah was intrusted with a mission. Thisbe lying where she could watch the darting sparks of the hickory fire saw her bowed figure entering the yard. "That must surely be my fairy godmother," laughed the girl to herself. Presently the old woman was shown in. She came close to Thisbe and bowed with courtesy.

"Mr. Harrow's compliments, Miss, and he begs you will excuse his delay in answering your note."

"Stay and warm yourself," cried Thisbe, but the old woman had taken herself out of the bright room. It was a portfolio of beautiful drawings that Thisbe opened, and in the corner was a note:

DEAR MISS THISBE:

I have been trying to remember some of the interesting things which befell me when I was younger and in far lands. I am unaccustomed to writing these last few years, but think I may be able to send you the history of some adventure which will amuse you. The two friends you mentioned, the boy and the sailor, have both written me. I shall feel gratified to join your Society, and hope I may be permitted to contribute in any and every way to whatever scheme may be devised.

Cordially,

RICHARD HARROW.

"O, Mrs. Mamma!" cried Thisbe, "I feel as if I had seen a dead man come to life." If she could have seen that the note was written in a sitting-room, long disused, which had a wide fireplace with a child's portrait above it, and if she could have known that the black-bound diary of symptoms lay forgotten amidst the rubbish that Selah was cleaning out of the dusty library, she would have felt sure that it was a resurrection.

To Helena Cary, surrounded with a graceless ill-natured household, the little Society brought a lesser alleviation, but for her as for the rest the letters and gifts could not be other than a most helpful diversion.

None of the "Shut-Ins" have met. It is not improbable that Mr. Harrow may develop into an out-door visiting member, but at present they all remain "Shut-Ins."

From Thisbe's ingenuous, busy brain spring the most original schemes for amusement. The happy old sailor, Benjamin Christy, has a fund of fact and fiction to draw on. Pinney furnishes ideas and gifts ridiculous enough to make even the gloomiest hypochondriac laugh; and from Mr. Harrow's pen come wonderful romances, and his library supplies an inexhaustible variety of books. Sympathy and cheerfulness grow daily in the breast of each. Three new members have been added, one in a distant town.

"Almost enough fun," Pinney says, "to make one thankful to be sick."

AH, he grows, the little lad,
Like a weed!
Not because a weed is bad—
No, indeed;
But because it has a gay,
Thriving, jolly sort of way
Of plainly showing how 'tis growing
In a day.

Leaf and stalk and sturdy root
Make such speed;
So does he from head to foot—
Like the weed;
Tall and strong till he outgrows
High-chair, crib and all his clothes.
When he's going to stop growing
No one knows!

THE MEDAL CHILDREN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

VICTOR PISANELLO.
(*From the medal at Vienna.*)

AMONG the art-treasures of Vienna are some renowned cabinets of rare medallions and coins—perhaps, indeed, the most beautiful collection of antique medals in the world, the finest specimens in existence of portraits in metal. This art reached the height of its perfection and activity during the fifteenth century — that period known as the Renaissance, or new birth of Art, Science, and Literature.

At this time it had become the fashion for men and women among the nobles to have their portraits engraved on medals of gold, silver or bronze, and these were worn suspended by long chains from the waist or neck, and often as an ornament on the cap. On the reverse of the medal it was customary to engrave some ingenious design, perhaps illustrative of an incident in the life of the owner, or his crest, or some legend or fancy or symbol appropriate to his life.

So exquisite did the workmanship of these medals become, that on looking at a medallion of Pope Paul III. executed by Alessandro Cesari the great Michael Angelo exclaimed: "The death-knell of art has been struck, for nothing surpassing this can ever be produced!"

It was before Cesari's time however that the patrons and artists of Italy became enthusiastic over Victor Pisanello's beautiful portraits of the children whom he loved, and agreed with one accord that he had no equal in his art.

Kings and princes, dukes and marquises, poets and scribes, some of these Medal Children became in after years, and many have lived through their deeds in history, literature and art. Others were only every-day children like ourselves, and after four hundred years boast of nothing better than that they knew the dear old Pisanello and that by his art they have lived for our delight.

We know of Pisanello's home at the foot of the Tyrolese Alps, of the delight he took as a boy in the five great gates of Verona — like other boys he probably tried in vain to scale the high stone walls surrounding his city. When he grew older, and his success in the trade of a goldsmith tempted him to Florence, he kept the simple happy heart of his youth and took up his abode in a little hut near the Ponte Vecchio, filled with hope for the new art he meant to introduce to the art-loving people of Florence.

Young Pisanello had studied the art of painting with Andrea del Castagno before entering the apprenticeship of a goldsmith, and probably the portrait of himself is one of his first attempts at gravure, for he signed it PISANOS PICTOR (Pisanello a painter), and on the reverse he engraved a crown of laurel, as if he would predict for himself a future greatness. See the quaint cap he wore! it probably sheltered his hot pate through many a serious struggle; for those were troublesome times in Florence, and in spite of his good nature the young goldsmith more often drew his sword to stab an enemy than to defend himself.

FISHER BOY OF FLORENCE.

The people of his country were very rich, living in grand palaces, and given up to all kinds of luxuries. The princes and dignitaries of the Church, the noble merchants of Florence, Genoa and Venice, all vied with one another in magnifi-

cence, and the goldsmiths had more than they could do to supply the hammered armor of the captains, the rich gold and silver plate of the princes and nobles, the jewels of the ladies, beside the sacred vessels and decorations of the altars and shrines. Then when Pisanello's portrait-medals came into favor every prince and every lady desired to have one more beautifully chased than the last they had seen in the possession of a friend, and Pisanello was obliged to hire other goldsmiths to work with him; and so the art spread through all Italy. But Pisanello cared little for the riches to be gained by his work for the wealthy. His most beautiful medals are of the young girls and boys who knew him through his sympathy with youth, or became acquainted with him in his walks on the banks of the Arno, or sat in his humble home near the Ponte Vecchio.

JOHN LOUIS OF TUSCANY.

PERETTA OF FLORENCE.

Perhaps this boy with the curious tall hat was only a fisher-lad dropping his line from the quaint old bridge; and this one with the cap pushed far back on his head no doubt came to Pisanello for advice. He was a happy-go-lucky chap — this John Louis of Tuscany; a truant from school and an "idle good-for-nothing!" said his tutor, Pope Sixtus IV. But John found a friend in Pisanello and read him his sonnets; for John wished to become a poet and "Pisanello had studied much." In helping the young fellow with his verses, the artist came to take so great an interest in him that he fashioned this portrait in bronze, and when in after years the young man wrote his *Treatise on Jurisprudence*, I doubt not he twirled the medal hanging about his neck, and remembered the good old days in Pisano's workshop.

Of the little girl with her hair in a long braid and the ribbon carefully bound across her forehead, we know only that she was the daughter of a gentlewoman. There is no reverse to this medal, and the inscription "PERETTA. VSVMARIA" may be her name and place of birth. She looks like the daughter of a gentlewoman with her daintily arranged hair and neat dress, but I fancy she wanted to wear her medal on these very beads, and probably bored that hole you see in the top after Pisano had given it to her — for were little girls less vain four hundred years ago, I wonder?

But what about this more serious head, with the hair as neatly twisted with ribbon into a queue? There are two medals at Vienna side by side — the two daughters of Frederick III. of Mentone. Elizabeth and Emily they were called. Their lives read like the old fairy tales where one sister was so beautiful and one so plain. This medal with the serious head is dedicated to "Emily the Pious," and if in view of her life of romance we wonder why she was called "Emily the Pious," we have only to turn to a quaint dusky parchment, or collection of rules, which is still preserved, and read the words, given for her guidance by an old knight:

"EMILY THE PIOUS."

"My child — begin thy day with prayer —
Be thou courteous to great and small — speak thou gently to them.

Before leaving thy room see that the collar of thy gown be
turned not awry.
Let each seek his like —
God and St. Bridget bless you."

Looking at her placid face you would little fancy that she was pursued by lovers and troubadours, who sang sweet madrigals beneath her turret window, or that she listened to the words of love from the young Antone de Montafeltro and married him against her father's will. But so it was; and when Pisanello delivered her medal she may have been surprised at the warning found on the reverse, which shows a pyramid surmounted by a burial urn with the inscription CASTIS CINERIBUS (to the pure ashes), a subtle suggestion that all must die. Another story has it that upon the death of her beloved sister Elizabeth she ordered Pisanello to engrave this reverse to remind her that in death alone their souls should be united.

There chanced to be a council in Florence about the year 1448 presided over by the Pope Eugenius II., and no doubt the people from far and near flocked to see the gathering of dignitaries. There were many bishops both from the Greek and Roman church and heated discussions took place. Pisanello watched the crowd come and go; particularly he observed a young man in a peculiar hat who seemed to be gravely interested and had a foreign air.

"Who is the young enthusiast?" asked Pisano of a bystander.

"Why, don't you know?" was the answer. "That is young John Palæologus the Greek Emperor, and he has come to unite his church with Rome in hope of getting help from the Pope against the Turks."

JOHN PALÆOLOGUS — OBVERSE AND REVERSE.

Pisanello was pleased with the earnest face, and calmly asked the young Emperor to sit for him.

On the medal we see John in the peculiar bonnet of his country, and with the pointed beard so different from the portraits of the Italian princes of that date. On the reverse Pisano engraves him mounted on his horse folding his hands before a roadside cross. He wears the same curious hat and a quiver hangs by his side; beyond him is a mounted page and rocks are represented in the distance.

The young Emperor had struggled hard to save his country. He gained the union of the churches — but alas! when he returned to Constantinople his bishops and people refused to accept the new religion, the Turks invaded his

country, and poor John Palæologus was murdered; but Pisano always kept the medal which he made of him at the Council of Florence and which is signed by him both in Latin and in Greek.

"I wish you to make a medallion of my infant son, the future Marquis d'Este," said a proud Duke of Naples striding into Pisano's studio one hot August day in 1476.

"Forsooth!" said the Duke, "any artist might be proud to fashion so noble a head. My son is one month old this day, and by the crest of the house of Este, I swear he will prove a very Hercules of his race!"

Pisanello made the metal miniature, and on the reverse we find engraved an antique couch upon which a little baby lies throttling two serpents in his tiny hands; about the figure are strange Greek characters, signs of the constellations, which no doubt pleased the proud noble who believed his son was born under a lucky star. Pisano signs the medal A. D. MCCCCLXXVII. which shows us that he worked a year before the medal was completed. How childlike is this little head! and the reverse is as carefully finished as any we find.

This little Alphonse d'Este played beside a beautiful ornamental fountain with his bow and arrows, ate his milk from a cup and basin of pure gold, and his special delight was a massive silver vase supported by four silver satyrs which held his sugar plums and sweetmeats; his picture-books were of vermilion leather illuminated with gold and azure, each of which cost his father a lordly price — sixty solsparisis or eighty dollars of our money; and the little Alphonse slept between sheets of finest silk. Yet his life was anything but glad and easy. He grew up in an atmosphere of strife, among brothers who tried to poison one another and laid traps to murder him. His tutor, too, proved to be one of the vilest bishops of the time. But Alphonse lived to prove himself indeed a very Hercules in strength, as his father had predicted, and a better prince than those before him, and by his untiring efforts in founding churches and convents he gained for himself the appellation of "The Catholic."

That Pisanello was imaginative, loving to weave strange fancies, and to prophesy events in the lives of those whose portraits he engraved, is evident from the reverse of this last medal, but there was another charm in his art perhaps greater even than this. Working for himself alone, and to interpret the interest, power or beauty which perhaps he alone could see, and caring not at all for public opinion, he sometimes chose to produce in his medals a mere suggestion of the forms before him, portraits where the likeness almost fades away into a strange or beautiful vision of the soul of his subject. Thus some of his medals are in extreme low relief as if to interpret the character he is rendering even in his manner of treatment.

He would make us search long and sympathetically for a glimpse into the life of Cecile, the maid of Gonzague. In our study of the medal we come to reverence the simple face before us, the chaste lines and curves of the long beautiful neck, even the loose cape hanging from her shoulders as she paces to and fro among the cloisters where she lived, telling her rosary beads, or studying the constellations of the stars. A strange sadness broods over her life — shut out from the world before she had known the joys of youth, her life given up to the study of deep books and a knowledge which fitted her to argue with the most learned men of her time.

The reverse of the medallion of Cecile is again allegorical, telling the old story of that strange beast the Unicorn, fashioned in the body like a horse, the head like a deer, the feet like an elephant, the tail like a boar, a single black horn two cubits in length standing in the middle of its forehead. The story goes that this ferocious beast could never be captured by man, that when pursued it would throw itself from the pinnacle of the highest mountains, horn foremost, and escape unhurt! But they captured the Unicorn at last. They discovered that it was an adorer of purity and innocence, and they

THE LITTLE ALPHONSE D'ESTE.

placed a young girl in the monster's way, and when the Unicorn discovered her, it approached with reverence, couched beside her and laying

CECILE — OBVERSE AND REVERSE.

its head in her lap, fell asleep. Thus the Unicorn has become an emblem of purity, as is also the crescent moon which Pisanello placed above the young girl's head. "Cecile was young, Cecile was fair, Cecile was strangely sad;" thus runs an old poem, and the artist has tenderly modelled this portrait as if he would hide from the world, and reveal only to her friends, the sad history of her life.

We come to another head still more full of sentiment, but of a different kind — the Divine Julia — a joyous child with loops of long wavy hair, the long-waisted dress laced tightly across the front and fitting high about the neck. All that we can ever know of her Pisanello has graven in Latin on the reverse:

EXEMPLUM VIRICUM FORTVNÆ ET PVDICITIÆ.
(Unique example of Fortune and Modesty.)

THE DIVINE JULIA.

Nothing has been written of her, nothing is known except the simple history which her face reveals — a sweet, delicate and contented face. Ah! how much a contented expression tells us, even after four hundred years, for there is about her still the scent of the young grape-flowers of the vineyards of Tuscany, and the airy grace which comes to a child in the tending and training her flowers and vines, in watching her garden grow, and taming the small creatures about her. She knew where the glow-worm dwelt by day, and had given a name to each of the little green lizards which haunted her vineyard. The child lived probably in one of those half-castle, half-farm dwellings common to Italian cities, her little chamber in the tower furnished only with a high four-post curtained bedstead, a clothes-box used also for a seat, and a prie-dieu chair containing her prayer books and other devotional relics; a round loop hole, covered with oiled paper or thin horn, was her only window, and for decorations perhaps she had the twisted metal trifles turned out by Pisanello in his leisure moments, or perhaps one of the curious vessels of water which were used instead of mirrors in those times.

The reverse of this medal shows a phœnix rising from flames and transfixed by a star-shaped sun. Do you know the mythological story of the phœnix — that great bird, in outline like an eagle, with plumage part gold color, part crimson, which was said to live five hundred years, then in a tall palm-tree build itself a nest of cinnamon, frankincense and myrrh, where it breathed out its life amidst these holy odors? From the body of the parent bird a young phœnix rises, and as soon as it can trust its wings to fly, it lifts its nest (its own cradle and its parent's sepulchre) and soaring from world to world, it carries it away to the temple of the sun.

Pisanello does not tell us why the "Divine Julia" reminded him of the phœnix, nor the meaning of the star-like sun above it; but he probably believed the tradition of his day about a wonderful star which appeared once in every hundred years, a glowing fire in the heavens eclipsing all other stars for a moment and suddenly vanishing away. Julia, the unique example of modesty, seemed to him like that wonderful star, and he fancied perhaps that phœnix-like her fame would arise from the ashes of tradition for the children of later days, all gold and crimson in its fresh beauty; so indeed it has, but I like her best in fancy, among the garden flowers — where Pisanello knew her.

A CASE OF INSOMNIA.

Mrs M. F. Butts

I CANNOT get my doll to sleep,
  Oh, dear, oh, dear!
To-morrow she will be so cross,
  I fear, I fear.
    (*O, hush-a-by!*)

For dollies, if they keep awake,
  You know, will get
All out of tune as children do,
  And cry and fret.
    (*O, hush-a-by!*)

If I could see the doctor-man
  Perhaps he'd fix
A sleeping dose for wakeful dolls —
  You know they mix
    (*O, hush-a-by!*)

Sleep in a bottle; how it's done
  Nobody knows,
Nor where the doctor gets the sleep —
  He does, I s'pose!
    (*O, hush-a-by!*)

PLUCKY SMALLS: HIS STORY.

CHAPTER V.

PLUCKY MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

NOW I can't tell you anything about the Exposition. How could anybuddy, even if they could write ever so fine — and me. My! I don't know but Tink could do it. It was jest sunshine, an' great big patches of yellow an' blue an' red flowers, an' green grass, an' pretty walks, an' flags, an' music, an' people eatin' an' drinkin' an' talkin' an' laughin', an' corks a-flyin', an' waiters runnin' wuss 'n Fulton Market when oysters is in season. (Don't you believe I don't know about Fulton Market now, for I do jest. Tink an' me has wandered over there more'n once, an' hung round the doors at Dorlans many a time, till the cops come an' started us on.)

All that fuss was outside, an' inside it was all ribbins, an' machinery, an' dress goods, an' models of ships, an' bridges, an' scythes, an' ladies' slippers, an' canned vegetables, an' dresses, an' dolls — an' paintin's, an' bunnets, an' candy — an' oh my! oh my! I jest wonder when I think of it how a feller can see so much in one day.

Tink an' me went along jest as independent as wood-sawyers — jest a-lookin' at everythin' an' payin' no attention to nobuddy. I put my arm round Tink, but he said it wasn't fashionable, an' didn't look well in Paree. So we was a-goin' along with our two heads up in the air — when, there high up above us, we saw a great big square place where there was railin's round, an' it was all hung with red an' blue striped banners, an' ladies an' gentlemen were eatin' an' drinkin'. All of a sudden I stopped short. My heart, or whatever it is that thumps inside a feller, seemed to stop too, an' I jest looked an' looked to where I saw a red fan wavin' an' a-wavin' — was it for me to come?

"Come on, Plucky, what in creation are you stoppin' for?" says Tink.

But I didn't give the Tinker no answer, for I saw there way above me Miss Isabel a-lookin' down, an' a-smilin' like sixty, an' beckonin' with her red fan. I didn't stop no longer with the Tinker — I jest ran to where she pointed, an' up those cork-screw stairs I went like a shot. She was standin' all smiles at the top ov 'em when I got there.

"An' how is my friend Plucky?" she says, jest as soft, as if she never'd said a cross word in all her life.

I took off my cap an' stood there all red an' ashamed, but oh! gracious, wasn't I glad to see her, an' didn't she look beautiful jest? She was thinner, an' a good deal whiter than she had been when she went over the side of the old *Manhattan* in New London harbor, but her eyes was bigger an' blacker 'n ever, an' she looked jest as sassy as ever. She was all in a sort of black lace rig, with a bunnit of the same stuff, an' a big bunch of red flowers up high on one side, an' two big bits of sparklin' sunshine hangin' in her ears — an' I thought if they had anythin' prettier than she was in the Exposition, or in Paree, they'd better jest bring it along. An' then she laid her hand on my shoulder, an' she called back to where some ladies an' gentlemen was a-sittin' an' lookin' at her.

"I'm jest goin' a little way with my friend," she says. "I'll be back in a little while."

An' then she took me round a showcase, an' in behind some rugs an' Japanese screens, an' she sat down on a sofa there was there, an' asked me to set down aside of her. Didn't I feel ashamed jest? An' then she passed her hand over my head an' said, "The salt water hasn't taken the curl out yet, has it?"

An' then she talked about a lot of things, an' asked me what I was doin' an' where the ship

was, an' how I came to be there, an' if I'd run away. An' then I plucked up my best courage, as I hadn't spoke a word yet, an' said, jest as genteel as Tink could have said it — that I had come up the night before with the Bose'n, an' six other boys, to see the sights of Paree.

Oh! my how she laughed. She jest laid herself back on that sofa, an' she certainly did shake till her eyes was all wet, an' when I thought she had got all over it, she begun again, harder'n ever. Mad? I should think so. I got up quick, but she was quicker.

"Cryin'? Plucky," she says, "don't be a goose. But I really couldn't help it. Paree, oh! Paree," an' then she went off again.

I wasn't cryin' no more'n I am this minute, but I couldn't bear that she should make fun of me of all the ladies in this blessed world! Then she laid her hand on my arm, kind of persuadin' like. Oh! she was a one — she could do anythin', I believe, with anybuddy. "Forgive me, Plucky," she says, "I won't laugh any more," but her lips was a-twitchin' all the time like anythin'.

"Tell me, where is my friend Bombastes Furioso?" said she, and I pretended not to understand. Mr. Wilkins had been good to me, an' I couldn't bear to hear anybuddy talk so about him.

"Well, then," she says, "the high an' worshipful First Lieutenant, Mr. Wilkins. Is he here in" — her mouth began to twitch again, but she said — "Paris, or on board the ship?"

"He's down at Havre," I told her, "but I heard old Ticklepitcher say that he was a-comin' up to-morrow." She laughed again at this. I never knew a girl so easy to laugh.

"O, Plucky! you will certainly kill me with your 'Paree's' an' your 'Ticklepitcher's,'" said she.

"Do you know where he will be?" says she, turnin' on me awful sudden, all the laugh gone out of her — as if she'd jest thought of somethin'.

I told her that I didn't, but that our Bose'n's Mate would know, because he had to report to Mr. Wilkins before he left the place. I didn't say the name of it again, you bet.

"Now you'll do me a favor, won't you, Plucky?" says she.

"I will that," says I, "an' it won't be no favor neither."

Then she took a little ivory book out of her pocket, an' a pencil out of that, an' she wrote, an' wrote, with a lot of scriggles an' jerks an' dashes — this way and that — an' then she doubled it up an' wrote Mr. Wilkinses name on it, an' she give it to me.

"There!" she says, "give him that, an' be sure he gets it, won't you?"

I put it inside my frock an' squeezed it into my monk-bag, to be sure it was all safe, an' I promised. An' then I asked about *my* lady an' Harry — I had hardly had time to think of 'em before, she took my breath away so.

An' she said:

"Helen is well. She is a good woman, Plucky, but she is a cold one. She would never be the friend to you that I would."

"Oh! don't say that, Miss Isabel. She has been the best friend that I ever had," says I.

"Except me," says she, laughin', and gettin' up. "An' you know, Plucky, that you love me this minnit more a thousand times than you do her."

I looked down, an' I shook my head, an' she laughed again, an' said she must go back to the others.

"You can come with me to the top of the stairs," she says, all soft an' smilin', "an' be sure, dear little Plucky, that my note reaches him."

An' then a gentleman came round from behind the screens an' things an' said, "Ah! Isabel, here you are," an' I saw that it was the gentleman she used to go out a-ridin' with at New London. "My mother is anxious to go home."

He took her hand, but she pulled it away — an' she laid it on my shoulder an' walked, jest so, with me to the top of the stairs, an' then she leaned down an' whispered in my ear: "Remember your promise." Jest for the minute she was near me, I seemed to smell the old gardens full of roses, an' lilacs up on the river, an' then she turned away, an' I heard that gentleman say somethin' about "common sailor boy," an' I went down the stairs an' found Tink a-waitin', reel patient, at the bottom, still lookin' up with his mouth wide open.

For once Tink forgot style — he seemed to be jest swallowed up in the Exposition. I waited round, an' waited round, hopin' that Miss Isabel would look down or wave her red fan once more, but I might have been dead for all the notice she took. She was jest a-talkin' an' a-laughin' an' didn't look my way again any more than if the' wasn't no "dear little Plucky" in the world. An' then I saw 'em all get up, an' Mr. Tailor, he put a shawl over her shoulders, an' they all walked away, an' I lost her.

I was glad when old Ticklepitcher met us at four o'clock, an' I could ask him where we should find the First Lieutenant, an' I could hardly wait till we could get to the station next mornin', for we were to leave as he come in.

"I never see such a youngster — jest got to Paree, an' jest wild to get away again. If this ain't good enough for ye, Smalls, ye wun't never be sartisfied," says Bose'n.

But old Tick didn't know everythin', an' when Mr. Wilkins got off of the train I was the first feller that spotted him. I jest ran up to him all out of breath, an' before he even saw me I pushed the mussed-up writin' into his hand. He jest looked blanker than anythin' — not to see me — but that bit ov writin' seemed to fetch him all of a sudden. He jest giv' one look at the writin' on the outside, an' then he ripped it open, an' when I saw his face as he stood there, a-readin' them scriggles an' dashes, I tell you I felt I'd paid him up for all he'd done for me with the life-buoy.

"God bless you, Smalls," says he. "All right, Bose'n, can't stop now; take these boys back to the ship, an' here's somethin' to spend for the crowd."

He tossed a gold piece into old Ticklepitcher's black hand, an' he jumped into a cab, an' sung out a number to cabby an' rattled away at ten miles an hour.

"Well, I'm blessed!" says old Tick. "What has come over the Great Wilkins!"

I kept mum, but all the way back to Havre, old Tink was jest a-shakin' his head, an' a-sayin', over an' over again:

"What has come over the Great Wilkins? as sure as my name's Timothy Timpkins Ticklepitcher, I should like to know what has come over the Great Wilkins!"

He didn't have long to wait before he found out. For one day every one was set to work bright an' early to clean up the ship an' dress it with flags an' buntin', an' the officers was all on deck in their best uniform, an' white gloves. An' then all ov a sudden, while everybuddy was a-waitin' round, up drove some carriages, an' some ladies got out, an' last of all come Miss Isabel. Our Kimmander met her at the gangway, an' Tink, who was listenin' round, heard him say:

"Believe me, Isabel, this is the wisest step that you could have taken, and you will never regret it."

Tink says she didn't laugh once, but looked reel solemn, an' they all went into the cabin, an' then Chaplain came along, lookin' all kind of holy, an' he went in. An' then Mr. Wilkins, all rigged out in his new uniform, he went in with Mr. Howland the navigator. Tink said he was his Best Man — I thought there were better men aboard than Mr. Howland, but I didn't say so. Well, we all didn't see or know nothin', 'till the cabin door opened, an' they all come out smilin' on deck — an' then in a minit I knew Miss Isabel wasn't Miss Isabel no longer, but true as I live, Mrs. Wilkins. An' then they had a whackin' old lunch, an' more eatin'. Seems like they didn't do nothin' else in those days, an' Mr. Wilkins treated all hands fo'ward, an' I tell you if we didn't give three rousin' cheers for the First Lieutenant an' his bride. An' then they went away for two weeks, an' when Mr. Wilkins come back — "A changed man" Tink said he was — we set sail for Gibraltar. They said so, anyway.

We set sail for Gibraltar, early on Saturday mornin'. The very last thing I saw, up on the hill, near the hotel called Frascati's (that's the swell hotel where they have the flowers an' the bands, an' the dukes an' such), was Miss Isabel, a-wavin' an' a-wavin' her handkerchief, an' there stood Mr. Wilkins on the horse-block (that's another of those rediklis names), with his speakin' trumpet in his hand, givin' orders about securin' the boats, or puttin' on the chafin'-gear, but cockin' up one eye, every other minute, to where Miss Isabel was a-standin'.

Well, out we towed, an' then an' there the fog come on, an' we hadn't cast off the tow-line

before we lost sight of the towers of Cape La Heve, an' had to keep our eyes peeled jest as sharp, for old Ticklepitcher said, "We ain't the only ship in this 'ere channel, Plucky, my boy."

"De ain't no dange'," says Pandy, "de chan'l's big enuff; don' know what you're talkin' 'bout, Bose'n's Mate." Pandy talked what Tink called "pure Mulberry street."

"What you don't know 'ud fill a remarkable large vollum, Pandy, my lad, with what them litery fellers 'd call appendix an' addender, an' now don't you go an' forget what I tell you. Danger. Humph!" an' old Timothy Timpkins Ticklepitcher sniffed an' rolled over to starboard.

"Don't ye be so top-lofty, Bose'n's Mate, or ye wun't git no remembrunce from yur faithful shipmates when ye leave de old barco," says Pandy.

"Don't want none," growled old Tick. "I can't say much for myself, Mister Pandy, but I can say, an' swear to it on a signal book, that no ship's comp'ny ever give *me* a silver whistle. They did give old Corkendale one. He was one to palaver the boys. It was, 'Will you please, my good man,' or 'The men is all right, sir, jest a-doin' their dooty, sir.' An' he were that sweet an' friendly (wuthless warn't the name for it!) that when he left, there was a depootation, an' a presentation, an' old Corkendale was called up, an' received 'from his grateful shipmates' a splendid silver call."

"Ye ain't a-deceivin' yerself into thinkin' that any one'll ever give you one, air ye, Bose'n's Mate, 'cause they wun't," says Pandy.

"How sharp ye air this mornin', young man, must ha' been eatin' tacks, yer remarks air so p'inted. I thank ye kindly fer yer good opinion, too, my ancient salt," says Bose'n, "an' now jest remember what I tell you, when I sink so low as to desarve a silver call from my grateful shipmates, may I be sentenced by a just an' righteous court-martial to be dishonorably discharged this 'ere sarvice."

Often in the evenin's we'd all get together in the gangway, to hear the old fellers spin yarns an' sing. Sometimes they'd tell us about the war — fights they'd been in, reel bloody battles, that made my hair stand right up, an' I was afraid to go to my hammock alone. Sometimes worse than that, about dead folks appearin', an' "strangers in the top." I tell you it was jest boss. They'd tell about blockade runners coming out of Charleston loaded down with cotton, an' the prizes they took, an' lots and slews of excitin' things. Old Put-'em-down told us once about takin' the *Emma Henry*. He was aboard the old *Cherokee*, an' they captured the *Emma Henry*, an' towed her into Beaufort Harbor.

"She was a rich one," says old Put. "She had eight hundred bales aboard, an' that was a lot in those days."

"You must have got a lot of Prize Money," says Parsons, the captain of the maintop. "I'd have stayed at home on a farm if I'd a been you."

"Oh! yes, yes, lots of money in prizes for poor Jacky," answers Put-'em-down.

"Come, now, how much did you get?" says Parsons.

"How much did I get?" says Put-'em-down. "Do ye want to know reel bad, you young fellers, how much I got? Well, Parsons, I'll tell ye how they passed it out, an' then ye can jedge fer yerself. They takes a ladder with the rungs pretty wide apart, an' through that ladder they sifts the prize money. All that falls through, the officers get. But all that sticks to the rounds comes to poor Jack!"

"Let's have some singin', Put-'em-down," says one of the men.

"When you address me respectful, sir," says old Put, puttin' on a awful lot of style, "perhaps I'll consider that request," for he was jest dyin' to sing.

"Please excuse him, Mr. Burtontown," says the captain of the foretop, "he's a new hand, he didn't mean no disrespect."

An' with that old Put-'em-down looked mighty good-natured an' struck up. He was little an' pock-marked an' had the longest nose I ever saw, but you'd have thought he was a giant if you'd only looked at his feet — seemed as if his head ought to reach the maintop, jest lookin' at his feet. But he'd sing an' sing. Sometimes songs alone, sometimes songs with a chorus. It would be "My dark-eyed Sailor," or "Louisiana Lowlands," or "Roll the Main down." When he sang those, we'd let him do all the singin' of the words, an' how we'd come in on the chorus!

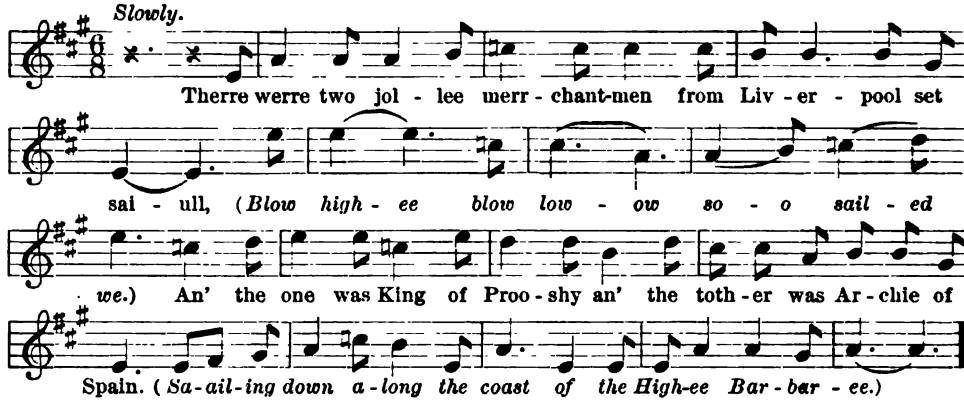
He'd always keep the best for the last, an' when he'd sung that, you knew that old Put had shut up for the night. It was my favorite an' I kept a-listenin' for it — wanted to hear it, but sorry to have it come, for then the singin' would be over. It was a regular old lee gangway song, called the "High Barbary." That's the way they spell it, Miss Isabel told me; but they sing it, or old Put did, "High-ee Barbar-ee," an' I'll give it to you jest the way he sang it. Miss Isabel wrote out the tune for me. She says, "It's A Minor."

"What! sappers an' miners?" says I, an' how she laughed.

"You are born to be my death, Plucky," says she. "A, capital A. M-I-N-O-R, Minor."

"Well, it sounds all the same," says I. "A miner's a miner." Anyhow I've told everybuddy that I didn't write the singin' part, an' if they can read the tune it's more'n I can. So here goes.

THE HIGH-EE BARBAR-EE.



"Aloft therre, aloft therre!" our skipper he did cry-*ee*,
(*Blow high-ee, blow low-ow, so-o sail-ed we-e.*)
"Look ahead, lo-ok astern, lo-ok to windward and to lee-e-e!"
(*Sa-ail-ing down a-long the coast of the High-ee Bar-bar-ee.*)

"Oh! therre's nothin' ahead, an' therre's nothin' astarn,"
(*Blow high-ee, blow low-ow, so-o sail-ed we-e.*)
"But therre's a lofty frigate to windward an' another one on our le-e-e."
(*Sa-ail-ing down a-long the coast of the High-ee Bar-bar-ee.*)

"Oh! hail her, oh! hail her!" our skipper he did cry-*ee*,
(*Blow high-ee, blow low-ow, so-o sail-ed we-e.*)
"I'm a sau-cy salt sea-pirate, as this night you soon shall se-e-e."
(*Sa-ail-ing down a-long the coast of the High-ee Bar-bar-ee.*)

'Twas broad-side to broad-side this daring dog did fight,
(*Blow high-ee, blow low-ow, so-o sail-ed we-e.*)
'Till the man at the forrard "pivot" shot the pirate's masts away-*ee*.
(*Sa-ail-ing down a-long the coast of the High-ee Bar-bar-ee.*)

"Oh! merrcy, oh! merrcy!" this daring dog did cry-*ee*,
(*Blow high-ee, blow low-ow, so-o sail-ed we-e.*)
"Oh! the merrcy I will show you, I'll sink you in the sea!"
(*Sa-ail-ing down a-long the coast of the High-ee Bar-bar-ee.*)

"Food shall you be for fishes, and you Davy Jones shall see-e,"
(*Blow high-ee, blow low-ow, so-o sail-ed we-e.*)
"For your ship shall be your coffin, and your grave shall be the sea."
(*Sa-ail-ing down a-long the coast of the High-ee Bar-bar-ee.*)

Where the chorus comes, everybuddy would join in. Old Put would take his pipe out of his mouth at the beginnin' of the singin', an' sort of wave it round, an' beat time, an' when it came time to join in, he jest beat it round in the air, turnin' this way an' that an' lookin' at everybuddy, an' I tell you, you had to sing, an' it wasn't very long before I knew it as well as anybuddy. But no one was ever allowed to sing anythin' but the chorus; if any feller goin' about his work jest hummed a little of the fust part, he was brought up round, I tell you. Old Put would jest glare at him an' say:

"Young man, what air you a-singin', pray?" An' that feller'd stop mighty sudden.

Well, time went on, an' one mornin', when we turned out, I found we was a-sailin' up into a harbor. I could see the banks of a river on each side through the port holes, an' when I went up to stow away my hammock I heard Mr. Barker tell Mr. Kane, another of our officers, that we were in the Tagus.

"Oh!" says Mr. Kane, "how soon will we get up to the city?"

"What! to Lisbon? why, we have an eight-mile pull from the mouth of the river, you know."

I didn't hear any more, but I heard enough to find out that we were going to a place called Lisbon. I told Tinker when I went below, an' he told Pandy, an' Pandy was jest a-growlin' all the mornin'. Pandy always growled, no matter what we did. He said he "hadn't shipped for no such dum-foolishness as that — that he had shipped to go to the Mediterranean — an' he'd like to know what the Kimmander meant by takin' us in here!"

"Better go up an' ask him, Pandy darlin'," says old Tick. "Now, while he's walkin' up an' down the quarter deck." But I noticed Pandy didn't go.

That was a splendid harbor; not so fine as New York, but pretty fine, an' Lisbon looked mighty pretty sittin' up there on those hills jest piled up one on the other. There was splendid shops in that town. One street they called the Street of the Gold-workers, an' Tink an' me used to wander all over, when we had liberty, an' jest look, an' look in the shop windows. We never went in. What should two poor fellers like us do in them jewelry shops?"

The first day that we went ashore Pandy was in the boat, an' he said he had somethin' to show us. We went along arm in arm, all three of us, an' Pandy whisked us through a street, an' out into a great big square.

"Now let's see you walk across it," says he. I started, but my head got dizzy an' my legs seemed to go all wrong, an' I lifted my feet way up, jest like those horses Tink an' me used to see in Central Park.

"You're drunk, my boy," says Pandy.

Then Tink tried it, an' he didn't do no better than I did, lifting his feet up high an' plantin' 'em down anywheres. But I walked all right on the street that ran into the Square, an' I found that it was the pavement of the Square that made me stagger an' walk so queer. It was all little blue an' white stones, an' made in sort of scallops, an' it looked like waves, an' it seemed as if when you lifted up your foot you couldn't get it down in the right place, or as if the blue an' white scallops was comin' right up to meet you. Pandy thought that was a great joke, Pandy did, but Tink nor me didn't care. An' then he told us that the place was called "Drunken Man's Square." So it wasn't any wonder we couldn't walk straight.

One day while we were at Lisbon I was standin' near Chaplain's door waitin' for a message from Mr. Barker, an' I heard Chaplain call the doctor into his room.

"Doctor," says he, "I've got somethin' to show you." With that, Doctor he steps into the room, an' they don't draw the curtain, an' I don't look neither, till I hear the doctor praisin' up somethin' awful, an' old Chaplain sayin', "Do you think it'll please her?" an' then I look in, an' I see a little ring lyin' in Chaplain's hand with some blue stones in the top.

"Please her," says Doctor, "I should think it would, old man."

"An' here's what I've got for Annie — an' this for Katy — an' I'll try to get Billy an' the little ones somethin' at Gib. Things are cheaper there."

An' Doctor he jest says nothin', but hurries out an' turns his head away as he passes me. "Poor old chap!" I hear him whisper. I know pretty well what that means, for our chaplain has a great big family at home, an' he never

goes ashore or spends money like the other officers. If he does go ashore, he takes a long walk alone somewhere, out into the country, while the officers are up in the city havin' a good time. Oh! I tell you, a feller picks up a lot when he's messenger, or cleanin' round the cabin, or hangin' round the ward-room hatch.

Well, that give me a idea. I could hardly wait 'till Mr. Barker gave me the message, an' when I'd delivered it I looked for Tink.

"Tink," says I, "will you go ashore with me this afternoon if the 'xecutive'll give us liberty?"

the red silk purse back in its paper, an' Tink an' me went up to the port gangway.

When we got ashore we went up to the Gold-workers' street. But gracious! that wasn't any sort of use. We went into one or two of them swell shops, but it wasn't any sort of comfort, an' everythin' we looked at, even the littlest thing, cost million of times what I had in my mónk-bag.

"No use to stay here, Plucky child!" said Tink. "Let's go down to some of those places nearer the water."

TINK AN' ME LOOKED THE CHAIN ALL OVER.

"Will I, my boy? you jest get leave an' see."

When I asked Mr. Wilkins, he said, "Why, Smalls, you were ashore yesterday—what do you want? is it something particular?"

"Yes, sir," I says, "somethin' very particular; an' I'll come off in the sundown boat."

So he let us go, an' I runs down to tell Tink. An' then I went to my diddy box. "Was my purse all safe?" I thought—the red silk that *my* lady gave me—an' I shook so that I could hardly open the box. Yes, there it was, an' all my money was safe inside of it too. An' I took it out, an' stuffed it into my monk-bag an' put

So Tink an' me, we wandered down arm in arm, an' at last we come to a place where Tink said he thought we'd find jest the thing. The man behind the counter had a long hooked nose, an' curly hair an' ear-rings in his ears.

Well, I asked him if he had any chains an' crosses, an' he brought me out some, an' showed 'em to us. He couldn't speak much English, but we did understand that the cross an' chain I liked best was five thousand reis!

"Tell him you've got to go aboard, an' get yer letter ov credit, Plucky my boy. I left all my checks in my other pocket," adds Tink,

a-clappin' his hands on the breast of his frock. But when the man explained that five thousand reis was about five dollars, I thought I could stand the racket. What did I want money for? I hadn't nobuddy at home to take anythin' to, but *my* lady an' Harry, an' I'd have some money due me before we left this side. An' then I thought of what *my* lady said:

"Whenever you spend it, think of me, an' then I'm sure you won't go wrong."

"I am thinking of you, my dear lady," says I, way inside. "An' I know you'd like it."

Tink an' me we looked the chain all over. It was jest splendid — an' didn't it shine an' glitter, an' the cross was reel broad. Tink rapped it a little on the edge of the show case. "Don't you think it sounds kind of holler, Tink?" says I.

"Well, it does, some. Not hollerer than my aunt's over to Brooklyn, you know, but hers had di'monds in. That's a awful lots of money, sir," adds Tink to the man. "Couldn't you throw in a di'mond or two?"

And then his wife came out an' she spoke American fast enough, an' she said that they "couldn't trow in no di'ments," that "de ghain' an' gross vas vort dupple de money."

So I had it wrapped up, "put down my fiver like a gentleman," Tink said, an' we ran all the way down to the water, for fear of missing the sundown boat. Tink an' me was jest full of that cross an' chain.

"My! wouldn't I like to see Mrs. Chaplain," says Tink, "when she gets our present. I s'pose she'll wear it to the first Sunday-school picnic she goes to, right outside her black silk cape — that's the way my aunt does. Won't folks open their eyes — I jest hope she won't forget to tell everybuddy that it was a remembrance from two poor 'prentice boys — for I mean to pay you my half, Plucky, jes' 's soon 's ever I get some money due me."

Tink was reel kind that way — always jest as willin' to pay when he had some money due him — only it was always spent or promised long before he got it, an' I wasn't goin' to worry him. What's the use of a friend if he can't help you out sometimes? an' Tink would have helped me if he hadn't a been always way behind.

When I got aboard I didn't know what to do with my box, but I got leave to speak to Mr. Wilkins, an' I asked him to do me the great favor to put my box in Chaplain's room when he was out. Mr. Wilkins had been reel good to me, an' I knew he'd like to please Chaplain.

That evenin', when the officers were all at dinner, I made the excuse to hang round the hatch, and at last I heard Mr. Kane say:

"Chaplain, did you find a box that I laid on your table?"

"No, Kane, no. Very kind of you, I'm sure. What is it? Boy, go into my room an' get the box from my table." When the boy came out he had my box in his hand.

"That isn't the box," says Mr. Kane. "It's a small one, green cover."

But Chaplain says: "What is this? I don't believe it's for me."

My heart gave a great big thump — I almost sung out "Yes, it is, Chaplain," but I didn't. I jest stood still an' listened. I saw old Chaplain untie the strings, an' take off the papers. An' then he read it out — Tink had wrote it beautiful:

For Mrs. Chaplain.
A-nonnymus.

An' then he took out the cross an' chain. Mr. Kane an' Mr. Barker began to laugh, an' Lady Farrington jest roared, an' jingled the cross against a wine-glass. But Chaplain looked reel cross.

"Hand it here, Mr. Farrington," says he. "Some one has been very kind. Who am I to thank? Wilkins, you know something of this."

An' then I saw Mr. Wilkins whisper in Chaplain's ear, an' Chaplain jumped up, an' brushed the back of his hand across his eyes, an' went into his room, an' I scooted.

Pretty soon some one told me that Chaplain was waitin' for me on the gun-deck. I had to go. I never thought Mr. Wilkins would tell. But Tink said he thought Chaplain ought to know what sacrifices two poor sailor boys had made to buy his wife such a handsome present. I waited round as long as I could an' then I jest had to go. He was standin' waitin' for me, old Chaplain was, an' he seemed all kind of shaky an' mournful, an' I should have thought he

wasn't reel pleased, for his eyes was wet, but he smiled a lot, an' I told Tink it seemed as if the' ought to be a rainbow — it made me think so much of what the Boss Carpenter used to call sun-showers when he was workin' on the wharf. I can't tell you all Chaplain said. He jest thanked me, awful! an' I chipped in that "it was Tink's present too, 'cause he went along, an' he tried to get 'em to throw in di'monds, an' he wrote the name, an' he wanted to pay half, only that wasn't any matter 'cause it was Mrs. Kimmander's money — an' she told me to buy anythin' I wasn't ashamed of — an' I didn't mean Chaplain to know who sent it," an' a lot more an' I said, "I can't talk like a gentleman, Chaplain," an' then I jest stopped short.

"You have a gentleman's soul, Plucky — be thankful for that," says he, "an' jest remember this, my boy, that of all the pretty presents that my kind friends on board have sent to my wife, none will be more appreciated than yours, and if you will come out to Hillstone when we get back home, and take tea with us, my wife will show you how much she prizes your present by wearing it."

"Just think of that! I'm goin' to take tea with Chaplain an' Mrs. Chaplain when we get back," says I to myself, over an' over again. I didn't tell the boys. They might have thought I was stuck up. But I thought of it a good deal myself. An' I jest made up my mind then an' there that I wasn't a-goin' to do anythin' that I'd be ashamed of, if I should happen to think of it, when I was takin' tea with Mrs. Chaplain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO A FOOLISH LITTLE FELLOW.

By M. E. B.

WHAT! Pouting at the window
With a big sob in your throat,
Because Arthur owns a musket,
And big Gerald sails a boat,
And Tom has bought a bicycle,
And Ted a Rugby ball,
While you, the friend and playmate,
"Haven't anything at all!"

Suppose for just a moment
You should suddenly grow wise,
And look upon yourself, dear,
With other people's eyes,
And see yourself as *I* see,
Growing healthy, strong and tall —
Do you think you'd say: "That boy there
Hasn't anything at all!"

Do you think you'd count for nothing
Papa sitting smiling there?
And the brothers, and the baby,
And dear little Goldenhair?
And mamma, who's ever ready
At her darling's beck and call?
Can he say, who owns these treasures,
"Haven't anything at all!"

And the sled for winter mornings?
And the games for winter nights?
And the sunny summer beaches
Full of ever new delights?
And the pile of books and playthings
On the nursery floor and wall?
Aren't you ashamed to say, sir,
"Haven't anything at all!"

Ah! my foolish little darling!
Wiser folk than girls and boys
Shut their eyes to their own mercies
And see only others' joys.
But if hearts would heed their blessings,
Counting gladly great and small,
Then how few would dare to grumble
"Haven't anything at all!"

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

By Emilie Poulsson.

AN old Jack-o'-Lantern lay on the ground;
He looked at the Moon-Man, yellow and round.

The old Jack-o'-Lantern gazed and he gazed,
And still as he looked he grew more amazed.

Then said Jack-o'-Lantern, "How can it be
That fellow up there looks so much like me?

"I s'pose he must be a brother of mine,
And somebody cut *him*, *too*, from the vine.

"He looks very grand up there in the sky;
But I know just how 'twill be, by and by.

"He's proud of his shining, I have no doubt,
But just wait until *his* candle goes out!"

A DOGOCRACY.

(*Around-the-World Stories.*)

Olive Risley Seward

THERE is a city by a sea which all writers have agreed in calling the most beautiful place in the world. The sea, eighteen miles long and a mile and a half wide, is hardly more than a toy sea, it is so small; but it is deep and blue as the ocean, it winds and flows like a river, and is a channel, an inlet and a harbor, all in one. As a channel it separates two continents; as an inlet it unites two seas; its harbor would anchor all the war-vessels in the world, but it sparkles with the burden of the frailest pleasure yachts, boys launching their hand-made sail-boats on its bosom as though it were a placid pond.

The shores of this fairy sea, unlike the sandy beaches or rocky coasts of other seas, rise high and lofty or follow undulating curves, and are clothed from water's edge to summit's height in richest verdure.

The city clusters in triple beauty on these green banks, and reflects a thousand matchless shapes of mosque and palace tower in the depths of the blue sea. Its domes and minarets, all white and gold, gleam like jewels, and are vine-crowned and garlanded in bright plane-tree groves and shadowy cypress avenues.

This sea is the Bosporus, and this city is Constantinople, the chief city of the Ottoman Empire.

This story however is not about scenery nor about Turkey, but is about some of the inhabitants of the great capital where natural grandeur and architectural beauty combine to make a splendid stage for human dramas, a brilliant framework for the changing scenes depicted in the daily life of the men, the women, the children and the animals who have their homes there; for these pictures and scenes tell the character of the town and what it means, and that is not perhaps quite what it looks like.

The Emperor, who is also a priest and king, lives in the grandest of the palaces, sails in the most gorgeous yachts, and is ruler of all the mosques. His titles are many and imposing. He is Grand-seignor, Khan, and Hukian, Sultan and Padishah, and he is the absolute monarch of one of the most powerful despotic governments in the world.

But this story is not about the Sultan either, only about the life, the ways and doings, sad and jolly, of the humblest of his dependents — the dogs of Constantinople — who have formed a sort of free republic under the very walls of the Sultan's palace and in the shadow of the mosques.

All the dogs in Turkey seem to have gathered here; but when or why they came, no one seems to know. Once upon a time an energetic ruler, Sultan Abdul Medjid, ordered them all carried away to an island in the sea, but they made their way back again in greater numbers than before, and ever since that time they have held their independent place, such as it is, in the city of the Caliphs, and now there are many thousands of them.

Dogs are found wherever the foot of man has trod, but it is only in Christian countries that they become the loved and loving companions of man's joys and sorrows. In all Mohammedan lands, the dog race is the one most despised, and by Turks especially a dog is counted a pariah and "unclean."

This degradation, which seems to have reached its lowest limit in Constantinople, has forced the dogs there into a singular state of independence, and as this condition is the result of some of the poorest and most ignoble traits of human character, so some of the noblest instincts of dog-nature here rise up and assert themselves.

It is not only a principle of the Mohammedan religion to despise dogs, but the Turks also have a superstition about "getting the ill-will" of one of these dejected creatures which is only equalled in absurdity by another belief which no Mohammedan is ashamed to own — that "bad luck" will surely and mysteriously follow any one who kills a dog, though good luck will not desert one, in the Turk's opinion, who makes a dog's life miserable. A Turk therefore who aims a blow, a kick or a stone at a dog will be careful not to hit a vital spot, and while the air is rent continually night and day in Constantinople with their howls of pain and anger, and dogs are often mained and bruised as well as half starved, they are as a rule long-lived and healthy.

How can it be possible for creatures so abhorred and downtrodden, dumb creatures too, and the most dependent of all on the kindness of man, to have banded together and to have formed, as I have said, a union which claims and one that obtains respect even from the Turks, in the face of this bitter hatred and prejudice? Yet this is the simple fact about the dogs of Constantinople.

Permitted to live by the superstition of the Turks, they have made a dogful struggle to maintain their rights to "liberty and the pursuit of" such "happiness" as they can secure for themselves, and this struggle has resulted in a DOGOCRACY for mutual offence and defence, to guard against the cruelty and injustice of that race they were born to serve with humble loving fidelity.

Deprived of their natural allegiance, and still true to their dumb instinct of devotion, they have banded together, not only to defend their own rights, but have united in a forlorn brotherhood of suffering and endurance which still enables them to guard and protect the race they love better than their own.

The citizens of this dog-government are dogs of all sizes and colors, chiefly wolf-dogs, though hound and mastiff blood and a large proportion of the pert Pomeranian may be traced among them. This last is the wild "pariah" of the desert, which when jet-black, bleached white, or yellow and refined, we call the "Spitz."

Nameless, homeless and masterless, these

dogs live, eat and sleep in weather foul or fair, in the crooked winding streets of the beautiful city. They make their homes in old boxes, behind walls or under curb-stones, or these failing, stretch themselves shelterless along the pavement, crowding the highways, blocking the by-ways, threatening every path. It is no uncommon sight to see a litter of puppies nestling with their vigilant mother on a few wisps of straw, scratched together on the rough cobble-stones of a sunny thoroughfare, where with the help of an even more savage father the family turns the tide of traffic and travel, disputing the right of way with every man or beast who comes along.

But there is law and order in this apparently heterogeneous mass of canines. They form a strong and trustworthy under-police guard, and are organized in bands as scavengers and grubbers. They have ordered among themselves a regular patrol of the slanting irregular town, which they have divided into sections and wards, and the dog authorities have allotted each division to the care of a certain tribe or breed of dogs.

Each section, street or square has its apportioned number; each division of dogs chooses or accepts its leader-dog, the most aggressive or sagacious of the tribe, and this chief has his lieutenants of different grades, and they train squads, marshal companies and seem to hold themselves responsible for a good dog-drill.

These troopers guard goods and premises, drive away all strange or suspicious-looking people from their precincts, protect litters of puppies and their mothers, gather and clear away garbage, hunt "mice and rats and such small deer," look after the old and maimed dogs of their streets, dressing and curing their wounds, dog-fashion, and are often seen carrying food to the sick ones in their neighborhoods. They settle dog-disputes too, usually by a general all-round shaking of the quarrelers, and above all keep vagrant or sneak dogs of other sections from invading premises not their own.

The people know the dogs of their neighborhoods and trust so entirely to their sagacity and energy that bolts and burglars are alike unknown in Constantinople, and garbage carts and "soap-fat" are unhonored and unsung.

A Stamboul boy knows instantly when a strange dog appears on his street. If he is kindly disposed he will give that dog a sign of warning or get him out of the way. A different sort of fellow will wait to "see the fun," when the dog police captain of that precinct scents the intruder, and leads his dog-patrol to hunt him out. For woe betides the long-haired brown dog who is found poaching on the manor of the short-eared yellow dog, or any other who is found where he does not belong. If he has the temerity to stand and give fight worse woe, for they are too many against him and the row ends with a splash in the Bosporus. If a wretch turns tail and takes to his heels, the pack will catch and worry him, for a caution not to come again. But if the dog is clever, and they oftenest are, he rolls over on his back, makes a "rocker of his spine," lays back his ears, hangs out his tongue — in short gives in and the fight is over. The dog-police will not hit a fellow who is down, but will quietly allow him to pull himself together and hustle off as fast as his trembling legs will carry him.

But if the chase carries the pursuer near the culprit's own quarters, the whole canine population of that district turns out in defence of its hunted member, and thereupon a mêlée ensues which loyalty to dogs compels me to cover with a veil of charity.

It is believed that these wandering dogs are idle or greedy drones, driven out into the world by their fellows to learn better. It is also noticed that they often return cured of certain envious and roaming dispositions. If a dog returns with a few scars, they are apparently accounted honorable; the dog is reinstated and given a new chance. But if he once plainly deserts his own pack or betrays his friends he is hunted without mercy from among their ranks, is welcomed nowhere, and from that moment that dog is known by all to have had "his day."

Our hotel was on a hillside in Constantinople and faced a short narrow street; on the day of our arrival, we counted thirty-seven dogs lying on the pavement, or wandering up and down, all gaunt, hungry-looking and forlorn. When we went near them they showed none of that anxious expectancy or frank joyousness with which all other dogs naturally recognize their friends though they were alert and watchful.

When we left the hotel the next day to see

the sights of the town, not yet knowing the rules of the dog republic, we were surprised to find the same dog company, none missing and not one added to their number, in the same street, as hungry and surly as before. We called and whistled to them, but they hung their heads, dropped their tails and made off, casting suspicious looks back over their lean shoulders. We now learned that these same dogs lived in this particular street, and that travelers, English and American, sometimes took pity on them and fed them there. They were never without a hope therefore when strangers appeared that a "piece" might be thrown their way. They knew nothing to speak of about meat, and bread was their staff of life, a broken staff, poor fellows.

We got some loaves and offered them to the dogs, and in the names of our dear pampered ones at home — "Leo" the Newfoundland who always preferred the tenderloin, "Pearl" the Spitz who doted on jumbles, and "Piccina" the King Charles who would scent a difference between two Strasburg pâtés and choose the best — we tried to make their vagabond cousins, these poor pariahs, understand that we were their friends, too, but it was useless. Their ears made no response, their tails hung speechless.

Thinking them shy, we left the bread on the nearest curb-stone, but with no better result. To take it from there, and unbroken, was clearly against their rules. The big leader-dogs, patriarchs of the pack, waited sullen and motionless; but the little Pomeranians standing in the rear showed, by the nervous movement of their slim paws, as they shifted from one slender leg to the other, and twitched their ears, that they at least were impatient. One who had learned to understand the laws of the dogocracy, by watching the ways of its citizens, told us that they only feel at liberty to eat what is thrown away as refuse, and so it proved with our patrol-guard. When the loaves were broken and flung roughly into the middle of the street — and only then — could the dogs believe that the food was really theirs. Then with one growling rush it disappeared, and only the crumbs were left for the little dogs to squabble over.

When we returned from our walk, the same scene was enacted by the same thirty-seven dogs, a few of whom were tall starved-looking fellows with unkempt coats; the pack ranging in size down to a crooked-legged yellow pigmy of no name or pedigree, whose ears, nearly as long as his thick tail, stuck straight up like a jack-rabbit's and never could come down, but whose appealing eyes quite made up for his general lack of beauty.

We fed this pack all they could eat several times a day for three weeks, and summoned all the powers of persuasion which a long acquaintance with dogs and an intimate knowledge of their ways and weaknesses could suggest, to make friends with them. At first we met with little encouragement. Strange to say, these Constantinople dogs were always longing and eager to be friendly with Turks, but are distrustful of foreigners. The biggest dogs were slowest to respond. They finally condescended to a slight letting up of their reserve. The hounds became more natural and cringed, the wolf-dogs fawned and smiled, the mastiffs unbent, and the tender-hearted little yellow, brown or brindled creatures of the pack came quite near, laid back their ears deprecatingly, showed the whites of their eyes, and wagged their little foxy tails as only Pomeranians can wag.

By the end of the first week however we had gained the good will of all. When we went out on foot or in carriage, the whole lean motley crowd of dogs followed to the farthest corner of the street, but never a step beyond. When we returned, some of them were sure to be there to greet us affectionately and would then trot off to let the others know that the bread-people were coming.

Meantime three that we did not see the first day had been added to the pack — one big lout of a dog whose wounds from a recent fight were not yet healed, and who had probably been in hospital, one lank care-worn mother whose young ones had been too little to leave, and one small blind invalid who had to be coaxed to the feast, making in all a company of forty dogs, who never, by any chance, left that street, and never, so far as we saw, fought among themselves. No one spoke to or noticed them, though we found them exceedingly intelligent and as capable of understanding and reciprocating friendship as any dogs we had ever known

and whose kind grateful eyes, following us sadly as we drove away at last, can never be forgotten.

All days are sad and dismal enough for these poor dogs in Constantinople, but one day in the week is worse than the others — Friday, when the Sultan makes the grand pageant of his royal state and goes in all the pomp of his double title of Emperor and Caliph to pray in the great mosque. The Sultan is resplendent in his gold-embroidered uniform, riding a tall white Arab steed, preceded by dazzling troops and trumpeters. Long lines of cavalry and detachments of artillery and all manner of gorgeous military follow in his train. Guns are fired and bells are rung. The whole town turns out to witness the parade. All the streets through which the monarch passes are crowded by the faithful followers of Mohammed and the loyal subjects of the King — that is, all but the dogs. Long before the hour for the procession to pass they disappear somewhere, as far away from the sound of the guns, drums and trumpets as they can get; and on this occasion the dogs into whose sections they retire never drive them out. It is evidently understood among the citizens of the Dogocracy that they must sustain each other in discountenancing all pretentious and autocratic customs.

Any mutual interest will unite these Constantinople dogs. A common sentiment will band the scattered tribes in one. They have no knowledge of a common friend, but a common enemy rouses their loyalty to their own race, and they unite to defend each other in their sorry homes.

We had halted in our carriage one day to count the brazen rings which bind the stones of an ancient pillar — the oldest relic in Constantinople, bearing the date of the Emperor Constantine, which stands in the centre of a broad paved square at the intersection of several streets. The usual fifty to a hundred dogs were prowling around or lying in the sun, when two large rough-looking hounds came yapping into the square, their haggard eyes and dripping tongues telling their story of a long thirsty race. They began a series of sharp imperious yelps and were quickly surrounded by all the dogs in the square, who listened snarling, and barking by turn.

The tumult was so great that we tried to drive out of it, but all the streets leading to the square were crowded with dogs coming from every quarter, running so furiously in and out among the horses' heels that the carriage could not move. We marveled at the savage scene, but the natives, detained as we were in the square, seemed more vexed than surprised, and resigned themselves to wait with a bad grace.

One unconscious man who was making his way in from the country, expecting to turn an honest penny by an exhibition of trained animals in this very square, had good reason to prick up *his* ears and to inquire into the cause of this commotion. The key to the enigma was in our hands when there suddenly appeared from over the brow of the hill the tall athletic form of this same festive Turk, arrayed in a red fez, red Turkish trousers, and with bare legs of about the same shade. This clown was followed by his son and prototype. The father led a bear by a ring in the nose, and the son drove a wolf in front muzzled and held by a chain.

As soon as the man and the bear, the wolf and the boy, appeared over the hill there was a hurried consultation among the dogs, followed by a prolonged and general howl, and war to the teeth was plainly declared. The two dogs who had raced in from the outskirts to herald the news of the coming invasion, seemed chosen leaders of the first sortie, and a furious pack, uttering horrid yells, dashed up the hill, and we thought shudderingly of the bare legs of those unlucky showmen. The other dogs stayed behind to guard the square perhaps, or to be ready to reinforce the attacking party if the wolf and the bear gave fight. In a few moments the square and all the adjacent streets were solidly packed with a howling excited mob of dogs — not however fighting among themselves.

A subtle instinct had told them that a mortal enemy was near, and had roused the despised and downtrodden race; all its hostile tribes and clans, its unknown packs and divisions far and near, from the most domineering mastiffs down to the smallest mongrel puppies, had gathered to repel a common foe.

Fortunately their manœuvres were understood by the real police and by the human inhabitants. The Turks think nothing so fas-

cinating as a dancing bear with a pole in his paws and a ring in his nose, and next to this amusement their delight is in watching the gambols of a well-muzzled wolf. But a bear and a wolf together is a pastime not often enjoyed. The country showmen, unprepared for a dog reception, were safely smuggled into a coffee house, and the bear and the wolf were rescued and locked up in the walled garden of a fort near by, to wait until a secure and suitable theater could be found for this classic entertainment.

The dog picket guard returned to the square and evidently reported that the enemy had mysteriously disappeared before the battle was begun. The gaunt and disappointed army dejectedly disbanded, the different packs dispersed to their own patrols, and we were able at last to make our way through their scattering ranks to the hotel.

There was no sleep in Constantinople for any one that night. The dogs were pattering up and down the streets, either celebrating their escape, or warning each other that the foe was still in ambush somewhere near. All through the long hours the streets of the beautiful city resounded with the barks and howls, the yaps and inarticulate yelps of the canine chorus which were echoed back from the depths of the flowing sea.

As all travelers unite in admitting the incomparable beauty of Constantinople, so do they agree that the like of a Constantinople dog-serenade can never be heard again.

But I was once reminded of this serenade and here in America too. It was at New London, at the time of a college boat race, between two freshmen crews. There was a mighty victory and a great defeat on hand, in the eyes of the college boys, and naturally there could be but little sleep for any one. A vivid, half-waking dream carried me away from the banks of the Connecticut to the distant Bosporus shores, and the dogs of Constantinople seemed baying about me again, but melodiously, and the chorus, clear and articulate now, had lost all cadence of hunger and chagrin.

"There's a new coon in town," were the words of the chorus. "Over the garden wall," rang the warning from many hoarse throats, and "Climbing up the golden stair," in the exuberant tones of youth and health and fun were all mingled with college cheers, joyous barks of dogs, and the sound of hurrying feet.

One voice was missing from the uproar the night after the race, which should have been the loudest and the merriest of them all — the voice of the captain and stroke of the winning crew. He had left the carnival early to drive several miles alone through a pelting rain to look after the pet of the crew, a dear fox-terrier puppy who had been left at the boat-house ill before the race came off, and there he was now found quite safe by his loving young master, the freshman captain, wrapped up in his own best coat and sound asleep.

Some one has said that the beauty of a town is like the character of a man — only great in so far as its worst phase need not be hidden and its best is not paraded for a boast.

In this respect New London, on the bleak North Atlantic coast, may be more beautiful than Constantinople and its sapphire sea.

SUSPICION.

A GARLAND OF GIRLS.

(*Acrostics*).

By Emilie Poulsson.

I.

April's daughter, tears and smiles,
Naughty, yet bewitching wiles,
Nestling with her winsome art
Always in my heart of heart.

II.

Maiden thoughtful, tender, brave,
All sweet ways possessing,
Rightly does your mother call
You the household blessing.

III.

Lively as a cricket,
Useful as a bee,
Cheery as the sunshine —
You're the girl for me!

IV.

Kate was always such a darling!
And it doth appear
That she only grows more charming
Every year!

V.

Bright is her beauty,
Earnest her heart;
Ready when duty
Teaches a part.
Happy in loving and giving;
Ah! *hers* is the secret of living.

VI.

Eyes of azure, hair of gold,
Lips of coral — that's soon told.
Let me take a year and day
All her charms I could not say.

VII.

Joy and comfort will abound
Everywhere a Jennie's found.
Never weary in well-doing,
Never selfish ends pursuing;
Is it any wonder then
Every one is fond of "Jen"?

VIII.

Roguish and romping, but clever and pretty,
One who the fair ranks of girlhood adorns.
Sweet, as a rose ought to be, and just like one
Even — yes! — even to having *some* thorns!

IX.

Ask a poet for his fancies;
Get a wise man's sense and wit;
Now, with tenderness of woman,
Equal parts of hero's grit —
So! That's Agnes, isn't it?

DANIEL WEBSTER IN HIS NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

Amanda B Harris.

WEBSTER'S SEAL.
(Owned by Mrs. C. H. Joy, Boston.)

IN an old Diary of 1851 that has fallen into my hands, is this entry: "Oct. 12. Sabbath Afternoon. Last Thursday, at Manchester, I for the first time saw and heard Daniel Webster."

The elderly woman who jotted it down, says it was the occasion of the New Hampshire State Fair, and it was the last speech he ever made in his native State, and that in it he said he never crossed a rod of the soil without a glow of feeling; that he could see before him "faces that he had known all his life, and a thousand faces children of those."

She tells of the immense multitude present, how when the word was passed on that Webster was about to speak, the whole mass seemed to sweep across the field as if a cyclone was behind, and she was separated from her husband and taken quite off her feet and borne right along till she found herself before the platform, so near the great man she could have touched him. She describes him, in the customary blue coat with brass buttons and buff vest, and says never had she, never has she beheld such a man, of such august presence, with such a face, swarthy and strong-lined, with jutting brows and eyes like an eagle's. A melancholy face; and the eyes, intensely black and deep-set, were cavernous depths of gloom; but when he began to speak the fire came into them, and they glowed and burned.

By the time his speech had ended her husband had found her, and the two ran swiftly to the spot where a carriage was waiting for him, and

stood by the wheels and gazed at him: "'Oh! if I had only a bunch of flowers to give him,' I thought. I should have liked to have him speak to me."

"That was the way people felt about Daniel Webster," she says. And it is a loss to the young people of this generation that they can never see and hear him, "the grandest figure in christendom since Charlemagne," said Theodore Parker. Nobody could ever forget how he looked; and nobody could ever forget the spell there was in his words, and his tones, and in the smouldering fire of those eyes. You were conscious of nothing else but himself while he was speaking. It was always so, in court, or in Congress, or on whatever occasion, as long as he lived. He carried all before him, but the secret of his eloquence I cannot describe. An old farmer who had often heard him told me that Webster never used words that people could not understand; every word was a common-sense one; that he did not use big words, but small ones. Now the truth is he did use all the big words he thought necessary, but they were so suitable that this uneducated hearer received the impression that they were small. Another person once compared Webster with Rufus Choate, saying that Choate was unique, but Webster was like other men only there was a great deal more of him; like in *kind*, but with a tremendous difference in *degree*.

Among the manuscript papers left by Webster is a sheet, where in his own handwriting are memoranda relating to his family, beginning, "I was born Jan. 18, 1782, at Salisbury, N. H." That part of the township was afterwards set off and is now Franklin. A portion of the small frame house built by his father still remains — being the very room in which the child Daniel opened his wonderful eyes to the light. Such eyes that the neighbor women noticed them when he was not a day old, so that one said to another, "This is an uncommon child! Look at his great size! His large head! His eyes! I tell you he is a wonderful child! I never saw his equal before! He will be worth raising!"

From the village of Franklin to the birthplace it is a charming drive, up and down by winding roads, crossing Punch Brook where he used to fish for trout, following its noisy little torrent, till upon rising ground from which Kearsarge and Ragged Mountain are visible, near a place called Shaw's Corner, a time-stained, square yellow house with a chimney in the centre comes into sight. It was in what constitutes the "L" part that he was born; a low room with rather a lonesome air, with two

DANIEL WEBSTER.

(*From the original painting, now owned by Parker C. Chandler, Esquire, Boston. Healey, who painted Webster several times, says he was a "splendid subject, bad sitter, impatient," and that his remarks when he was not inclined to be cheerful were "in a voice like rumbling thunder."*)

windows on the back side looking into the hill orchard which rises so as to shut off the fine scenery beyond, and two on the front towards the morning, towards the big elm his father set out and the well his father dug, whose crystal clear water the son declared was nectar fit for the gods. The room is wainscoted half-way up, has a "dresser" in one corner, and at one end an old-fashioned fireplace with brick oven and ash-pit; a little mantel cupboard is over it, and a set kettle on one side; the outside door (the original one) has hinges more than a foot long and an immense iron latch of primitive construction.

Standing on the green outside the house one

sees behind it a few gnarly and most ancient apple-trees; beyond the well, east, is the hollow where the log cabin of Daniel's father was built when he came up with the settlers from Kingston way and made a home on the edge of the wilderness — the last white man's house between there and Canada; still farther east is the place on the brook where the saw-mill was, where Daniel and Ezekiel spent many an hour of their boyhood — a romantic spot with ledges in whose crevices mosses and ferns and slim white birches are growing. From the front, looking south, a wide sweep of country is to be seen, mountains in the distance, tree-lines against the sky, Punch Brook down in the meadow, picturesque willows and a bridge.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S BIRTHPLACE, FRANKLIN, N. H.

(Now owned by Judge Nesmith. The "L" part at the right is a portion of the original house and contains the room in which Webster was born.)

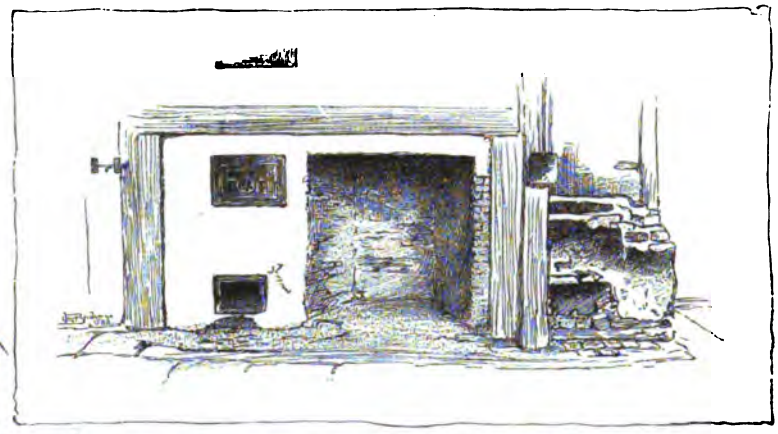
While he was quite young the family moved to a new home on the bank of the Merrimack and became owners of the large tract which long after came into possession of Daniel who named it "Elms Farm." This is the place of his love. The incidents of his boyhood and young manhood are connected with it. There was the oak-tree made famous because he hung his scythe on it — every school-boy knows the story. There was the corn-field — a Salisbury neighbor tells about it in this way, illustrating Daniel's well-known dislike to work. Judge Webster was going away for a week and told the two boys, Ezekiel and Daniel, to hoe it. After he had gone, Monday morning, they talked the matter over and concluded that they could get it done if they did not begin till Tuesday (the probability is that Dan wanted to go a-fishing); and when Tuesday came they decided that they could allow themselves another day off. Of course, being a fair week's work for both, the field was not all hoed when the Judge came home. He asked Dan what he had been doing, and the boy told the straight truth. "And what have *you* been doing, Ezekiel?" "Helping Dan, sir."

He was not strong, rather lazy, and not inclined to study, though especially "good in arithmetic," so that when he went to district school, two of his comrades, a certain Ben Fifield and his brother Amos, would draw his hand-sled up hill on condition that he would do their sums for them. Afterwards he kept school, and one of his pupils says, "I never saw a man so quick at figgers." His memory was wonderful. One of his teachers, Master Tappan, promised him a jack-knife if he would learn a large number of verses in the Bible. After hearing sixty or

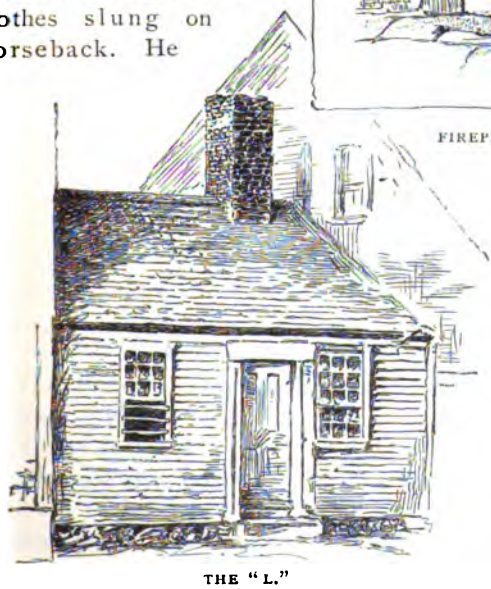
seventy, with several chapters still to come, he bade him stop there; and afterwards went to Daniel's father saying it would be doing God's work injustice if he did not send him to college.

Concerning his memory an aged friend of his says: "Buckingham of the *Boston Courier* once when traveling in a stage coach challenged any one in the company to give the first line of any one of Watts' Psalms, and he would repeat the whole. I was telling this to Mr. Webster and he said, 'I would have given him a pull on Watts, but I'd rather have taken the original Psalms.' One day after that I was at Elms Farm with him when there was a shower, and he walked the room during the thunder and lightning repeating the Psalms and chapters from Job."

The college question was settled with his father one hot July day while sitting on a haycock out in the meadow. The farm was mortgaged to pay expenses, and the youth set out with his books and clothes slung on horseback. He must have been pale and delicate-looking in his early manhood, for the picture of him taken from a miniature presented to Grace Fletcher before 1808 is fully authenticated by Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, who knew him at that time. The other at thirty-five, resembles it in delicacy. Neither of them give an idea of Mr. Webster as he looked in maturer years, of his swarthy complexion and the black fire in his eyes. An aged man who knew him then, says: "I used to see him often. There was no danger of ever mistaking him for any other man. You got your eye on him in a crowd. He stood right out among men in any crowd. Daniel and Ezekiel looked alike, both dark, swarthy men. They called him 'Black Dan,' you know."



FIREPLACE AND SET KETTLE IN ROOM WHERE WEBSTER WAS BORN.

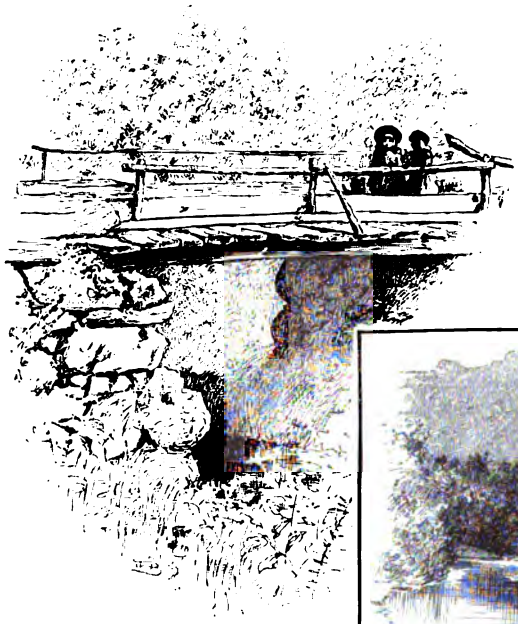


THE "L."

It was while he was a rising young lawyer that he met the beautiful girl who became his wife. She was the daughter of the minister in the neighboring town of Hopkinton where the house in which she was born still stands, unpainted, oak-timbered and leaning slightly forward as if with the weight of years. She taught the village school in Salisbury, and Webster first saw her on a Sunday morning at church, to which she came on horseback "in a tight-fitting black velvet dress," looking as he said, "like an angel" — though black velvet is not in color or material what angels are generally supposed to wear. She was an exquisitely lovely girl, slender and graceful and most winsome. Everything that is told about her shows her to have been sweet and lovable, becoming a devoted wife proud of her distinguished husband, and the fondest of mothers. On that page of personal memoranda he carefully records the marriage as having been at Salisbury "at the house of

Israel W. Kelley" (whose wife was a sister to Grace), on a "Tuesday eve," and "by Rev. Mr. Worcester."

In the large collection of papers before referred to (filling seventeen huge volumes), political, private, domestic, are many from her, full of



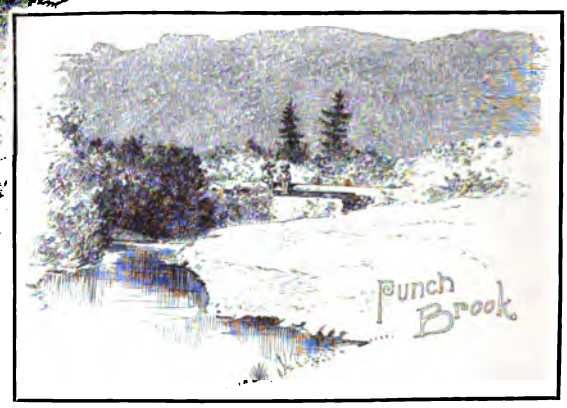
THE BRIDGE OVER PUNCH BROOK.

tenderness. Sometimes, when he is absent in Congress, she writes to him about the children; when she is with him in Washington, she sends pretty, motherly messages to them in Boston, sends them *Mother Goose* and handkerchiefs, and mothers them in the sweetest way. Once, about the dear little Charley who afterwards died: "Sweet boy! How much I would give to hear him say 'No. I *do!*'" And when her husband made his speech about the Greek Revolution, she writes that she is glad "little Charley pities the Greeks and intends sending them plum-pudding."

Daniel Webster kept the printed first letters of his little children, and here they are, filed away among documents of secret political history — pathetic mementos of a man who had the deepest love for his family, whose heart was as warm as his intellect was great. Some are from Edward, and are chiefly about his studies: "We read in our National Reader and spell it afterwards, and we spell in our New York Spelling-book and read in it too." "I study Dictionary and Worcester's Epitome and Arithmetic." "The teacher has put me into a higher class in Dictionary to-day," and then he is "at the head of one class in Dictionary."

Other letters are from the dear Julia, who in after life became Mrs. Appleton, and whose posterity are the only descendants of Webster. He outlived all his children except Fletcher, who lived to enter service in the late war and was killed in battle — the last of Fletcher's five children died a few years since at Marshfield.

Julia begins her letters, "My dear Pa Pa," and writes very lovingly. In one she says her mother and Edward are writing, and perhaps "will tell you just what I shall, as we do not tell eachother what we say.



PUNCH BROOK, NEAR THE WEBSTER BIRTHPLACE.

"There was a rain the other day
Which melted all the snow away."

She tells him all the little things — how Mrs. Everett is going to name her little baby for mother; and how "we children" were all treated to a sleigh-ride, "went with Red Lion and White Feet. They went very well, were gay as Larks." "Mrs. Ticknor gave me a little book called *Marian Wilder*. I have paid Mr. Lee his cent." "I am making a little bed quilt for my bed," and "I think of you all the time, and I think also every night that I shall see you one day sooner than the day before."

Mr. Webster's letters to his family are always delightful, full of things that show the man, the husband and father, not the great lawyer and public individual. Once, about being established for the session in Washington, he writes to his wife: "I am a good deal like Robinson Crusoe. I have an outer room, and an inner one for

retreat, and a man Friday, and besides Friday, am quite alone." And this is just a characteristic bit out of whole sheets full that went to his home — little pleasantries, playfulness, descriptions of persons and places, or a line or two which indicated the mood he was in.

As soon as he had money to spare, he bought the homestead in Franklin, "Elms Farm," where his childhood had passed, where his mother's garden was that he writes about so often, where he closed his father's eyes in death; and ever after as often as he could he went there for rest. Over and over again he said, "It is the dearest spot on earth to me." He even said that every blade of grass that grew there had an interest for him. He would have missed a tree that had been cut down. He delights to describe the place in his letters, to President Fillmore and others, and especially the meadow of a hundred acres — "the most beautiful meadow in the world" — on which he loved to look from the eastern windows. "I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it," he said, "but never mowed it." He used to go down and sit under a big elm — the stump of which only remains — and his deep bass voice could be heard singing some old psalm-tune of his boyhood.

He had many buildings put up, set out fruit and shade trees, and prided himself on his fields of corn, his vegetables, his fine cattle and sheep. Never was a man more fond of animals, more proud of his beautiful herds, and he actually had more enjoyment in going out and driving a yoke of his magnificent oxen than in making a speech in the Senate. He had oil portraits of his fine Friesland and Hungarian cattle, and they used to hang on the walls of the long dining-room at Marshfield, on either side of the unfinished full-length portrait of himself by Ames, which represents him toward the close of his life, gaunt and aged, in his slouched white hat and with a long staff in his hand going about the farm.

One of the first things was to put the right person in charge. He knew men, and he found the one he wanted in John Taylor, a man out of a thousand, whom he brought up from Marshfield. After a while, he had a house built across the yard for this faithful steward; but for the first few years the Taylor family lived in his house, and sometimes when he came up alone, he would ask Almira, the wife, to cook such meals as his mother used to have: "Make an Indian pudding," "let us have a boiled dish;" and more than once he asked if he might go out and eat with the family — there was a house full of little Taylors — instead of dining alone in state. And he went so far as to say that he should like the meal without a table-cloth, as he could just remember was the way in his father's house away back in those primitive days in the last century. He had great enjoyment in baking potatoes in the ashes, as they used to have them.

THE HOME OF DANIEL WEBSTER, FRANKLIN, N. H.

"They don't need washing," he would say, "I know what to do," and he would go down cellar and get a basket full, make a bed for them on the hot bricks in the fireplace, heap the ashes over them and let them slowly cook with all

their sweetness in. Then he would rake them out, brush them, and have a supper "fit for the gods."

The cellar at "Elms Farm" was always full of good things, vegetables and meats, barrels of corned beef, pork and ham; and in winter there were sure to be choice spare-ribs and turkeys and chickens in reserve if Mr. Webster should

DANIEL WEBSTER AT 22.

(From the miniature on ivory presented to Grace Fletcher. Owned by Edward A. Kelley, Boston.)

happen to come. He sometimes came up with friends, sending on word before about the dinner, as in the letter to John Taylor, which is a sample of the many to that good steward.

Monica, the cook, was a negro whom he had bought and freed, and she was in his service for many years, in Washington, in Marshfield, and often in Franklin. The little Taylors were not used to seeing black people, and at first were suspicious about food she had handled for fear the color might rub off. "Don't be afraid of me," she said, "my hands are black, but under the skin I am as white as you are." She almost worshiped Mr. Webster, and he thought so much of her that he had her portrait painted which used to be at Marshfield over the mantelpiece in the chamber where he died. She knew his tastes, and was sure to suit him; but once, at Franklin, there was an oversight about the dinner. It was understood that there must always be boiled onions with roast beef, and one day Monica forgot the onions. Not a word was said, but after dinner the master went down cellar, picked out the biggest onion he could find, tied a string around it, and hung it in a conspicuous place near the fire. "Monica," he said, putting on a most dignified air, "do you see that onion?"

He knew how a pot of beans should be prepared and baked, a loaf of brown bread, an Indian pudding, and all about those old-fashioned country dishes; baked beans he wanted once a week, and they must be cooked right. Says one of his surviving friends, "He could make a chowder better than any one I ever saw." He had an iron pot made, with a lid, on purpose to cook chowder, and he had a ladle he always used to dish it out with — copper, plated with silver — which after his death his son Fletcher sent to his old friend and neighbor, Judge Nesmith.

Everybody knows how fond he was of fishing; even at Niagara he says, "I am going to try to *wet a line* at the foot of the Falls." The chowders for which the iron pot was made were at "Lake Como." Not in Italy, but up in Franklin. He probably was the one who gave that name to the sheet of water which is now known as "Webster Lake." He describes it as a beautiful lake in the midst of the woods, where he has forty acres of land; and on a distinguished point conspicuous for a great distance he has "a whitewashed boat house nine feet by thirteen." The building is no longer there, but the road down through reeds and bracken by which he used to reach it is still well worn.

In September, 1851, he had probably his last chowder at Lake Como, and he enjoyed it like a school-boy let out for a holiday. The melancholy days of disappointment had come to Daniel Webster, as this latest portrait shows; but up at "Elms Farm" and his beloved lake he could throw off care and be a boy again. He was driving by the water one day when he spied a flock of ducks in a cove. "Now, John Taylor," he said, "those ducks will be there at four o'clock to-morrow morning, and we must get

a shot at them. Thomas must be harnessed early." (Thomas was a favorite horse.) He then tried to persuade his friend, the Judge, to be up and go with him, but not having a sportsman's tastes he begged to be excused such early rising. Mr. Webster and Taylor set out at the hour named, taking a double-barrelled gun, rowed out, and sure enough the ducks were there. Mr. Webster fired and brought down two, one a sheldrake; and then he caught some fish. Just then a young man who had been out hunting came along with two young squirrels; those he bought; "and now," he said, "we will have something to eat." He went to a house near by where some poor people lived, looked around and secured a little three-foot table, four plates, a frying-pan, some rusty knives and a few other things, and then sent the youth off to the village after potatoes, butter and crackers. Just then the judge arrived. Mr. Webster advanced to meet him, holding up the ducks and calling out gaily:

DANIEL WEBSTER AT 35.

(From the painting by Chester Harding. In possession of Walton Hall, Esquire, Marshfield, Mass.)

"Look here! See! *Io triumphe!* See what success has crowned my efforts!"

"Mr. Webster," said the friend, "which would you rather have, the ducks, or the draft you received the other day?" (It was a one thousand dollar fee on the Gaines case.)

"Money is very convenient," he replied, "money is very useful. When I get it, it is

MRS. DANIEL WEBSTER (GRACE FLETCHER).

(From the painting by Chester Harding which hung at Marshfield. Owned by C. H. Joy, Esquire, Boston.)

apt to go. It does not stay long. But compare money with a good eye, with strength and skill. There is no comparison at all. Now my business this morning was to shoot those ducks, and I have attended to it, and I am proud that I have the skill of sight and strength of arm."

Then one of the ducks was plucked, dressed and cooked, the chowder made, and nearer dinner time than breakfast they regaled themselves like Homer's heroes. He said, "I have been in many houses neater, many houses better, but I never enjoyed a meal more. I was hungry. This reminds me of old scenes when I was a boy and went hunting and fishing."

The love of rural life was stronger in him than statesmanship. He had the country habit of early rising; at Franklin he wanted to see the

morning come over the meadow, and at Marshfield over the marshes. One of his favorite

WEBSTER'S CHAIR AND WALKING-STICK.
(*In possession of Walton Hall, Esquire, Marshfield, Mass.*)

quotations was "Rise with the lark and greet the purpling dawn." At "Elms Farm" he was often the first one up in the house, and he liked to go down and light the fire, and set all the outer doors open, and pass from room to room and set the doors open rousing the sleepers by his singing as he passed along. He did not in later years go out in the evening, but was very careful about his health, avoiding dampness. Dinner was his chief meal, after which he would take a short nap. At first on these visits he

JOHN TAYLOR'S HOUSE; AND THE FARM-BUILDINGS.
(*As seen from "The Elms."*)

wanted rest and quiet, freedom from people. "Come," he said to his old friend, one day, "let's go somewhere where nobody can find us. Let's go over behind that hill. I want to lie down on the dandelions, and see a bumble-bee on a clover blossom, and see the bumble-bee bend it all down. Peace, I want, away from clients."

As soon as he was rested, he wanted to drive around and see everything on the farm, and see people. Sometimes he would take two or three of the little Taylor children and go up to the

JOHN TAYLOR, THE STEWARD AT ELMS FARM.
(*From an ambrotype owned by John Taylor's daughters, Mrs. Merrill and Mrs. Robinson.*)

birthplace, where they remember him cutting a switch from the big elm and drinking from the old well. They would go to the Punch Brook pasture to salt the sheep, and the small folk were delighted to jump out and open and shut the gates for him. This high pasture had a magnificent outlook which he enjoyed, taking in Ascutney mountain in Vermont and Mount Washington.

DANIEL WEBSTER AT MARSHFIELD.

(An oil sketch by Jos. Ames, the face only finished; considered to be the most characteristic portrait, but has never before been reproduced. Owned by C. H. Joy, Esquire, Boston.)

He had the early English poets and essayists almost at his tongue's end; the first time this

WEBSTER'S FAVORITE SILVER TEAPOT, WITH IVORY HANDLE.
(Made for him in London and always used by him at breakfast; given to Mrs. C. H. Joy, as a wedding present.)

friend ever heard him speak, he was saying to his brother, as the two were standing in front of the old tavern where the family lived for awhile before moving into the "Elms Farm" house opposite: "Ezekiel, how would you like to take your position up there under the roof where we used to be, and hear the rain on the roof, and hear old Captain Blanchard and Jo Hancock's roosters across the river? You know Sam Johnson celebrated such a place. Why can't we celebrate the garret?"

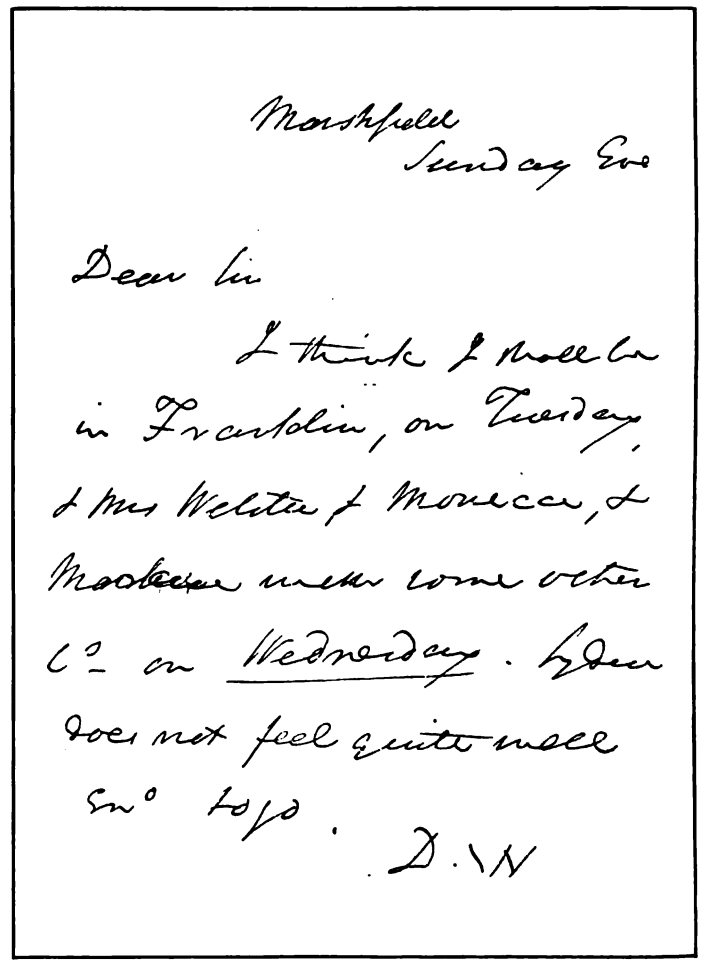
Ezekiel objected.

"Then," said Daniel, "you'd better study that one hundred and seventeenth number of the *Rambler.* I learned long ago, when I could appreciate the force and beauty of them, these lines:

'How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
Lulled by the beating winds and dashing showers!'"

He gained his style by careful application. He used to study *Blair's Rhetoric*, and he said it was of "no use to mystify things, but make them clear." Some of his early productions had been severely criticised by a scholarly editor, and Mr. Webster said long after "no man ever did me so much good. Guess what he said. He said my writings were full of emptiness. That stayed in my mimd." Some one asked him how he was able to stand up two hours and repeat one of his speeches. He said, "When I have one of my own productions to deliver I *never* wish to read it but twice." He was a good judge of the writings of other men. One day taking up *Pilgrim's Progress*, he remarked, "This is a wonderful book, written in jail. A good many authors ought to be in jail, if they would write for eternity."

He was never more pleased than when he had friends visiting him, and when out riding he was full of incidents about this place and that. He never forgot any one; he knew every

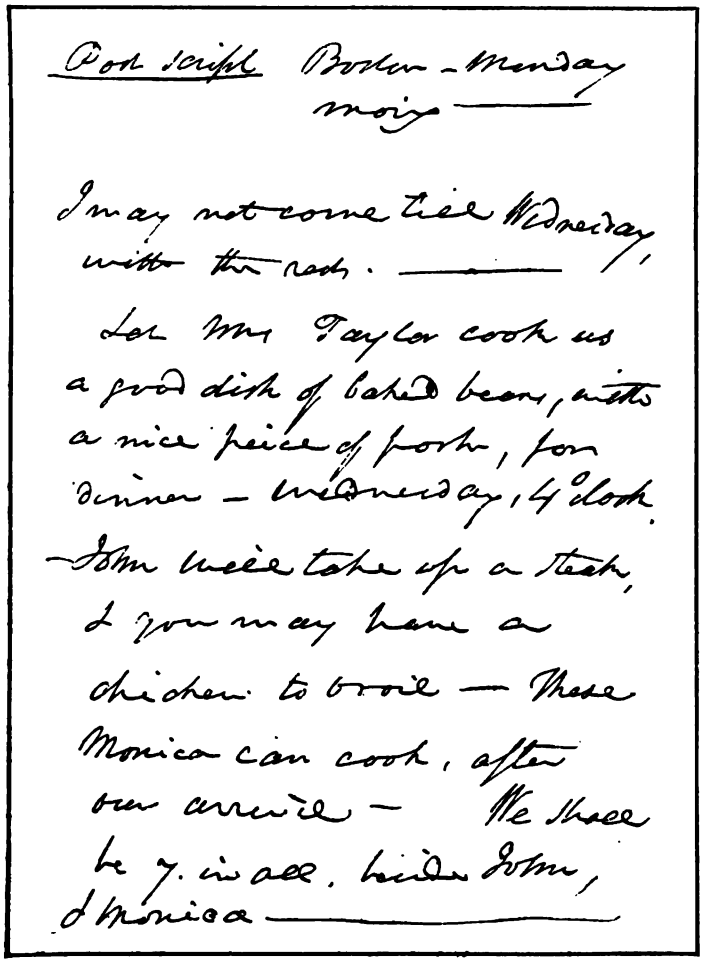


Marshfield
Sunday Eve

Dear Sir

I think I shall be in Franklin, on Tuesday, & Mrs Webster & Monica, & Mackenzie mean some other Co on Wednesday. Sydney does not feel quite well enough to go.

D. W



Post script Boston - Monday
morn —

I may not come till Wednesday,
with the rest. —

Let Mrs Taylor cook us
a good dish of baked beans, with
a nice peice of pork, for
dinner - Wednesday, 4 o'clock.
John will take up a steak,
& you may have a
chicken to broil — These
Monica can cook, after
our arrival — We shall
be 7. in all, beside John,
& Monica —

AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM DANIEL WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

(Owned by John Taylor's granddaughter, Miss Laura Towne.)

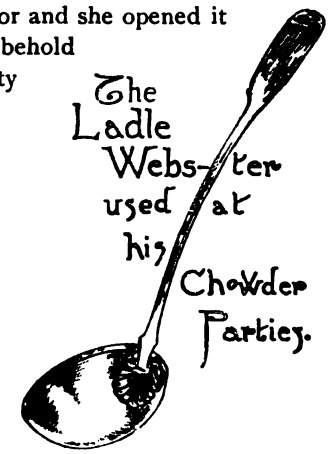
body, all the old people, their history, their genealogy. He would go up to Salisbury South Road and inquire of Parson Cross about the old men who were in his father's regiment; hunt up poor persons, send them meat and clothing and money, sometimes sending on a box from Boston in the winter.

It was characteristic of him that he never forgot the small kindnesses of life, to old and young, to strangers as well as friends; he looked out for poor folk, and made little children happy. "If I had kept all the pieces of coin he gave me," says one woman, "what a pile I should have!"

And it was like him to do a hundred pretty courtesies, like that to Miss Mitford; sending her seeds of our wild red lily and our fringed gentian, because while calling at her house when in England, he had happened to hear her expressing some curiosity about these two American flowers. That was Daniel Webster's way; and you only know the genial heart of the man and his consideration for others when you hear such incidents told. His statesmanship and legal ability commanded the homage of the public; but the secret of his hold on the hearts of those who knew him in private life could best be told by his guests, his family and his servants.

Of his own kindred he was very fond. The story is told in a private diary of his meeting two young cousins at one of President Tyler's receptions, a certain beautiful Priscilla and a young army officer; and including both in one embrace, he exclaimed "Aren't we Websters a handsome family?" He had exquisite taste in ladies' dress; and once he selected a bonnet for her. He tapped at her door and she opened it to behold him with a pretty little spring bonnet perched on his head, and he asked her if it was not becoming.

The reverence he had for his early home, for his father, his mother, everything was one of the most charming traits of his character. One



CHOWDER LADLE.

(Owned by Judge Nesmith, Franklin, N. H., one of Webster's oldest surviving friends.)

of the articles he cherished was a corroded little teaspoon that had been dug up near the house.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

(*From the painting by Jos. Ames. This is the famous "white hat portrait." Owned by C. H. Joy, Esquire, Boston.*)

"It is just the kind we used to have," he said; "I would not take a thousand dollars for that spoon." Opposite the house there used to be a small inclosure where grew some of the choicer vegetables, and old-fashioned flowers, especially clove pinks. This was "my mother's garden," that he so often wrote about to John Taylor. "Take care of my mother's garden," was the injunction; and a bunch of clove pinks was the most precious nosegay that could be offered to him.

When at "Elms Farm" it pleased him to go out in the field now and then, and "take hold" with the men. He knew all about them and their families, and was the best master they ever had. Fishermen, farmers, servants, children, all were drawn to him. A woman who knew him well when she was a child, and who used to sit on his knee, and run on errands for him, says, "notwithstanding we were a little afraid of those great black eyes, we all loved him."

On Sundays he attended church and sang with the congregation. John Taylor was leader of the choir — a whole gallery full in those days. In the evening he would call to him, "Come, get your violin, and some singing-books," and he would sing his favorite old tunes, oftenest Old Hundred.

He had a liking too for poetry, and we are told he never tired of hearing his pretty cousin, the Priscilla before mentioned, read Sprague's beautiful poem, "The Winged Worshipers."

"How happy I am here! This is where I breathe my native air," he wrote towards the close of his life. He came up for the last time the summer before his death, and in a letter written to President Fillmore, he says that he leaves "these mountains and valleys with great reluctance."

That place he was so fond of, "the very sweetest spot in the world," is now an "Orphan's

THE SECOND MRS. DANIEL WEBSTER (MISS CAROLINE LE ROY).

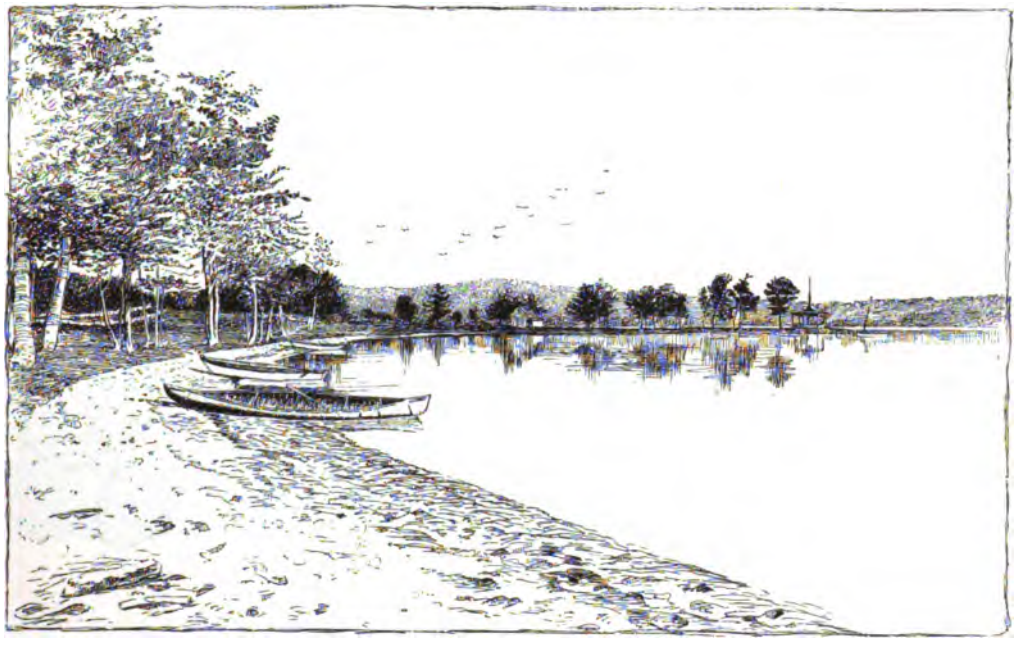
(*This bust is owned by Walton Hall, Esquire, Marshfield, Mass.*)

Home," including one hundred and eighty acres of his old farm; the elms, orchard trees

which he had set out and from which they get apples now, gardens and pleasant fields, and the long, long green meadow with the little yard where his father and mother and John Taylor are buried.

"Here let me live, here let me die,"
And a *small* 'stone tell where I lie.'"

he once wrote; but his tomb is in the old pilgrim burying-ground at Marshfield.



LAKE COMO, FRANKLIN, N. H.
(*Now known as Webster Lake.*)

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

By Louis Hall.

THE red sun sets — it goes away
To bring new light another day;
And rain must fall, that mists may rise
In soft white clouds across the skies;
But the wind goes roaming the wide world over
Through waving grasses and nodding clover,
It follows the clouds, and ruffles the sea;
Now what is it crying for?" said she,
"Now what is it crying for?"

"Daylight is fading, the willows quiver,
Flood-tides are filling the lonely river,
Cold mists are creeping in to the land,
White surf is beating the hard sea sand;
The sun and wind are playing no longer,
The sea is dark and its waves grow stronger,
And storms will come and wrecks may be;
That's what it is crying for!" said she,
"That's what it is crying for!"

Violet's September Soliloquy.

By Mrs. Whiton-Stone.

"THE other day —
Just yesterday, it seems to me —
The daisies white were growing,
And purple clover blowing,
While bluebirds sung to me;
Now they have flown afar —
I wonder where they are,
And — June has gone away —
Strange, that the lovely summer could not stay!

"The other day
I saw the pale-winged butterflies
Above wild roses flying,
And on their gold hearts lying;
Now, as they slowly rise,
They seem such gorgeous things —
I think their summer wings
Changed when June went away —
I wonder why the summer could not stay!

"The other day
Great yellow dandelions tossed
In breezes soft and tender —
Now, phantom-like and slender,
Something of gold seems lost;
The bees hum now and then,
But not so gay as when
June had not gone away —
I had forgotten the summer could not stay!"

Ah! well-a-day,
Who could expect, my little maid,
Your child's heart to remember
The dim far-off September
When in the June you played?
For life is a strange maze,
And crowds of sweet to-days
Go silently away,
And, howsoe'er we sigh, Junes will not stay!

But make each day
Divine itself as summer-time,
And then, despite life's sorrows,
Through Truth's divine to-morrows
Your soul to light will climb;
For Love and Truth abide,
And God your feet will guide
In His own perfect way,
Through rainbow gates, to summer that will stay!

WILHELMINA TURNS DETECTIVE.

DOUBLE ROSES.

M E W Freeman.

CHAPTER V.

JEANNIE BURNS had been a great help to Phyllis in her suddenly improvised housekeeping. After the departure of the housekeeper she seemed to be the person most familiar with Mrs. Bestwick's complex system of government.

Wilhelmina, however, detected one weakness in Jeannie. That was a fondness for Angelo the Italian footman, whom Mr. Bestwick said "looked like a Communist." She noticed that Jeannie did his work, covered up his faults, hid his shortcomings.

It was a duty which Mrs. Bestwick would not have delegated to her little niece — this watching of servants; but her uncle's careless remark about Angelo had struck her bright apprehensive mind, and with the curiosity native to her age, and sex, she became an ally of justice, unconsciously, and with no particular intention of so doing, she saved her uncle some valuable property.

The illness of the two ladies brought great irregularity into the hitherto well-regulated house at night. Both Phyllis and Wilhelmina were apt to be called up, or to rise of their own account, at odd times to meet the requirements of illness; both were light sleepers, and often surprised the hired nurses in a heavy slumber at the hour when medicine was to be administered or ice bags changed. Wilhelmina had noticed

one night, when she had gone down to the far-off kitchens for some hot water, a bright light in the housekeeper's room and had with her light step gained admittance to that sanctuary, to find Angelo seated at the supper table, working away at something which did not look like food; neither did the instrument he had in his hand look like a fork. She knew that this supper table was allowed to stand all night, for the refreshment of the men whose attendance on the carriage kept them up late. But she was quite sure Angelo was not eating. Just as she was about to speak to him, the door-bell rang, and Angelo, putting something in his pocket, ran up to answer the bell, and Wilhelmina disappeared into a side hall without having been seen. It was all right then: Angelo had been told to wait up, to admit the doctor.

Still Wilhelmina's mind kept working, and although she did not put two and two together the little messenger in the brain was not idle.

One day after Mrs. Bestwick and Mabel were both so well advanced toward recovery that Mr. Bestwick could think of other things, he called Phyllis to him and said: "Well, my little governor, where are the safe keys? I want to get out some of that old Dutch silver, and the Russian gold spoons. Tiffany is making Mabel's silver for me and I have a fancy to have these copied."

Phyllis produced her little basket and went with her uncle to unlock the safe. She remembered very well having seen the queer old Dutch salad spoons with heavy shields at both ends, and chains and loops by which they were hung up; and as for the Russian spoons they were her great favorites. When they came to look for them, however, they were gone.

Then consternation seized the heart of poor Phyllis! Had she at any time forgotten to lock the safe? Once or twice she had been called away from her duties by a sudden summons to the sick room — was it her fault?

Mr. Bestwick was exceedingly disturbed, but he determined not to annoy his wife. Perhaps she had put away these particular articles before her illness — at any rate, she should not be disturbed.

A police officer came and examined all the servants and went away without doing any good.

That next night, however, as Wilhelmina lay in her little hall bedroom with the door open that she might hear every sound from her cousin Mabel's room, she heard an unusual footstep on the stairs. The gas was burning dimly, and she waited for a moment until all sounds ceased. Rising and putting on her slippers and white dressing-gown she descended, as noiseless as a ghost, and perhaps as swift and as white, to the dining-room floor. On a certain landing she paused, for there were some flat candles and matches, left for the use of the sick nurses. She took one of each, and waited a few minutes. Soon she heard more muffled steps, and a grating noise. She showed courage and nerve. She waited and was still. A few more steps, and she gained the butler's pantry, and there, on her right hand, was a burglar-alarm.

She did not touch it, but waited, until she saw two men, one of whom was Angelo, at work at the safe, then she put her little finger on the electric button, and in another instant lighted her candle, with some curious instinct that it could protect her.

Perhaps it did. For Angelo starting to his feet turned, and seeing the little white figure, with true Italian superstition thought it a supernatural visitation, dropped his tools and fell over in a dead faint.

The other man was cooler, and forced open the door, taking his hands full of the rich contents which Angelo had been dipping into for weeks, stealing wisely and not too well, so that no one would be suspected.

But Wilhelmina remarked, "What are you going to do with that? I have rung the burglar-alarm — you had better drop it."

To be sure he had, for her uncle and the butler and one of the other servants came tumbling down the stairs, and the house door-bell was violently rung. The police force were on hand. Angelo was carried off to prison with his pick in his pocket. The other burglar was taken with his booty on him.

And all because a little girl was cool, and courageous, and had her wits about her. This incident cleared the house of a noted thief, one who, like many servants in great houses, had been content to bide his time.

Poor Jeannie Burns cried her eyes out, and

confessed to Wilhelmina that she had been engaged to marry Angelo.

"Well, I guess you needn't be sorry," said Wilhelmina, "he wouldn't have been a good match" —

"He always said, Miss, you were his enemy. He said you had the evil eye, and he always carried a little coral hand with the middle fingers all doubled up to protect him against you —he said it was a charm. Poor Angelo!"

"I guess he left it up-stairs last night," said Wilhelmina. "My evil eye was too bright for him, anyway."

Phyllis was very glad that Angelo revealed the whereabouts of the old Dutch silver and the Russian gold spoons; it redeemed her housekeeping.

"You have been keeping a hotel, haven't you, Phyllis?" asked Wilhelmina.

"Yes, I have been trying to," said Phyllis. "Now I must go and answer the notes."

Mrs. Bestwick had begun in a feeble way to look at her notes and cards.

There were wedding invitations which required no answers. Phyllis had a little box for them, for cards must be sent. Then there were invitations to dinners which must be answered. Phyllis had done all this business as well as she could unassisted. Sometimes, however, her uncle had helped her, and she had learned to write in a neat firm legible hand a proper note in the third person.

Indeed she had taken pleasure in writing: "Miss Phyllis Gatewood is pained to assure Mrs. McGillard that Mrs. Bestwick and Miss Bestwick will be obliged to decline her polite invitation, as both are ill of typhoid fever." For she thought Mrs. McGillard should see that she was good for something, even if she had laughed at the opera. But what answer could she give to the nine hundred and ninety-nine letters which came every day? A lady requesting invitations for the Patriarch's Ball for a stranger; young artists requesting to be heard to sing, or seen to paint; all sorts of favors asked of the rich influential woman who could grant them if she were well, but who lay on her bed very ill.

Phyllis was very glad when her aunt could even look at a few of these missives and tell her what to say, and that she approved of her manner of disposing of them.

"Why do you answer these letters at all?" Mr. Bestwick had asked his wife. "Old Metternich used to leave his letters unopened for a month; and then, he said, most of them had answered themselves."

"That is poor policy to teach Phyllis," said his wife, "when I have been all winter instructing her in the duties of correspondence, the business of courtesy and compliment. Of course one must answer one's invitations, and then — all the other letters that one can. I am glad to see that she has attended to my correspondence punctiliously."

As soon as Mabel could drive out, Charlie and his family claimed her, but Phyllis remained very much with her aunt. She never forgot these days. They were destined to shape her whole future life. She learned self-control, and saw that true politeness had its roots very deep. She saw that her aunt did not sacrifice to the laws of society from a wish to please, but because she considered the feelings and would spare the time of other people. Cards of grateful thanks for inquiries during her illness were engraved and sent to every one who had called or who had written to express a kindly remembrance.

"How can you remember all these things, Auntie?" asked Phyllis.

"It is impossible to be polite without cultivating a good memory," said Mrs. Bestwick. "The absent-minded or self-absorbed person who forgets names and faces, who recalls unlucky topics, confuses relationships, speaks of the dead as if they were living, who talks of an unlucky adventure in the family, who plunges into personality, who metaphorically treads on a person's toes, will never be an agreeable member of society."

"What an important factor this little piece of pasteboard seems to be!" said Phyllis, holding up a card.

"Yes; it is the tool of civilization. No savage has a card, but in our high state of civilization we must have them."

"Ah! here come Mabel's wedding cards."

The servant put down several large packages.

But these were sent upstairs to an upper room and a little amanuensis who made her

living by directing cards, was placed in solitary confinement with the lists, which Mrs. Bestwick and Mabel carefully looked over, where she remained for a week doing nothing but direct, correct, make mistakes, and redirect.

And now began to arrive Mabel's wedding gifts: Clocks in silver, bracelets, necklaces, picture frames in silver, jewel-cases and jewels, boxes for the toilet articles, silver hair brushes, dressing cases fitted up in silver and gold, monograms and love-knots, pendant seals and medallions in high relief, mantle clasps in silver ornamented with precious stones, whole dinner and tea services in silver, all sorts of tea cups and tea pots and coffee pots in old Dresden, Royal Worcester and Saxe, lace parasols with jewelled handles — lace fans, ten of them, exactly alike.

"Mabel, can you use these all at once?" asked Wilhelmina.

"No, dear, unless I become a Chinese lady, I fear," said Mabel, looking at the packages with consternation.

Magnificent ormolu ornaments for the chimney piece, furniture, rare paintings, pieces of embroidery and laces, all came with notes and cards — Mabel was such a universal favorite that she had an unusual number. She had to acknowledge every gift by a personal note written by herself, and this was really a great tax.

But although these notes of preparation were sounded, the wedding was still six weeks off, and Phyllis returned to the gay world and Wilhelmina went back to school.

Both were received in their two spheres with very marked respect. None of the Bestwick family were silent as to the devotion of Phyllis during the period of illness, and Charlie Jermyn and his large family connection spoke of her everywhere. "I tell you she is a great creature, and she is to be Mabel's first bridesmaid," said the happy groom. So Mrs. Theodore Chapman was more polite than ever, but not quite so much an authority. The gayety changed its tone and took on the quieter color of Lent. There were sewing classes at Miss Wickham's, a French club for hearing Molière read at the Fishers, badminton club at the seventy-first Armory, the Festina Lente skating club met every Friday, and there were readings at Mrs. Macaulay's, quiet musicales at Mrs. Appogiatura's, and about a dozen literary clubs, and no end of little dinners.

"I don't know what Lent means," said Wilhelmina, "unless you eat more eggs."

But Phyllis began to know what it meant, and to take her pleasures with more reticence and circumspection. She grew contemplative and prayerful and felt every day what a great vow and promise she was about to make at Easter.

Mr. Wickham watched her with care and interest. He knew that in an emotional nature like hers he must be prepared for backslidings; he did not think much of these spasms of penitence, but he did think a great deal of the staying power of unselfish work which she had shown during her aunt's illness.

He knew also that no one is any the worse for a good impulse, a prayerful moment, an inspiration of hopefulness for a better life, even should it not last long.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENVY

AN ANT OF ANNISQUAM.

By Harlan H. Ballard.

At the entrance to the rural cemetery, in the quaint old sea-side town, Annisquam, I observed one day last summer a black ant on a stone wall, carrying in its jaws a large sow-bug. I determined not to lose sight of this ant until it should enter its nest, wherever that might be, with or without its burden.

It was then ten o'clock in the morning. The wall was of large, hewn stones, and was "laid dry." Consequently, at about every two feet, there were deep cracks across the path of the insect, which must have appeared to it, in proportion to its size, as deep as crevasses in a glacier to an Alpine tourist. The sides of these chasms were precipitous and nearly smooth. To cross them, hampered by a burden as bulky as an ox on a baby's back, appeared to me a serious matter for the insect.

The first crevice was presently reached, and was carefully explored for the whole breadth of the stone. No bridge being found, the ant turned about, and began cautiously to descend the cliff sideways. It clung by its hind legs to one spot and from that as a center, rapidly described a half-circle with its head and fore legs, until some irregularity was discovered in the face of the stone to which it could next attach its claws. In this way it rapidly worked its way downward, until it found means of crossing to the opposite side when — still backward, still circling back and forth like a pair of animated compasses, and still holding the sow-bug firmly in its mandibles — it worked itself up again to the top of the wall. It then proceeded as before, holding the bug above its head like a shield or umbrella.

Before the next crack was reached I had procured a smooth, round stick which I laid across from edge to edge. But the ant would not trust itself to so slippery a bridge. It let its antennæ play rapidly around the end of it for a moment, and even clambered upon it, but finding it smooth and slender came off again and repeated its former maneuver of descending into the crevice on one side and scaling the opposing cliff. Meanwhile I laid across the next opening a stouter stick with rough bark. This time there was no hesitation. The ant at once mounted the bridge and passed over it, whether with any sense of gratification I could only conjecture. After that it invariably used the stick which I placed before it at each crossing.

After progressing together in this amicable manner for two or three rods, we reached a crevasse extending quite to the bottom of the wall. Across it lay a smooth leaf of wild cherry, swaying gently in the light breeze. This time I gave no assistance. The leaf was slippery and unsteady, but the cleft was very deep, and the natural bridge was slowly and cautiously essayed. The antennæ were kept busily quivering in front, the sow-bug was held tightly and well aloft, and the advance was hesitating. A sudden quiver of the leaf, and the catastrophe came. The ant fell five hundred times its own length (three thousand feet would be a good fall for you, my friend), and struck the ground. Its relative lightness, however, saved it from injury, and it did not even relax its hold upon its prey; nor was it at all confused or disconcerted by the accident; for it instantly regained its feet, and began its backward circling climb up the smooth surface of the stone, and that, too, unerringly on the side of the crack which it had been trying to reach by the treacherous bridge.

On the upward way, this story was like to have had a sudden and tragic ending for, slipping in some way, our hero fell into the conical web of a fierce old spider, who, feeling in his dismal lair the concussion of his cables, came rushing forth in a terrible temper and was about to "surround" the intruder, had I not for the second time played the part of *deus ex machina.*

As soon as I placed the ant once more on the wall, it resumed its journey in the right direction without hesitation. "Thence it marched several stages" — perhaps twenty feet — when a sudden and mysterious interruption brought

it to a halt. It seemed arrested by an invisible force, as if one had presented the negative pole of a magnet! I was puzzled, but on looking more attentively perceived that the gray bug, which had heretofore been held high in the air, was now drooping backward behind its struggling captor and seemed to be detained by something. Still closer inspection revealed a pair of slender, flat, gray legs terminating in sharp hooked claws, which, protruding from a bit of moss of the same shade of gray, were firmly clinched in the body of the sow-bug. These predaceous legs belonged to a small jumping-spider, one of the noble family of *Attidæ*. This was a veritable Arachnoid bandit. It had made no web but, having lain in ambush concealed by its perfect imitation of the moss, had apparently sprung from behind upon the passing ant. The small size of this bold robber made it equitable to allow the ant to fight its own battle; nor was it slow to accept the challenge. For the first time relaxing its hold on its burden it rushed upon the spider with open jaws. The spider in turn dropped the bug and beat a hasty retreat, whereupon the ant resumed its load and its journey.

I had now been watching this strange march for more than an hour, and was beginning to wonder what the end would be when the ant began to descend the wall voluntarily, between cracks, and in an oblique direction.

Reaching the ground, it traversed with infinite patience the border of grass by the roadside, which must have been for it an almost impenetrable forest, and reached the sandy and dusty road. This proved the most serious obstacle it had yet encountered. The ridges thrown up by wheels were steep ranges of hills, rising one after the other in wearying succession. The minute sand-grains were loose bowlders which, dislodged at every lightest step, went rolling back into the valleys, often carrying with them the persistent traveler. Now was need of all six legs, and that at their highest tension of activity. Sometimes they worked as fast as the wings of a humming-bird, so that the ant seemed almost to be trying to fly with them.

At length the road was crossed, and an area of stubble was reached among whose brown stalks, fallen leaves and twigs I lost sight of my companion, as I feared forever.

I was distressed by this accident perhaps more than would now appear reasonable; for first, my purpose of watching the creature home appeared to be thwarted after nearly two hours of close attention under a fierce summer sun: and second, I had curiously conceived a sentimental interest in this insect, based partly on its patient industry, and partly no doubt on an involuntary investiture of the ant with the human feelings of hope, fear, and determination.

Diligent search failed to discover the plodding ant with his brandished bug. I therefore followed for about fifteen feet the straight line which the ant had traversed since leaving the wall, until I came to a bank of earth, which to my surprise and pleasure I found honeycombed with the subterranean passages of ants. In front of the main entrance, which I found only after removing considerable grass, I discovered a covered approach, like an arched tunnel, elliptical in section, perhaps an inch in greatest diameter, and extending back for several feet toward the stone wall. This had been apparently constructed by biting off the stalks of grass close to the earth, and for three fourths of an inch above it, and leaving the tops of the grass, supported by interweaving, for a roof. Through this covered arcade, if my reasoning were right, my ant, with its sow-bug, must sooner or later come.

Neglecting the dinner hour, therefore, I sat down and patiently watched and waited. As the minutes went by however I became despondent, and was about to rise with some vexation, when, lo! the slender grasses in front of me, at the hither entrance to the little covered way, began to quiver, and in another moment my brave soldier emerged, patiently marching homeward, still bearing aloft the great gray bug.

Two or three ants rushed forth at his approach to meet him, and to help him drag his burden in — or possibly to dispute with him the possession — and so, tugging together in friendly toil, or struggling it may be in fierce contention, he and the others entered the hill, and as Bunyan has it, "went on their way, and I saw them no more."

I had watched the ant for nearly two hours and a half, and during that time he had traversed a distance of one hundred and eight feet!

BOSTON COMMON, AT THE WEST STREET ENTRANCE — LOOKING DOWN FROM THE ROOFS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF TREMONT STREET.

THE STORY OF BOSTON COMMON.

A PLEASURE GROUND.

By Edward E. Hale.

AND now began more considerable changes. Boys were to fly kites no longer. Seats were placed in the Malls, and the wooden fences disappeared. Cows were at last banished, and there was no need of a fence to keep them from the people who walked in the Mall. Finally, as if to show that the world was indeed on a solid footing, "The Last Shake" took place on the Common. It was about the middle of the century.

A modest placard announced that after such a day no man might shake his carpet on the people's Common again. On that day, and with melancholy memories, a few "skilled workmen" beat their carpets for the last time, and then the Common became less dusty and more grand.

A public subscription provided for an iron fence around the outside, instead of the remaining wooden one. This fence is almost *unclimbable.* But any one could leap over the old fence.

And now the people in charge began to lay out straight paths in place of the winding and irregular ones, which were formed in the snow in winter, and kept their picturesque crooked lines in spring and summer. And the next step was to shade these paths with trees, so that they became criss-cross narrow Malls, dividing the grass ground — and, for one result, making kite-flying impossible.

Some city committee, or the "forester" whom they employed, planted a circle of trees on the lower hill. In those days smoking was prohib-

ited, as people came and went in the Malls. But this circle was open to smokers, and it is named "the Smokers' Circle" to this day.

In the autumn of 1848, another pageant, with another procession, crowded the Common, on an occasion for rejoicing, such as has few parallels in the history of large cities.

It was the introduction of pure water into Boston.

Wise and faithful men had finished the work, and the people's rejoicing showed itself in a procession hardly to be counted. As the day closed, this long array marched upon the Common, and took station around the Pond. To prepare for its new future the Pond had been drained, and paved with stone throughout. Every sunken boat and lost jackknife, every horned-pout and every minnow was removed, never to return. When all the people were in place, at a signal given, the great valve was opened, and a magnificent jet of white water leaped up more than a hundred feet into the air. On all occasions of ceremony since, the fountain in the Frog Pond plays. But it is only for the greatest rejoicings of all, that this majestic White Lady ever appears.

Gradually, as the trees interrupted marches and countermarches, the military use of the older part of the Common for exercising soldiers was given up, as its use for a pasture had been given up, and for the shaking of carpets. But when the Prince of Wales came to America — he was a boy of seventeen years of age — Governor Banks ordered out the uniformed militia of the eastern part of the State for a Review in his honor. The men left their homes in the morning to return to them at night — and the great parade was held on the newer part of the Common. It was the precursor of what was soon to come.

When the Civil War begun, every true young man in Boston became a soldier. And then you might often see squads or companies of recruits who had been led there by their officers. Men will read these lines who will remember how Capt. Masury took a squad to test them, to the

THE PUBLIC GARDEN, LOOKING TOWARD THE STATE HOUSE.

Frog-Pond, and marched them through it to the other side, that they might learn that war was not all dry-shod, or pleasant play.

It became, indeed, a custom almost universal, that, when a regiment recruited in Boston went to the front, it received its colors from Governor Andrew, the War Governor, at the State House, as you may see on the Soldiers' Monument to-day. Then it marched to what is now called the Parade Ground, for a Dress Parade. The Parade Ground is the flat ground next the Charles Street Mall. Fox Hill covered part of it, in Lord Percy's time, and then the water at high tide covered a part. A regiment in full numbers counted a thousand men. At Dress Parade this makes a front of five hundred. Giving each man fifteen inches, the front is six hundred and and twenty-five feet, and this front takes nearly all the space from the Beacon Street Mall to the Long Walk.

Among the most celebrated of these parades was that in which the gallant young Col. Shaw led the Massachusetts 54th. He was killed not long after, and his equestrian statue in bronze is, it is said, to be placed upon the Common.

Dr. Holmes has given to "the Long Walk" a reputation extending far beyond Boston. The walk itself leads from the upper corner of Park Street, where Sewell's trumpeter announced the birth of a century, to the burial ground where Boylston street meets Charles street.

Through this little burial ground was cut the last Mall made in the Common, from Charles street to Tremont street. A boy can now drive his hoop around the Common, or drag the wagon of his baby sister, without a break, as the wheel or the hoop rolls on the hard Medford gravel.

The variety of trees has increased. From the Wishing Stone southward is a walk "Under the Limes," and near the site of the Wishing Stone is a large jingko-tree (*Salisburia adiantifolia*) which was brought there from the old garden, where is now Pemberton Square.

Meanwhile, even before Mr. Quincy's day, the people of Boston were at work shutting out the high tide from the Back Bay. Till then, at

A BOATING PARTY ON THE LITTLE LAKE IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

every tide, the water covered the flats as far as Washington street on its western side. But as soon as the Western Avenue — now Beacon street, west of Charles street, was finished, no water could come in excepting such as passed a dam near where Gov. Ames's house is to-day. The flats were as bare as they had been before, when the tide was nearly out. So soon as there was this dry land — which was formerly covered by the beach — a curious notion came in among the more ignorant people that there was no law there. And, on election days and other holidays, on the southern side of Charles street you might jump down an embankment, where sailors and others were playing with "props" and other petty gambling tools, which were prohibited on the older land. Gradually again, the improvement of taste and good sense drove out the outlaws. And about 1850, largely through the work of an accomplished gentleman, Mr. Samuel E. Guild, the Public Garden was founded there, which is now, really, a beautiful extension of the Common.

Here Washington sits in bronze, looking out from the town. It is as if the Bay had indeed frozen over, as if Putnam had marched the army across and formed them for a moment, that their chief might address them before they pressed up Fox Hill. On the hill where the English batteries commanded the Back Bay is now a monument to the soldiers whom Boston sent to the war in those four cruel years.

With such changes, as two centuries and fifty-two years have gone by since the great Town Meeting reserved the Common, has it come to be a beautiful pleasure-ground, from being a beautiful pasture, rough with stones, purpled sometimes with blackberry vines, and shaded with savins. There are but a dozen years more before the twentieth century comes in.

Will not some man, who is now a boy reading the WIDE AWAKE, then be the Mayor of Boston? And will he not order a trumpeter to stand at the head of Centry Lane — on the morning of the first of January, 1901 — and bid him, as he sees the eastern sky begin to turn gray, sound his trumpet — so that the Union Club and the State House and all mankind may know that another century has begun?

PUCK AND PUPPYPULT.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

PUCK and Puppypult were friends; although Puck was white and Puppypult was black.

But you will ask, Who was Puck? There is a comic paper of that name; and, according to Shakespeare, there is, or was or ought to be, a fairy called Puck. But the particular creature I mean was neither a paper nor a fairy.

Yet he was quite alive and very real. If you could have persuaded him to try his teeth on your fingers, you would have had no doubt that he was a genuine dog. There! I have let the secret out. Puck was a dog; a Skye terrier.

Now the funny thing is that Puppypult was real and, at the same time, not real; that is, not real in the same way that Puck was. Yet, judging from the first part of the name, you would think that Puppypult must be some sort of a small dog. Looking at his face, you would think so more than ever, and would decide that

he belonged to the pug variety. How can it be, then, that he was not alive? This secret is so simple, that I may as well tell it to you at once. The fact is, Puppypult was made of wood, skillfully carved. His head was only about two inches long, but it was a good likeness of a pug-dog's head, with fat cheeks, a blunt nose, and two funny wrinkles around the mouth, which made him look as if he were laughing at his own ugliness. If his head was small and chunky, his body was equally long and thin; and he had a skin of smooth black varnish, that gave him an air of great dignity. This was just as it should be, for Puppypult was nothing more nor less than a walking-stick, with a dog's head carved on the top, as a handle.

At least, that was what people generally considered him to be. The little Skye terrier, Puck, had a very different opinion. He regarded Puppypult as alive, and counted him one of his best companions. Let me explain how this came to be so.

Puppypult belonged to a young gentleman named Vernon, who was a lawyer. At least, Vernon intended to be a lawyer, as soon as he could find enough people who wanted to employ him in carrying on their lawsuits. Meanwhile, he was looking for a "practice." And, as he almost always carried Puppypult around with him, it was supposed that Puppypult was trying to help him find the practice. But as their search did not succeed at once, Vernon — tired of waiting for other people's suits — began one on his own account. It was a suit for the hand of Miss Nellie Randolph, a very charming young lady, who happened to be the owner of Puck.

Now, Nellie had a younger brother, Matt, who had a way of saying funny things that did not hurt anybody, although perhaps they did not make anybody much wiser. Matt had been reading something in the history lessons at school, about the machines used by the ancients in war; and he had got them somewhat mixed up. He thought that a catapult (which was really a machine for throwing stones and arrows) was the same as a battering-ram. So, one day when Vernon was calling at the house, Matt picked up the black walking-stick and began swinging it backward and forward lengthwise, bringing the head with a bang against a house of blocks, and knocking the little building to pieces. Suddenly he looked up at Vernon and asked him: "Why is this cane *not* a catapult?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Vernon, seeing that it was a conundrum which Matt would rather not have him guess.

So Matt gave him the right answer: "Because it's a *puppy*pult!"

Vernon and Nellie both laughed; Matt was delighted because his joke was a success; and, after this, everybody called the stick "Puppypult."

At this time Puck had not become a member of the Randolph household. But, about a week later, he arrived in a large basket, having been sent to Nellie Randolph by another friend — a young man who lived in New York. You will laugh, but it is true that Vernon did not at all like his coming. It was not pleasant to him to have Nellie receive presents from any one else. Although Puck was not even old enough to bark, when he first came, Vernon was quite jealous of him, because Nellie paid so much attention to him. Puck needed a great deal of care. He had to be washed and fed and trained, and taken out for exercise; and Nellie watched him carefully to see how much larger he grew every week.

"Any one would think," said Vernon, "from your anxiety, you were afraid that, if you didn't keep looking at him, he would forget to grow at all."

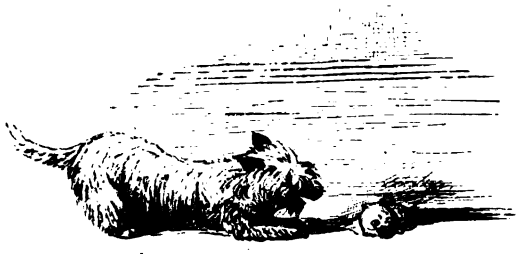
And then, the next point of interest was to listen to Puck's first attempts at barking. If instead of a sharp, explosive noise, it had been the sweetest kind of singing, Nellie Randolph could hardly have been more delighted.

Puck might have taken it into his head to be jealous of Vernon. But this never seemed to occur to him. He made friends with everybody, and went frisking innocently and blissfully through life, with no wish to make trouble for any one. He ran against the furniture, and knocked vases over, and tore up papers with his toes and his teeth — whichever might be most convenient — sublimely indifferent to the consequences. He was also very apt to get under people's feet unexpectedly. But he did not consider this to be his fault. The trouble was that these stupid people did not know how

to use their feet. He himself never thought of doing anything so impolite as to step on people: why, then, should they step on him? But as for some reason or other, they seemed to be provoked with *him*, instead of with themselves, he always apologized by squealing and running away as fast as he could.

His acquaintance with Puppypult began by just such an adventure.

Puppypult was leaning up against the wall in a corner of the room, while his master was chat-



PUCK'S INTRODUCTION TO PUPPYPULT.

ting with Miss Nellie out in the garden. Puck, who devoted a good deal of time to patrolling the house, although there was not the slightest need of doing so, came into the room and of course ran square against Puppypult, knocking him over. At this he was very much frightened; but he was still more surprised; because Puppypult, unlike other tall creatures that he had run against and tripped, did not seem to be able to pick himself up. He did not scold, either; nor did he give a single bark, although Puck saw that he had a dog's face and might naturally be expected to express himself in a doggish way. Puck was very grateful for this kind and considerate behavior on the part of Puppypult, and even felt sorry that he had knocked him down — which, I regret to say, was more than he ever felt about knocking down anything else, except when he got punished for doing so.

Thus it happened that, when Vernon and Miss Nellie came in from the garden, they found Puck dancing around Puppypult with an air of great concern, and vainly trying to pick him up between his small jaws and set him straight again.

"What on earth is he trying to do to my cane?" asked Vernon, who did not seem to be at all pleased.

"Oh! he's only playing," said Miss Nellie.

Puck did not understand the words; but he knew he was not playing. He was very much in earnest. But his good motives were not understood. He was driven away, and Puppypult walked off with Vernon in a haughty manner, without giving Puck even so much as a friendly nod to show that he meant "Thank you." Now it may seem strange; but dogs are very much like other folks in this, that, when they have made up their minds to be friends, they go on trying to be friends even when they are treated in a discouraging way. For a noble Skye terrier to be snubbed by a little pug — and especially by a pug made of wood, with a black face, and nothing but a long stick without legs, in place of a body — was terribly mortifying. Yet Puck continued to treat Puppypult with great politeness whenever they met. His conduct was so marked, in fact, that Matt Randolph used to say that Puppypult was Puck's "little black brother."

But Puck soon had a terrible disappointment, when he went out to walk, on a fine afternoon, with Miss Nellie and Vernon, and Vernon's cane. It was a holiday in summer, and they started to go around the "two-mile square" on the roads outside the town. There were a good many other people out walking at the same time, and all of them were in their best clothes. As luck would have it, Vernon wanted to gather some flowers for Miss Nellie, that grew in a low meadow close by the road. There was a muddy ditch between the highway and the meadow, and the flowers bloomed right on the edge of this ditch; so that he had to step carefully, in order not to get his feet wet. Vernon went down there, by the help of Puppypult, and was picking the flowers very nicely, when suddenly Puck made up his mind to assist. So down goes Puck, with a great leap and plunge, paying no attention to the ditch.

"Stop, Puck! stop!" cried Miss Nellie. But he gave no heed to her warning; and, just as Vernon clambered up the grassy bank to the road again, there was Puck floundering in the midst of the muddy ditch.

"Oh! you naughty dog," Miss Nellie exclaimed. "What are we to do, Mr. Vernon? He'll be all covered with mud; and I'm not

sure that he can get out, anyway. Can't you help him?"

So Vernon was obliged to go down the bank again, and try to fish the poor dog out of the mire. He called to him: "Here, Puck! here!" Then he shoved the cane at him, in the hope that Puck would have sense enough to put his fore paws on it and so scramble out. But the little terrier was too bewildered to know what to do. He had always been accustomed to having the floor or the ground that he stood on remain firm and still. That was what floors and the ground were made for, according to his ideas. And when the earth under his feet, instead of being solid, wobbled around as it was doing now, it naturally made him feel that he was being treated unfairly.

Vernon, finding that he could do nothing by poking the stick at him, finally tried to hit him with it, so as to drive him out. This only made matters worse. But at last Puck happened to touch a tree-root imbedded in the mud, which gave him a foothold, so that he sprang out among the reeds and tall grasses. By this time, however, he was entirely covered with black slime, all except his head; and when he leaped out of the quagmire close to Vernon's feet, Vernon was so afraid of getting his light trousers soiled, that he slipped away from him in a hurry. Nellie, seeing this from the road, positively laughed, in her merriment at Vernon's alarm. You can easily guess how angry this made Vernon. He gave Puck plenty of time to shake off the outer coating of mud, and then he aimed a blow at him, with the stick, which struck full on his side. This caused Puck to bound up the bank and along the road, like a shot.

Nellie was half-angry with Vernon, for being so severe; yet she could not help laughing at Puck, now, because he looked so comical as he ran off with his shaggy hide draped with mud. It was a very serious matter to Puck, though. He thought it bad enough that he should have tumbled into the ditch; and to be whacked for getting out was a still greater injury. But the worst thing of all was that Puppypult should have struck him. Now that Puck himself had become almost as black as Puppypult, he could not understand how the wooden pug could be so mean as to hit a dog of his own color. Besides, when he was struck, our terrier had not half got through shaking himself; and it seemed to him very unfair that he should be interrupted before he had finished that process.

So he trotted far ahead on the road, paying no attention to Miss Nellie or Vernon or Puppypult. He knew that, even if they despised him, not one of them would find it easy to catch him when he once set out to run as fast as he could. But, as he ran, he stopped every few minutes to shake himself again, in the hope of getting rid of the mud that clung to him. And, each time that he stopped for this purpose, he seemed to choose the very moment when he was close to some little girl dressed all in white, who had come out with her parents for the holiday. When he stopped, the little girl would fly away as fast as she could, for fear of getting spattered; and immediately Miss Nellie, seeing the trouble, would become alarmed, and would ask Vernon to run up and drive Puck off.

It was astonishing how many small girls there were in white dresses, on the road, that day. Whenever Puck halted near them, Vernon and Nellie were in terror lest he should scatter mud on them; and Vernon rushed up, pounced on the poor terrier, and thwacked him. The worst of it was, to Puck, that Puppypult, who helped in the thwacking, seemed to enjoy it. So, the

PUCK SHAKES HIMSELF.

more it went on, the faster Puck ran; and the harder work it was to follow him; until Vernon grew very hot and tired in the pursuit. The walk around the two-mile square became almost a race; and everybody arrived at home quite fatigued, except Puppypult, who seemed never to grow tired.

Then there was a terrible time washing Puck. He had to be carefully smeared with the suds of tar-soap, to which he strongly objected. And when he was all soaped, he looked about half as large before. Instead of being a splendid, fluffy Skye terrier, with glossy hair, he appeared like a small India-rubber dog of a dark gray color. But Puppypult, who looked on while the washing was in progress, seemed to like him all the better; and the first thing that Puck did, after jumping out of his bath, was to run up to Puppypult and prance around him, and lick him in the most affectionate way. So it is that misfortune sometimes makes a friendship stronger.

After this time, also, Puck learned to perform all manner of pretty tricks. He would lie down and pretend to be sick; and then Nellie would feel his pulse and say: "Puck, you're very sick. Go and get your medicine." Then Puck would race off to one corner of the room and pick up a little bottle full of sugar, and a spoon, and bring them to Nellie, who gave him a dose of the sugar. He would also stand up on his hind legs and shake hands, or beg; and jump over your arm; or hide his head in anybody's lap and wait until Nellie called "Coop!" — when he would dart away and find her, wherever she might have hidden herself. But the prettiest trick he did was to seize Puppypult with one leg twined around him, and walk with the other three legs, carrying Puppypult along like a comrade out for a stroll.

One day, Vernon lost Puppypult. He could not think where he had left him; but he was greatly distressed; and Puck must have heard him talking about it, for Puck also disappeared suddenly, soon afterwards, and was gone a whole day and night. At the end of that time he came quietly jogging back to Nellie Randolph's house, with one leg twined around the missing Puppypult, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world. It turned out that Puck had been all around town, visiting a number of houses, until at last he found Puppypult. Vernon thought a great deal of Puck after this; Puppypult never was known to hit him again.

Before long, Vernon and Nellie announced that they were "engaged"; and they seemed to think that this was a very important fact. But Puck and Puppypult could not understand why this fact should make Vernon and Nellie stop paying them any attention. Perhaps it was because they felt they were neglected, that they departed from the town, soon afterward. Many days passed, before Vernon and Nellie awoke to the discovery that Puck and Puppypult had gone. They advertised for them, but could not get them back.

Matt Randolph said: "I'll tell you why Puck thought so much of Puppypult. Puck was a dog, and Puppypult must have been made out of a piece of a *dog*-wood tree!"

Puck and Puppypult are supposed to be still walking around the country, somewhere, arm in arm. Everybody wondered that so strong an affection could exist between a Skye terrier and a walking-stick. But it is not so very wonderful, after all; because there is a great deal more of unselfish affection in the world than you might think.

THE PURPLE ASTER.

By K. U. C.

LIKE the cloud that bodes disaster
Is the sad-faced purple aster;
"Winter comes," she cries, "be ready,
Meet the Tempest, calm and steady;
He is coming, fast and faster,"
Says the lovely, sad-faced aster.

ALICE FLINT'S SILK HOOD.

By Elisabeth Merritt Gosse.

My Aunt Alice was, according to all accounts — I can speak of her only from hearsay, for she died before I was born — a charming young girl with a will of her own, which led her into various escapades and then as safely led her out.

Her father, when he died, left a "goode estate;" but Aunt Alice was not satisfied with her mother's administration thereof, and so in her own name and in the name of her sister, Margaret Wodehouse, she most undutifully disputed the administration. The judge granted her prayer, and awarded her and her sister the sum of eighty pounds and twelve shillings each, in English sterling, as their portion of their father's estate.

I think it must have been about this time that this willful young woman, so willful as to go to law with her own mother, decided to set herself up as a person of fashion, and took it into her pretty head to indulge herself with some new articles of finery: a pair of high-heeled slippers, some clocked stockings and some rich laces; but especially with a silk hood; this last to be worn to meeting on the Lord's Day, and abroad on high-days and holidays.

Now one may wear stockings with clocks and high-heeled slippers, one may even wear brocaded petticoats and flowered lawns, or India taffetas, and yet not be over-conspicuous; but when one crowns all other fine attire with a silk hood of the latest fashion from London, rich in ruffles and quillings and altogether becoming in shape and hue to lovely eyes and rosy cheeks, and setting off bright glances and dimpling smiles — then one becomes altogether too distracting; at all events sweet Alice Flint in her silk hood created such a sensation and so greatly disturbed the sober and thoughtful people of the town, that the matter became a serious one, and the attention of the community was called to it.

It may have been the tithing-man; that awful functionary who walked about in the meeting-house and rapped sleepy people on their heads to keep them from enjoying their forty winks; it may have been some good-wife or some envious maiden — but at any rate some one complained of Aunt Alice for wearing that too-becoming silk hood, and Mistress Alice Flint one day found herself once more before the Essex County Court — this time as the defendant — and with a good round fine imposed upon her for wearing such an extravagant and worldly affair as a fine silk hood.

But once more Aunt Alice came off triumphant, for she proved to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned that her own comfortable fortune of two hundred pounds entitled her to have all the silk hoods she wished for and to wear them when she pleased.

The Alices of to-day who are planning their dainty new wardrobes need have no fear of similar fate befalling them, for they will not be fined or complained of for wearing the prettiest bonnet or hood that ever a maiden tied under her chin. Aunt Alice lived, and wore her silk hood, over two hundred years ago, and colonial ways and colonial laws were different from our present ones.

It must have been owing to that silk hood which so enhanced Aunt Alice's beauty that young John Pickering lost his heart and offered his hand to Aunt Alice. The house which she lived in as a bride is standing yet in Salem town, and among her descendants who inherited her fearlessness and daring was Colonel Timothy Pickering, who served through the Revolution "with valor" and then became President Washington's Secretary of State; and in this later day are Mr. Robert Treat Paine whom we all know as a philanthropist; and General Charles Jackson Paine who served through the war of the Rebellion valiantly, and afterwards set two nations watching the sailing of his famous yachts *Mayflower* and *Volunteer;* and many more in Essex and Suffolk who, if they needed to do so, could prove themselves possessed of not only pounds sterling, but qualities of heart and mind sterling also.

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, Lock Box 46, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER TANGLES.

22. Denmark. Germany. Wales. China.

23. Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.

24. *S* U B V E R T E *D*
B *A* B Y L O N *I* C
R E *D* E M I *S* E D
T R A *D* E *S* M A N
P R O D *U* C I N G
R O M *A* N *C* E R S
R E *D* E E M *E* R S
R *E* N E G A D *E* S
D O M I C I L E *S*

25. A (ster) n
P (ray) er
Pa (lave) r
S (plat) ter
M (ark) et
Pr (act) ice.

26. Snail. Spray.

27. William Cullen Bryant.

28. Solan-goose; Gannet-fowl.

No. 29. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In play, not in game;
In bruised, not in lame;
In zeal, not in will;
In Zack, not in Bill;
In handle, not in crank;
In James, not in Frank;
In dad, not in pa;
And mystified I think you are.

PUG KNOWS.

No. 30. PICTORIAL SAYING.

No. 31. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To meddle; to clothe; prizes; to read; a sinew; short; a method of driving two horses; to enter; a prayer; harmful.

Primals: Allurement.

Finals: Displeasure. MARQUIS.

No. 32. BEHEADED ASTEROIDS.

Behead an asteroid and leave a vowel; behead an asteroid and leave a boy's nickname; behead an asteroid and leave the fifteenth day of March (Anc. Rom. Calendar). C. MINTA R.

No. 33. CONNECTED TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

A foreign governor; forward; a bolting sieve.

Primals: a fish. Centrals: an heir. Finals: ripeness

Connected: a residence.

No. 34. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is an old saying.
My 9, 2, 12, 4, 23, 14 is unpleasant.
My 22, 5, 3, 11 is injured.
My 15, 16, 20, 18 is gaunt.
My 9, 6, 17, 1, 10, 19 is a wild animal.
My 19, 7, 21, 16 is wealthy.
My 5, 24, 13, 8 is applications. L. S. H.

No. 35. PI.

Two sayings from the Latin.

I. Eh qosrencu owh scevmoreo filhems.

II. Het esilnsenp letarevrl gssni ferboe eht yignahmawh.

No. 36. EASY WORD SQUARES.

I. Gone by; a pain; part of a person's attire; to be filled with.

II. A motion of the body; an allowance for weight; strays from the right; a bane. ARTHUR B.

SOLVERS.

August Tangles were solved by Syl. Burditt, Maude E. Palmer, Emily S. Little, Honor Walderne, Vi S. Slocomb, Blanche C. French, Wm. A. Gardner, Lewis B. Wheeler, M. J. Taber, M. Bronson, Blanche E. Wade, Sanborn Brothers, Herbert F. Ingalls, Mabel E. Mann, Eddie Mead, Marion Armstrong, Mrs. B. L. Brown, Hattie E. Mann, A. G. McChesney, Mary F. Howes, "Kid," Martha D. Byington, Ethel B. Davis, J. Derby Eaton, C. Minta Rutter, Egbert P. Lincoln, Anna Blackie, Charlotte Becker, Addie L. Mansur, Madeleine Adams, Miss M. L. Payson, H. W. Ruggles, Edith M. Burrage, J. C. Walker, Sara Schermerhorn, Harriet D. Wilkins, Nellie Ward, Tyler H. Bird, H. M. Watt, Edith Johnson, Claran Melen, Chas. B. Gibbs.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First complete list, Martha D. Byington, Shoreham, Vt.
Next best list, Mrs. B. L. Brown, Waltham, Mass.
No. 18. M. Bronson, Eaton Rapids, Mich.
No. 21. Blanche E. Wade, Buffalo, N. Y.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for the first solutions of this month's Tangles.

First complete list, WIDE AWAKE six months; or any $1.25 book from D. Lothrop Company's list.

Next best list, WIDE AWAKE three months.

No. 31. A mineral inkstand.

No. 33. A box of water colors; or a set of drawing pencils.

Solutions must be mailed by October 12. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, old and young, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original puzzles for publication as above directed.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ "THE VALIANT."

(Dear Old Story-Tellers.)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

SEVENTY years ago one of the most popular names in German literature was that of an author whose French name strikes one somewhat oddly in a list of German authors. Once the works of Friedrich Heinrich Karl Fouqué, Baron de la Motte, were among the treasures of every German household, and whenever a forthcoming volume of his was announced the libraries were besieged with applications for it. But long before his death the high tide of popularity had subsided and with it ebbed the taste for the romantic school of composition of which he was one of the great masters; still one work of his has become a classic and is likely to live on.

Nearly a century before his birth the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had driven his family from France. They sought refuge in Holland, and Fouqué's grandfather having entered the Prussian army, the family became citizens of Prussia at a later period. His grandfather, also named Friedrich, rose to distinction in the Prussian service and was honored with the precarious friendship of Frederick the Great. Being a person of rare prudence he succeeded in avoiding all the sunken rocks and dangerous shallows in the stream of courtly favor and his friendly relations with the choleric monarch continued unbroken throughout his life.

His son entered the Prussian service likewise, at one time being an officer of dragoons, and it was while he was living at Brandenburg on the Havel, not then being in active service, that his son Friedrich was born, on the twelfth of February, 1777. The family admiration for the monarch was so great that the child was named, not unnaturally, for the illustrious emperor who stood sponsor for him at his baptism. His earliest years were spent on his father's estate at Sacro, near Potsdam, and later at Lentzke, not far distant. He was an only child and much pains was taken with his education which was conducted at home under various tutors, one of

LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

whom, the author August Hülse, encouraged in every way the dawning literary tastes of the boy.

It was not exactly a lonely life that he spent at Lentzke, but it seems to have been somewhat monotonous. Still there were certain events in it to look forward to, or to recall when they were once past; for his holidays were almost always spent with relatives who lived in a delightfully romantic old castle near Halle, a circumstance which no doubt strengthened his

inborn love of the romantic side of life and literature. Sometimes, too, there were visits to Potsdam from which the boy would return wild with enthusiasm for the great Frederick whom he had seen and who perhaps had given him a kind word or two or patted his godson's head.

The sound of military music and the sight of the soldiers had their due share in fostering the military spirit in this son and grandson of a soldier and the prospect of pursuing the study of law at the University of Halle grew less and less alluring. At last he gave up the design of doing so altogether, and in 1794 entered the army as *übercompleter Cornet* in the service of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and when only nineteen served in the fatal campaign of the Rhine. For several years after this he led a semi-military life with his regiment, but was not in active service.

He married early, but the marriage was not a fortunate one, and a divorce took place. In 1802, when but twenty-five, he married again, the lady being the Frau von Rochow, who as Caroline, Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, became an author of note whose books still find a place in libraries.

About this time he procured his discharge from the army and devoted himself to a literary career which was to last for forty years. His first work, *Dramatische Spiele*, was published by the famous brothers Schlegel in 1804. The friendship of the Schlegels, particularly that of August Wilhelm, was of great benefit to the young writer. By the latter he was induced to study Spanish poetry, a pursuit quite in harmony with Fouqué's romantic vein. This initial work was soon followed by *Romanzen aus dem Thal Ronceval*, the first fruits of the Schlegel influence, and by two plays, the *Falk* and the *Reh*. Much encouraged by the discriminating praise of the Schlegels Fouqué continued vigorously at work, producing in 1806 a metrical version of an old prose romance, the *Historie vom edlem Ritter Galmy*, and the poem *Schiller's Todtenfeir* which latter was written in conjunction with Bernhardin. In 1808 came the romance called *Alvin*, which brought him many literary admirers, among whom was his contemporary, Jean Paul Richter, who styled him "*Der Tapfere*" or "The Valiant." In the same year, too, was published his *Sigurd der Schlangentödter*, the first of his books appearing with his name, the others having been published under the pseudonym "Pellegrin." He continued writing and publishing at frequent intervals up to the year 1814, when among other pieces of literary work he produced his famous *Jahreszeiten*, a series in four parts, the spring number consisting of his famous romance *Undine*, the summer number containing *Die Beiden, Hauptleute*, the autumn division *Aslauga's Ritter* and *Algin und Jucunda* and the winter division, *Sintram und seine Gefährten*.

In the midst of this active literary career he had in 1813 returned to the army and at the battle of Lüzten he twice narrowly escaped with his life. In the night after the battle he was entrusted with the carrying of an important dispatch and while in the discharge of this duty his horse stumbled in deep water and threw him. From this accident an illness resulted which disabled him from military service. He accordingly received an honorable discharge, was presented with the decoration of the "Johanniterorden" or cross of the Order of St. John, and was raised to the rank of major of cavalry. He now returned to his home at Neunhausen with his wife and daughter, and once more resumed his pen.

The list of his works published after this date is a long one, but they are quite forgotten now for the most part, and slumber quietly on library shelves. In 1831 his wife died and removing to Halle he married there for the third time. Here his last years were peacefully spent in writing and in lecturing at the university on the history of poetry, and having gone to Berlin in 1843 for the purpose of delivering his lectures in that city as well, he died there quite suddenly, January 23.

His was a well-filled life, but the highest measure of his achievement was reached when he was yet a comparatively young writer, when in 1814 the exquisite romance *Undine* was given to the world. The same year witnessed the appearance of a story of chivalry which Fouqué considered one of his most successful works, *Die Fahrten Thiodolf des Isländers*, but the judgment of posterity has not confirmed its author's estimate. Of all his many books only the chivalric romance *Der Zauberring* published in 1811

and *Jahreszaten*, which contains the famous *Undine* survive. These, particularly the latter, have weathered the fluctuations of popular taste and have become so integral a part of the literature and the thought of the time that they cannot readily be displaced. And after all only the very greatest authors go down to posterity with more than a book or two under the arm. Sometimes the book is a very small one, sometimes it is reduced to a few pages, a single leaf even, but the literary immortality that depends upon but a single leaf is often as sure as that of a Homer or a Cicero.

That the greater part of Fouqué's work was so soon consigned to neglect was owing to the fact that he had so slight a hold upon the life of his time. He was not a deep thinker or a man of highly-wrought feelings. The problems of modern life except as viewed occasionally from a military standpoint had little attraction for him and he failed to grasp them in any adequate measure, and the coldness of his temperament effectually prevented him from putting any great amount of passion into his romances. The romantic school of literature of which, following the lead of the brothers Schlegel, he was so eminent a representative, appeals mainly to the fancy and the imagination and has almost no power over the emotions. The distinguishing characteristic of Fouqué's mind seems to have been the attempt to present an ideal of Christian knighthood. In some form or other this ideal appears uppermost in his fancy in nearly all his works reaching his apotheosis in *Undine* and *Aslauga's Ritter*. A very just estimate of his character in this respect is made by Carlyle who says:

"A pure, sensitive heart, deeply reverent of truth and beauty and heroic virtue, a quick perception of certain forms embodying these high qualities, and a delicate and dainty hand in picturing them forth are gifts which few readers of his works will contest him. At the same time, it must be granted, he has no preëminence, either of head or heart, and his circle of activity, though full of animation, is far from comprehensive. He is, as it were, possessed by one idea. A few notes, some of them in truth, of rich melody, yet still a very few, include the whole music of his being. The Chapel and the Tilt-yard stand in the background or the foreground, in all the scenes of his universe. He gives us knights, soft-hearted and strong-armed; full of Christian self-denial, patience, meekness, and gay, easy daring; they stand before us in their mild frankness, with suitable equipment, and accompaniment of squire and dame, and frequently the whole has a true, though seldom a vigorous, poetic life. If this can content us, it is well; if not, there is no help; for change of scene and person brings little change of subject; even when no chivalry is mentioned, we feel too clearly the influence of its unseen presence. Nor can it be said that in this solitary department his success is of the very highest sort. To body forth the spirit of Christian knighthood in existing poetic forms, to wed that old *sentiment* to modern *thoughts* was a task which he could not attempt. He has turned rather to the fictions and machinery of former days, and transplanted his heroes into distant ages and scenes divided by their nature from our common world. Their manner of existence comes imaged back to us faint and ineffectual, like the crescent of the setting moon.

These things, however, are not faults, but the want of merits. Where something is effected, it were ungracious to reckon up too narrowly how much is left untried. In all his writings Fouqué shows himself as a man deeply imbued with feelings of religion, honor and brotherly love; he sings of faith and affection with a full heart; and a spirit of tenderness, and vestal purity, and meek heroism sheds salutary influences from his presence. He is no primate or bishop in the Church Poetical; but a simple chaplain, who merits the honors of a small but well-discharged function, and claims no other."

There are few things in the German language more beautiful than the sweet simplicity of Fouqué's style. "Exquisite" is the word which must be used to describe it and no reader of *Undine* or *Aslauga's Ritter* will care to apply to it any other term. Its airy grace is inimitable. Says one of his critics:

"Fouqué aimed at ethereal beauty, delighted in word-painting, and flitted continually between the glories of a crimson Spanish sunset and the cold steel-blue of a north German nightfall."

Very few of Fouqué's writings have been translated into English. *Undine* and *Sintram* have, it is true, and more than once; and the *Zauberring* and *Aslauga's Ritter* have appeared in an English dress; but these are all and for the reasons already named it is not likely that the list of translations will be increased.

Aslauga's Ritter has found fewer readers than *Undine*. Aslauga, it will be remembered by readers of the *Nibelungen Lied*, was the daughter of Siegfried and Brynhild, and in this romance, long after she had ended her days as the wife

of the Danish king Ragnar Lodbrog, she appears to the Knight Froda and becomes the inspiration of his life. A passage from Carlyle's translation of the tale will give some idea of the style of this charming romance:

"But Edwald continued dreaming, dreaming; and many other visions passed before him, all of a lovely cast, though he could not recollect them, when far in the morning he opened his smiling eyes. Froda and his mysterious song alone stood clear before his memory. He now saw well that his friend was dead but he sorrowed not because of it in his mind, feeling as he did, that the pure heart of the hero and singer could nowhere find its proper joy, save in the Land of Light, in blissful communion with the high spirits of the ancient time. He glided softly from his sleeping Hildegardis into the chamber of the departed. He was lying on his bed of rest, almost as beautiful as he had looked in the vision; and the gold helmet on his head was entwisted in a wondrous, beaming lock of hair. Then Edwald made a fair shady grave on consecrated ground, summoned the castle chaplain, and with his help interred in it his heroic Froda."

SOME CHILDREN OF THE M. S. P. C. C.

By Kate Gannett Wells.

AUNTY, who represented the first "Home" of the M. S. P. C. C., was very black, and so fat that children thought she was made of pillows; for whether the babies were in her lap, or hung over her shoulder, there were nestling cubbyholes for little tired heads. She lived in a pretty yard whose one tree overshadowed her big square room, and she had put her stove right in the centre of her chamber, "so as to warm all round." Washtubs were scattered about the apartment as elsewhere are chairs. The double bed was high and shining with its bandana-colored quilt. Close to the stove was a tall and narrow structure, called a crib. Aunty's favorite position was on a three-legged stool, with a broken chair beside her on which always rested a bowl of cracker and milk, while she, herself, held on one half of her lap, in a see-saw fashion, a tin pan of delicious lamb stew. From these dishes she fed Freddy No-name, aged two, a girl of twelve, and herself.

These two children were the first that the M. S. P. C. C. "protected" from cruel blows and neglect. The Society was but a few days old when Freddy was dropped in as a bundle on the office floor. Then there was no "Home"; but some one knew Aunty, so the bundle was taken to her, and she called it Freddy No-name. It rolled about in a pillow-case that day; the next, it had enough shirts, dresses and socks to clothe six children.

The girl had been beaten, starved and frozen by an aunt in the endeavor to get more work out of her, until she was so afraid of any degree of relationship that she dreaded to be returned to the relatives from whom she had been so strangely stolen years before.

Aunty's room and yard soon became the shelter and playground for one child after another who needed refuge; so Freddy No-name was carried to another boarding-place, where he was very homesick for the crooning melodies and merry plays he had left behind him, at Aunty's. Here he led a sober and righteous life; for his new guardian considered it wrong to encourage the use of playthings, and somehow Freddy would not sit still and listen to Bible-stories and was afraid of the pit where Joseph staid. When Thanksgiving came the woman wanted to take him to her home "Down East" if he could be "smartened up"; but the "visitor" from the Society refused to buy the requisite gold tassel for his cap. Then she offered to adopt him for love's sake, if she could be handsomely paid for so doing. As this offer was not accepted, she became depressed and the child grew low-spirited, and gave the Society food for reflection. The girl at Aunty's, too, needed some special care, and three or four older children were to be rescued from their parents. The boarding-out plan was becoming too inconvenient, too expensive, and too risky

to be continued. So a house was hired as a "Temporary Home" by the Society and these two "first children" and several others were placed under the care of a loving, wise and faithful matron. From Freddy's face there soon disappeared that stolid look which little ones wear when belonging to the mysterious force of a Society rather than to an actual father and mother.

Just as Freddy had forgotten that he had ever lived elsewhere than in the present "Temporary Home" came Mrs. Fox, seeking for adoption some flaxen-haired, blue-eyed child who should resemble her husband. Freddy was carried to her house to spend the day, but was too awed to chatter, too confused with the comparisons drawn between himself and photographs of Mr. Fox taken from early youth upwards, to smile or eat as if he were an own son; so he was returned at nightfall with the significant words, "Not wanted." Soon after, however, he was claimed by a kind-hearted countryman who did not care about resemblances if Freddy were only manly; which the child soon proved by making the old man and his wife mind him, to the great happiness of all concerned.

The early Home seemed chiefly to consist of one large playroom, with high panelled wainscoting and low wooden seats, and full of the juvenile rejections of richer nurseries. The play-hours were curious revelations of the past life of the little rescued ones. Mechanical toys, or those that involved brain-work, were to them frauds. "Mother has gone out washing," or "Mother has gone to a funeral" were the favorite games; except with the Italians of whom in the first days of the Society there were many.

Two boys, one with a foot so badly frozen that it had to be amputated, the other with a permanently twisted leg and with ears whose lobes hung down his cheek (the results of punishment meted out to them for insufficient earnings on behalf of their padrones), were the heroes in all the mimic dramas of these little Italians. They seemed to prefer playing "theatre," and always in the form of an opera. Bed-quilts made the stage curtains which worked better than do roller ones in many parlor theatricals. The "scenery" was rendered effective by the imagination and by newspaper pictures fastened to the walls and to transverse strings. The "acts" were short and striking, each ending in a climax of its own. The "parts" were always sung, and if any child degenerated into a spoken recital of his rôle, or alluded to poverty and hand-organs, he was severely reprimanded. Counts and countesses, brigands and mountaineers trod the three-cornered stage with wondrous mimicry of world-renowned tenors and sopranos, in gesture, speech and action. (The cruel servitude under padrones, from which so many Italian children suffered in those days, has now almost wholly ceased, owing to the efforts of the Italian consuls and of the M. S. P. C. C.)

The sympathy of the rescued children for one another's sufferings is curious. One little urchin, whose back was frightfully lacerated, only elicited from his bedfellow the remark, "S'pose you've been licked with pear-rods;" and the boy of the pear-rods said of the other, whose face and shoulders were raw, "Them's pokers! they hurt longer than pear-rods."

They all seem to feel a sense of degradation in speaking of their past life. They cherish a great contempt for themselves — that they were so low-spirited as to be compelled to endure maltreatment. "Mothers are like riches," said Willie; "most of we'uns don't have 'em. If we do have 'em, how they jump on our stomachs when the liquor gets 'em!"

"Your mother never jumped on you!" exclaimed Lucy, the sixteen-year-old girl, who had just been admitted.

"I didn't say nothin'," was the gruff answer; "jumping ain't worserer than setting babies on hot stoves 'cause they squeal, and that's what the old woman next door did. And she was a purty baby too, only she'd holler when they sat her down hard." And then the poor boy fell back exhausted and indignant.

"Has the pain come back?" asked Lucy softly, putting her hand on the counterpane.

"Don't, Lucy — it's like as if she was going to jump on me again and I can't get out of her way; but t'other one was a baby;" and the boy hid his face and moaned over the baby that was set on the hot stove.

Lucy was the belle of the Home. Weak, pretty and frizzled, she attracted so much atten-

tion that it was thought best to have her recite her Bible-lessons at home. In the shelter and employment which was found for her, she soon grew strong in wisdom and simplicity, and when four years later she was married there was a jubilee-day as little gifts and wedding gear clustered around her.

Her vacancy in the Home was filled by Mary, who had a magnificent head of hair and wretched teeth. She made the nights hideous with her toothache groans. Dentists were to her as murderers. But she needed ribbon to adorn her hair, and none ever came in the bundles of cast-off clothing which were sent to the Home. Vanity did what pain failed to accomplish, and on the promise of being allowed to buy three yards of three different kinds of new ribbon she consented to have two teeth extracted. As the dentist praised her quietness, she burst out with the words: "But now I am to have some new hair ribbon and nobody's leavings!"

"She is still under the effect of the laughing gas," observed the dentist. Not so; rather did her words show the poverty of her past life and the longings of her heart. She is now a trusted domestic in a farmhouse, and hair and teeth are in as perfect order and beauty as is her housekeeping.

To her, and to all others in the Home, there is a promise of future fabulous wealth to be brought back in high vessels from all over the world by the bold sailor boy, Tom — Tom, whose mother led him one morning to the corner of Winter and Tremont streets and kissing him with thin blue lips and with deep shadows under her eyes, bade him in trembling tones bide there a while. She crossed the street and faded away amid the elms of the Common, never to be seen again by her boy. He waited for her, first in joy at the unaccustomed sights, then in chills and hunger, and at last in weariness of body and heart as he wandered back and forth around the corner, rejecting all entreaties to "move on." "Mother'll come," he muttered, but when the sunset was deepening the glow on the State House dome he was carried to the Home, and from there sent into the country.

"Mother'll come," was his thought as he dug potatoes, till as she came not he longed to burst all boundaries of fence and hill and glide down a river to the ocean. So he found a new abode near the waters of a saw-mill. Sent hither and thither, early and late, and told that he would never be worth his salt, he dreamt more than ever of being worth millions and of living with his mother. Through the ocean lay the path to home and happiness; so under Mr. Fay's kind guardianship he entered the Navy.

"Now, at last, I belong to some one! Uncle Sam owns me till I'm twenty-one!" were Tom's joyous words as he signed the agreement which bound him once more to place and work, as he had been bound four years ago by mother-love to his little attic, its poverty and its affection.

The Society, or the Navy, or Uncle Sam, is a kinder master than the father who, from pure fiendishness beats his son, and then exasperated by the little fellow's meekness, born of great physical weakness, takes him on a winter's night out on to a roof and ties him to a chimney. Poor fellow! there is not much left for him, but to slowly die. Such parents are afraid to make death an instant process; instead some of them hold a child by one ear and one arm dangling over a pond. At the deep waters the boy shudders and his frame is convulsed with agony, while his father enjoys the torments which he sees and feels he is inflicting, for the boy squirms and rests and squirms again! The use of broomstick and rattans seems like the excusable madness of impetuosity compared with the slow torture which burns and freezes and maims.

It is man's kinship to the beasts of prey coming uppermost which causes these outrages. Intemperance is the ally of all such kinship, and fathers and mothers beat and drag by the hair their children when they refuse to go to "the dump" to pick over coal which could be resold for liquor, or when they refuse to be used as messengers to procure it. Such boys and girls are used to loneliness, hunger and abuse, to scanty straw on the floor for a bed, and to rags instead of clothing, which has gone for rum. Many a little girl of ten knows what it is to care for many brothers and sisters. It is well for childhood when the Society, aided often by the Catholic Fathers, takes such ones from their homes of wickedness and want and places them in institutions of charity or state, or in

good families; any well-organized refuge is better than familiarity with vice or intemperance.

It is well for all to know, both adults and children, that the cruelty or neglect of a parent makes the State the guardian of a child. It is provided

"that when a child, 'by the neglect, crime, drunkenness or other vice of his parents, is growing up without education or salutary control,' he may be committed, during minority, by a magistrate, to the custody of the city or town where he has a settlement, or to the State if he has no settlement."

Also by the non-support law of 1882:

"Whoever unreasonably neglects to provide for the support of his minor child shall be punished by fine not exceeding twenty dollars, or by imprisonment in the house of correction not exceeding six months."

Many a man is thus compelled by fear to accept work for the sake of his children; and in turn the child, who recognizes that the State acknowledges its rights with which even parents cannot interfere for the pleasure of malice or laziness, perceives also that there may be limitations for him as well, in tormenting his younger brothers and sisters.

Besides the State, the Probate Court will act as official, temporary father. Perhaps no child ever feels himself of more importance than when, if over fourteen, he himself nominates his guardian. It is like beginning life over again and making one's own father. If a child is under fourteen the Court decides for him, but even then he is often consulted as to his fancies and dislikes. Mr. Frank B. Fay, the General Agent of the M. S. P. C. C., is father of many more children than he calls sons or daughters, and never can be found a kinder or firmer guardian than is he.

So thought Wilhelmina, to whom the sight of Mr. Fay's pleasant face and gray clothes was like the vision of an angel, only that she had previously supposed that "angels were mostly women." She came from — she never knew where — except that it was from a home where there was enough to eat. But it soon became but a "house" to her; for whether it were mother or aunt who cared for her the relative disappeared, and she was carried to a large institution and from there was sent out to service in a country town. Here she staid growing older and thinner, never going to school, but always to the yard pump for heavy pails of water. Behind the pump was a fence; over it grew a vine; and under its branches was a hole in the fence. One day she peeped through this opening and found a friend. Henceforward existence brightened; for as water was constantly needed there were often chances for a few words with her friend, and now and then the boy would secrete a ginger nut or a bit of pie for her. As the vine grew leafless, he saw more plainly her ragged clothing and her pinched figure. At last she confided to him that she was always hungry, cold and sleepy, but that it hurt her most to wash the floor. The neighbors hardly knew she existed and would not believe the boy's recital of her wrongs. At last one of them consented to investigate the case and the child was rescued and placed in the M. S. P. C. C.'s Home.

One day the real mother suddenly appeared and wished to see her little girl without revealing the fact of any relationship between them. The request was granted and Wilhelmina was called into the reception room of the Home, bringing with her, by chance, a small autograph album that had just been given her.

"Ask the lady," said a directress, "to write her name in it, for she likes little girls."

The trembling woman made her mark and kissed her own child in silence, but as Wilhelmina ran up-stairs the mother's tears fell heavily on her hands which clasped each other as in a vice. The next day she left at the door a small shawl, almost sobbing out the words, "I like little girls," and vanished as strangely as she had come.

Wilhelmina herself is now as a daughter in a happy home, and longs to free others from the cruel servitude to which she was subjected and which is constantly occurring among housekeepers, who appear to think that because a child is a pauper it may be overworked.

The Home, now at 297 Broadway, Cambridgeport, seldom has more than ten or twelve children in it at any one time. It is under the management of Miss Macomber and her mother, who teach and mend and care for the children with that individual attention which has made

many weak and irritable boys and girls strong in principle and moral courage. Miss Macomber's discipline is firm and gentle, the touch of humor with which she seasons it producing a sense of shamefacedness in those who rebel at the teaching of a more lofty idealism. She has become most skillful in detecting excuses, and her patience and her expedients are inexhaustible. Even after one girl had hid a stolen ring in the toe of her stocking, Miss Macomber's hopeful refrain remained unchanged: "The children are as good as we can expect." With some boys, the continuous punishment of being sent to bed in the middle of the afternoon, for a week, is effective; but others rejoice in it and are only obedient when their spirit has been mortified by taking the place of the washerwoman in the laundry. Every child takes part in the family work, from splitting kindlings to washing dishes, and Grandma gathers the girls and often the boys, around her in the afternoon, for a juvenile sewing circle.

At meal-times they all adjust their bibs with soldier-like precision, fold their hands and sing, "We are Waiting, We are Waiting," until the last one is helped. They go to Sunday-school and church, and would repeat the services in their plays, especially the baptismal portions, if they were not forbidden to do so. All water had to be kept from one urchin who was convinced that another needed partial immersion in order not to kick or punch his fellows. Every night after tea the children sing in the nursery and repeat pieces which are more surprising in their variety than those found in a Standard Reader. One little fellow in singing the lines

> . . "When He cometh
> To make up his jewels,"

always becomes excited and gives it, "When He cometh to make up his Jews." They are nearly all very bright with the keenness caught from contact with life.

Only those are sent to the Home about whom it is at first doubtful what course to pursue. They may be placed there while awaiting the trial of those who have injured them; or until a good private home can be found for them, or until their parents are released from the House of Correction, if sentenced for a short term.

Hundreds of other children are sent to City and State Homes, or are placed under supervision in their own dwellings, which, whenever practicable, is the wisest and cheapest method of maintaining the strength of family relationship and mutual duties. Occasionally it is found that even after much care has been exercised a child has not been suitably placed. It is overworked and unloved, and therefore it is reclaimed, while on Miss Macomber devolves the extra labor of readjusting and smoothing out the child's temper and wardrobe. Many such returns, like perpetual snubbing, vex dispositions and weaken feeble resolutions. On the other hand, the bravery with which some boys and girls endure a hard place and constant drudgery is actually heroic. But on every holiday a welcome from Aunt and Grandma Macomber awaits all who have been in the Home.

It is at the office, 1 Pemberton Square, Boston, that one learns fully of the extent and variety of the work, which was begun first under another name in 1877. In 1880 Mr. Frank B. Fay of wide renown in philanthropic matters, was appointed General Agent and Secretary. Under him the Society has had a rapid growth, more than six thousand cases — six thousand cases of cruelty to children! — yearly being investigated and acted upon by him.

In almost every town and city in Massachusetts there is a volunteer agent, who co-operates with the sub-agents of the office. They visit the parents on probation, and under one or another law rescue children and place them in safety. The Records, contained in sixteen volumes of five hundred pages each, offer family histories in successive growths. In the Office are also kept the instruments of torture which look too keen or too heavy to be used even as ox-goads. Any additions to these are slowly diminishing, as the power of the Society becomes more widely recognized.

The body of Directors is divided into Committees, which render most efficient and often heart-rending service, as when a child was taken from a dark, damp cellar basement, where it had been confined for two months, sleeping on an old overcoat, with bagging for a covering. The father was apparently trying to starve him to death and threatened to shoot his wife if she

betrayed him. Now, coerced by fear, he behaves.

The work of the Society is constant. It always seems to begin in the middle and to work towards both ends, for it has to learn the past history and to shape the future of each child. Such was the case with Maud, who was brought to the office, a girl of rare beauty and lofty bearing, but who could neither read nor write. She confessed to having run away from a lonely farm in Maine, where she not only was house-drudge but field-drudge. She had memories of an earlier home of ease and of a wild and free out-door life at the South. These memories served as guide in the search, which proved her to be the daughter of one of martial renown. She had been adopted by a Northern woman and from her had been spirited away. Now in a good home, Maud's future is moulding itself into conditions of peace and knowledge.

From such a history to that of the unlicensed child pedler, who is forced out of doors to sell small wares, there is a wide range of variety and pathos. The lives of children become the lives of martyrs, sometimes of little sinners, often of little saints. Their curious indifference and their mutual tenderness, their intelligence and humility — their drollery and obtuseness, the cruelty inflicted upon them by torture of all kinds, the self-sacrifice with which they often labor for one another — all this finds ample illustration in the annals of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

DIRECT FROM ST. IVES.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

By Louise Stockton.

Dear Inquiring Friends:

So many people have written to my mother asking about the "St. Ives" table at our fair, that I am going to have an account of it printed, because mother really has not time to tell everybody all about it.

My name is Polly Andersen, and my father is a minister in a country village. Our church is named St. Elizabeth. Of course we are not very rich in our parish, but two years ago we did manage to have the church papered and painted and to get a real stained glass window. The old window had had colored paper pasted on it, and we used to think it very pretty, but after we got the real glass we saw the difference. It was so pretty. In the middle was St. Elizabeth meeting the Virgin Mary, and when the sun shone on it, and lighted the halo around Mary's head, and the colors of their beautiful dresses, it was simply lovely. And if the sermon was long, or about things no one but the minister cared about, the window was a great help.

And I broke it! *I!* I smashed right through St. Elizabeth's head, and broke in the door of the house. (She was ever so much too big to have come out of that door.)

And the way of it was this: It was Easter and we had our Sunday-school processional, and I carried the banner. Our class was the "banner class" because our mite box contribution through Lent was the largest in the school. The worst of it was that I really ought not to have carried the banner, but Miss Bridges, our teacher, thought that I was the strongest girl in the class, and I suppose my being the minister's daughter had something to do with it; but anyhow she chose me.

But if I was put on the rack, or had hot lead poured in my ears, or if I was burned at Smithfield like some of the martyrs, I could never tell how I broke the window. My brother Jack says if I was drowning I could, because everything you ever did comes back to you then; but I don't mean to try that way of finding out.

Anyhow, the first thing I knew, over went the

banner, crash went the glass and everybody in the church screamed out! They say the glass ought not to have broken, and neither it ought, but it did all the same. I really did wish at that moment that I either had lived when the Assyrians or Philistines did, or that I hadn't been born yet.

So there it was! The people who made the window said it could be mended for one hundred and thirty dollars, but we hadn't anything like that much money to spend. So the broken pane had a board put over it, and I had to sit Sunday after Sunday and look at it. Father would have willingly paid for it himself, had the congregation consented, but they positively said he should not, and that the accident might have happened to any child because the banner was so top-heavy. And indeed I don't know how father could have afforded the money, because the salary is pretty small. As I felt so badly about it, mother told me I could have the money which my new summer clothes would have cost to give toward the repairs, and then Jack said he wouldn't have any new ones either, and I could add his money. As the summer went on I was glad Jack didn't grow in the legs as I did, and that his clothes had no tucks to be let down and make bright lines all around. The money was not very much, but it bought the tins, and a good deal of the towelling. (I shall tell you what I mean after awhile.)

There was a good deal of talking about raising the money, and finally it was decided to have a fair at Thanksgiving, and Miss Bridges arranged that our class — (there were thirteen girls in it. from ten to twelve years old) — should have a table all to itself. And mother said we must have something different from everybody else, because the grown people could make prettier things than we could, and outsell us, and that would not do because we must be the "banner" table.

So we thought and thought, mother, Miss Bridges and I, and finally mother got the idea. And it was a lovely one, because everybody needs just what we had, and we made everything just as pretty and good as we could, and asked fair prices. And you wouldn't believe how much material was sent to us, and how much money that saved.

We had the "Housekeeper's Table." All sorts of useful things made by the needle, and we girls made them. Our tables were real kitchen tables from our homes, and they had oil-cloth, and red table-covers on them. Then because our corner was rather dark, and we wanted to catch everybody's attention, we bought a great lot of cheap tins and hung them against the wall. Our mothers lent us some real good ones, and would you believe Mr. Agnew sold them all at the auction the last night! Everybody had to buy their own if they wanted them back, but the funny part was that the people bought one anothers!

"Who owns this colander?" he would ask, and when mother said she did, there was the greatest bidding for the "minister's colander," and as for Miss Bridges' cake-cutter that was sold four times to four different young gentlemen.

But about the tables:

We all dressed in print frocks, and white aprons tied around our waists, and wore colored caps, and four of us were always on duty, and with the tins and the bright dusters and things festooned around it was the prettiest booth in the room, and everybody, men and all, bought of us.

We had all sorts of things needed by housekeepers, but the thing that sold right off, and for which we took ever so many orders, was "The After-Dinner Set." It wasn't dishes, but towels! Six tea-towels, two of them for glass, two dishcloths, a mop, and an iron-chain concern to clean out pots and pans. "The Kitchen Set" sold almost as well, but it was larger, for it contained all the things I have mentioned, and also two scrub cloths; one for the paint and one for floors; and a duster and an iron-holder, and two roller towels, as well as a holder for the stove. Five of these sets were bought for wedding presents. The dusters sold like magic. They were made of pretty cheese cloth, and it was fashionable at the fair for young men to tie them around their necks, and the girls wore them on their heads like Mary, Queen of Scots' caps.

But we had lovely sweeping caps too, and kitchen aprons, and sewing aprons, and shoe-bags, and bags for clothes-pins, and ironing-

cloths, and waste paper, and for soiled clothes, and rag bags, and net ones for cauliflower and squashes and pudding bags, but these weren't net, of course, and bags, and bags, and bags. You never saw so many! Mother said that every one would make fun of us, so we had best get ahead and have some of our own — some jokes, I mean — and that was the reason we put over the table:

"DIRECT FROM ST. IVES."

And under that:

"EVERY WIFE HAD SEVEN BAGS."

And so it happened that the gentlemen would say, "Martha," or whatever was his wife's name, "have you bought seven bags?" and if she hadn't, he'd buy them for her. Why, after awhile we had to make up button bags so as to have some cheap ones. And then we put up a "money bag" for contributions of pennies for the window, and it was pretty heavy before the fair was over.

We had lots of other things, roller towels and pillow slips, and one pair of lovely shams sent to us by Mrs. Kate Pritchard, the wife of Dr. Pritchard's son who lives in Chicago. We had pockets to fasten on closet doors, for shoes, and odds and ends, and string bags with a ball of twine in them, and a dear little pair of scissors tied on, and bags for loose string too. And ever so many things were marked with red cotton in outline stitch. All the bread-cloths were, I know, and some of the ice-cloths.

Did I say that through the summer we had gathered lavender, and rose-leaves, and French clover, and hops, and even life everlasting (which is horrid and smells like a drug store), and we made them up into bags and pillows? They were awfully pretty, too. The lavender was in lavender-colored cheese cloth, and the rose-leaves in red, and life everlasting in yellow, and some of them were little and some big enough to fit a bureau drawer.

I think I have mentioned almost everything we had, and I hope I have made it plain. But what do you think our table made — sales, penny bag and auction? Why, one hundred and forty-nine dollars; and *we* mended the window, and the ladies bought a new carpet with what they all made! Yours truly,

POLLY ANDERSEN.

SIET-EISH-IEU, THE DRAGON-FLY LAND.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS.

ENTWINED in the limpid arms of the great Pacific Ocean lies a clustering chain of over three thousand islands, called by its ancient inhabitants — from its fancied resemblance to a dragon-fly — Siet-Eish-Ieu, the Dragon-Fly Land. Also, owing to its position in the extreme East, it has been named, Dai Nippon, Birthplace of the Sun.

To judge from their mental and physical characteristics, the Japanese seem allied to several distinct races. The Mongolian type is everywhere prevalent; the oblique eyes are common among the aristocracy, who indeed are of pure Mongolian descent; this form of eye is held as a distinguishing mark of beauty. Nevertheless there are faces among them strictly Semitic; and there are others of the Aryan type.

In view of these peculiarities and in the absence of fuller scientific research, we conclude that the Japanese, though chiefly of Turanian stock, are not without some large mixture of Aryan blood; that in their formation as a people they have assimilated some of the finer qualities of both the Turanian and Aryan branches of the human family; and also that they are undoubtedly allied to a very curious and ancient people called Ainōs, a race of prehistoric times, which is rapidly disappearing before Japanese civilization.

When the Japanese took possession of the

beautiful dragon-fly shaped land is a matter of uncertainty. Search their annals, consider their legends and traditions, question their archives and historical books — all we can discover is that from time immemorial there were some strange spectres, the Khon Bal Yai, or Feathered Men — which name was given them by the Mongolian invaders, because of the long soft hair with which their bodies are covered — and that these were the ancient people called Ainōs. But how and when the Ainōs themselves obtained a footing on the Dragon-Fly Land, is a subject of deep mystery to the ethnologist.

All we know is that the Ainōs, or hairy Kuriles as they are sometimes called (now mostly to be found in the island of Yesso), once occupied the greater part of the country; and that they were driven north by adventurous races coming from the southwest. They are small, well-proportioned, strongly-built, of an Aryan type of countenance, and of a singularly kind and gentle disposition. Their women however render themselves hideous by tattooing their hairy bodies with grotesque figures, and letting the hair of their heads fall over their shoulders to their knees. The winter dress of both sexes consists of robes of wild beast skin; in summer of cotton tunics reaching to the knce, with a leathern girdle.

They now live in communities of fifteen to twenty families, under a patriarchal chief. Their huts are of mud, thatched with dried leaves, straw, or branches of trees plaited together. Their manners are bright and cheerful at home, and extremely courteous when abroad; they salute one another by bowing to the ground. Their judicial cases are presided over by the chiefs of adjoining villages; and law is administered with something of the quiet dignity of a religious ceremony.

Although they obtain from the Japanese rice, tea, sugar, and many other necessities, by bartering fur and skins, still the sounds of some few industries may be heard in their villages: the thumping of the cloth-maker, the song of the cord-twister and the net-maker; the elder women turn the soft tree-wool into thread wherewith to spin their garments, the younger women rock their children to sleep to the wildest and most plaintive airs ever tuned by a savage tribe. The young men are hunters, trappers and fishermen.

When evening draws on the Ainō villages resound to the drum, bagpipe and flute, a bonfire crackles and flames on the village common, an itinerant trader, or Shinto priest with his wondrous tales of the sun goddess or demons, and heroes, or perchance a more civilized Buddhist missionary, is hospitably regaled with the best the village affords; the Ainōs boys and girls, shy as wild deer, will by degrees cluster around the one or the other, examine the pedler's wares, listen to the stories of Isë the sun goddess, or sit drinking in the tale of the good Buddha which never fails to move to love the most savage of human hearts.

About 290 B. C. settlements were founded on the main islands of Japan by Mongols. They drove north large numbers of the Ainōs, and absorbed the more peaceable into their own population. This invasion was succeeded by formidable ingressions of the "black savages" of Japanese history; probably Malay tribes from Papua, New Guinea, or Dyacks from Borneo and the adjoining lands. It would seem that these various tribes established colonies and, intermarrying with the Ainōs and Mongul invaders, became the progenitors of the present Japanese.

The language of the Japanese has been a source of equal perplexity to the philologist. He is at a loss to understand certain marks of originality and isolation exhibited by this form of speech. It shows traces of an early Aryan influence, but such as rather to deepen than to clear up the mystery. One thing is clear — that if the structure of the Japanese language was fundamentally Aryan, the separation from the parent tongue must have taken place at an early period, when the Aryan branch of the human speech was still in its infancy.

The language is extremely melodious in sound, and vigorous in expression. It is agglutinative — that is, it preserves its roots in their simple form. In fact the peculiarities of the ancient Japanese tongue are so many that it is difficult to establish its true relationship to the other languages of the world. It has been enriched since A. D. 255 by the adoption of Chinese words, symbols, and written characters, much in the same way as the English is constantly being added to by the borrowing of Latin and Greek words for literary and scientific purposes.

Though the written language of the Japanese is exceedingly pure and classical, it is difficult to read, owing to a complex style of writing and printing. There are in use two styles of writing; the one called the square character — borrowed from the Chinese — is employed in literary manuscripts, official documents, and state papers; the other — the running or short hand — is used for all ordinary purposes; its lines run perpendicularly and are read downwards, beginning with the column to the right of the reader. Thus a Japanese book begins where our books end.

The language shows one striking affinity with that of the Turanian family — it possesses a complete dictionary of fine-sounding and extravagantly laudatory terms, appropriate only to royal and noble persons, and held too sacred for the use of ordinary people. The language is spoken with greater purity by the Japanese women than by the men. All that we know as yet, with regard to the language of the Ainōs, or aboriginals, is, that this ancient tongue is not now understood by the Japanese.

The more we study the varied annals of India, Persia, Phœnicia, Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, China, Thibet, Corea, Japan, the more are we struck with the truth of that old saying: "History repeats itself." The same causes produced the same results in Japan as in other parts of Asia and Europe.

The Japanese do not, like the Chinese, trace their origin to a Darwinian idea of evolution. Like the Hindoos, Persians and Jews, they claim to have been created by a Supreme Being; to be the offspring of two celestial persons, Izânâgi and Izanâmi. The emperors pretend to a direct descent from the beautiful sun-goddesses Amâterâsu and Isë. The sacred histories of Japan, ignoring the fact that the Ainōs were the aboriginal population of Japan, relate with much detail that just two thousand five hundred and forty-six years ago (660 B. C.) Jummi Tenno, the Son of Heaven, or first Mikado, began his reign. His immediate ancestors were created somehow or other in that refulgent orb, the sun, floated down to the earth, were deposited on a high mountain in the Dragon-Fly Land and furnished with the three insignia of their solar origin — the sacred metallic mirror which reflects their celestial birth (now preserved in one of the temples of Isë), the sword of retribution to enable them to punish evil doers (now treasured in the magnificent temples of Askasa), and the ball of crystal, emblem of eternity (in the possession of the present emperor). Thus from time long past the Mikado was held too sacred for ordinary mortals to approach. Only a few trusted individuals were allowed to see and converse with him. As for the government of his kingdom he was far too holy to attend to such sublunary affairs. Hence he gradually came to be regarded as a divine being, fit only to be enshrined and worshiped, while the princes aided by the empresses of Japan administered the affairs of the country.

Naturally the empresses became energetic and powerful rulers; the divinity of their lords and masters seems to have stimulated rather than to have blunted their zeal in promoting the material prosperity of their country. These royal women superintended the building of cities, bridges, temples, ships, and harbors; they reformed the ancient laws, started agricultural industries, patronized the manufacture of silk, cotton, and fine crêpe stuffs, and even caused good roads to be laid out where the foot of man had never trodden.

A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

Let us now glance at the modern Japanese. Their domestic life is as simple as their outdoor sports and amusements are rational and wholesome. The Japanese home is a model of neatness, convenience and economy. Even among the peasant class there is shown a love for beauty. The house is a wooden structure, low but spacious, abounding in rooms, corridors, and airy hall-ways, with floors of hard wood cov-

ered with fine mats. The walls are a series of sliding panels, on which are seen spirited paintings of Fuji San, and other symbolic or natural objects; these panels slide in and out, to and fro, and contract the interior into smaller, or widen it into larger apartments, according to the necessities of the family; the chief ornaments of the house are gold-lacquered cabinets which serve as toilette tables for the ladies, porcelain jars, bronze incense-burners, brasiers for heating the room, and beautiful paintings on silk, known as kakemonos. In the chief apartment is a small Shinto image where Isë the sun-goddess, and Maya, Buddha's mother, and the Indian saint himself, are placed to receive daily invocations, prayers, and offerings of flowers, wine and oil. Japanese parents treat their children with the utmost love and consideration, and receive in return unbounded reverence and devotion.

The streets of the great cities of Japan present at all hours of the day, and especially at night, flashing kaleidoscopic pictures. The houses, open to the gaze of passers-by, are hung with innumerable lamps of every size, form and color; and ever and anon the daintily-painted panels slide to and fro, revealing charming glimpses of Japanese home life: a father telling fairy stories to a group of boys and girls, a mother rocking her babe, Japanese ladies and gentlemen intent on some game or puzzle, children studying their lessons for the morrow. The shops are full of every variety of goods; the streets filled with musicians, dancers, jugglers, athletes, beggars and priests; while yonder many-storied temple with its myriad lamps and countless bells tinkling in the night breeze, is thrown wide open and invites the passer to enter and worship. There in the dusk and silence of its inmost shrine are seated immense images of the Buddha, while below, yellow-robed priests are chanting the unbroken service of the Buddhist liturgy. The people stop a moment to pray and to bestow an offering, and then return to the light and air of the street. Now there come rolling by jin-rikï-shas or man-power carriages, with happy families seated within; the children, armed with long whips, amuse themselves by touching up the men as if they were veritable horses, and they trot away with their fellow-men for burdens. Magnificently-dressed princes and high-born ladies are borne past in Japanese sedans on men's shoulders amid crowds as free, joyous, and orderly as are no other crowds in the world, save in the great free cities of the United States.

Hot and cold baths are held indispensable in the poorest household. The tub often stands outside near the front door; it is a huge wooden vessel having a small earthen furnace connected with it, and a lid covering the whole excepting a hole just large enough for the head of the bather to emerge through. When his work is over, a Japanese will fill his tub, light his furnace, step in and shut down the lid; his wife then stirs up the fire until it is red-hot. The bather sits calmly for an hour or more, his head peering out, his merry black eyes twinkling, his face growing redder while the water steams and bubbles almost at boiling temperature around him; and then he emerges, looking as much like a boiled lobster as a human being can, but gay and merry. Though devoted to the bath the poorer classes do not often change their outer apparel. Their padded winter garments are worn for successive seasons, and are often handed down from generation to generation without being cleansed or renovated, and must prove sources of disease to the wearer.

No Asiatic people give themselves up with the same degree of enthusiasm to out-door winter sports as the Japanese. As soon as the snow comes, men, women and children flock the streets, busily piling snow mountains, shaping quaint figures of gods and goddesses, Buddhas seated crossed-legged on huge lotus-flowers, actors, saints, pilgrims, or of some swaggering roystering "yaconin," those grotesque two-sworded, and voluminous-sleeved officers in the service of the Daimiyos; they build forts too, throw snowballs, and fight mimic battles.

In the month of August is held the ideal festival of the flower of their faith. When the lotus-buds expand amid their parasol-like leaves the nation's heart is stirred. The lotus flower is to them the symbol of that nobler life to which they are hastening. The lakes and ponds attract thousands of worshipers, and every flower is as a sacred text written with

the finger of the Buddha. The emperor and empress with a gorgeous retinue visit the waters that encircle their palace grounds, while Buddhist priests, clothed in pure white, holding each a lily in his folded hand, march round the flower-starred lakes, and chant the mystic words: "*Om Manni Padmih Hom!*" Oh, Virtue, dew-drop-like-jewel in the heart of the Lotus Flower!" The chant at first is soft and low, but gradually it rises and swells, and the waves of melody float up over the flowers and waters and fill the air with tremulous music, while its whole spirit speaks of a longing toward purity.

On their "All Souls Day" is held the great Feast of Lanterns. Then the Dragon-Fly Land gleams with myriad lamps, its cities glow with many-colored illuminations, processions of flaming dragons and tortuous seven-headed paper-serpents, lighted by means of lanterns concealed within, parade the streets; the harbors blaze with lights gleaming from ships of all sizes and every form; countless tiny boats with lanterns strung to their masts skim the surface of the waters in memory of all the souls lost at sea; the cemeteries are visited, illuminated, and furnished with costly foods for the enjoyment of the ancestral spirits who are expected to visit their last resting places on this day; and from every house in the land a red light gleams in memory of all the brave souls whose lives have ebbed away in the red tide of unnumbered battles.

Ever since the introduction of Buddhism into Japan education has been free to all, but prejudice and custom seem to have hitherto prevented the women of Japan from taking advantage of it. Nevertheless many of them have for long centuries distinguished themselves, not only in administering the state, but in the higher branches of art and literature. It was a court lady who dictated from memory, word for word, the "Kojiki, the sacred history of Japan," now preserved as one of the purest classics of Japanese literature. The poetess Yishiyama was so called from the poems she composed on the mountains of that name. The tenth century, so justly celebrated as the great age of Japanese literature, is distinguished by the work of female authors and poets, whose names are preserved and quoted to-day with admiration; the grand college and normal school for girls at Tokio is filled at present with hard-working female students of all ranks and grades of society. The empress Haruka, with her court ladies, frequently visits these institutions during the hours of recitations, delighting in the rare advantages they afford to her sex, awarding prizes, and encouraging the pulpils.

Colleges abound for Japanese young men; the most notable are the Scientific and Imperial Universities at Tokio; the Imperial College for Engineering, and several medical colleges; all have both native and European professors, and the latter with one voice extol the devotion to study shown by the Japanese students. To every college is attached an extensive library of native and foreign works; showing the thoroughness with which the Japanese have begun the work of culture.

We find these Asiatic Cousins of ours a most original people; isolated from the rest of the world and carrying out their own national life for centuries. But no people in the world are now greater travelers; young Japanese men visit and study, in all the great cities of Europe and America. At home they have telegraphs, railways, and even Pullman cars; their postal service is modelled on that of Europe, even to a Japanese farthing postal card; telephones connect their mercantile houses; iron-clads defend their coasts, magnificent lighthouses illuminate their rock-bound seas. Old superstitions are melting away; belief in witchcraft, sorcery, magic and enchantment is fading. The old Shinto or nature-worship is dead; only its ghost may be said to flit, spectre-like, among the shadows of the ancient shrines and temples. Buddhism and Christianity have a fair field of conquest before them. It is not difficult to forecast which must in the end triumph.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE.

(*Search-Questions in Roman History.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

201. What name is sometimes applied to the emperor Julian, and why?

202. What emperor made Milan his seat of government?

203. What emperor reunited the Eastern and Western empires?

204. What emperor of the Western empire made Ravenna the seat of government?

205. Who was the chief enemy of both empires at this time?

206. What event happened to Rome in 410?

207. In whose reign did the Romans finally abandon Britain?

208. When was Rome pillaged by Genseric?

209. Who was the last emperor of Rome?

210. Who was the first King of Italy and when did his reign begin?

211. Who was the wife of Arcadius and what great preacher did she send into exile?

212. What emperor was entirely controlled by his wife who ruled for forty years, during part of which time her aunt practically governed the Western empire?

213. For what is Justinian I. noted? Name a famous general of his time.

214. What noted emperor defeated the Russians in Bulgaria about 970?

215. What empress poisoned her first husband, dethroned her third and had his eyes put out and reigned jointly with her fourth husband?

216. Who was emperor of the West at the time of the first crusade?

217. What event happened to Constantinople in 1204?

218. Where did the Western emperors in the rightful line have their seat of government?

219. When did the Genoese defeat the combined forces of Venice and the Western empire?

220. When was Constantinople taken by the Turks?

ANSWERS TO AUGUST SEARCH-QUESTIONS.*

161. To Numa.

162. To the Christians, to the persecution of whom he was always opposed.

163. Because his peaceful reign was succeeded by the turbulence and disaster which followed as the placid waters of Lake Erie are succeeded by the cataract of Niagara.

164. Galen.

165. Avidius Cassius, the prefect of Syria, declared himself emperor, but was slain by his own soldiers shortly after.

166. His persecution of the Christians.

167. Alfred the Great. See Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire.*

168. The Sarmatian war.

169. Commodus.

170. Eighty-six days.

171. The Pretorian guards offered the throne to the highest bidder, and Didius Julianus thus secured the rulership.

172. He regarded the Senate as a powerless assemblage and paid very little attention to its decrees.

173. At York, England.

174. Caracalla.

175. Heliogabalus.

176. Alexander Severus.

177. During the reign of Gallienus.

178. He built a wall about Rome twenty-one miles in extent.

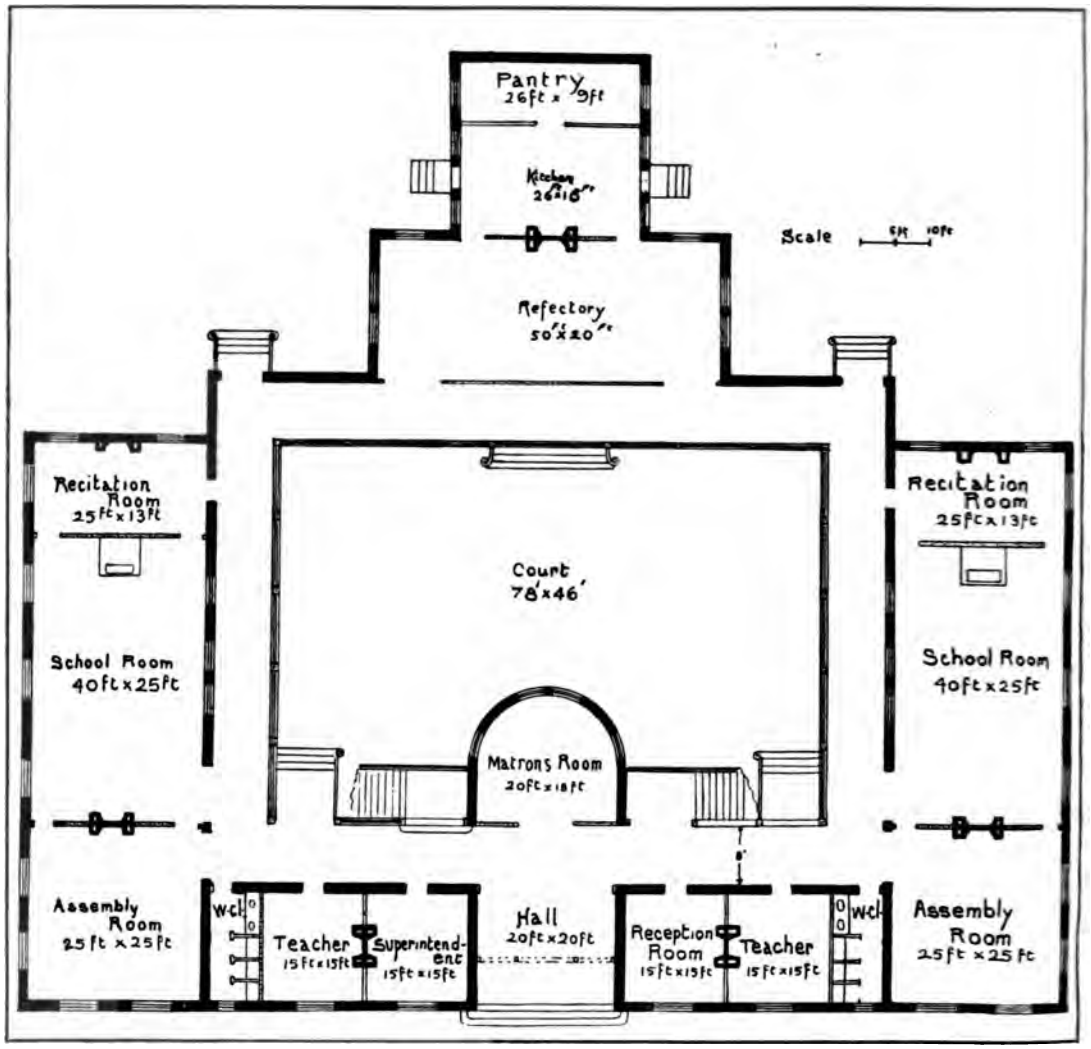
179. Zenobia.

180. In the year 270.

* In connection with this division of the subject it is suggested that Watson's *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* should be read and also Walter Pater's *Marius; the Epicurean* and William Ware's *Zenobia.*

SAN JUAN.

(The Mescalleros chief whose touching appeal to the whites, in behalf of education for his people, resulted in the founding of the Indian Schools in New Mexico. See "The Ramona Indian Girls' School," by Rev. H. O. Ladd, in the September WIDE AWAKE.)



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN OF THE RAMONA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

(The above is from the design by Mr. Stanford White.)

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL TO DO.

(*See article, "The Ramona Indian Girls' School," on page* 213 *of September* WIDE AWAKE.)

THE friends of the Indian Girls and those who love "H. H." (Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson) for her noble books in behalf of the Indians — *Ramona* and *A Century of Dishonor* — have now resolved to build a monument to this great woman which shall forever celebrate her name and work — a Memorial Hall, which shall be used as a school for Indian Girls, and be known always as "Memorial Building, Ramona, Indian Girls' School." It will be built at Santa Fé, and belong to the University of New Mexico.

In the erection of this Memorial Hall we all wish to help.

Mr. Stanford White, one of the best New York architects, has made the design for the Hall and given it, as his share of the work. We have shown you a picture of it as it will look

when completed (page 218*) and you can see that it is a beautiful building for a tropical country. Rev. Mr. Ladd, the President of the University, describes it:

"It revives, in some of its most prominent features, the ancient cliff dwellings of New Mexico and Arizona, with its low tile roof, projecting vegas, its porticoes, and quadrangular structure around a spacious court. A portico surrounds this court, which may be inclosed in glass in cold weather for the preservation of plants that will usually fill its open spaces. The court will be about one hundred feet by eighty, and ornamented with flower plats, vines and walks around a central fountain. Opposite to the arched entrance in front will be the memorial room to "H. H.," projecting with bay windows into this court. The first floor of the main building, which will be one hundred and fifty feet long, including the front of the wings, is devoted to the hall, superintendent's rooms, reception and recitation rooms. In the wings are the school, matron and store rooms. The second story contains large dormitories, bath and wash rooms and teachers' apartments. The third story has work and exercise rooms, and small bedrooms for the older girls, and a large hall for music and general exercises. In the rear of the court a one-story building, containing the dining-hall, kitchen, laundry and other domestic rooms, incloses the quadrangle.

"The structure will be built plainly of red brick for the first story, brick covered with a warm colored stucco in the second, and brick with columns of tiles in the first upper portico, for the third. Red tiles will cover the roof, the windows will be arched with old style divisions and glass. The materials will be substantial but plain. The marked grace of the design will thus be increased by its adaptability to its uses for the Indian girls of the Southwest."

There will be room for one hundred and fifty Indian girls and their teachers and matrons. It will cost about $48,000. Money is now being pledged for the different rooms. The personal and literary friends of "H. H." have promised to build the "H. H." Memorial Room.

Let *our* work, readers of WIDE AWAKE, be to build the dining-room, which will be known forever as the WIDE AWAKE REFECTORY. Let us begin at once to provide the funds for our lovely gift to the Indian girls of whom Mr. Ladd has told us. Yes, let us begin. It is estimated that our dining-room will cost $1000.

The *Santa Fé Herald* thus describes the Refectory:

"In the centre of the court there is to be a fountain of appropriate design, surrounded by walks and flower plats. From the court on the south one enters the refectory. This is fifty feet in length, and as a dining hall will hardly be equaled in the Southwest for many years to come. The trim of the room is to be in native woods finished in oil. Panel work will take the place of the ordinary wainscoting, and will extend eight feet above the floor. The ceiling will also be in wood panels, the designs for which represent something very elaborate. The side of this room, facing the court, is almost entirely of glass, and during the winter season, when the enclosed porch is converted into one grand conservatory, one will look out upon a perfect field of floral beauty."

We invite one thousand of the WIDE AWAKE young people to pledge themselves to give *ten cents a month* for one year. This will just leave, as you can see, a slight margin for some dainty things we may like to place in the room after it is completed; perhaps we may be able to buy the tables, the linen, the silver and the china.

Who will be the first to help the Indian children? The names of the contributors shall appear each month in WIDE AWAKE.

A beautiful book with the names of the contributors will be placed in the Refectory, also a tablet commemorating the gift and naming the room. Mr. D. Lothrop has headed the subscription with a liberal sum for this purpose.

The "Refectory Thousand" shall be a company by themselves.

Other WIDE AWAKE Givers shall be divided into "Ramona Bands" to establish scholarships. $50 establishes a scholarship that, with the addition of a certain sum pledged by the U. S. Government, gives an Indian girl home, food, clothing and industrial and schoolroom training for one year, in the Ramona School. Every fifty givers of one dollar a year, or *two cents a week*, shall be enrolled and published as a "Ramona Band."

Members of the "Refectory Thousand" may send $1.00 complete, or *ten cents per month*, according to choice and convenience. All names and offerings will be acknowledged in the magazine.

Write "Ramona" in corner of all envelopes containing money or letters on this subject.

Address EDITORS OF WIDE AWAKE,
Care D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

*See September WIDE AWAKE.

Just Two Months More

in which to earn a Lothrop Literature Prize. There are 94 good sums of money to be distributed among the writers of the 94 best things for WIDE AWAKE. No *MSS.* will be received after Dec. 1st, 1888. Judges: Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, President Angell of Michigan University, Mr. Maurice Thompson.

WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT.

Anything important to us Americans, that people are talking about. Pick up your newspaper. There is politics. Young people would read politics if some common-sense articles were written for them. We would like an article of two thousand words that would show the benefits A TARIFF is supposed to insure us, and another (same length) that would show the advantages of FREE TRADE. Make both theories clear to us, please. Subjects are as thick as blackberries. Who will describe THE CAUCUS? Who will tell about the machinery of THE TOWN MEETING? Neither of these manuscripts must be over a thousand words long. We want to publish plain short statements of the duties of the President of the United States, of the Vice-President, of the Secretary of State, of the Secretary of the Treasury, of the Secretary of War, of the Secretary of the Navy, of the Postmaster General, of a Representative, of a Senator. Each of these nine articles must be brief, not over one thousand words long.

We want good bright plans for weekly News Classes in the Grammar and High Schools, with the use of maps.

We want a good practical article on "The Use of the Newspaper in School."

We want a good helpful article showing our young folks how to use libraries in connection with their studies.

Probably this class of manuscripts must come mainly from the teachers instead of the pupils.

Next month we will give you some more hints — the last ones, of course.

For particulars about the Competition, amount of each prize (the whole sum set aside for distribution is $2000), how to send manuscripts, see pages six and seven.

For previous hints, get the June, July, August and September numbers of WIDE AWAKE. 20 cents each.

Address D. LOTHROP COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.

MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *ten cents* in postage stamps to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

EIGHTH ANNUAL COURSE.

REQUIRED READINGS (SERIAL).

(*To begin in Wide Awake and Journal for Dec.*, 1888.)

I. A LONG LINE OF HILLS. By Prof. Frederick Starr of Coe College. A dozen geological chapters. Each complete in itself, and relating some interesting geological event. The twelve make a dozen wonder-tales. Prof. Starr is a popular instructor of young men. He is a young man himself. Chautauqua Young Folks are sure to like Prof. Starr.

II. COOKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Mrs. Sallie Joy White. Twelve papers. The best thing yet written on Manual Training. Introduces Mrs. Hemenway's successful experiment, in Boston, to the parents and public school children everywhere else. Makes the whole system easy and clear. These papers will bring about Cookery as a part of the regular school course in thousands of schools. Mrs. White is an able journalist of many years' experience, and has watched the experiment in Boston from the first step.

III. THE STORIES OF THE FAMOUS PRECIOUS STONES. By Mrs. Goddard Orpen. Twelve papers. There are about a dozen pearls, rubies and diamonds in the Old World that have played a great part in foreign wars and politics. The thrilling adventures of "The Great Mogul," "The Regent," "The French Blue," "The Black Prince's Ruby," are as romantic as the plot of a popular novel.

IV. WAYS TO DO THINGS. By various authors. These popular and practical papers will include various home pursuits, doings and pleasures. Diagrams and illustrations.

V. Miscellaneous articles specially suited to needs of the C. Y. F. R. U. will be given as space allows.

VI. SEARCH-QUESTIONS. By Oscar Fay Adams. A new series of Search-Questions will be given, and *book prizes* will be awarded for correct answers as heretofore.

REQUIRED READINGS (BOOKS).

A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II. By Edward Everett Hale and Susan Hale. A new volume of this delightful Series, describing the scenes and events of early New England history, etc. Illustrations.

POETS' HOMES. Volume II. By Arthur Gilman and others. Charming pen and pencil pictures of the homes and haunts of the poets and the poets themselves.

MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS. By Mary E. Bamford. Natural history told by the creatures themselves. For the youngest C. Y. F.'s but equally fascinating to the eldest.

PRICE LISTS.

I	WIDE AWAKE (Special price to members of C. Y. F. R. U.).	$2.25
	A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II.	75
	POETS' HOMES. Vol. II.	.35
	MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS	.60
		$3.95

Postage on books if sent by mail, 25 cents.

II	CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL	$1.00
	A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II.	.75
	POETS' HOMES. Vol. II.	.35
	MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS	.60
		$2.70

Postage on books if sent by mail, 25 cents.

No answers to Search-Questions can be credited later than the first day of the second month after the publication of the Questions.

Prizes can be awarded only to those Searchers who are Members of the C. Y. F. R. U., *and have paid their yearly dues* into the Secretary's office, Plainfield, N. J., and who are bona-fide subscribers to either WIDE AWAKE or the JOURNAL, and have purchased the Required Books. *Where several members of a family answer the Questions for the month, and but one copy of the magazine and one set of the required books are taken by that family, one prize-book only can be sent to that family.*

Address answers to Search-Questions to Editors of WIDE AWAKE and JOURNAL, 32 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., with the words, "Search-Questions," on envelope.

Prizes will be awarded each month to those who send complete sets of answers as follows: For each complete monthly set, any 75c. book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash; for two complete monthly sets, any $1.50 book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash. Always specify the month for which prize is due. *Catalogues mailed free.*

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR OCTOBER.

First Week: La Motte-Fouqué (*Dear Old Story-Tellers*).

Second Week: Siet-Eish-Ieu (*Our Asiatic Cousins*); two thirds of the article, as far as Modern Japan.

Third Week: Siet-Eish-Ieu (*Our Asiatic Cousins*); remainder of the article.

Fourth Week: Some Children of the M. S. P. C. C. "The St. Ives Table" (*Ways to Do Things*). Search-Questions in Roman History.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

First Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by quotations from La Motte Fouqué.

II. Short Papers on "Frederick the Great" and "The Edict of Nantes."

III. Reading. Selections from *Undine* or *Sintram.*

IV. Definition match on words from article.

V. Paper. Famous Germans of Fouqué's time.

VI. Singing. "The Watch on the Rhine."

Second Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by naming the principal mountains, rivers and cities of Japan.

II. Drill on the Geography of Japan.

III. Reading. If the Club can get a copy of "The Wonderful City of Tokio" by Edward Greey, selections may be read at this and the next meeting.

IV. Question Match on the History of Japan.

V. Music.

VI. Short papers. "Commodore Perry in Japan," "The Wars of the Red and White Flags," "Christianity in Japan."

Third Week:

I. Roll Call. Answered by quotations referring to famous Japanese flowers. Each member should, if possible, wear the flower represented.

II. Papers on Japanese Pottery, Royal Satsuma, etc. (Specimens of as many different kinds of ware as can be found should be brought to the meeting.)

III. Reading from Required Readings.

IV. Paper. The Lotos flower and its history.

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call. Answered by naming famous Roman women and an event associated with each.

II. Question match. On Search-Questions in Roman History.

III. Recitation. "Horatius at the Bridge."

IV. Conversation on famous organizations for the prevention of cruelty to children. (On application to any of these societies in the cities, reports can be secured. Each member should take a special city and be thoroughly posted on the work of the society which he represents.)

V. Recitation or reading. "Little Gretchen the Match Girl," from the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen.

The C. Y. F. R. U. readings for '88-89 will begin with the December number of WIDE AWAKE and the JOURNAL.

In this connection we would remind the young folks that the annual fee of ten cents is also due at the opening of the new year. Send in your membership fee promptly that we may know you are keeping up the work.

Now is the time of year to "drum up" new recruits. Let every C. Y. F. R. U. do its share in extending our organization. The Young Folks' Reading Union ought to be one of the strongest of the Chautauqua Societies. What are the young people doing to help it along?

Send to the Plainfield office for circulars, and see that your friends know all about the C. Y. F. R. U.

It will interest all who enjoyed the Defoe paper in the September Readings to know that a few weeks ago there died in Cecil County, Maryland, an old man of ninety whose mother was a grandniece of Daniel Defoe. His name was James Trimble. He was a Quaker, and a noted botanist and astronomer. His mother, Elizabeth Maxwell, the niece of Daniel Defoe, ran away from her home in London at the age of eighteen because her parents refused their consent to her marriage with the man of her choice. Her uncle, Daniel Defoe, was concealed in her mother's house in London, where he had taken refuge from the officers of the law, who were bitterly prosecuting him on account of his strict adherence to the doctrines of the Quakers, and it was here that he wrote his famous romance. Elizabeth secured a passage across the ocean as a redemptioner, and was sold in order to pay her passage when she arrived at Philadelphia. She was bought by Andrew Job, a resident of Nottingham, then under the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, whose son, Andrew Job, a few years afterward married her. James Trimble had two chairs used by Daniel Defoe in his study when he was writing the story of "Crusoe."

Correct and complete answers to August Search-Questions: Lydia E. Deal, J. Withrow, Lila McChesney, L. Carwile, G. W. Bryant, A. B. McChesney, Mattie Ellis, Alice M. Morgan, Jennie D. Fellows, John H. Woods.

Incorrect or incomplete answers to August Search-Questions: Harlan C. Pearson, Belle C. Schumaker, Mary Lydia Patch, Belle Marsee, Minnie K. Green, Allie Reynolds, Maude G. Lewis.

Additional correct and complete answers to July Search-Questions: Beulah Green, Minnie K. Green, Clara Lincoln, B. D. Orgain, Marion H. Lamson, Jack Spaulding, C. L. Reynolds, "X. Y. Z.," Mattie Ellis, H. L. Bacheller.

Additional incorrect or incomplete answers to July Search-Questions: Nellie Ward, Nellie Colfax Smith, Alexander B. McChesney, M. B. Frye, Lilian C. Carpenter, Lydia Deal, Jessie E. Harpel, Hester B. Morrill, Lila McChesney, H. C. Pearson, Clifford B. Daniels, Edward M. Moore, Eddie B. Dwight, Belle Kimball, Isabella Scott, Josie Green, John H. Woods, Maude G. Lewis, Isabel W. Urquhart.

FACTS OF INTEREST TO ALL.

Many intelligent people who are very particular in the selection of only the purest food, and the best made fabrics, give very little thought to the kind of toilet soap which they use, overlooking the fact that impurities of soap are readily absorbed into the pores of the skin, producing roughness, chapping, and other injurious results.

The cleansing properties of soap are derived from alkali which is a strong detersive liquid absorbed by the oils and other materials from which the soap is made. Even though these materials be pure the utmost skill is required to use the right proportion, for, if too little alkali is used the soap lathers poorly and will turn rancid, while, if too much alkali is present, the skin of those using such a soap is sure to suffer, especially during the summer, when the heat opens the pores of the skin, and exposure to the sun and wind

renders the face and hands very sensitive.

As there is no simple test by which adulterated soaps can be detected, the safe course is to purchase only those soaps which bear the name of a long established and reliable firm. Of the 103 varieties of scented and unscented toilet soaps which are made by Colgate & Co. the most popular is Cashmere Bouquet owing to the exceptional delicacy and refinement of its perfume, and its creamy lather which whitens and softens the skin.

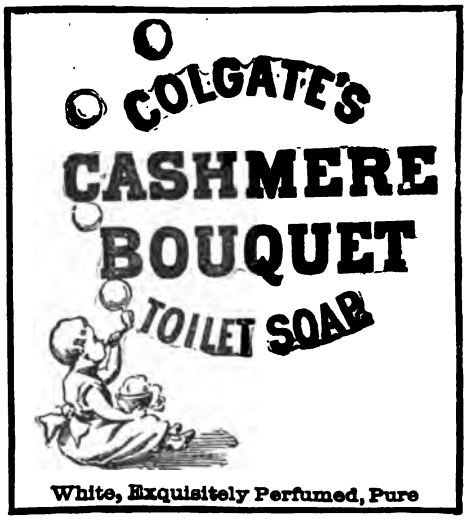
The sale of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap for the past year exceeded the importations of all toilet soaps from England, France, Germany, Italy and all other countries combined, as shown by the official reports of the United States Treasury for 1886.

Colgate & Co's large Perfumery business situated where the firm first began business in New York, enables them to make the

most delicate perfumes for their Toilet Soaps, and 30 first awards from foreign and domestic exhibitions testify to their superiority.

Colgate & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of toilet soaps in this country.

Soaps bearing their name are distinguished by their attractive appearance, by their soft and creamy lather, and by the richness and delicacy of their perfume.



If you Value

Clean Homes and Clean Clothes

If you have any feeling for the poor souls who make them so, lighten their tasks by supplying them with

Pyle's Pearline Washing Compound.

You will have better results, happier servants—they will have more time for rest or other work. Your clothes will not be rubbed to pieces. You will not be under any increased expense, and you will have taught your help to use their heads in the right direction, rather than their muscle in the wrong. Give Pearline a fair trial *without soap* or any other preparation. Millions are using it. Beware of imitations and peddlers.

Sold everywhere. Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE MOST EFFICIENT MORNING LAXATIVE

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY TARRANT & CO., NEW YORK

SOLD BY REPUTABLE DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

To Live in Real Comfort

and reap the blessings of a joyful old age, we must be free from the irritable temper which comes from dyspepsia and disordered liver. To get rid of dyspepsia, to regulate the liver, and to avoid a shattered constitution, take **Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.** ● ● ● ●

Nobody Can Be Well

whose bowels are constipated, whose digestion is disordered, or whose liver is not in good working order. But almost anybody may be well who will take **Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.** Nothing like it to restore these organs to regular and healthy action. ● ● ● ●

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

We are Indebted

to modern civilization for bringing dyspepsia, with its train of dismal distresses. But we are indebted to modern science for **Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient,** which takes away dyspepsia's distressing symptoms, and gently does its beneficent work, producing orderly action and perfect health.

For 44 Years

this famous remedy has been in use, not only by the public, but by the most eminent physicians. Its popularity increases every year, as it becomes more widely known. Among the best families it is regularly used. Army and Navy officers prize it. Travellers need it. Druggists sell it.

THE STORY OF NEW YORK.

THE STORY OF NEW YORK. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50.

CHAPTER I.

THE INFANT COLONY.

"Behold! The land, my son!" And good Captain Jan Evertsen van Gloockens, of the Dutch galiot Gilded Beaver, laid a broad hand upon the shoulder of the lad who, leaning far over the high taffrail, was peering through the scattering haze of a September morning in the year 1657, toward the long, low coast-line just coming into sight.

What the lad saw, over the quarter, was a distant rim of shore, looking very flat and level as it lay low down in the western horizon; ahead, to the southwest, a misty mass that might be hills or might be cloud-banks was just dimly coming into view, while, between, an open stretch of water flashed and sparkled under the September sun.

"Nassauw Island, from Secktaw-hackey 'round to Rechqua-aike and Conitjen," said the skipper, including the low coast-line in a comprehensive sweep of the hand; "the Staten hills and Scheyichbi," he continued, in guide-book style, pointing to the cloud-bank in the south; "the Hoofden and the gateway to the Monados," he said, indicating the broad sweep of sparkling water; "and by that gateway, my son," he concluded, "shall we and the Gilded Beaver sail upward to your long-wished-for haven of Nieuw Amsterdam."

Translated into our modern geographical terms the good captain's talk, part Indian, part Dutch, in its names of places, would mean to us: "Long Island shore from Fire Island Inlet around to Rockaway and Coney Island; the Navesink hills, Staten Island, and the New Jersey shore; the Narrows and the gateway to Manhattan Island: and by that gateway shall we sail upward to your long-wished-for haven of New York."

For so have names changed in two hundred years, although the low shore-line and the misty hills still appear the same, and are the first landmarks that greet the visitor from across the seas to-day, as he stands watchful and curious upon the deck of some great ocean steamer, even as they greeted young Teunis Jansen, from Amersfoort, as he stood, watchful and curious, on the unsteady deck of the Gilded Beaver two hundred and thirty years ago.

A sturdy, manly-appearing young fellow was this same Teunis Jansen — a frank-faced, hopeful-looking lad of scarce nineteen — fair type of that restless young life of Europe that, for now nearly three centuries, has been coming, coming, in an almost ceaseless flow, to the shores of the New World, as to a land of promise, of endeavor, and success.

Nearly fifty years before, on a September day in the year 1609, an earlier Teunis Jansen — this lad's grandfather — had sailed this very course as one of the mixed crew of Dutch and English sailors who, under the command of Captain Henry Hudson, the English navigator, had seen from the deck of another Dutch galiot — the Half Moon — the same low-lying shore-line, the same misty hills, the same gleaming gateway to a new world.

Fifty years had passed since Captain Henry Hudson, sailing up the beautiful river, had found himself in a land which he reported to be "the finest kind for tillage and as beautiful as the foot of man ever trod upon"; and, within that time, many changes and a constantly increasing tide of emigration had come to the new lands of which Captain Hudson had taken possession in the name of the States General of Holland and the Dutch East India Company.

Originally discovered by the Spaniards of Christopher Columbus' day (as recent investigation clearly indicates), the land had been neglected and forgotten by its first discoverers, these same wealth-devouring Spaniards, who, seeking gold and spices, cared only to follow the advice of the geographer of their king — Peter Martyr the Italian: "To the South, to the South, for the great and exceeding riches of the Equinoctial; they that seek gold must not go to the cold and frozen North."

But, though this northern land might be ignored and forgotten by its earlier discoverers, the evidence of Spanish exploration and possible occupation exists to-day in several actual and peculiar relics. One of the most striking of these is the simple headstone not long since unearthed near the town of Pompey, in Onondaga County, Central New York. For on this stone has been deciphered, after much patient study, this nearly obliterated inscription in abbreviated old Spanish: "In the year of our Lord, 1520, in the sixth month, died here in the hope of immortality, our comrade Leo, of the city of Leon, in Spain."

And, even more enduring than this crumbling headstone, the very language of those barbaric owners of the soil, who learned to know and hate the Spanish power, in the North as in the South, retained for centuries the stamp of Spanish contact. Many a place and tribe through Lower New York, accepted as Indian names by the first colonists, have been found by scholars to be based upon Spanish words. Indeed, even the metropolis of the Western World itself to-day retains in the

name of the island upon which it is built — a name that it has proudly used for fully three hundred years — the evidence and the moral of the greatest evil which, from the very earliest days, the white man laid upon the red; for it was called Manhattan, Manhates, Monatoes, Moñados.* And *moñadoes* is a Spanish word signifying "the place of drunken men."

But, for all practical purposes, the Teunis Jansen of 1609, and his captain and companions on the Half Moon, first opened to European knowledge and commerce the river which they called Mauritius, the French, Rio de Montaigne, but which for many a year has borne the name of its dauntless explorer, Hudson the navigator. It was then, too, that, by the favorable report of the country borne back to Holland, was laid the foundations for the great and marvelous future of the Empire State of New York.

But young Teunis Jansen as he leaned over the taffrail of the Gilded Beaver thought little of this possible future. He was thinking of the past, and was recalling all that his grandfather had told him, as the old man would sit, smoking his big pipe crammed with Indian leaf, in the ingle-nook of the quaint little house at Amersfoort near the shores of the Zuyder Zee. For many a time had the old man told the lad the story of those early days: how he had come again and again to the Manhattans after Captain Hudson's discovery; how he had trafficked with the Indians for furs and "pelts" and made merry in the log warehouse on the island; how Captain Adriaen Block's vessel the Tiger had burned to the water's edge just off the Copake rocks;† how, through the long winter of 1613 the shipwrecked sailors had lived in the four small houses,‡ half cabins, half wigwams, they had raised for shelter, and how, during their winter's exile, they had built a clumsy craft, the Unrest, on which they sailed away in the spring.

And Teunis remembered, as well, all his father's stories. For his father, too, had been sailor and fur-trader in the New Netherlands. The lad had heard, many a time, of his father's rough and roving life on sea and shore; of the trading stations of the great West India Company at Manhattan and Esopus and Fort Orange, away up the broad river; at the Fresh River§ and on the South River,‖ a hundred miles southward from the Manhattans. He remembered his father's story how in the year 1632 Zwanendael on the South River had fallen before the assault of the savage redman and he recalled, alas, all too well, how news at last had come to Amersfoort that his own father, volunteering for the Heer Governor Kieft's bloody and unwarranted assault on the Indians at Pavonia in 1643, had himself been killed soon after by the enraged savages as he was bringing a boat-load of furs from Fort Orange down to the Manhattans.

All these stories had long stirred the lad's ambition and made it his greatest desire to follow in the footsteps of his father and his grandfather, and come over to the New Netherlands to traffic and settle, and, perhaps, to make his fortune in trade.

* As Monados, the name of Manhattan Island appears on the earliest maps of American discovery.

† Where Castle Garden now stands.

‡ About on the spot which is now No. 39 Broadway.

§ Near Hartford, on the Connecticut.

‖ The Delaware River, a few miles south of Philadelphia.

THE OLD FARM HOME. By Abbie M. Gannett. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price 75 cents. Mrs. Abbie M. Gannett's little volume, "The Old Farm Home," consists of a series of poems connected by a thread of narrative, inspired by recollections of early life in the country. The theme is sweet and simple, and there are hundreds of readers in whose memories the book will awaken scenes and sounds long forgotten. We quote the opening lines: —

"A bit of choice New England green
Bosomed the rocky hills between;
The farmhouse rafters long were laid
Ere skillful workmen plied their trade;
Great beams upheld the unplastered wall;
The kitchen chimney, huge and tall,
Disclosed the yawning fireplace, where
The oak logs burned with ruddy glare;
The andirons stood for use, not show;
Above the dresser's polished row
Of tins the sweet corn braided strong,
Apples in many a festoon long,
Drying, with herbs — a savory throng,
Told of the owner's fruitful farm.
How smooth and white the sanded floor,
The low, wide hospitable door,
That opens on no solemn hall,
Where form and state hold each in thrall,
But straight into the heart of home —
A mother's smile for all who come,
A father's hand with welcome warm!"

GLADYS: A ROMANCE.

GLADYS: A ROMANCE. By Mary Greenleaf Darling. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.50.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE STEAMER.

"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm."

"What, Doctor, is it you? I am delighted! I was not looking for any rational companionship at this hour."

The doctor paused in the rather blind groping of his way up the cabin stairs, first to scrutinize his welcomer, then, as recognition dawned upon

his dazzled vision, to reply in a brusque tone quite at variance with his hearty grasp of the hand, —

"Nor would you have it now, my dear madam, if it depended on my own choice, or if professional claims would ever release one before bed-time! But, what in the name of all that is sensible, are you doing here in the cabin at 11.30 P. M., when you might be asleep in your state-room?"

"Oh! the girls, Madge and Gladys, could not be induced to go before the train arrived, that they might see who were to be their fellow-passengers on the steamer, and I, like the most indulgent of chaperons, as I am, sit up playing propriety."

"I admire the way in which you perform your duty, then," said Dr. Forbes, seating himself comfortably in the arm-chair beside the smiling, well-preserved matron of the world. "Where are the flock?"

"Out in the moonlight, under the safe conduct of Charles and Edith, or in and out of the cabin, as the whim takes them. I hear their voices now." And she glanced over her shoulder towards a chatting, laughing group of young men and girls, newly met in the middle of the cabin.

The doctor's eye followed hers. "Yes, I see Miss Edith with her betrothed, and Miss Madge's round cheeks; but who is that slender girl behind — Gladys, did you say?"

"Yes; Gordon's child. Didn't you know? He means to settle down at last, after all his wanderings, in the old Boston home, and introduce his daughter to society himself. She is fresh from a New York boarding-school, and is to spend this summer under my care."

"Humph!" said the doctor, with a shrug. "if the young lady is at all like her father, as I remember him, you will have no light addition to your cares. Young Gordon Lyman was a wild bird once, with a strong will of his own. I have not seen him for years."

"Nor has any one," returned Mrs. Waterston half-sadly. "He has never been able to settle at home since his marriage. First his wife's ill-health and taste for life abroad, then her death, and his own aversion to coming back to the closed house — Gladys, I believe, knows something of every country but her own."

"What sort of girl is she?" asked the doctor abruptly, with the freedom of the household friend to whom are revealed all secrets, whether physical or moral.

"A sweet child," replied the aunt warmly. "But here she comes. You shall judge her for yourself."

"Well, mamma, we have found quite friends enough to repay us for sitting up, if that is any consolation to you," cried Margaret Waterston's blithe voice. "Here are the Cliffords, and they say Mr. Boylston's yacht, with Raymond Lindesay and a party of reading men, is already at Bar Harbor — oh, Dr. Forbes! I am so glad to see you."

Edith Waterston's greeting, though less hearty, was no less friendly than her sister's, and Gladys glanced shyly over her cousin's shoulder at the gray-haired, rather cynical-looking man who was welcomed so warmly.

She was tall and slight, with a graceful figure, full of elasticity and vigor, and a delicate face flushed with a faint wild-rose tint, fair hair and sweet, dewy dark eyes.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Lyman, for your father was a friend of mine in his young days. Where is he now?"

"In Switzerland. I could not persuade him to come home before September, at the earliest. I have not seen him for nearly a year, and oh! I do so long for his coming!"

"Take care, Doctor, you will make her homesick if you talk of 'papa'!" said Madge. She spoke caressingly, however, and stole an arm round Gladys' waist.

Gladys half-laughed. "I am ashamed of myself," she said, lifting the brown eyes in which sudden tears had welled up, to the quizzical, kindly face. "I have been much away from papa, too, when I was younger, but not of late years; we have been always together."

The sweet, tearful eyes, with the simple burst of emotion, quite won their way through the rough shell to the old doctor's kindly heart, and Gladys Lyman closed her state-room door that night on a staunch friend.

TILTING AT WINDMILLS.

TILTING AT WINDMILLS. By Emma M. Connelly. D. Lothrop Company. 12 mo, cloth. Price $1.50.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

. . . . . .

At four-thirty postmeridian, on the fifteenth day of March, 1872, George Allerton clambered down from the top of the cumbersome old stage-coach and stretched his legs as if relieved to find their activity unimpaired by long disuse. It was the end of his journey. His feet now made their first acquaintance with the soil of Athens. It was an acquaintance destined to long and intimate continuance.

For an instant his keen glance covered the apathetic group about the tavern door who quickened into absolute interest at sight of this important looking arrival.

Allerton could not keep out of his eyes the cold disfavor that was in his mind, yet a glimpse of the sleeping tiger which lay concealed beneath that vacant cat-like gaze might have interfered somewhat with his prompt dismissal of these typical specimens of Kentucky's "poah white trash."

The impression of censure carried by his glance sank into ready soil and rankled there like the remembrance of a blow.

"Blamed carpet-bagger!" muttered one.

"Come to buy the town, likely," sneered another.

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" exclaimed another, with belligerent humor.

This was the sole excitement of their stagnant existence. They lived from day to day on the expectation of the semi-weekly mail-coach.

Instinctively Allerton felt that he had made an unfavorable impression and he experienced a passing pang of regret that the first feeling between himself and these people among whom his future probably lay, should be one of antagonism.

He was the only passenger, but he was a novelty, and that sufficed. Their hungry eyes followed him as with brisk, business-like movements he secured his valise and himself carried it into the tavern.

The room he entered was a long, dingy apartment, a combination of grocery, post-office and general news-depot, where a motley assemblage of people awaited the distribution of the semi-weekly mail. What a low, sluggish current of thought must prevail in a dank, ill-odored place like this! was his thought.

The "quality" who formerly kept a "boy" for such sevices (if he was sixty he was still a "boy") were now reduced to the necessity of carrying their own mail; and the condescension with which "Generals," "Judges" and other local magnificoes sat among their humbler fellow-beings was truly amazing.

"To such mean haunts, to such inefficient fellowship," moralized Allerton, "will the gregarious instincts of man reduce him."

On his entrance, conversation was suspended for the space of a minute, and every eye was turned on him. He bowed in a general way, registered his name in the book that was shoved toward him, and requested a room and some dinner.

The sallow-faced, sarcastic-looking clerk remarked with scornful emphasis, that supper would be ready at six. As Allerton made no objections to the local nomenclature, he proceeded to take the room into consideration.

"Would you object to a room-mate?" inquired the landlord, pausing in his official duties to inspect the prospective guest.

"Yes; I should prefer a room to myself."

"For how long?"

"I am not sure, yet," casting a slow, attentive glance around the room which had resumed the hum of conversation. "A week, probably."

"S'well dislodge Crugar, then, I s'pose," said the landlord, in a ruminating tone, and heaving an unconscious sigh. "Crugar's a fine fellow, but I don't know as we are responsible f'r his support. Fine fam'ly, splendid comp'ny, an' all that; but that hardly pays f'r his board, and we've got nothing else out of him these two yeahs."

He carefully deposited a package of letters in a big shoe on the counter and went on assorting the mail, calling the name of each individual as his portion was ready for delivery.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. By E. E. Brown. Boston, D. Lothrop Company. 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

Says a certain writer, "An author cut off from all his surroundings is as difficult to understand as figures cut out by children and separated from the grouping and background of a picture:" and, with a somewhat similar feeling, whenever the name of James Russell Lowell is spoken, we immediately think of him at Elmwood, the delightful old parsonage in Cambridge, Mass., where, upon the twenty-second of February, 1819, the poet was born, and where, with the exception of his late residence abroad, the greater part of his life has been passed.

His father, Dr. Charles Lowell, was a Unitarian clergyman of the mild, conservative type — a man full of good works and remarkable for his unwavering devotion to duty, his excellent judgment, and his sound, practical common sense in the every-day affairs of life.

The Lowells trace their descent from Percival Lowell, or Lowle (as the name was sometimes spelled), who came from Bristol, England, about the year 1639, and settled in Newbury, Mass. John Lowell, a descendant of Percival, who was born in 1704, and was graduated at Harvard in 1721, was the first minister of Newburyport. His son, bearing the same name, was born in 1743, and rose to prominent and influential positions in connection with the organization of the State and Federal Governments after the Revolution. He was a

leading member of the Massachusetts Convention of 1780, and it is claimed by the Lowell family that he was the author of the section in the Bill of Rights by which slavery was abolished in Massachusetts. He was also a member of the Continental Congress in 1781, was made judge of the Court of Appeals in 1782, and Chief-Justice of the United States Court, first circuit, of 1801. One of his sons was Dr. Charles Lowell, the father of our poet, and another son, Francis Cabot Lowell, was the first among the colonists to perceive and utilize the water power of New England; it was for him that "Lowell," the city of manufactories on the Merrimac River, was named.

The mother of James Russell Lowell was of Scotch descent, and her maiden name "Spence," seems to have been the same as "Spens," — indeed a certain tradition exists in the family that one of their ancestors was Sir Patrick Spens so celebrated in the old English ballad. She had wonderful gift for languages and an enthusiastic love for poetry, especially for old songs and romances.

It was from her, doubtless, that James, the youngest child, inherited his passion for the beautiful both in nature and in art. As Lowell himself says, in after years, "A mythology that broods over us in our cradles, that mingles with the lullaby of the nurse and the winter-evening legends of the chimney-corner, that brightens day with the possibility of divine encounters, is of other substance than one which we take down from our bookcase, sapless as the shelf it stood on, and remote from all present sympathy with man or nature as a town history. It is something like the difference between live metaphor and dead personification."

There were five children born to the good pastor and his wife: Charles the eldest, who bore his father's name, Robert Till Spence (the author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay"), Mary (now Mrs. Putnam and a lady of rare culture and ability), Rebecca, who died in middle age, and James Russell.

We can easily picture to ourselves the free, happy, out-door life of the Lowell children in that most delightful of country homes, the old Elmwood parsonage. The ample grounds still cover a number of acres, and the broad, grassy lawns slope off into shady orchards and groves of fragrant pine and fir that in the summer time are all alive with birds. There grew the yellow dandelions — those "Eldorados in the grass" — "first pledges of the blithesome May," of which the poet writes so lovingly: —

"My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers."

MARGARET REGIS AND SOME OTHER GIRLS.

MARGARET REGIS AND SOME OTHER GIRLS. By Annie H. Ryder. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 12mo, cloth, $1.25.

CHAPTER I.

"IT IS A CLUB!"

Four o'clock strikes out from the chapel bell. It is time for school to close! In fifteen minutes the bell rings again, and, with its last stroke, the corridors of the dormitories seem to fill at once with girls in scarlet uniforms — queer-looking costumes, which so affect their personal appearance that an inexperienced reader of natural history would probably be as a loss to know whether to class them among Fejee Islanders or wild Australians. On nearer inspection, however, their flannel suits show special points of utility, and utility, of course, offsets a score of defects in grace and fashion.

Here they are at last in the gymnasium, chattering away like a hundred magpies. Eager, gleeful, restless girls, brimming with life, free and fresh as the morning. Oh! what bountiful days yours are, bringing not the uneven experiences of riper years, but hours rippling with cheer and flooded with health and vigor. What a republic this school of yours is, and how you defend it, allowing none but the virtuous, none but the beautiful to stand at your head. How rich it is in ruddy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and fair, smooth forehead; rich, too, in large hearts and in generous impulses. Ah! the girls, the girls! criticise them as one must, at times, and that severely, an honest person never saw a group of them together without feeling, There is one of the most delightful sights the world affords; there is the bloom of life!

Gymnastics are in progress and muscles are developed after the most approved principles of physical culture; but when the longed-for signal of dismission comes, the clap sends the girls bouncing into antics not recorded among calisthenic exercises, and which show a class of muscles hardly to be detected under other circumstances.

As usual, in two minutes the girls are all sorted into groups and sets and companies. They bob their heads against each other, knock one another's

shoulders, and all exclaim at the same moment in the most emphatic way over a matter of the slightest importance. There is a group standing by the bowling-alley — standing? Well, perhaps not that; it is a position hard to define, for one is sitting on the rail, another is sitting in her lap, and the remaining three are fondly linked arm in arm, leaning against the two on the rail, and supporting one another by some secret process which appears to consist of a general overlapping of shoulders, arms, hips, and feet, I should judge — yes, feet.

How excited they are! Do see their heads all together; they can't stir them an inch without collision. How they are bending to it! See that girl's eyes flash, and oh! what a volume of ejaculations over "that horrid old algebra." The other girls are laughing at her now, rubbing her shoulders down, smoothing out her wrinkled forehead; and at last she laughs herself at getting so impatient.

Whatever they do, there must be fun and life, eager tones and ready wit, and but short periods of anger about real girls. It hardly seems as though a girl knew all her ability to be a girl until she is brought among other girls; then the influence is powerful; she must be all she ought to be, so she becomes a surprise to herself and laughs and talks with the readiest.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES. By Samuel Kneeland A. M., M. D. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $2.50.

CHAPTER I.

LAVAS.

I desire in this volume to relate my experience in volcanic countries, in the shape of a personal narrative, from notes taken on the spot. In this way the reader may be enabled to form a better idea of the volcanic phenomena, as well as of local peculiarities, and in a far more acceptable and intelligible form than by a didactic treatise. Only the countries that I have visited will be specially described. These, however, comprise Europe, Asia, and the Pacific Islands, and will be sufficient to furnish ample materials for a popular explanation. I do not pretend to settle any of the many disputed points in the geology and physics of the globe; I simply wish to follow the motto of Barrande, placed on the title-page: "C'est ce que j'ai vu — le temoin au juge." In other words, I merely describe what I have seen, and leave the explanation to competent judges.

A few explanatory words relative to the properties and varieties of lava seem desirable before proceeding to the detailed narrative

Lavas are the more or less fluid matters poured out from volcanic vents in a glowing, highly-heated condition derived from melted or softened rocks far below the surface of the earth. They resemble the slags and clinkers around our furnaces and kilns, and, like them, are composed of various stony materials of different degrees of hardness and roughness.

According to Prof. Judd, oxygen constitutes nearly one half the weight of all lavas, combined with other elements in the form of oxides; silicon forms about one quarter, and aluminium one tenth of most lavas; magnesium, calcium, iron, sodium and potassium, in varying proportions, make up the other materials; silica or silicic acid forms the greater part of their mass: from one half to four fifths; this, acting as an acid, unites with other bases, making silicates. Those having the largest amount of silica are called acid lavas, and those with less silica and more bases, basic lavas: the latter are usually much the darkest in color, and the heaviest, like the basalts; the former being generally comprised under trachytes: as the iron in them escapes, they assume a reddish or brownish tint. Basic lavas are more easily fusible, and, in their natural state, largely crystalline; when subsequently melted they form a glass. When a lava mass cools rapidly near the surface, it becomes a volcanic glass called obsidian; when cooled slowly and at great depths, and under immense pressure, the mass becomes crystalline.

Lava is very capricious in its movements: sometimes overwhelming everything, at others turned aside by small obstacles; sometimes forming huge bubbles, which remain as caverns as large as an ordinary room, at others tunnels, bridges, peaks and plateaus; but everywhere, when recent, black, hard, without water, hot from the sun and indescribably dismal. The decomposed lava, in a temperate and moist climate, makes a fertile soil which is soon overgrown by vegetation; the smooth lava is too hard for plant life except in the cracks.

Lava, wherever occurring, presents the same general characters. I have seen that of the Sandwich Islands boiling in its fury in the Lake of Kilauea, and have traveled over hundreds of miles of its hardened crust and volcanic sand. From Reykjavik to Thingvalla, and thence to the geysers of Iceland, the scenery is almost entirely of the same character, but doubly desolate and black from the absence of vegetation. I have dodged and afterward collected the fiery bombs from the crater of Vesuvius; I have gathered many specimens from Etna, Fujiyama, the Philippine and Javan archipelagoes; but all present the same general appearances.

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VALUE OF LIBRARIES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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To-day some of the brightest and best minds in the country are contributing to the building up of Sunday-school literature, and there are scores of books which for point, general excellence, and genuine interest stand abreast with the products of the finest essayists and writers of the day, with the added advantage that they carry a lesson with them. The more important of the Pansy books, the stories of Margaret Sidney, of Mrs. Livingston, of Ella Farman Pratt, of Faye Huntington, of Julia A. Eastman, of Marie Oliver, and of a dozen others who might be named, have been important factors in moulding the character of young readers, and in starting them in the right direction of thought and action. Children are imitators; paint for them a character which appeals strongly to their imagination, and they are sure to copy its salient points, if possible. And here lies the power of the author to influence through his book for good or evil. By making his characters human, and imbuing that humanity with qualities which compel admiration, the reader may be turned to new and higher standards of thought and action.

A good Sunday-school library is a power in the Church — and even outside the Church. Its influence extends through the entire community. A single book has been known to work a revolution for good in an entire household. But a poor Sunday-school library is worse than none, for it repels readers. Evidently some superintendents have the idea that all the benefit received by the class comes from the teacher, and that the library is merely for entertainment, and therefore of minor importance. But a more erroneous idea never existed. In nine cases out of ten the library has a stronger hold and a deeper influence over the members of the class than the teacher.

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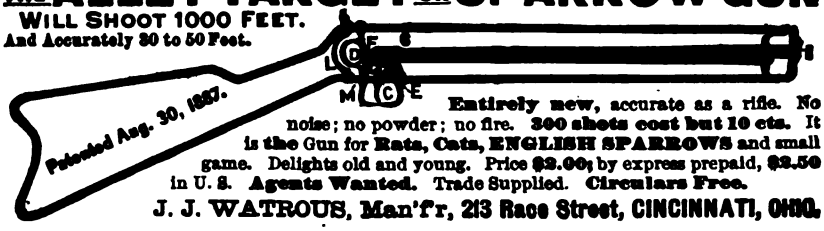

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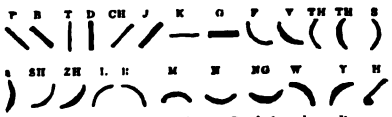

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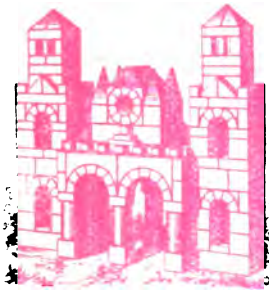

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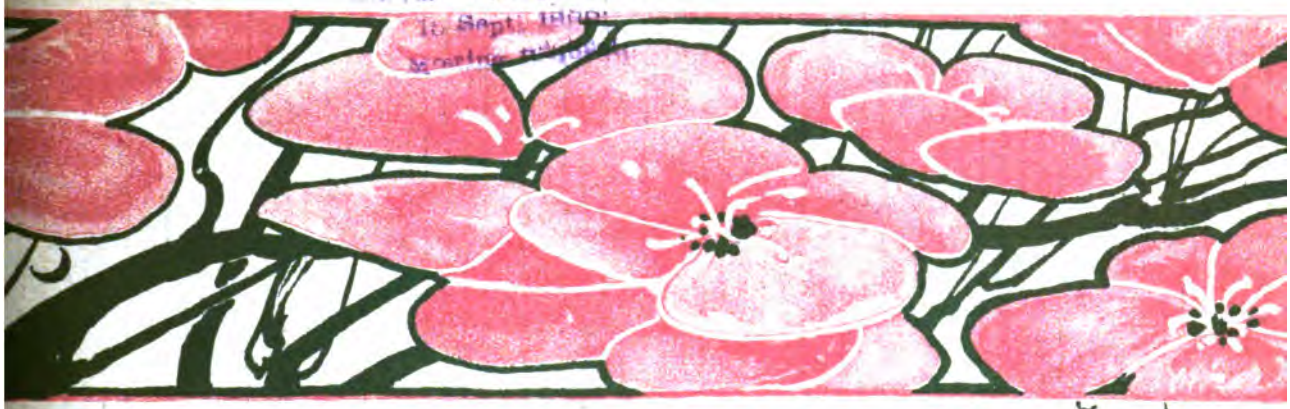

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AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE

EDITORS ·
CHARLES·STVART·PRATT·
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Good Stories, Good Articles, Good Poems. John Strange Winter, the popular English author, will contribute a funny story called *Yum-Yum;* Major-General O. O. Howard will tell *How many Indians in the United States?* Elizabeth Stuart Phelps will tell who won *The Toddlethwaite Prize; Who ate the Queen's Luncheon?* will be disclosed by Susan Coolidge; Miss Risley Seward will write about *A Statesman's Pets;* Mary E. Wilkins will tell a fantastic story about *The Silver Hen;* Grace Denio Litchfield the story of *Bin;* G. Hamlen will give the amusing record of *The Frogsleigh Mikado;* and Mrs. Bates will introduce *The Little Girl of the Okebojo; Queen Mary's Child-Garden* is by Mrs. Humphrey; *Early America in Clay*, by Emilie Poulsson; *A Voyage on a Raft*, by Mrs. Hy. Sandham; Harriet Prescott Spofford will sing several of her beautiful ballads, including *Sweet Home* and one about *Caroline Herschel;* there will also be *Poems* by Jean Ingelow, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, M. E. B., Edith Thomas, Marion Douglass, Clinton Scollard and others. Margaret J. Preston will write of *Christmas at Briony in '63;* from the Norwegian will be the story of *Sampo Lappelit;* and Eleanor Lewis will describe *Some Pets in Stone.* Illustrations will accompany these articles.

John Strange Winter, Gen. O. O. Howard.

Elizabeth S. Phelps, Grace Denio Litchfield.

Jean Ingelow, M. E. B., Edith Thomas.

G. Hamlen, Mrs. Hy. Sandham.

The Departments: Tangles, the popular Contributors and the Children, the Post-office, the Prize Questions, all will be continued.

Good agents wanted everywhere for WIDE AWAKE. The magazine, at its present price, $2.40, is within the means of every family in the land. They ought to have it. We want bright, active young men and women in every neighborhood to show the magazine and take subscriptions. We will pay well for this work.

☞ Next month we shall announce some very attractive features for the coming volume of *Babyland*, the one magazine for babies and mammas (50 cents a year); of *Our Little Men and Women*, the pictorial magazine for youngest readers ($1.00 a year); and of *The Pansy*, for week-day and Sunday reading ($1.00 a year).

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and for it Miss Laura C. Hills is drawing a dozen delightful full-page pictures.

BOY BOB'S MENAGERIE

will picture many animals, and give Showman Bob's peculiar account of them.

SOME WESTERN FLORAL WONDERS

will be described by Mrs. Sarah Howard in several numbers of the magazine. These curious papers will have interesting pictures.

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the *real* elves, are perhaps those gauzy-winged creatures which are as beautiful as any fairies children have fancied. Mrs. Clara Doty Bates will contribute a dozen poems about these airy beings. Mr. L. J. Bridgman will accompany the verses with many pictures.

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ONE OF THE STRONGEST ATTRACTIONS

of WIDE AWAKE for 1889

will be the sparkling serial by Margaret Sidney, entitled

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being the further history of the "Five Little Peppers."

"Five Little Peppers and How They Grew" was published serially in WIDE AWAKE several years ago. It was a revelation in its charming way of telling about the doings of the Pepper family. It was enthusiastically praised by the young folks, and innumerable requests have been received ever since for a continuation of the happenings of that delightful family. In its bound form the story has found a hundred thousand new readers and is as popular to-day as when first issued.

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This special edition will not be sold at the book stores, and can be obtained only BY SUBSCRIBING FOR WIDE AWAKE in accordance with the conditions stated.

The price of "Five Little Peppers," bound in cloth, is $1.50. If we were to sell this edition we should probably put the price at $1.00. We simply state this, that you may know the value we are going to give you.

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Edited by PANSY — Mrs. G. R. Alden.

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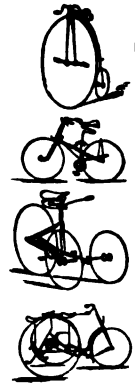

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D. LOTHROP COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

THE WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE.

2 OXFORD TERRACE, BOSTON, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I wish to tell the children who take the WIDE AWAKE about a little society I belong to. It is called the "Sunshine Club," and our mission is to scatter sunshine everywhere we go. The club is composed of my Sunday-school class and other children connected with Trinity Church. We meet every Tuesday and make scrap-books, dress dolls, cut paper soldiers for the children in the hospitals, or to send to the little ones in the back streets. Will not some of the Wide Awakes help us in our work? We should be very glad of old books, toys, games, Christmas cards, in fact any little thing can be used, as many of the little ones I visit have never had any playthings. I should like to correspond with any of the "Wide Awakes" who may wish to write to me, especially those who are invalids, also the musical girls or boys, as I am a music teacher and can tell lots of nice things about music. To the artist girls I might whisper a word as I live under the shadow of the Art Museum, and know some charming things within. I should like to hear from Miss Bessie Olney of Providence if she would write to me.

LOIS P. GRANT.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am a boy twelve years old. I have read you seven years and I am greatly interested in you. I am a member of the C. Y. F. R. U. The N. E. C. L. S. A. meets here, and I have been ever since it was started. I am collecting minerals and postage stamps. Will some of your readers please tell me a good book on Geology or Mineralogy for young people? I should like to correspond with some of the WIDE AWAKE boys that live in the Southern or Western States. About the first continued story I ever read was "No Man's Land," and I don't know as I have liked any story better since. I also liked "A Midshipman at Large," "Montezuma's Gold Mines," and "Romulus and Remus" very much. I am now interested in "Plucky Smalls: His Story." If any boys conclude to correspond with me please tell them to write first and address

ROSCOE H. BELKNAP.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Kan.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

As I have only seen one letter from Fort Leavenworth I thought I would write one to you. This is a very pretty place, for the grass on the parades is so green that it is like a velvet carpet.

The Fort is divided into three divisions, namely, the Prison, Headquarters and Post. The Post is divided in two parts called the West End and the Main Parade. I live in West End. It is not so large as the Main Parade and has not so many children or people, but I think that we children have just as much fun as the children in Main Parade do. The Main Parade is where the Commanding Officer lives and where they have the parades and guard-mountings. West End has a parade which is used for drills and the cavalry and artillery reviews.

I am twelve years old, and I am so sorry that I am so old, for I would like to stay little as long as I can. I love to play with boys, and I do a great deal, for I like all their games, and mamma thinks it's a shame that I wasn't a boy, and so do I, and I haven't gotten over the disappointment yet.

Every Tuesday and Thursday the band has a concert. It takes turns in having them in different parts of the Fort.

I like all of your stories so much that I don't know which I like the best, but I think "The Lost Medicine of the Utes" and "Secrets at Roseladies" are lovely. I have not any pets but a big black dog named "Don." I love to read and like Cooper's novels very much; I have read *The Red Rover* and *The Pathfinder*. I would like to correspond with any little girl who is full of fun. I don't care about her age as long as she is not younger than nine or older than twelve.

I am ever your loving reader

HARRIET WHERRY.

S. C.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

We live with three other New England families on a steep hill called "Yankeedom" by the natives, at the foot of a mountain, which shall here be nameless, in the midst of trees and flowers. We saw no snow last winter, but cold rains four or five days and nights without cessation. The houses are small, and look as though it was all they could do to build even that size. The more pretentious have one thin coat of paint.

The women go to church in aprons and sun-bonnets with a clean pocket handkerchief ostentatiously displayed. Negroes come driving into town to sell their poor little products, in carts drawn by a span consisting of a mule and a small no-horned woolly ox, or a mule and a stylish horned ox. A great mountain wagon and several mules, and on the back of one a man whose clothing was covered with cotton, and two women sitting serenely in chairs chewing snuff-sticks, one day unharnessed and halted on the hill above us. They had for sale sacks of cabbage heads, coops of live chickens, buckets of sauer-kraut and eggs packed in cotton.

All the people are poor; the former owners of the soil are gone, and their successors besiege us to buy knit edging and patch-work quilts. The "Rising Sun" and "Lone Star" patterns are favorites, but the gem quilt is called "Mexican Pink."

The flowers I cannot describe. We do not have bouquets but stacks of them. A great white and gold vase is filled with white lilies. Bowls of roses, scarlet geraniums and jessamine. The fireplaces are filled with laurel. We make many floral discoveries but do not go far from the house now, for there is a direful rumor of "snaicks," rattlers, moccasin and copperhead. I have only seen and am content to see no more than the non-pizenous black. We have become known as "flower-maniacs." Barefooted ragged little children bring loads of wild flowers and are willing to accept a dime or nickel in return.

We have whip-po'-wills for evening and crickets on the hearth all winter. Everything is new and delightful, but the old New England is just as dear, and I hope will see us again some day. A YANKEE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHICAGO, Ill.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:

Although I have taken the WIDE AWAKE ever since it was first published I have never written to you before, and as this is my first attempt I hope to see this soon.

I have followed Phyllis in her adventures with great interest, and have also enjoyed "Royal Girls and Royal Courts" very much. I should like very much to correspond with some girl my own age (seventeen) if there is any one fond enough of writing to write first to an entire stranger. Letters from any one fond of music will be very welcome.

I should like to correspond with Madge S. Wilson if her list is not already complete. I can fully sympathize with her both in her ill-health and her interest in Dickens.

MARGARET L. PAYSON.

BUCKINGHAM, Pa.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

We have taken you for five years. I think Charles R. Talbot's stories are very interesting. I live in Buckingham Valley and am surrounded on all sides by cousins, uncles and aunts.

We with our cousins have very nice times together. We have a dancing and a tennis club which meet once a week. I would like to correspond with Polly of New York. Her letter was in the WIDE AWAKE, June, 1887. My address is Elmwood, Buckingham, Pa. I would like to correspond also with other girls who take our dear WIDE AWAKE. ANNA S. ATKINSON.

LEWISTON, Me.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you for some time but have never written to you before. I like very much the story of "Those Cousins of Mabel's," and I think that all are nice. I take music lessons and like it very much. This vacation I am reading Adelaide Procter's Poems; and I think that *Ben Hur* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* are very nice. I would like very much to correspond with some readers of the WIDE AWAKE about my own age (nearly fourteen years) if they will write first to ETHEL WAGG.

ROCKFORD, Mich.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I will now seat myself to write a few lines to you. I am twelve years old. I go to school and study all the highest studies. I have not taken you but one month, but I enjoy reading the stories very much. And I should very much like to correspond with some one near my own age. EDNA HUNTING.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

We have taken your magazine for a long time, and each year have read its pages with ever-increasing interest. Up to this time we have never had courage to write to you for fear our letter would meet the same fate so many do — the waste basket.

The other day in school we had this sentence and verse given us for a language-lesson: "A gentleman going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation," and this:

"Every lady in the land
Hath twenty nails, upon each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet,
And this is true without deceit."

The lesson was to arrange them so they would read sensibly. We at last succeeded in doing so by changing the spelling of the word "see" and placing a comma after it in the former, and by changing the punctuation of the latter. MAUD CHESTER.
GRACE BURLEIGH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

Although we have taken you for a long time and enjoy you very much we have never written to you before.

We are going to join the C. Y. F. R. U. and would like very much to correspond with some of its members.

From our windows we have a beautiful view of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate Straits. Although our climate is considered very delightful we envy you your cold winters and snow and ice. We are fifteen years old and have seen but one snow-storm and then the snow was only three inches deep.

GERTRUDE E——.
MADELAINE G——.

ORLEANS, N. Y.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

As I see so many letters from young people and as I have never written I thought I would do so now. I am a girl of fifteen years, not very large. My mamma was formerly Postmistress here, and I was assistant also being assistant telegraph operator, but she has resigned now. My pets are a yellow canary bird named "Billie" and a large black cat named "Nig." I have one brother and no sisters. My brother is older than myself. I am taking vocal and instrumental music. We skate, slide

and sleigh-ride a great deal in winter for amusement. Will not some of the young people write to me as I would dearly love to correspond with them? I have a happy faculty of getting into scrapes, but people who don't know me call me "dignified and old for my years." As I am afraid my letter will be too long and may never be printed, I will close with love.

MAE. A. OCUMPAUGH.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have only seen two letters from here, so I thought I would make the third. I live very near our parks, so that I can go into them at any time.

I have a question to ask. Can some one tell me what to use to clean a slightly-rusted bicycle, left out or rusted from some other cause? J. HORNER.

CHESTER, Ind.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

Though I have just begun to take you I believe I will write you a letter. I used to take the *Pansy* but I got it read through so quick and you got to be so nice I concluded that I would take you. I have only one fault to find with you and that is that you do not come often enough. I am thirteen years old. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history and spelling. I passed out of geography some time ago. I was examined by our county superintendent. My teacher's name is Ida Carman, and I think she is a very good one. I began getting a collection of stamps not long ago; I have not very many yet. I have got a steer that I expect to sell next spring, and buy a colt. I got a book for Christmas called *The Family Flight Through France, Germany, Norway and Switzerland.* I think the continued story called "My Uncle Florimond" is just splendid. I got my photographing outfit premium and I am going to try it some sunny day.

I hope the WIDE AWAKE will enjoy prosperity for ever so long. Your ardent friend, IRVING KING.

MILES, Ia.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am fourteen years old. I live in a very pretty village. I am in the highest room in our school. I study German and Latin. I love music and have a piano. I like the WIDE AWAKE Post-Office very much. I would like to correspond with Nina H.

L. DAPHNE DAVIS.

BAR HARBOR, Me.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I never have written to you before. My regular home is in New York City, but I stay in Bar Harbor in the summer time. We have been here five summers already. It is lovely here all the time and very nice and cool. Here we have the ocean and mountains together, which is not very common. The highest mountain on the Atlantic coast is just back of the village. Green Mountain is its name, and it is 1522 feet high; on the other side of the mountain and just at the foot of it, is Eagle Lake surrounded by mountains on all sides. The water is clear and as cold as ice out of the sun; that is where they get the water for Bar Harbor. The lake is 325 feet above the level of the sea. The lake is two miles and a half from the village. There are twenty-eight good-sized mountains on the island, the largest of which is Green Mountain. The town is on the eastern end of Mount Desert Island, which is situated in Frenchman's Bay.

I like the story of "Romulus and Remus" and "Howling Wolf" the best. I wish the latter could be continued some more. I would like to correspond with some boy of about my own age (thirteen and a half). I have quite a large collection of stamps and would like to swap with anybody who has a collection. I have a whole lot of white rats which I keep for pets; most girls and some boys do not like them, but I like my four-footed family dearly. I have a girl friend who likes them as well as I do and gave me a pair in the first place. I keep the rats in a sort of workshop of mine.

H. H. HAYWOOD.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

We are from thirteen to fifteen years old, and are in the second class in the grammar school.

We belong to a club of six girls, and meet once a week to sew and read. We have read the "Cooking Club," and are now reading the "History of Boston." Can any one tell us the most interesting History of the United States.

We think that "Some Successful Women," "Howling Wolf and his Trick-Pony" and "War Times at La Rose Blanche" were the best of your serials in 1887.

We are collecting mineral specimens, and one of us has a fine collection of insects; if any one wishes to exchange specimens please let us know through the WIDE AWAKE.

The Friday before Harvest Sunday we went out into the woods and got our arms full of flowers. We had a very nice time, and as the church looked very pretty on Sunday, we felt quite proud of our contributions.

MABEL BOUMAN,
EMMA NORCROSS, } Three Club Girls.
BERTHA HAMLET,

JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I wrote to you once before this year, but my letter was not printed, and I hope this time to have better success. There is a very pretty little pond at the end of the street on which I live. I have two sisters eight and six years old. I like Mr. Hale's stories very much, because I have heard him speak and he was very interesting. I enjoy reading the short stories and the letter-box, and the long ones, too. My sisters and I have a very cunning little pug dog named Jip. I go to school in my own house, because there is quite a little school here with eleven scholars, but I don't like it half so well as going out to school, because I have to go rain or shine.

My papa and mamma went South this winter for nine weeks and we missed them very much. I have a friend who takes you and likes you very much. I have taken you two years and like you better each year. I took the *St. Nicholas* one year and liked that too.

EMELINE N. HASTINGS.

P. S. I am very fond of making up poetry.

ST. ALBANS, Vt.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

This is the second time I have written you. If Harry Loomis of Yokohama, Japan, will write first I will be glad to correspond with him. I am a little over twelve years old. I am collecting stamps and have nearly five hundred, all different. I am also collecting minerals, but have not got a great many yet. I was very much interested in "My Uncle Florimond."

JAMES C. WALKER.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I do not take you but my cousin does who is at present staying with me. I am going to subscribe though before very long. I am a girl of fourteen years and am a cripple. I have to lie in bed all day and I do get so tired. I cannot do anything but read, and I have read nearly everything in the house twice. Will some of the young people send me any spare books or papers they may have? If so I will be very glad of them, and with love to all, I am NELLIE FRISBIE,

Box 31. ORLEANS, *Ontario Co., N. Y.*

WARRINGTON, Pa.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you for four years but have never written to you before. I liked the "Young Prince of Commerce," and the "Pleasures of a Young Numismatist" best. I am a member of the C. Y. F. R. U.

I am getting collections of stamps, coins, minerals and other curiosities. I have a great many advertising cards and some United State stamps which I would like to trade for stamps, coins or minerals which I have not already.

Who can tell me where *The Coin Collector's Journal* is published, and what is the subscription price, and where can I get the following books and what is their price? *Coinage of the World*, by Geo. D. Mathews; *Coins, Medals, Seals, Ancient and Modern*, by W. C. Paine; *Oriental Coins*, by Marsden; and *Illustrated History of the United States Mint.* WALTER DUPER.

FLAG POND, Va.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I am but a little girl thirteen years old, but I can read WIDE AWAKE, and think all little boys and girls should read it. We live in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia. We collect a great many curious and beautiful fossils called Pentremites and Crinoids. I wonder if my little friends ever saw such curious things. We find Indian stone relics here also. I would love to correspond with girls of my age. MARY H. ROLINETT.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

In the September number inquiries are made concerning the United States silver dollar of 1878. I think the writer of the article "A Young Numismatist," is in error, as dealers never quote proof specimens at over $2.50 and the number of feathers makes no difference; worn pieces are only worth face value.

The Coin Collector's Journal is published at $1.00 per year, by The Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 721 Broadway, New York.

I should be pleased to answer any questions of boys or girls who are collecting coins or stamps, through the WIDE AWAKE Post-Office, and will promise them I will do my best. NUMISMATIST.

WOLLASTON HEIGHTS, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I write this little note telling you how much I think of you, and also the Post-Office — I think the Post-Office is very interesting, as one can hear from little children from all parts of the world, although you never see them. I saw in the last number that Carrie Thomas would like to correspond with some little girl; if she will write to me first I will answer her letter. This letter is a surprise to mamma. I would like to have you print it very much if you will, as I want to let mamma see it, as she does not know anything about this letter. I have a little rhyme that I made up myself, and if you would please print it in your next number I would thank you very much. It is the rhyme that I want mamma to see more than anything else. ABBIE L. PHELPS.

(*Abbie's Rhyme.*)

A stands for Abbie the one who wrote this rhyme;
B stands for Boston to which goes engine No. 9;
C stands for Carrie who is three years old
(Her eyes are brown but her hair is like gold);
D stands for dandelions, that grow close by the hall
(We have pulled them up, but can't get rid of them at all);
E stands for Mr. Eaton the gentleman that sells our ice
(And when it is made into ice-cream, you know it's very nice);
F stands for Franklin, Lyman's middle name,
(He is full of mischief, but is good all the same);
G stands for Gertie who lives across the street
(It is funny but she said rhubarb is not fit to eat);
H stands for Mr. Hewitson's family, seven in all,
(Behold the happy family great and small);
I stands for I because I wrote this piece
(Will you put it in the next number? That is if you please);
J stands for James, papa's youngest brother
(But he is in California, so they can't see each other);
K stands for Katie whose last name is Lincoln,
(She lives across the street from Miss Lillian Pinkham);
L stands for Lyman, who is not very tall
(But he can kick a football and play base-ball);
M stands for might, which means if I'd try
I might finish this piece, but I won't, so good-by.

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THE "DOROTHY Q." OF TO-DAY.

(Dorothy Quincy of Dedham, Mass.; great-great-granddaughter of President John Adams, and great-great-grandniece of the "Dorothy Q." celebrated in Dr. Holmes's famous poem.)

See "Children of the White House," page 363.

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 27. NOVEMBER, 1888. NO. 6.

NOVEMBER.

By Mrs. C. E. Whiton-Stone.

PURPLE dawns will flood no more
Starry asters bending low;
Reign of golden-rod is o'er,
Lit with sunshine's overflow;
Fields, where armied corn has stood,
Gold fires flashed from spear to spear,
Now are left in solitude —
It's November, dear.

Bees no longer wander through
Flowers of autumn growing wild;
Where the meadow grasses grew
Faded aftermath is piled;
Torrent-hearted birds have flown;
And the winds o'er forests drear
Sweep with wailing monotone —
It's November, dear.

Now and then, the gray sky lets
Glimmers of the sunshine through,
And, outreaching pale regrets,
Shows its azure self anew.
Now and then, the crow's late call
Through the woods breaks sharp and clear,
And the dead leaves rustling fall —
It's November, dear.

It's November, dear — what then?
You and I can surely wait
Till the rose-time comes again
Though these days are desolate;
And how beautiful to know,
Set in music of God's Year
In the symphony's full flow,
Comes November, dear.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE CHIEF.

(*A True Story.*)

By Margaret Foster Owen.

YES, we had been fighting all day," began Uncle Jack, hitching his chair nearer the fire, calmly taking out his glass eye and closing the lid to rest the muscles — a proceeding which never failed to deeply interest the embryo Major-General, otherwise little Roy Roylston, sitting on his knee. To this young soldier Uncle Jack's visits were seasons of delight, bringing with him, as he always did, stores of tales which in their glowing realities far outshone the most exciting books Roy had ever yet been allowed to read.

"Halloo, I have dropped that eye again," exclaimed Uncle Jack.

"Here it is — let me pick it up," said Roy, hopping down. "How did you lose the real one, Uncle Jack?"

"Oh! I'll tell you about that some other time — I have begun now on the 'Little Captive Chief'" —

"O, yes — well, you were fighting?" inquired Roy with a sigh of satisfaction, comfortably settling himself.

No story was worth anything to Roy that did not begin with fighting.

This is the tale Uncle Jack told him:

"Yes, we had been fighting since reveille, and the Indians had led us a pretty dance. They knew every inch of the ground, while to us it was all unknown. We suspected their object — they wanted to retreat, fighting, to their village, warn their women and children, and at the same time get us so deeply into the Bad Lands we should lose our way and fall an easy prey.

"They were smart fellows, but they didn't know us.

"We did not attack them. We let them lead us on, not gaining as we might have done, but creeping slowly along, keeping them in sight. What work it was! You never in all your life saw such walking. The horses had all been left in camp. There we trudged over hills and through morasses, now sinking knee-deep in mud, now struggling to gain a foothold on the almost perpendicular side of a bluff.

"At last, in the distance, we saw a thin line of smoke, and presently with field glasses could distinguish the Indians' huts, and could tell by the commotion in the village that the runners had arrived and were getting the women and children out of the way. Our advance guard were Indian scouts of a friendly tribe who cherished a deadly hatred against the Snake Indians, and although orders had been given not to kill the squaws, we feared — and the Snakes knew — that no quarter would be given if any were captured by the scouts.

"We were now ordered to advance and the fight began in earnest. They were brave — those redskins — and they were fighting for their homes; but little sympathy did they get from us, for we all had it present in mind that only the week before they had attacked a white village and wantonly killed or captured every being in it.

"They seemed to have some trouble in getting the squaws to leave. The women knew the white soldiers would not kill them, besides they had implicit faith in their own braves and wanted to be on hand at the victory and enjoy themselves by torturing the captives — for fiendish cruelty commend me to a hostile Indian squaw. They did not know at first that we had the Indian scouts — when they saw them, how they ran! I must say we lost all control over the scouts. They dashed yelling through the village, shouting, scalping, capturing anything, everything in their path. The Snakes preferred death to falling into their hands. It is a horrid story — my little man — but a true one. I saw one woman with her two children overtaken by a scout, and I was hurrying up to prevent him from harming them, when before I could reach them she snatched a tomahawk from her belt and striking each child on the head felled it to the

ground — dead! She then tried to kill herself, but the scout saved her the trouble — I killed that Indian scout!" laconically added Uncle Jack. "Think what war is, Roy!"

Here Uncle Jack's story seemed to end. At last Roy said, "But the little chief, Uncle?"

"O, yes! Well, of course we cut the Indians to pieces, killed ever so many, captured some, and the rest, a small remnant, escaped to the mountains leaving the village deserted. I was ordered to go through the huts to see if any white captives were confined there, left to starve. I hurried through that business, for one does not care to stay long in a lately occupied Indian house, and I soon came to the chief's — a hut of more pretentions than the rest.

"The moment I entered the door I heard a feeble cry — was it a dog? No! There it was again, evidently a human voice. I searched everywhere, and presently found just on the threshold of the rear entrance a little papoose, screaming and kicking and going on much as a civilized baby would under the same circumstances.

"I could only account for his being there by supposing that in the hurry of escaping his mother had not securely fastened him to her back, and in her panic failed to notice that he had fallen. While she was miles away the son and heir of the Snake Chief was in the hands of the whites! Quite tenderly, after all, did I lift the morsel of an Indian from the floor. The importance of such a capture could not be overestimated. We could probably bring the chief to any terms we should propose when he demanded, as he most certainly would, the return of his son.

"But what was to be done immediately with the baby? He was hungry, and we had no milk to give him. Did babies ever eat anything but milk? I thought a long time on that subject and finally came to the conclusion that they didn't.

"'Try him with bacon, Captain,' suggested old Jimmy, my Orderly, seeing my dilemma. Happy thought! Jimmy procured a piece of bacon left from his breakfast, and the way that six-months-old infant took hold of it and extracted the substance proved him to be a real live Indian.

"I was so taken up with my captive that I forgot the time, until a messenger arrived from the Major requesting me to make my report if I was quite through with the search, as the troops were waiting to return to camp. When I appeared with the baby in my arms you may be sure I was greeted with a general laugh and was immediately dubbed the 'Light Infantry Guardsman.' But never was royal prince more royally tended; we didn't know much about the treatment of babies and we were afraid to trust him with the captured squaws who might have killed him to spite us. You know, Roy, that 'the bravest are the tenderest,' and old Jimmy made a model nurse. And how fond the little Indian was of him! he would cry for him, stretching out his tiny fists, and then nestle as contentedly on Jimmy's shoulder as if in his mother's arms. He was about the dirtiest little pig imaginable. We were afraid to bathe him — indeed I doubt if he ever had come in contact with water in his life. We decided to leave the cleansing process until we could place him among women, which we soon hoped to do. Winter was coming on. The Indians were utterly routed, starving in the mountains, we heard, but still unwilling to return to the Reservation. They would do no further harm that year.

"A runner from their camp told us there had been much weeping and wailing among the Snakes when the loss of the papoose was discovered; but they supposed he had been left somewhere on the road and was of course dead. The poor young squaw, his mother, had been put to death in punishment for her carelessness, and we thought it best to let the chief remain in ignorance of the fate of his son until he began to trouble us again.

"Back we marched, to go into winter quarters at the Fort. And now the question arose, 'Who was to take charge of the prince?' The bachelor officers refused point-blank. Those with families hesitated about introducing a savage of ever so tender an age into their homes. Just as I feared, they all turned to me. Your Aunt Mary and myself had no children, and the prince was devoted to Jimmy. 'So it will be no extra care for Mrs. Harlow,' said the Major; 'and indeed, Captain,' he laughed, 'we all feel

a delicacy in depriving you of your treasure-trove.'

"So it was decided. I was to keep the prince. We marched into the Fort with colors flying. But I tell you, my little Roy, I went out to meet the Indians with a braver heart leaving your Aunt Mary, than when I marched in to meet her, bringing an Indian with me! I told Jimmy to keep the papoose hidden, and I would break the news gently.

"Ah, how good it was to be at home again! How sweet and dainty and pretty the little quarters looked, just big enough for us two! How neat everything was — your Aunt Mary would not even allow a dog in the house. She was the very soul of neatness; but she was so glad to see me she didn't even ask me to wipe my feet and actually pushed me into her cretonne chair just as I was, in my dirty field suit.

"'We were so uneasy about you,' she cried, 'when the news came that you had gone into the Bad Lands. I didn't sleep for a week. It was such madness to go — and what did you accomplish by it? The Indians would have stayed all winter in the mountains anyway. Well, I suppose we must be thankful you escaped with your lives if you didn't bring any other result out with you!'

"Now, thought I, strike while the iron is hot! 'But we did bring something else out,' I began; 'a number of captives, one, most important — the chief's son — and I — your husband — had the honor to effect his capture' —

"'Ah, you! did you have a fight? Were you wounded at all? were you in danger, Jack? did he struggle for his freedom?"

"'He struggled, certainly,' I said. 'But he didn't seem to mind being captured. By the way, I have him here — I have been ordered to look after him while he is in custody.'

"'You have a wild Indian here!' cried your aunt, retreating rapidly behind my chair.

"'Yes, but he is quite subdued, quite gentle. I'll call Jimmy to bring him in.'

"Your aunt shrunk all over, and began to tremble. 'Even if he is gentle he must be dirty,' said she, laying a hand on my shoulder.

"He was dirty — I had forgotten that. Why had I not told Jimmy to risk giving him a bath? But I replied airily: 'Oh! that is easily remedied. Let me tell you about this little captive.'

"Then I related to her the story of the poor little waif, and how, setting aside the value to us of such a capture, he would have starved to death or been eaten by wolves if we had not cared for him. I tried to arouse her missionary spirit by declaring that if we could keep him a few years we might train him so effectually he might be the means of civilizing his tribe or of bringing them into subjection to the Government. But she continued to look doubtful.

"Just then I saw Jimmy passing the window, carrying under his arm, with the most unconscious air, a bundle that might have been a loaf of bread, a rolled-up blouse, or almost anything but a human being.

"'Bring in the prince, Jimmy,' I cried. 'What have you done with him?'

"'Sure he is here, Captain,' answered Jimmy, carelessly tapping the bundle.

"'There!' exclaimed Mary.

"'Yes, mum. Sure I thought ye was not to see him just yet. So I doubled him up.'

"'Jack, is that a dead Indian, and have you been fooling me?' severely asked Mary.

"'Well, let us hope he is still alive,' said I. 'Set him up, Jimmy.'

"With a quick movement, Jimmy turned the bundle around and disclosed the copper-colored little baby peacefully slumbering.

"'Oh! the poor little' — began your aunt. 'Gracious, how dirty!' she finished. 'Jimmy, go out and send Bridget here with that child, and bring me a bucket of hot water!'

"Then I knew that your aunt had adopted the prince. Anything she considered worthy of being washed was an object of interest to her. I gave a sigh of relief that the ceremony of adoption had been so easily performed.

"Would you believe it, Roy, we had that Indian with us three years and we grew to love him as if he were our own? He was a loving little rogue, bright as a button, with not a trace of the Indian nature in him as far as we could discover, and in time we almost forgot that he was an Indian.

"He was manly for his age, having only one fear — and that was of the red men! I suspect this terror was the result of Jimmy's private teaching. Whenever he saw one of the Indian

scouts, who were always hanging around the post, the little prince would run to Jimmy for protection, trembling violently and begging to be saved from the clutches of the 'ugly man.'

"My little Roy, I shall never forget that bright spring morning when I received a communication from Headquarters, to the effect that the chief of such and such a tribe, on such and such a Reservation, having learned that his son, whom he long supposed dead, had been captured three years before and was now in the hands of the whites, demanded his release before he — the Chief — would agree to sign a treaty of the utmost importance to the white settlers of the Territory.

"The long official sentences swam before my eyes. I had a mighty queer feeling about my heart as I heard a fresh childish laugh and looking up saw my little prince standing in the office door dressed in his pretty plaid suit. One arm was thrown over the neck of his dog who was taller by half a head than himself; his bright dark face was one glow of mischievous delight at thus stealing upon me unawares in my official sanctum.

"Send back that dainty little piece of humanity, that carefully nourished, tenderly-cared-for baby to the wild rough life of his fathers? Send him back to the discomforts, the barbarities, the squalor from which I had rescued him?

"It seemed to me that I could not do it; and yet, for this very occasion I had kept him all these years, had watched over him in sickness, guarded him from every danger, and alas! had learned to love him as I do you, Roy, now.

"But the order was peremptory. In a week's time I was to be at the Cascades with the captive, where the chief, with his whole tribe, was to be encamped; and with much ceremony I was to deliver the prince to his father and witness the signing of the treaty which, if fulfilled, was to bring peace and quiet to the sorely-tried and much disturbed white settlers.

"Without a word I took the order to your aunt. She read it through, looked up with a bewildered air, and said 'I don't quite understand, Jack.'

"'It means,' I answered gently, 'that the prince' — we had never given him any other name — 'must be returned to his father.'

"'Returned — returned to the Indians, Jack?' she gasped.

"'Most certainly, my dear,' I answered.

"'It is quite impossible,' said your aunt decidedly. 'What! give Prince over to the Indians? Why, the child would die of fright — you know how he abhors them.'

"'Unfortunately, Mary, I have nothing to say about the matter. This is an order. A week from to-day, I must be with the child at the Cascade.'

"'Jack, I tell you it is quite impossible,' repeated your aunt. 'I don't suppose you want to see him murdered before your eyes,' she added reproachfully.

"'I want nothing, but to keep him with us always,' I answered, 'but, my dear, he must go.'

"Your aunt positively refused to accept the situation, and Jimmy declined to entertain for an instant the idea of parting with our prince. He was soldier enough to know that the order must be obeyed; but he was full of plans and expedients to evade the actual letter of the law and I really had to watch him to prevent him from abducting the prince for the time being and substituting one of the numerous Indian children in the village to be given to the deluded chief as his son. In vain I expostulated. In vain I showed him how traitorous it would be to deceive the Indians now, when we wanted to set them an example of white men's honor and good faith.

"'But he will never know, Captain,' urged Jimmy. 'He'll like a little savage much better than our prince who is a rale gintleman and has been brought up with proper ideas in regard to them Injins.'

"'With very improper ideas, I fear, when we have known all along that some day he would have to live with them,' I said.

"You see, Roy, I had to be very severe with every one that week to keep up my own courage, besides making all the preparations for departure myself; Aunt Mary refusing to help, and Jimmy doing nothing except when ordered, and then under protest. And all the time our little prince, unconscious and happy as a bird, sang, played, chatted and laughed in blissful ignorance of impending fate.

"I told him I was going to take him on a journey whereat he was delighted, and won-

dered much at your Aunt Mary's tears and violent demonstrations of affection, when she realized, as she did the last day, that the order must be obeyed and her darling lost forever.

"'Prince will come back,' the child assured her in his lordly way, patting her cheek. 'Prince thinks he won't go,' he added, his under lip trembling as Mary still clung to him.

"Almost with force I drew him away and hurried down to the boat, as night was fast closing in. Once on board his delight knew no bounds. Jimmy had declined to take farewell, but had sent a small tin sword as a parting gift which the child proudly wore until he stumbled over it striking his head on the floor and raising a frightful bump on his forehead — then I took it away. His excitement was intense. I could not keep track of him. He was here, there, everywhere!

"Presently I lost sight of him — nowhere could he be found. The whole ship's crew was in commotion and I was nearly frantic. To have harm come to him now, would not only be my ruin, but would bring disaster and desolation to many others. Just then a merry "boo!" came from out the darkness. There he was, hiding near the deck railing. He started to run as I came forward, tripped by the open guard, fell, and the next thing I heard was an ominous splash in the black rushing water. In a moment I was in after him, giving the alarm as I jumped and striking wildly out for the little form which I knew must soon rise to the surface.

"'Prince! Prince!' I called. Not a sign, only the rushing to and fro of the men lowering the boats — and the sobbing of the water as it dashed against the pier, perhaps already tossing in its cruel arms the dead body of my little prince. But even in my agony I could not but think fate was doing him a good turn, saving him from a life to him worse than death.

"I SAW MY LITTLE PRINCE STANDING IN THE OFFICE DOOR."

"The boats were now in the water, the men holding huge pine torches which threw a lurid glare over the sullen water. They picked me up well-nigh exhausted and then, with hooks and ropes, searched diligently. Suddenly one of the torches flared into greater brilliancy just before expiring, and in the distance we discerned a moving object — a log of wood most likely — no, a dog, for it was swimming. Has-

tening to it, what do you think it was but the prince, carried along by the current, but fighting bravely, his head still above the water.

"'A real Injun!' cried one of the men. 'Yer can't drown 'em — if yer try!' Sure enough, the one Indian trait I had ever discovered in our captive; where a white child would have gone to the bottom without a struggle, he swam as naturally as a duck.

"But for some time it was a question whether his brave effort had not cost him his life. For hours and hours he lay unconscious, and again the wish almost came to me that he might never regain consciousness. But bless you! he did. By morning, he was almost as spry as ever, only a trifle languid, and evincing an increased desire to cling tenderly to me, making it all the harder for me to resign him.

"But the time was approaching. The boat was drawing near her landing. Among the trees I could see the Indians' tents; a goodly number.

"In truth the chief had come to meet his son and heir with royal honors. I could not prepare such a baby for what was coming — there was no way of making him understand. I wanted to wait until he was asleep and then leave him with his father. But the chief would not listen to such a plan. He must be brought midway between his camp and ours, and there, in the presence of the assembled troops and braves he must be formally delivered into his father's hands. Then, and not till then would the treaty be signed.

"'Does Prince want to be a big soldier?' I asked, as we made ready to leave the boat.

"''Es,' answered the brave little man.

"'Will Prince go with a big man to learn how to be a soldier?'

"'Go wiv Jimmy,' he answered promptly.

"'No, not with Jimmy, with a great big soldier like this,' I said, pointing to one of the panels of the boat, whereon a glowing picture of an Indian chief safely crossing the Cascades in an impossible skiff was painted.

"'Not wiv the ugly men,' he cried, grasping my hand. 'He take all my hair!' Alas for Jimmy's teaching!

"Try as I would I could not dissipate his fear. With a sinking heart I led him from the boat.

"In solemn procession, the officers and myself, with the prince between us, marched to the appointed place. There stood the chief, surrounded by his braves, awaiting us. Seeing the Indians, the prince had discreetly retired behind me, and for a moment a dangerous scowl passed over the father's face; but catching sight of the boy so long lost, so miraculously returned, the Indian stolidity for once gave way, and rushing forward he clasped the child to his bosom, lavishing soft Indian terms of endearment upon him.

"Poor child! Poor Prince! he struggled, screamed and begged piteously for me to help him; but I was powerless. And so frantic with delight was the father he scarcely noticed the boy's terror until he attempted to carry him away. Then the little fellow with an agonizing scream threw himself back senseless in the chieftain's arms — dead from fright, I thought at first, as your aunt had prophesied.

"That, Roy, was the last I ever saw of my little prince — to all appearances dead in the arms of his father, and surrounded by a hundred sullen savages.

"I could only hope that when he came from his faint he would have forgotten his fear. The treaty was signed and with a heavy heart I returned home, and it was years before your Aunt and I ceased to mourn for our little Captive Chief."

Uncle Jack's eyes — no, his eye, was actually dim as he looked fixedly into the fire; and Roy was quiet for quite five seconds until his thoughts formed themselves into the usual stream of questions.

"Did you never hear of him again, Uncle — when he was grown up?"

"Bless you, yes, child! I saw him twenty years afterwards — the biggest Indian of them all. Not a trace of my Prince about him. He was chief of his tribe, and was ready any minute to scalp a foe. He didn't know me and wouldn't have remembered if I had told him."

"Then he was not a missionary as you promised Aunt Mary he should be?"

"No, child, he was not; but he was what they call a 'Hyas Tyee' — big Injun."

SOME CHILDREN OF MODERN PAINTERS.

By Lucy Toulmin Smith.

"Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of everywhere into here!"

THE absence or presence of children in a household molds the whole daily current of the inmates' life. The first baby is king of the house for many a long day, commanding

TWO FRENCH BABIES, BY

the service of a crowd of courtiers — mother, nurse, young aunts, cousins. Father must not be left out, but though in his heart of hearts he is proud too, and ready to obey, he does not as a rule like to show it, does not know how; he treats the little creature as though it would break or explode if he touched it. Never mind, father's time comes later, when the little limbs grow rounder and stronger, when the eyes light up with intelligence at his coming, and the soft cooing and inarticulate sounds go to his very heart in their sweet helplessness, when the dimpled chin and rosy cheeks shine in their infantile beauty. What an ever-increasing joy, whether he be prince or peasant, worker with his brains or with his hands, to watch the toddling wee thing! His willing chains are on now, and the little sorcerer forges a link each day.

Foreigners are more demonstrative towards their children than we quieter English folks, at least the men among them. I remember as a girl noticing with wonder the way in which some Hungarian gentlemen, scholars and men of war, unbent themselves to play with quiet little children. Accustomed to see the grave English father, affectionate enough, but sober in his merriment, the sight of these bearded gentlemen entering into the games and adapting themselves to the powers of these little ones — baby

A DUTCH ARTIST, M. MARIS.

dancing on the knee of one, little two-year-old toddling around the room after another — as though they were used to the nursery always, was one not to be forgotten.

It is with this sympathy for child life, and this amused sense of child fellowship that the Dutch and French artists come to their canvas when they paint babies and children. A similar sense of the humorous side of child-life essentially modern is seen pre-eminent among the works of the Italian sculptors now at the Italian Exhibition.

It has been recently said by more than one English critic that babies as a rule are a nuisance in picture galleries from the art-point of view. This, if so, must arise from the want of sympathy in the painter, from the lack of heart in his subject.

Look at the success of Deschamps with his "living little person," *Au Clou*, in the Paris salon this year, a bewitching infant suggestive of a room in some remote country village, and of the hard-working peasant mother who thus puts her darling out of harm's way. The foreign custom of tying the child into a long slipper-shaped mattress, confining the legs and feet while supporting the back, gives her the opportunity of doing a perfectly natural thing, hanging the child on the wall.

A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL, BY HERBERT W. PIPER.

In the two French babies by the Dutch artist, M. Maris, one, a sweet, rosy, downy-haired chubby child, looks out from its *bettchen*, and relies on our sympathies.

See, she

> "Hasn't any hair,
> Just a ruff of gold down
> Fit for ducks to wear.

" Merry sparkling blue eyes,
  Noselet underneath,
And a pair of plump lips,
  Innocent of teeth.

" Either side each round cheek
  A jolly little ear,
Painted like a conch shell.
  Isn't she a dear? "

CHILDREN OF THE SEA, BY JOSEF ISRAELS.

M. Maris shows the effects of petting on his other baby, a little older (French mothers and nurses do spoil their children sadly). Evidently *le petite bambin* is in a great taking about something unattainable, and is proving his claim to discontented humanity very vigorously.

But the years of winning childhood are coming on, with its caresses, its tenderness, its forgetfulness, waywardness, and ever-changing moods. Commend me to a healthy natural English girl or boy for the type of charming childhood, such as the little maid with far-away wistful eyes, presented to us by Mr. Piper, the turn of whose mouth however shows an invincible roguery. Mr. Piper is known for his graceful English maidens of the spring-time, but he evidently began to see beauty in his sisters at a very early age. This is the child who, active and strong of limb, like a boy, delights in the mysteries and wonders around her, and weeps when you tell her some simple pathetic tale, the story of Joseph and his brethren, little Benjamin and the old father — they are all very near to her quick imagination. Treat her mercifully, oh elder brother! Chaff is good for girls you think; so it is, but not too much of it. The sensitive child will not often show you these fine emotions — the germs of good womanhood — if you laugh at her.

But we have a great belief in elder brothers, beginning at quite an early age. The way in which a boy from seven or eight upwards protects and looks after his little sister is beautiful to see; no game of cricket, or horses, or tennis, is complete without her. The big elder brother is the life and soul of every party among the little ones; nothing loath to be *dux* he is continually devising some amusement, some comical trick, making some doll's house, for the benefit of his little sister or brother, unconsciously helping forward all manner of good qualities in himself, and building up happy memories of the days " when we were young together."

So it is too with the elder sister; happy the girl whose lot it is to have some little brother or sister to help care for, attention to whose younger wants and growing character will strengthen her own, drawing her out of herself and helping her to attain high ideals.

" There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling,
  Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering.
Out came the children running,

CONFITURES, BY DESCHAMPS.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping."

The Pied Piper has just passed by, and here they are! We have stepped over to the other side of the Channel, leaving our soft-skinned, plump, fair children, whose fresh beauty and simplicity, greatly due to our moister climate as well as our northern blood, strike foreigners with the warmest admiration. There in front of us, wading in the shallows on the yellow sand, between the shore and his father's fishing boat, goes the little elder brother with his baby sister on his back. That fine artist Josef Israels (of Amsterdam and Paris) here shows us one of his quiet restrained touches that "make the whole world kin."

Behold two of M. Louis Deschamps' little friends. Did he — the cunning man — himself give the little Idelette that delicious piece of bread and jam (*confitures*), the very thought of which as she carries it to her mouth brings such sparkling eyes and dimpled smiles? The thick brown wavy hair well becomes the shapely little head and happy face of the darling of the house. We are no less delighted to "assist" at the meal of *petit* Jean the peasant's son, from the next village; bare-shouldered, and unkempt, with what gusto he takes his simple *soupeaux choux!* There he stands (or rather leans), free as the air, the picture of careless childlike enjoyment,

LA SOUPE, BY DESCHAMPS.

ready to scamper off directly the pipkin is empty.

In strong contrast to the freedom of this painter are the little girls chosen by the master, Bougereau. Nice little girls, they will grow into well-behaved young ladies, we feel sure; there is an air of self-consciousness about them both, a suspicion of decorum. The serious upturned face, the clasped hands and well-formed shoulders leaning on the *prie-dieu* in the attitude of prayer, are beautifully drawn, but the rapt expression of unconscious earnest childhood is

wanting. Something of this may be due to the severity of this painter's style, which allows of no trickery to catch the eye, and insists on good drawing and pure painting. With the blower of soap bubbles there is more success; pleasure, not extremely eager, at the fragile beauty she has formed, lurks on the lovely little face, a pleasure which she desires to share with her companions. The exquisite arms and hands of this child are a study in themselves. Allegory and the classic spirit are the medium through which this artist sees childhood; they lead him sometimes to extreme beauty of form and expression, as in a picture of 1883, called *L'alma parens*, where nine very lovely children surround their mother, but they are not the engaging or

RECREATION, BY BOUGUEREAU.

wayward little friends we really find among French children.

An artist who truly loves children as children, is Edouard Frère. He is fond of painting them in the snow — snow such as falls near Paris — he lives at Ecouen — and he delights to follow them into the peasant's cottage and rural life. Mishaps alas! fall out to one's garments everywhere when one is at school, and the good mother cannot see her boy in rags.

DEVOTION, BY BOUGUEREAU.

"Up on the table, Pierre, put out thy leg and let us see what has befallen thee!"

She turns back her capacious apron that the front may not be soiled; the woollen skirt, the striped blouse jacket, the bright printed kerchief on the head, bespeak the thrifty, hard-working country woman, who, however poor, can always find a patch for her goodman's blouse and time to lay it on, and a needle and thread ready for her boy's emergency. How could a French woman, who is already looking forward to her boy's future, do otherwise? This little fellow who watches so intently the progress of the needle is a good scholar, careless and boy-like enough as he ought to be; he is destined to be the pride of his self-denying parents some coming day.

Ah Pierre! when thou comest into that great

life, mayest thou carry with thee the solid virtues of those simple, faithful people, it is they, and such as they, that make the real strength of a nation.

Farewell, dear children, whether you be French or English, you reflect the best qualities of your elders, and you cannot tell how many hearts you charm away to innocent happiness.

UN MAL RÉPARÉ, BY EDOUARD FRÈRE.

LOOKING FOR FAIRIES.

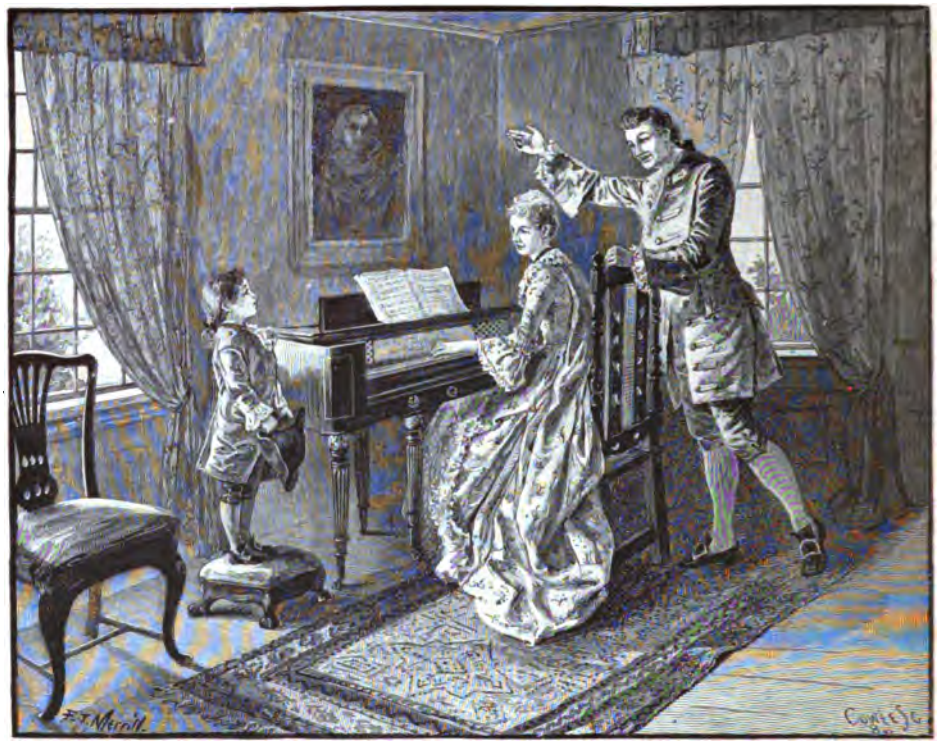
By Ernest W. Shurtleff.

When I was just as old as you are, dear,
Six summers' old or seven,
I heard my playmates tell of fairies queer,
That dance and sport at even,
Just when the land of angels draws so near
We see its lights in heaven.

And so I used to steal out where the brook
Laughs through the pasture ways,
Within each drowsy meadow bloom to look
For dreamy elves and fays,
For so I thought the fairies slumber took
When weary of their plays.

I spread the lily's dainty leaves apart,
I woke the dreaming rose,
And thought to find, soft cradled in each heart,
Wrapped in the petal-snows,
Some little prince of elfland who would start
From zephyr-lulled repose.

But, dear, although I searched for many a night
Along the meadow delves,
I never found beneath the faint moonlight
The timid woodland elves —
But only fireflies bearing lanterns bright,
To warm and cheer themselves.



"SING OUT, AS SANG THE 'IRONSIDES,' THAT DAY AT MARSTON MOOR!"

THE LITTLE REBEL'S SONG.

(*Boston: November*, 1775.)

Margaret J. Preston.

(*The Father speaks.*)

COME, little Master, hear my news: Within his stately hall
The General means, a se'night hence, to give a Children's Ball;
The times have robbed you of such joys as to your years belong,
But for this once you shall be gay, with frolic, dance and song.

"You hear no talk but that of war, and every day there comes
The stirring sound of marching feet, and roll of distant drums;
And if it makes your pulses throb, and sets your eyes ablaze,
Remember you're a patriot's son, and these are patriot days!

"Think of the gallant Warren's words, breathed with his latest sigh:
'*For the dear country of my heart, it is not hard to die!*'
And when your Tory comrades fling the gibe so often heard,
Of '*rebel*' — clinch your fist, and say you glory in the word!

"Now get you ready for the Ball, and do the task I set,
And practice, while your mother plays upon her sweet spinet,
The song you sang the other night, which all our men declare
They henceforth mean to take and make the Nation's martial 'Air.'

"'*God save the King!*' — We're done with that! The echo of its strain
Shall never wake a loyal thrill in free-born souls again!
They toss us one of Cromwell's lilts, and with sarcastic jeer,
Link to the tune such idle words as starts a smile to hear.

"I tell you, boy, the day will come, 'mid cannon's crash and boom,
When the gay catch at which they laugh may be their dirge of doom:
So, while your mother plays with touch all clarion-like and pure,
Sing out, as sang the 'Ironsides,' that day at Marston Moor!

"And then when at the Children's Ball, the General asks that you
Should please them with some martial air, as he, mayhap, shall do,
Stand boldly forth — the rebel son, of a most rebel sire —
And pipe them '*Yankee Doodle*' till their souls are set on fire!" *

* The air of "*Yankee Doodle*" is said to have been the favorite one sung by Cromwell's "Ironsides" at Marston Moor.

PLUCKY SMALLS: HIS STORY.

Mary Bradford Crowninshield

CHAPTER VI.

ROYALTY; AND DOG "SAILOR."

"WA'T'S all the rumpus?" says Tink next day, after we'd had dinner an' had cleared away mess-gear. "Seems to me we're a-cleanin' up mighty perticler."

Pandy and Chuck was goin' by. Chuck was most always in a muss with somebuddy. I was sorry for Chuck; he seemed kind of stoopid.

"Oh! some king's comin' off on board," says Pandy in his best Mulberry street langwidge; "dey allus have lots o' kings aboard, w'en dey lays here awhile."

Well, sure enough, in a few minutes the order came to call away the gig an' the second cutter, an' away they went — the men in their best clothes, an' the best buntin' a-hangin' at the flag staffs.

I was one of the side-boys. "Don't know what side-boys are?" Pandy'd say you was jolly green. But I suppose you can't know everythin'. Now I'll tell you how it is: When any swells are comin' aboard, they have boys to stand alongside the gangway-ladder, or, if there isn't any ladder, like in some of the spar-deck ships, they stand alongside the gangway, four on each side, an' there they stand until the swells are all on board. Sometimes it's a consul, sometimes it's a admiral, sometimes it's kings, but not often. This time it was kings. I was one of the side-boys. I was kind of flustered.

"Hold up your head," says Tink to me as I was tumblin' up the fore hatch, "we're all kings in America."

"Great old kings!" says I, thinkin' of the dumpin' ground.

Well we got up to the gangway, an' there we stud jest as solemn. Everythin' was spic an' span, an' ship-shape, I tell you! All the officers were rigged out, an' the deck looked as if it had been holy-stoned for a week, an' you couldn't have found a speck on any of that bright work if you'd looked from then till Fourth of July. We jist stud there, all a-wonderin', I suppose, what the kings would be like. I could jest see 'em almost, 'cause I remembered a old picture Tink an' me found in a dust heap. An' under it, it said, "The king was in the countin'-house, countin' out his money." An' he had a crown on his head, an' a long trailin' robe, an' white fur with little black spots, an' a thing in his hand that Tink said was his skepter. Chuck was next to me, an' says Chuck to me, "I'd like to know which the king is?"

"Oh! I'll know him," says I, "an' no mistake. When I nudge you, Chuck, that's him."

Well, there we stood a-waitin', an' a-waitin', till we heard the oars, an' the officers who'd gone in the boat say, "In bow," an' then "Way enough!" an' then we heard the Bose'n pipe, "Alongside!" an' then there was a bustle, an' the gayest old fuss, an' our Kimmander walked between us, all buttons an' gold lace an' epaulettes an' sword an' white gloves. An' of all the bowin', an' scrapin', an' fussin' you ever saw, that was the worst.

"'S that a king?" whispers Chuck, nudgin' me. I looked up.

"Well, I guess not," says I. "I'll tell you when one comes along." For the fust person who come over the side was a little chunky dark man, jest dressed in black, with a lot of round medals hangin' on in front.

"Guess he's a bicycle rider," says I. "Looks like the permits the fellers have who go ridin' in Central Park."

The Kimmander walked right away with the little dark man toward the cabin.

"I guess he's come to tell him the king can't come," whispers I to Chuck.

"You boys! keep silence! look to the front!" Mr. Binney was officer of the deck, an' he useter give us boys fits. I useter get gallied up aloft, but there wasn't anythin' to be afraid of; so we all looked to the front and stopped whisperin'.

"Here we come!" whispers Chuck to me, in a minute, "them's the kings!"

My, my! they were dressed out, an' no mistake. Looked like the militia on trainin' day — beat our officers all holler.

"Them ain't no kings," says Pandy.

"Perhaps he's comin' last," whispers I.

We looked an' looked, but we didn't see no crown, nor no robes, nor no skepters.

"P'rhaps they's all kings," says Chuck.

The last one to come over the side was a little thin man, who come behind an' carried a big cloak. He didn't go in the cabin with the rest, but jest loafed round forrard. But he was awful lofty, an' we hardly das't to look at him. He looked round awful scornful, an' at last he walked over to a win'sail (you know they're jest canvas an' made to carry the air down to the lower deck), an' seein' it so white an' so taut, I s'pose he thought it was a mast. Ticklepitcher s'poses so. Anyway he jest leaned up against it, an' that was the last we saw of him. Chuck jest put for the officer of the deck. "Mr. Binney, sir," says Chuck, almost forgettin' to touch his cap, "Mr. Binney, sir, one o' them there kings has gone an' stumbled down that there hatchway!"

Well, they picked him up, an' he was pretty well shook, but he didn't break a bone, an' after they'd all gone ashore old Ticklepitcher said that "Chuck needn't have made so much fuss, that he was only a flunky carryin' the king's cloak."

"The king!" says I, speakin' up reel saucy. "I didn't see no king aboard; guess I know, Bose'n. I was one of the side-boys."

"Well, Plucky, you ought to know," says old Tick, "seein' as you've had such long an' varied expee-rience with royalty — but I'm afraid he passed ye by without stoppin' for his customary shake. Didn't ye see that chunky little dark feller that walked ahead with the Kimmander?"

"Was that a king?" says I. "No crown, no fur, no nuthin'? Well, that beats my time — if I was a king I bet I'd wear my toggery."

Tink teased me awful after that. He said he found me sittin' in one of the ports fo'ward jest

a-sayin' over an' over, "An' that's a king!" I may have said it once. What if I did say it more than once? Would anybuddy who hadn't ever seen a king expect to see him lookin' jest like anybuddy — no skepter, no crown, no nothin'?

Well, time went on, an' one mornin' we got out o' that, an' sailed for Gibraltar. "Gib," the old boys called it, an' we new boys began to call it so too. One mornin' we saw Tangier, they said it was, over in Morocco, an' passed Tarifa, an' through the Straits of Gibraltar, an' so into the Gulf. An' we came to anchor near the gate they call the Ragged Staff. That was where our boats used to pull to when we pulled ashore. There was the Water gate, an' the Dockyard gate, but we were nearer the Ragged Staff than any other. Gracious goodness! didn't the old rock rise right up — it jest loomed. The Bose'n said it was fifteen hundred feet over our heads. All round the water-front was a wall; an' in the wall was the gates I spoke of. An' on the top of the wall was guns, an' they pointed right at you as you rowed ashore, till you couldn't take any kind ov comfort.

The town was built on slopin' ground, an' my! my! what a lot of curious people we did see, to be sure. I heard old "Potts" — he was the berth-deck cook, an' they called him Potts — I heard him ask Pandy if he wasn't afraid of the rock-scorpions. An' Pandy grinned an' said he hadn't been stung yet, an' he didn't mean to be.

"If there's scorpions here," says Tink to me, "I don't mean to go ashore."

Everybuddy laughed, an' before long we found out that they called the natives rock-scorpions. When we had leave we used to go ashore an' up along through the galleries that are jest cut right through the rock. You can ride up ever 'n' ever so far, an' you keep goin' past holes cut in the rock so as to face the Spanish country, an' there they have guns all pointin' over towards Spain, an' soldiers an' sentries till you can't rest.

Sometimes we'd go over to the Spanish country. You have to get across what they call the neutral ground. On the English side there are lots of sentry-boxes in a row, with sentries in 'em lookin' for all the world like a jack-in-the-box, an' then you come to a stretch of ground all sand — Tink said it was three hundred yards wide — and then you come to the Spanish sentries, an' the Spanish town.

We'd go over on horses sometimes, an' of all the ridin' you ever saw, that beat the record! One sailor on horseback is enough for anybuddy to see — but when it come to Ticklepitcher an' old Put-'em-down on the same old nag — we'd jest sit down in the road, or lie down, an' roar. We used to see the steep side of the Rock as we got over toward the Spanish town — Algeciras they called it — an' Tink said that when he got home he meant to write a novel about a feller who climbed the rock an' betrayed the garrison, an' he was goin' to call it —

THE RUTHLESS DESTROYER OF THE ROCK

OR

THE DOWNFALL OF OLD ENGLAND.

My! What a crowded place that town of Gibraltar was! talk about your West street! Why, you'd see every kind of a face from a African nigger to a Barberry Moor, in less'n three minutes by the watch. An' the shades! every kind from black just like Bixby's Best, right up to white! All kinds of browns an' yellows too! An' you never heard such jabberin' — they spoke everythin', an' they dressed every sort of way. I thought Tink 'ud die one day — I jest saw him all doubled up an' black in the face an' pointin' to a man goin' along ahead of us. He had on full muslin skirts an' looked like the ladies I uster see in the circus when I've peeked under the tent behind the seats.

"Well, well," says Tink when he could speak, "do for the love of hevin look at that kid — he is the worst!"

"That ain't nothin," says old Ticklepitcher who was ashore with us boys. "That's only a Greek officer, an' if you should go to the Levant, you'd see more o' them fellers than you could shake a stick at."

Old Ticklepitcher was always sayin' that he was goin' to leave the service. He said that we were "oppressed and down-trodden" an' that he had "a longin' to be free." But when

we got ashore at Gib, there wasn't no one as anxious to get aboard again as old Tick himself. Pandy used to tease him an' egg him on.

"Now, here's your chance," Pandy'd say, "why don't you skip, Bose'n? dey couldn't git you ag'in." Pandy talked reel "Mulberry street." Tink an' me never talked so bad as that in our worst days. But then Tink was educated to what I was, an' he said we'd had the advantage of the North River comp'ny. Where was I? Oh! about Pandy sayin' to the Bose'n "Here's your chance."

"I know that, Pandy, my lad. Don't you go to teach your grandmother! But when I skip, I'll skip to some purpose, an' not leave a place like the old *Manhattan* for a hidin' among the rock-scorpions," answers Bose'n.

And now one day everybuddy was mis'able for "Sailor" was lost. Why, I didn't tell you anythin' about our dog Sailor, did I? Well we had a dog aboard. I say we; he wasn't anybuddy's dog in pertickler, but everybuddy looked out for him, and I've even seen the Kimmander stoop down an' pat him on the head an' say, "Good dog! good Sailor!"

He was a smart one — that Sailor. He wasn't much to look at; rather small, with curly brown hair, an' a white nose, an' a white tail. But he had the kindest eyes, an' it seemed as if he would like to do a pleasure for anybuddy. He was a smart one, an' when the bugle played "Sounds from Home," he'd go aft an' stand in the gangway to go ashore in the gig, an' our Kimmander always let him go, for Sailor jest got up in the bows an' didn't disturb nobuddy. An' when he heard "'Way down South in Dixey," he knew it was the second cutter — he'd go ashore in that too, for the officers mostly went in that. But he'd never go ashore in the first cutter, or the launch, or the dinghy. They were all workin'-boats, an' Sailor seemed to feel too good to go in 'em. But the men didn't bear him no grudge for that. They seemed to be proud of it, an' I heard one of 'em say that "he wouldn't go ashore in the launch, or the dinghy neither, if he didn't have to." He said Sailor was "a reg'lar 'ristocrat, anybuddy could see that." Rather than go off in the dinghy, I've seen him swim off to the ship an' be taken in over the gangway — or else he'd wait an' wait for the gig, or the second cutter.

He had a collar that the ward-room mess gave him. They had it made jest for him. If you read right round the collar, you'd see: "I'm dog Sailor, whose dog are you?"

Oh! I tell you, Sailor was the pet of the whole ship an' he had no one to disagree with. Once a Portugee sailor threatened to throw him overboard, half in fun. He said so, any way, an' he was nearly mobbed by the whole ship's comp'ny. So you see our dog Sailor had things pretty much his own way. He slept with Parsons the berth-deck cook, but he was friendly to everybuddy.

Well, one day, while we were lyin' at Gib, one of the sailors come off with the cunningest little monkey you ever saw. He was all wrapped up in a piece of red flannel, with jest his nose stickin' out, an' he could go in anybuddy's overcoat pocket. Not that we had overcoats, nor any pockets much 'xcept what we had in our pants an' our frocks. But I've seen him get into one of the petty officers' coat pockets, when he was dressed up to go off on leave, an' he'd stick out his little nose jest as cunnin', an' then climb round to the other pocket, holdin' on by the coat buttons, and snuggle down in there. Once he came out about as quick as he went in, sneezin' an' coughin', for he found that pocket was too full of loose tobacco for any kind of comfort.

But I'm gettin' ahead too fast. The first day Jimpson brought Carlito off, there was a great time. Carlito could do lots of funny tricks, an' Jimpson was just a-showin' him off reel proud, an' we all got round an' praised him up, an' petted him, an' paid him lots of attention. No one noticed Sailor, an' when some one called him we found he had gone off mad. He had jest gone down the ladder, an' slunk away with his tail between his legs. An' nobuddy knew where he had hid himself.

"He's jealous," says Jimpson, "that's what! let him alone, he'll come round. It's a pity if we can't have more than one pet aboard a ship like this."

But all the same Tink an' me went down to look for dog Sailor, an' we found him curled up in one of the ports on the berth-deck. He

wouldn't look up when we spoke to him, nor even wag his tail, but jest lay there with his nose between his paws lookin' out over the water, jest as moody. Tink said it was best to let him have his sulk out. So we left him, an' went up to Carlito again, but I couldn't help bein' sorry for Sailor, all the same. "He's been the pet here," I said to Tink, "an' it isn't very pleasant to have somebuddy else come along an' jest take your place."

"Nobuddy's takin' Sailor's place," says Tink. "It's a pity, as Jimpson says, if we can't get room fer two pets. I'm sure the ship's roomy enough. He's a fool, Sailor is, an' I guess if the men let him alone an' don't pet him much, he'll come to terms."

Well, some of the men laughed at Sailor, an' some of 'em was sorry for him, but it didn't make any difference to Sailor. He wouldn't speak to no one. "Speak!" says I? Well, I mean he wouldn't take notice, an' so we all jest let him alone. There he laid all that day, an' he wouldn't go to Parsons' hammock that night, an' Parsons felt reel reproached, but he'd laughed more at Carlito than any one, an' I suppose Sailor meant to pay him up for it. The day after Carlito came he played all over the ship. He ran up the riggin' so high nobuddy could get him. At lunch some of the officers gave him some champagne — an' that made him so lively, that he jest skyoodled round the ward-room like a crazy creetur, jumpin' from the back of one chair to the other, an' givin' the empty chairs such a push, as he took his leap, that they'd tumble over backward an' make the most awful row. At any rate that's what Peck, one of the morines, told me. He was the orderly that day, stationed at the cabin door.

"Why, monkeys can talk," says Peck, "of course they can, can't they, Petersen?"

"Of course dey can if dey vants to," says Petersen. "Dey 'ton't pecause dey'd haf to vork if dey giv demsellufs avay."

Well, after all that racket, Peck said Carlito took Mr. Wilkins' silver napkin-ring, an' scooted out of the cabin, an' up the ladder he went an' out on to the gun-deck an' up into the riggin'. My! what a time there was — Peck said it was a ring Mr. Wilkins was mighty fond of, an' that he'd only had it since we left Havre. So I suppose Miss Isabel must have been spendin' her pocket money on him. Anyway he got awful red, an' jest larrupped round, an' up on deck an' "Shoot the beggar!" says he, "he's a perfect noosance."

But Jimpson heard the fuss. "I'll get him, sir," says he, an' he began goin' up the ratlines. "Don't shoot, Mr. Wilkins, I'll get him."

But the higher Jimpson went, the higher went Carlito, till every officer an' every man in the whole ship was gathered on deck watchin' 'em. Up the shrouds went Carlito, to the main-top. Up went Jimpson after him. Then Carlito scooted up to the topmast head, an' across the main-top mast-stay, to the fore-top, an' Jimpson took off his hat an' threw it after him. But Carlito jest chattered an' jabbered an' ran up higher, till at last he got on the fore-truck, an' there he sat an' squeaked an' talked monkey, an' he waved the silver napkin-ring round his head till it jest flashed an' shone in the sunshine.

With that another sailor ran up the ratlines of the foremast, an' when Carlito saw him start he skinned down, quicker than winkin'. He had got as far as the top, and started down the ratlines on the starboard side, but Parsons had begun to go up there to head him off. An' seein' Parsons, he ran out on the yard-arm, an' then the napkin-ring fell out of his paw, an' down on deck. Then he ran out on the fore-yard, an' the men shouted, an' I suppose he was gallied, an' before you could say Jack Robinson Carlito was overboard.

Now, this happened to be jest close to where Sailor was lyin' in the port, sulkin' away like a house a-fire. But when he heard the splash, he roused up, an' before you could say Jack Robinson another time, he was in the water an' swimmin' like sixty to Carlito. I don't s'pose he knew what or who it was when he heard the splash. But when he saw who it was, he half turned round as if he'd think twice about savin' the monkey. But he must have seen all the men an' boys lookin' over the side, an' he turned back again, jest as if he'd a-said, "You shall see that I can do somethin' too, if I am only a dog an' not a monkey!"

When Sailor got to where Carlito was, the poor little frightened creetur had put his paws

up over his head an' had jest made up his mind to go down, but when he felt Sailor's teeth in his collar, he jest wriggled himself round, an' struggled till he got up on to Sailor's back, an' Sailor swam with him alongside the gangway. The sailors was all a-laughin' an' a-cheerin', an' I tell you there was fifty pairs of hands ready to lift the two up on to the gratin'.

From that minute Sailor changed right round. He was awful friends with Carlito. He acted as if he had all the right to him, an' he slept every night close to the galley stove with Carlito in his arms — paws I s'pose I should say. An' when any one laughed an' admired Carlito, Sailor would wag his tail an' jump about an' was as pleased as anybuddy.

One day after this Sailor was stolen. At any rate we all thought he was stolen, an' we thought so more after he come back. My! how Carlito did jest mourn an' go on! He loafed round, wouldn't climb, wouldn't play tricks, wouldn't do nothin'. It was his turn to mope now, an' mope he did.

"It makes me ashamed to see that there animal," says old Ticklepitcher, who put on lots of style sometimes. "Which of us would mourn for a friend as he mourns for Carlito — even as David mourned for Jonnythan? What would I not give to feel that I should ever be so missed!"

"I wouldn't put up any stakes, Bose'n," says Pandy. "You'd be sure to lose 'em first clip."

Sailor was away for three days, an' I guess they were long ones to Carlito. He'd sit by the galley fire, an' cry an' whimper, an' he wouldn't eat. He got thin, an' looked a'most starved. One day we got him up on deck, an' Jimpson wrapped him up in his red flannel, an' fastened him up in the riggin', for Carlito didn't seem to have even the ambition to hold on, an' there he sat winkin' an' blinkin' in the sun. Nobuddy noticed him much. Jimpson said he was goin' to die, an' he looked reel sad when he said it.

All of a sudden Carlito began to chatter an' call, an' almost talk. He waved his arms round an' wriggled out of the lashin' an' began to run up the riggin', an' he almost laughed — an' then we saw that a shore boat was almost alongside, an' in it was a scrubby old dog, that nobuddy knew. He was ragged, an' dusty, an' thin, an' he hadn't any collar, but he had Sailor's white nose an' Sailor's white tail.

"'S this your dog?" says the man in Portugee. I don't know Portugee, but that's what Parsons said he said. "I see him comin' off to the ship in one of your boats last week an' I reckoned he was yourn."

Almost before the boat could come alongside the port gangway, Carlito was down there. He jest jumped into a bum-boat that was layin' alongside, an' took a pear in his hand — well, they are hands, what else? an' gave it to Sailor. At any rate, he'd have liked to, but of course Sailor couldn't take a pear — an' he couldn't eat it if he had. But my! how the messes did feed that dog! We was jest goin' to supper — Tink said, "The fatted calf had been killed" — but I didn't see Sailor eat anythin' but a whole plate full of beans an' he did go for them, jest. He'd go from one table to another, wherever he was called. You see Sailor was a gentleman if ever there was one, an' he didn't want to turn the cold shoulder on any of his friends. His collar had been sawed off. Bose'n said it must have been, 'cause it was solid all round an' riveted on."

"Only a Dago'd do such a dirty trick," says old Tick. "Starve a poor animal to death, an' take his only worldly possession." An' right there Bose'n headed a list with a quarter, an' handed it round to get Sailor a reel silver collar as soon as ever we got to Marseilles. I put down ten cents for Tink and ten cents for me. Tink said I might as well add it to the rest of the bill, an' he'd pay it all together when he got some money due him.

After Sailor had eat till I thought he'd certainly die, he went over to the galley fire an' looked for Carlito. An' though Carlito hadn't eaten nothin', he jest went an' curled down in Sailor's arms, 's much 's to say, "No matter whether I'm hungry or not, Sailor's come home!" an' there they slept till mornin'.

"Talk about souls!" says old Tick. "If there ain't intelligence in them little critters, an' brains, an' mind, an' heart, call me a Dago."

When we left Gibraltar we sailed for Marseilles. We started out all well enough, but

when we got off Cape de Gatte we lost the wind, an' there we were, rollin' down one side an' then down the other, till most of us felt pretty missable. Sweeny the sick bay nurse was awful good to me then, an' he'd been good to me those two other times too, an' I hope I sha'n't ever forget it. He wasn't very stylish, Sweeny wasn't, an' his brogue was worse than Mulberry street. But when a feller's good to you, you don't forget it in a hurry, now I tell you, an' I told Tink I meant to do somethin' reel nice for Sweeny when we got to Marseilles.

"All right for you," says Tink; "what'll you do?"

"Oh! I do'n'o," says I, "give him somethin' p'rhaps."

"No, that isn't the best thing at all," says Tink. "Now you listen to me. When we get to Marseilles jest let's you an' me give a lunch like anybuddy, like the officers or anybuddy. Let's ask Sweeny, an' let's ask Ticklepitcher. You ask one, an' I'll ask the other; I jest as lives go halves on it, Plucky. An' I'll pay you jest as soon as I get any money due me."

"All right," says I. "But how much will it cost, Tink? Do you think I can stand the racket?"

"Easy," says Tinker, "easy. 'Twon't cost much — p'rhaps twenty francs, an' I'll pay my share, jest's soon's ever I get any money due me, an' that'll be only ten for you an' ten for me."

Well, we fixed all this while we was lyin' off Cape de Gatte, an' wasn't it stoopid, an' wasn't it hot?

We all growled at goin' up into the Mediterranean. Mid-winter was the time, Bose'n said. It was too early. He said that "the birds of passage had not flown South yet."

I didn't know what he meant then an' I don't know now, but it sounded fine.

"Orders is orders," says Bose'n. An' so we found out. Well, we rolled round, an' struggled along, an' whistled for a breeze, an' I've seen the officer of the deck wet his finger an' hold it up, to see if he could feel anythin', an' then jest shake his head, an' walk aft jest as down-hearted.

Well, after everybuddy'd wet their fingers an' held 'em up, an' looked at the sky, an' shook their heads more'n a thousand times, then they all began to whistle for a breeze, an' how they did whistle; everybuddy whistled, an' at last they brought it. An' didn't it blow? Bose'n said we'd whistled too much. "Better have let me an' one or two old hands do it," says Bose'n. "Them as understands it," says Bose'n, lookin' at Pandy. "But when it comes to the whole ship's comp'ny a-whistlin' mornin', noon an' night, course we got more'n a bag full."

"You could do blowin' enough to get us anywhere, Bose'n's Mate," says Pandy.

Well, when we crossed the Gulf of Lyons, I reely did think the masts would be blown out off her, an' I was glad when we settled down, an' found ourselves in the harbor of Marseilles. We had a English ship near us named the *Rocket*, an' her officers an' our officers an' her men an' our men was reel friendly, visitin' backwards an' forwards all the time. We used to go ashore at Marseilles an' walk up those awful long, awful wide, awful windy dusty crowded streets, but I was always homesick to get back to the ship.

"If this is Yoorope," says Tinker, "I don't want no more of it."

But one day he came to me, an' reminded me how we'd planned about the lunch, an' he said he thought it would be kinder nice to ask Sweeny an' Bose'n, an' that if I was willin' he was willin' to stand the racket. "We'll ask 'em together, Plucky," says he, "an' I'll pay you jes's soon 's ever I get some money due me."

I said that was all right, but who'd speak for us.

"Speak for us!" says Tink.

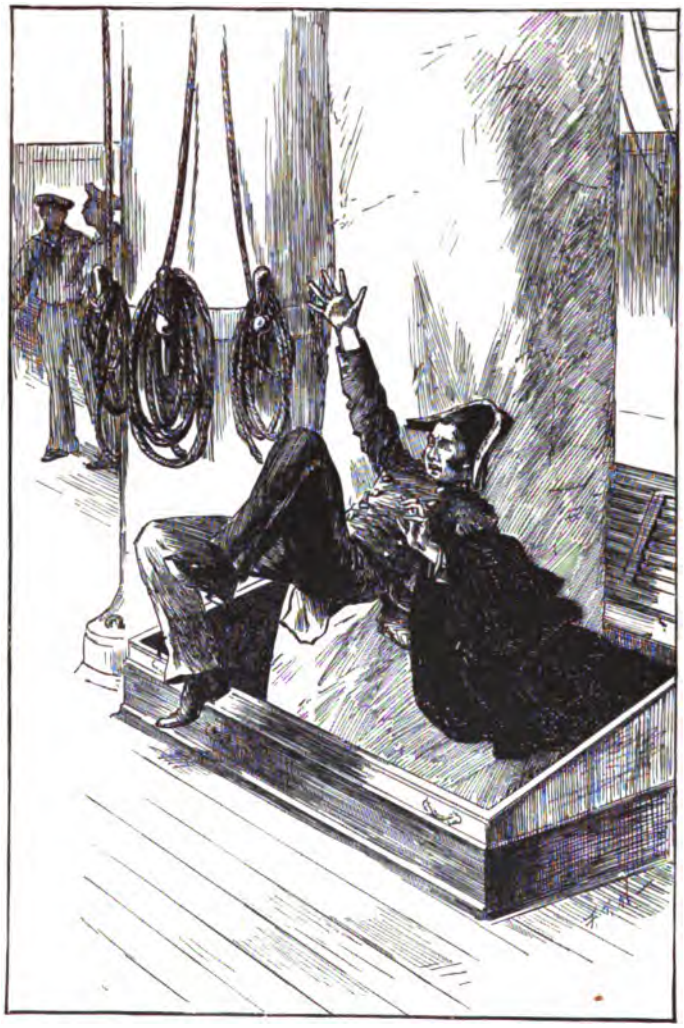
"Yes, speak for us; speak French. I can't, a word, an' I don't think you're much on the talk neither, Tink," says I.

"Oh! if that's what you mean," says Tink, "Bose'n'll talk. We'll jest let him order, an' pay, an' everythin', an' we'll have a reel boss time."

So we went an' invited Ticklepitcher an' Sweeny. Tink said that we hadn't got our note-paper out from Tiffany's with our cresses on, an' that he'd lost his seal overboard while he was a-reefin' the fore-top sail, but if they'd excuse ceremony, he would be very glad to see 'em both at Caffy Danglay at four o'clock.

Bose'n said he thought it was a reel stylish invite an' that he'd come if he could get leave.

Sweeny said that he'd come, "wid playsure," an' we jest looked forward to that party till the day came. I thought it never would.



"ONE O' THEM THERE KINGS."

When the day did come at last, I went down on to the berth-deck, to see if Bose'n was ready. I found him standin' on the deck, right in front of one of the ports, with his legs very wide apart, for though there was no rollin' in that quiet basin, it was a habit Bose'n had got at sea (for he always shaved himself), an' he had his knees bent, an' his back crooked, an' he was a-wrigglin', an a-turnin', an' a-twistin', this way an' that, an' bobbin' his head from one side to the other, an' puttin' his tongue into his cheek, an' pullin' his nose side-ways, doin' his level best to get himself shaved. We had a barber aboard, but Bose'n always said that Gov'ment ought to pay for the barber, an' he wasn't goin' to. How he did wiggle round to look in that little two-by-four glass, an' try an' catch on to the place where he wanted to shave next. I didn't dare to speak fust off, he looked so awful fierce. He talked pretty awful too, Bose'n did, when he got mad, so I waited a few minutes. But then I heard the first cutter called away, an' so I said, dreadful mild, "Are you comin', Bose'n?"

My, my! how he glared.

"Don't say comin' to me, young man," says he, turnin' half-way round, so's I could see all the places where he'd cut himself. He was all stuck up with little bits of white paper, an' he looked like a game of checkers — the white side.

Bose'n looked pretty cross, till we got ashore, but after we landed he seemed to warm up some, an' take an interest. An' bein' the only one who could talk the French, he said he would show us the sights.

"What's that you've got under your arm, Sweeny?" says the Bose'n.

"Oh! jest me little book, to jot down fwhat I sees in furrin lands, as I do be thravelin'. I intend sindin' it to the papers from toime to toime. An' fwhat's that high up on the hill beyant, Misther Ticklepitcher, sur?"

I thought I knew what that shinin' image was, for I heard Mr. Binney tell Mr. Kane that it was "*Noter dam della garde*," but I s'pose he must have made a mistake, for Bose'n seemed awful surprised.

"You astonish me, Sweeny," says Bose'n; "not know that? Why, that's the figger of

George Washington, that he sent to the French nation after the French revolution! It's made of gold that the President himself dug up in Californy."

An' so we went along, gettin' lots of knowledge out of Bose'n, an' at last after walkin' up a awful long, wide, dusty windy street we came to a reel pretty place that Bose'n said was called *Chateau d'Eau*. I got Chaplain to spell it for me. An' there we saw flowers, an' animals (Barnum's circus, Bose'n said it was, jest come out for the summer), an' we heard a band ("every instrument played by furrin dukes," Bose'n said), an' at last we were awful hungry an' started for the restorong.

Well, we got to the Caffy Danglay, an' the waiters came runnin' jest as polite, an' showed us seats, an' gave us ice water, an' bread an' napkins — same as anybuddy. Then the head feller brought a "maynew," Bose'n said it was, an' he called him "gassong, gassong," all the time, but he didn't seem to get much further.

Then we all looked over the maynew.

"7 looks good," says Tink.

"3 looks better," says Bose'n. "What do you say, Plucky? It's your treat — shall we say number 3?"

We talked it over a little while, and then we all settled on number 3.

"Four plates," says Bose'n — at any rate he said *Katter*, an' said that meant number 3 for four. An' then we jest guessed an' guessed what it would be.

"I speak the language well enough," says Bose'n, "but my book knowledge has been neglected."

I guessed it was buckwheats.

Tink guessed boiled chicken.

Bose'n guessed beefsteak. An' Sweeny said "he didn't care fwhat it was, so long as he got it."

Well, we waited, an' waited, an' waited. All our bread was gone, an' it seemed as if that *gassong* would never come. Bimeby I saw him in the distance. "He's comin', boys," says Tink at that same minute. An' he was comin' for all he was worth, with that waiter high above his head, an' four plates piled up with something. He set it down with a sort of a bang. We all looked at the plates an' then looked at each other. Nobuddy said a word for a minute, and then, "Faugh!" says the Bose'n.

"'Dade," says Sweeny to the waiter, "'dade, me darlin', I can pick a bushel of 'em off me own fince, any mornin' in the week, befhore breakfast, an' it won't cost me a cint naypher."

Tink an' me jest got up.

"I s'pose we must pay, any way," says I.

"I s'pose you must, Plucky — hand over."

I put my money into Bose'n's hand — he looked awful down, Bose'n did.

"The furrin tongues has changed, Smalls, since I was here. They never eat snails in my time."

I couldn't say a word, but Tink was dreadful scornful.

"The next time we give a lunch, Plucky," says the Tinker, "let's bring somebuddy along who knows the language."

Then off we went aboard ship glad enough to get anythin' the berth-deck cook would give us.

I'd like to tell you lots more, about goin' to Nice an' Maderia an' home through the trade-winds, an' about my meetin' *my* lady an' Harry again — but I hav'n't got time for any more now. Perhaps some day if you care about it, I can tell you the rest of the cruise. An' I hope that when that time comes you won't have forgotten all about the poor little 'prentice boy named Plucky Smalls.

(THE END.)

O LITTLE John sat on the top fence-rail, a-watching the swallow skim high and low,
And he held some salt to put on its tail; for thus he could catch it — they told him so.
Well, the swallow skimmed high, and the swallow skimmed low, and it faded away in the misty blue;
And little John sighed, going home with his salt, but never he doubted they'd told him true.

THE WILD HORSEMAN, COUNT CHANDOR.

By Sophie Radford de Meissner.

WHAT is it? You want Grandfather to tell about "when he was a boy." Ah! That was many long, long years ago. Let me see! When — I — was — a — boy!

Ah well, you all know that Grandfather was born at a long distance from this beautiful Lauterbrunnen valley, on which we are now looking down. It was in the old town of Buda, in Hungary, that I lived until I was nearly a grown man. Buda-Pesth it is called ever since the building of the long and handsome bridge which connects it with the more modern town of Pesth on the opposite bank of the Danube river. When I was young however, there was no such bridge; only a line of boats — like canal boats — fastened together by chains, leading from one town to the other; and even these had to be taken away when the great masses of ice came grinding and crashing down the river at the end of the winter months. It is of Buda, and of its queer old castle, and of the still queerer owner of that castle, I am going to tell you.

COUNT CHANDOR'S ENTRANCE INTO A HOTEL.
(From the Chandor pictures.)

This was the Count Chandor, a Hungarian nobleman, or Magyar, as the nobles of that country are called. A man who owned a greater number of beautiful horses than any other person in all Europe, and that is saying a great deal for those days, I can assure you. Each one of the many hundreds of horses this eccentric Count possessed, he had trained himself, and — though at heart he was far from being a bad fellow — he used frequently to make use of his power over the dumb creatures to terrify and alarm his fellow-mortals.

One of his favorite feats was to drive four horses at a spanking trot up and down a long stairway leading from the Castle, and upper portion of the town, to that part which lies by the river's bank. Many a time has my mother told me of the terror she experienced as — having one day taken this way to reach the heights above where stood our home — she caught sight of this wild team dashing rapidly down upon her. Fortunately there was on one side of the stone staircase an iron railing, with quite a space between it and the wall; and stooping hastily, my mother passed beneath this. None too soon was she either, for, as she leaned back, panting, against the stone wall, the Count, drawing the horses up close alongside of her, said: "Do not be alarmed, Madame Boutibonne; I assure you there is not the slightest danger." And a moment later, with a great clanging and rattling, they had passed.

We children used to believe this nobleman to be in league with some of the wild spirits of the air, so uncanny — to our young minds — did many of his performances appear. To appear

suddenly and leap, on horseback, across the horses of some peaceful carriage was the least objectionable of his feats. We often saw him tearing up the fearful stone staircase on some one of his horses.

Once there came a great singer whose name was "Hagen" to the opera at Pesth. Well do I remember my mother's delight upon hearing her for the first time, and her pride, when, at some evening party, my sister — who was an excellent musician, though not more than sixteen years old — was asked to play the great *artiste's* accompaniments. Count Chandor was quite wild about "the Hagen" and asked her to come and sing in the theatre of his *schloss*, where he had invited a large party of friends to hear her. But if Count Chandor had been accustomed to having his own way in everything, Hagen was a great actress who had been fêted and made much of in all the capitals of Europe, and was wont to follow none other than her own sweet will. So, the night being cold and dark, she decided at the last moment not to go, saying she felt in no humor to cross the lightless river. Not a word did Chandor say to her on the subject of her non-appearance when he saw her the following day, but — as though such a thing had never before been mentioned between them — asked her very quietly whether she would not honor him by coming to spend an evening at his castle, saying she should select the people she wished to meet there, and that he would send his own horses and coachman to fetch her.

A FAVORITE FEAT OF THE COUNT.
(From the Chandor pictures.)

Feeling perhaps rather ashamed of her pettish behavior of the past evening, and appreciating the complimentary manner in which the invitation was put, she accepted.

As the proud beauty took her place in the carriage, she glanced rather nervously toward the four horses that were stamping and pawing the ground in rather an alarming manner. But she felt reassured upon seeing how perfectly the coachman — who in his Hungarian dress was seated on the high driving-box — appeared to have them under control. Very swiftly and smoothly they raced along until reaching the water's edge, where commenced the bridge of boats.

Here the horses came to a sudden stand, and at the same moment a long whip was twirled — with a noise like the report of a heavily-charged pistol — above the heads of the animals, who, with frenzied bounds sprang forward the length

of the first boat. With wild leaps they dashed across the narrow intervening space on to the second boat, and so on the whole long way across, thumping and pounding over all obstacles until it seemed as though the spokes must assuredly be flying from the wheels. Shriek after shriek went up from the agonized woman, but although she threatened the driver with his master's wrath and with instant dismissal, her words were utterly without effect.

Nor did they stop upon gaining land, but hurrying onward dashed up the steep hill leading to the castle, coming to a halt only as they found themselves in the centre of the brightly illuminated courtyard. Then, as servants hurried forward to assist the fainting woman to alight, the coachman sprang to the ground, and coming forward, offered his arm, to conduct the actress to the house; for it is needless to say that the perpetrator of this terrible practical joke was none other than the Count Chandor himself.

Chandor married a Princess Metternich; one of the largest fortunes of Austria thus becoming allied to one of the greatest names. But I imagine the Countess Chandor had much more excitement in her life than she found pleasant. To begin with, far from sharing her husband's fondness for horses, she was exceedingly nervous when driving with him — which is certainly not to be wondered at; and frequently, when they were out together, he would stop his spirited team before some shop in the little town, and putting the reins into his wife's hands, disappear into the store, paying no heed to her appeals that she should not be left alone with the restive beasts.

One day the Countess Chandor gave a large and splendid dinner party, at which were assembled the heads of some of the greatest families in Austria. When the dinner hour arrived the Count was nowhere to be found; and not until the guests had waited a half-hour or more did he make his appearance. Then he strode into the room, splashed with mud from head to feet. Saying he would not change his clothes for fear of keeping the others waiting, he drew from his pockets a large tobacco box and pipe, which he deposited on a side table, neither his wife nor any other one of those elegantly attired people daring to say a word. I fancy that dinner was not a very gay one! But you can imagine the horrified looks of all the company, as, on rising from the table, Chandor said to his wife: "Fill my pipe and give it to me."

COUNT CHANDOR CROSSING THE DANUBE AT BUDA-PESTH ON ICE CAKES.
(*From the Chandor pictures.*)

Well might the Countess cast a dismayed glance at her dainty bejewelled fingers, and at her gold-embroidered velvet gown!

"Well, what are you waiting for? There's the box on the table!" said this strange husband; and the proud Princess Metternich — though very loath to do so — put out one white hand and lifted gingerly the cover of the shabby-looking box. But wonder of wonders! Instead

of finding it full of coarse tobacco, there, on a dark velvet lining, lay an entire set of pearls, such as had not their equals in all Europe. Ah! He was indeed a strange man, and those were strange days, my boys!

He had paintings in that old castle of his illustrative of his exploits and of every accident that had ever befallen him — they were not a few either, I can tell you — and amongst these was one piece representing the manner of his death, as he expected it to be. The painter — a Frenchman named Clarôt was the artist — has shown in the background of the upper part of the picture the terrace of the castle; and in the air, half-way between that and the rocks beneath, are to be seen the figures of the Count and one of his favorite riding-horses. So great is the velocity of their fall, that Chandor's arms and legs have left his body and are flying in different directions, while the horse fares no better than his master. Count Chandor always said that this was the only jump in all the country around he had never taken, and that he was reserving it for the end.

What is it? Ah, no! He was not killed, after all, but died very peaceably in his bed, and that not many years since.

For long years I saw nothing of this erratic gentleman, as, my parents having died, I had gone to Paris to live. But one summer night, having stopped to hear an open air concert in one of the gardens of Paris, I saw before me a figure that looked strangely familiar — a small, dark man with an immense black moustache. Surely, thought I, this can be none other than the Count Chandor! And so it proved; for a moment later as he turned suddenly about, our eyes met, and seizing my hand he apologized for his dusty, travel-stained appearance; saying he had arrived — not ten minutes before — from Vienna, having made the journey with his horses in less than six days!

The following evening it happened that I was dining at "Les Trois Frères Provençaux," and there I heard of another of Chandor's eccentricities. That same day, some hours before, he had entered the restaurant in his Hungarian dress — loose white linen trousers, baggy shirt, and short bright-colored jacket — and asked for a cup of coffee. One of the waiters told him, rather disdainfully, that he had come to the wrong place, and that he would find a saloon farther on. But the proprietor had, in the meanwhile, caught sight of this odd figure, and coming hastily forward, said:

"*Imbécile!* Can you not see that Monsieur is a foreigner? Get the coffee immediately."

Chandor drank it very quietly, and then, taking a thousand-franc bill from his pocket, handed it to the waiter that he might take from it fifty centimes, the price of his cup of coffee. The *garçon's* eyes opened wide in amazement, and it was some time before he returned with the nine hundred and ninety-nine francs and fifty centimes change, making, as he offered it, a very low bow. "That is for the waiter," said Chandor carelessly, as he tossed the end of his cigar away and turned toward the door.

NOTE. — The narrator of the above anecdotes was the old artist Boutibonne, whose father, an officer in the First Napoleon's army, settled — upon the signing of the treaty of peace in 1809 — in Vienna. Soon after this, having married a Hungarian, he moved to Buda, where Boutibonne the son lived until he was eighteen years of age, at which time he left his home to study art in Paris, revisiting it only when he had attained a certain artistic celebrity.

GRANDMA'S CHINA.

A NEW BIRTHDAY.

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

IT always made Will Wellesley ashamed to have presents heaped upon him when his birthday came round; and he always blushed very much as he said "thank you," because he found he could not go through the floor and avoid all the publicity of the thing, and all the other folks not having anything themselves. At the same time he enjoyed his presents hugely, and wanted pretty or funny possessions; only, he wished they would walk into the room early in the morning while everybody was asleep but himself, and all of their own accord. It would be so nice if a printing-press would roll into his chamber at six o'clock A. M., and say, "Excuse me, if I come at an untimely hour, my dear Will; but I made up my mind to leave the shop to-day, and belong to you. It is a proverb of mine, 'Never too early to do what you want to!'" But Will was shrewd enough to be quite sure that no such queer and charming morning would ever dawn as this one of the thoughtful printing-press, and so he evolved a plan, when his birthday was nearly come again, out of which he hoped to get as much enjoyment as he desired.

He was only nearly six years old, and his hair was still very fine and yellow, and his eyes were very frank, and he looked at you steadily a long time before it was necessary for him to wink. In this attractive trim he appeared before his mother when she was washing her old family china and thin grandmotherly teaspoons after breakfast (for there were old-fashioned ways still blooming in the house), and says he:

"Mamma, my birthday is coming, isn't it?"

"Yes, Will; three weeks from now. What do you hope you will have?"

"You have not bought anything yet, have you?" asked Will.

"Why, no," said Mrs. Wellesley, laying down a teaspoon as she looked up, wondering what her small son was about to say, and hoping it would please her, for he looked gentle and slowly lowered his eyes.

"Well, mamma, I want to know if you will let me have just such a birthday as would satisfy me best. Now, don't laugh when I tell you."

"Not for worlds!"

"Then, may I give presents, instead of having any?"

"Dear me, Will, you really startled me," said his mother, losing a saucer in the dish-tub, and putting both hands on the table at which she sat, quite idly. "What gave you such an idea?"

"I don't know. But seems to me a birthday is a selfish kind of a day. At any rate, I would like to try my way of spending it. It may prove very nice, and it will give me a chance to make a good many presents, which I have never done. And then, nobody will be expecting anything, for you must only tell them that they need not give me anything this time; and I shall have such fun watching their faces, to see if they are glad of what I give them! Do tell me, mamma, how much you and papa meant to spend for my birthday, and then I will begin thinking what I can give," Will concluded, breathlessly, no longer bashful with suspense and feeling, but full of excitement at the outlook he had prepared for himself. "Do you think it's a jolly fancy?" he added, throwing his arms round his mother's neck, and dancing up and down at the same time.

It is astonishing what mothers will survive; and after choking a little, and laughing, and wiping away two tears from her pretty eyes, Mrs. Wellesley gave Will a hug, and answered:

"Papa will have to tell us how much money we can have, and we can then set out, and carefully select presents; for you know there won't be so very, very much to spend on each, if you are going to give to a number of persons."

"Oh, I must give *something* to everybody in the house. Still, I don't want a cent more than would have been spent on me."

"Of course. Well, I don't believe papa can object. Go and make a list of the things you

think you can give, for it will help you somewhat in your choice, I daresay. To-morrow, after breakfast, I will tell you what papa answers to your scheme."

Will was enchanted with the programme suggested for his morning's work, and it being a hot August day he went down to the brook and found a comfortable stone, with which he was familiar, and sat himself in the shade and breeze to write a

LIZT OF PREZENZS.

Fore mamma, its a ceekret.
Fore papa, 2 Kocownuts.
Fore Hanna, a ro of pins.
Fore Aunty Annette, a chepe, but biutafulle ringe.
Fore Kooc, a heuje fanne.
Fore Miss Docke, sumthink to make her laf, and not teetch mee.
Fore Tomas, his pet wysh, an eddykasion, if wee can find itt.
im afraid thiss iz orl.

Will conned his list most of the day, and liked it better and better. He made up his mind to give it to his mother when he bade her good-night; and he did so, carefully begging her on no account to lose it, or put it in so safe a place that it would never again turn up.

But when Mrs. Wellesley and her son finally set out for the neighboring town to buy the presents, they did not carry the list made by Will with them. His mother had given him the mixed consolation of bursting into little ripples of laughter as she looked over it with him, and she had told him that first one, and then the next item was hardly the best to choose. Will thought it unpleasantly queer that the world fitted so badly to one's ready-formed ideas of it, but he hesitated to make remarks against the world, since it was considerably older than he. He soon found himself greatly charmed with the shops to which he was taken, and he enjoyed spending the money which his mother had given him, telling him that it was his own, since it had been intended for his birthday gifts.

Somehow, he liked to think that *his day* was to bring pleasure to others, while he underwent a sacrifice; and he felt as if he had wings on his shoulders instead of a small weight of selfish content. Nevertheless, he wondered what his father and mother and the others would have given him, if he had let them, and he now and then looked three or four times at a toy or a knick-knack, while he felt of his money in his pocket, as if he were going to be tempted into changing his mind. "But mamma is glad I thought of this kind of a birthday, and it would disappoint her," he would say to himself; and then he would buy something to give away.

The selection for his mother was a difficult one to make, being still a "ceekret" from her. He had not dared to carry out his first intention in regard to it, for fear she should think it as outlandish a choice as the others had seemed to her. But he was greatly assisted by the young saleswoman, who was very nice, and would have talked the matter over with him twice as long as he required, with perfect willingness. His anxieties on this point were well mastered, he felt sure, when he secured a lovely penholder of carved maple-wood, which represented a spray of lilies of the valley and a fern.

The presents having all been purchased, a few loose coins still remained in Will's purse, for which there was no possible need.

"Now," his mother exclaimed delightedly, "you can get a little candy for yourself. My dear Will, I shall really be glad to see you with a package for your own satisfaction!"

Will pranced a moment with delectation at the notion of having some candy, a treat he was seldom allowed to experience; but his spirits suddenly cooled down.

"It doesn't seem as if the money belonged to me in that way," he said, as though thinking aloud. "I guess I must give the pennies to somebody, mamma."

"Yes, you are right," his mother replied, looking earnestly at him. "You can certainly make some poor child happy with them, who perhaps has never bought anything for itself in all its life. One kind thought leads to another."

You may be sure that Will looked out sharply for some child on the street, to whom he should want to give the fourteen cents which were getting very warm in his tightly-closed hand. One or two poor children he did see; but they were rough-looking, offensive creatures, whom, he felt by instinct, his little act of kindness would only provoke to some mischief. At last his glance

fell upon a fair-haired, timid boy, whose pale, thin wrists projected from his torn coat-sleeves, and whose blue eyes were sunken in his delicate face. Will quietly drew near him, and entered into conversation.

"Dear small boy, I would like to be you for a little while," said he, "for then I should know if fourteen cents would buy what you want. I've got fourteen cents you can have."

The boy looked into Will's eyes, and then at the street sadly and answered that he never had any money. "I don't dare to think of what I want," he added.

"Are you ever happy?" asked Will.

"I don't know," said the boy. "I never heard of it."

"Well, here's the money," Will went on, after a pause of surprise. "If you smile all to yourself when you buy something with it, and feel nicely when you go to sleep to-night, you will know what I meant by being happy. Good-by!" He put the coins carefully into the boy's hand, which looked as eager as his eyes did; and then Will caught a real smile on the little fellow's face.

"Don't you feel it now?" Will cried.

"Yes," exclaimed the boy. "It's a-running all through me!"

They both laughed, and Will hurried again to his mother's side.

After he had given everybody about the house a gift, on his birthday, which turned out to be rather rainy and poky, Will sat down to his old books and playthings with a slight qualm of strangeness. He tried to be very brave about not having anything but kisses and thanks, which ought to have satisfied him, he supposed; and he read a familiar page of "The Discreet Princess" upside down, without knowing it. Presently his mother and aunt came to find him, and he had a splendid romp till dinner-time.

At dinner Will observed that there were several dainty dishes which he particularly liked; and then, at desert, when he was rejoicing over nuts and raisins, the maid came into the room carrying a covered dish, which she brought immediately to Will, to whom she offered it.

"What is it, mamma?" asked he, in great surprise, not removing the cover.

"Oh! for mercy's sakes, Master Will, be quick, if you plaze," cried the girl, full of dismay at his deliberateness.

"Yes, don't wait! Lift the cover!" ejaculated Mrs. Wellesley.

Though in perplexity as to the propriety of his helping himself first, Will took off the cover, but nearly dropped it on the floor, in spite of its being of the Willow pattern. A dear, fluffy little white kitten, with a blue ribbon round its neck, was comfortably sitting, like a bundle of softness, in the dish.

The expression of delight upon Will's face did everybody good. He had, sometime before, owned a little gray kitten, which had been lost, upon whose account he had moped for a day or two; and now it had come back all white, as a good kitten should — or so he thought for an instant. Anything more tiny and cunning never was seen, and Will had it under his chin before he breathed twice.

"We couldn't help giving you *that*!" said Mrs. Wellesley, looking the pink of pleasure herself.

No doggies or kitties exist on the moon,
The philosophers, all of them, say.
Perhaps when the man in the moon was a boy
He had pets that were made in this way.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(Miniatures made about the time of their marriage, and now in possession of W. C. Johnson, Esq., Newburyport, Mass. That of John Quincy was worn by his mother, Mrs. Abigail Adams, as a clasp on a bracelet of black velvet ribbon; the clasp on the companion bracelet was a miniature of her son, Thomas Boylston Adams.)

THE HOUSEHOLD OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(Children of the White House.)

Harriet Taylor Upton

A WHITE HOUSE BABY.

(Mary Louisa Adams; from silhouette by Hubbard. Owned by her daughter, Mrs. Charles A. Doolittle, Utica, N. Y.)

THE family life at the White House during the John Quincy Adams administration was nearly ideally complete. There were wooings and weddings, baby life and christenings and nursery frolics, long, old-fashioned visits from relatives, quiet hours when the President read aloud, and when Mrs. Adams wrote poems, and sang to her harp, and translated Plato with her sons; Mrs. Adams is, perhaps, the most scholarly woman who has presided at the White House — we may suppose that the polished Mr. John Quincy Adams who complained of the Boston belles that too many of them were "like a beautiful apple that is insipid to the taste" would take care to fall in love with a young person of intellect and culture.

The family had always been in official life, and we can understand that the pleasures of home and any liberty to pursue their own personal tastes and inclinations would be looked upon by them all as dear privileges and luxuries. We remember that Mr. Adams himself went abroad when only fourteen as private secretary with our Minister to Russia, and that Mrs. Adams at the time of her marriage belonged to one of the families of the American Embassy in London, and that there followed long ministerial residences in Berlin and St. Petersburg and London. The eldest son, George Washington, was born in Berlin (the only little foreigner among the sons of the Presidents); and both he and his younger brother John were more or less in foreign schools. The youngest son, Charles Francis, was taken abroad when he was but a little fellow of two years, and spent all his early

childhood in St. Petersburg; and later the three boys were together at school in London. Then, on the final return to America, Mr. Adams had immediately taken up his residence at Washington as President Monroe's Secretary of State, to go into the White House as Chief Magistrate at the close of the second Monroe administration. As boys the young Adamses could hardly have known at all the free, simple life of other American lads except when at their grandfather's farm in Quincy; and even there they must have been obliged to "live, move and have their being" among stately and distinguished folk, visitors to the ex-President; and as young men they had entered early upon public or professional work.

But now, in the White House, Mrs. Adams found it possible to establish a better home life than when she was the wife of the Secretary of State. As the President's wife, she was not obliged to pay visits, and both she and Mr. Adams sturdily resisted all innovations upon established etiquette. Immediately upon the election of Mr. Adams the foreign embassadors who had been dissatisfied with the rulings of Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Hay, endeavored to have days set apart for their receptions and their state dinners at the White House, in order that they might not encounter a motley throng of Americans, but to this Mr. and Mrs. Adams would not accede. At the weekly "drawing-rooms" hours were kept which would have suited the farm at Quincy. Guests might arrive at eight, but at ten the lights were out in the White House parlors. The President wished to wake betimes; in winter at five, that he might go abroad for a two-hours walk under the light of the moon and the stars, nearly always returning to see the sun rise from a favorite eastern window. He then made his own fire, and read three chapters of the Bible with the aid of commentaries. On summer mornings he repaired to the Potomac, his son John with him usually. He was a strong swimmer, and often remained in the water two hours, much to the anxiety of his family and friends. He could outswim John, but John could outrun him. Somewhere in his diary we find him, characteristically, taking himself to task for swimming just to show of what feats he is capable.

At the White House period of the family life, George, the baby born in Berlin, had grown to be a public man himself and was living in Boston and Quincy and making visits in Washington, possibly for glimpses of a lovely cousin in the White House family, Miss Mary Hellen, his mother's niece; these visits may not have been wholly happy seasons, inasmuch as his brother John, who was the President's private secretary, openly admired this same lady.

SOME WHITE HOUSE FANS.

(The middle fan is of horn, with quizzing glass in the centre. Owned by W. C. Johnson, Esq., Newburyport, Mass.)

We may suppose that he was present at the grand ball which his mother gave to General Jackson, in the F street home, the year before they went into the White House, and also that both he and John assiduously assisted Miss Hellen who, with Cousin Abigail, is recorded to have been a week in manufacturing the decorations for the ball-room. The F street residence was a double house, and the ball-room was in the second house. The floor was chalked with the American eagle and flags, and "Welcome to the Hero of New Orleans!" The pillars were trimmed with laurel and winter-green and all the rooms were wreathed with greenery and roses, "and lighted with small glass variegated lamps

and a lustre in the centre which produced a beautiful effect," says Miss Abby, and she adds

GEORGE WASHINGTON ADAMS.
(From the painting owned by W. C. Johnson, Esq., Newburyport.)

that there were "eight pieces of music," and that "General Jackson looked remarkably well."

JOHN ADAMS.
(From the painting owned by W. C. Johnson, Esq., Newburyport.)

Mrs. Adams was seated in the passage between the two houses, General Jackson stood by her side, "a semicircle of distinguished guests arranged around the two into which each one had to enter and make their bow," writes another lady, "and the company proceeded in perfect order, two and two." There was no shaking of hands in those days. That practice did not come in until after President Buchanan's time.

Both George and John were handsome young men. George possessed easy and polished manners, having been accustomed to travel and society from his babyhood up. He had been brought home in long clothes to Quincy, a baptized little Episcopalian, as there was no Presbyterian congregation in Berlin. His father

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS AT NINETEEN.
(From the painting by King. Owned by Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, Boston.)

regretted this, and we may be sure that his Great-grandfather Smith would have been much shocked had he lived to learn of it. The young family expected to make a home in Boston, but presently Mr. Adams was elected Senator, and little George was going to and fro between Washington and Quincy a great deal. When Mr. Adams was appointed Minister to Russia the little fellow was left with his Grandmother Adams, and this was perhaps the happiest time of his life.

Both George and John went over to London when their father was appointed Minister to

the Court of St. James, and there they met their little baby brother Charles grown into a pretty, accomplished lad of seven.

THE OLD ADAMS HOUSE AT QUINCY.

(From a drawing owned by Miss E. C. Adams; occupied in their old age by both the Presidents. Now known as "the old Charles Francis Adams place.")

The boys drove about London to their hearts' content and made it a business to see the fine sights, the great institutions, the noted pictures and famous persons. They became acquainted too, as few children ever do, with the hollowness of grand society; for often the Adams' household was convulsed to its center with mighty questions concerning invitations and clothes and manners, and the boys heard it said that "the English Court did not understand their own rules of etiquette," and it was amusing to them when the foreign ministers would consult with their father whether or not it was proper to wear this or that suit on this or that occasion, and sometimes these solemn dignitaries would guess right but oftener would guess wrong.

Frequently, owing to court mismanagement, the invitations would fail to arrive at all; and then again the American Minister would not be included when his wife was invited, and *vice versa*. The servants of great people would forget to announce that the Adams' carriage was waiting, and the luckless pair might have to stay wearily about until after midnight, and perhaps sally forth then to find overcoats, hats and wraps stolen from the coach.

There was a very dismal delay about the presentation at court; the letters and notices did not come to hand duly, and at the very last, after all the "coaching" and practicing and dressing, Lady Castlereagh who was to present Mrs. Adams was too late at the palace and another noblewoman had to take the American lady in charge; and then, after it all, the Queen and the Princesses were plain and awkward and stiff and stupid — not nearly so charming and interesting as Grandmother Adams and Aunt Abigail Smith — the boys heard all such farces talked about at luncheon next day, and they laughed at their father because the Royal Highnesses invariably asked him the same questions — how the climate affected his health, and how he had enjoyed his residence in Russia.

The boys had some of the wedding cake when the Princess Mary was married; and we may suppose there was a jolly laugh over that too, when they were told that a big slice rolled up in a paper was handed to each person to take home as the company passed down the grand staircase.

When the Queen had her birthday drawing-room Mr. Adams was invited, and Mrs. Adams was not; but she and John went with him, to sit in the carriage and see the show. Mr. Adams

END VIEW OF "THE OLD CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS PLACE," AS IT IS TO-DAY.

arrived too late, and so did some of the great Peers in their robes, and they all drove up and down Parliament street and at last John saw the state coach drawn by eight cream-colored horses with golden harnesses and sky-blue silk ribbon bows, and he heard the Prince Regent hissed and saw him pelted with mud balls by the populace and his carriage windows finally broken by bullets and stones from the rabble.

This life where court cards and clothes might at any moment become matters of infinite import-

ance was pleasing to neither Mr. nor Mrs. Adams, and they were glad when the time came to return into a republic with their children.

George entered Harvard College, and afterward studied law in Boston with Daniel Webster. He was a young man of mark in college and a

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(Cut at the White House, the last year of the Presidency, by Hubbard, the celebrated silhouettist of the time. Owned by Miss E. C. Adams, Quincy, Mass.)

newspaper writer of the time records concerning a dinner given by ex-President John Adams to some distinguished Englishman that "an able American remarked that as an American he was very proud of the fine conversational powers displayed by young Adams." He was without doubt exceptionally gifted. He was a student of Shakespeare, and wrote many poems. His father probably was disappointed when he devoted himself to law, and entered politics. He would have preferred to see his sons classical scholars and literary men. He says in his diary that his own ambition would have been "by some great work of literature" to have done honor to his own age and handed his name down, and he regrets that his sons have not inherited his literary taste. "George," he says, "is not entirely without it. The others have it not, and I have found every effort to stimulate them to it, hitherto, fruitless."

One Christmas day he gathered his family about him and read aloud Pope's *Messiah* to "make an experiment on the tastes of the children" — he used to admire that work when he himself was a boy. He unrelentingly records that "not one of them excepting George appeared to take the slightest interest in it; nor is there one of them who has any relish for literature. Charles has a great fondness for books and a meditative mind, but neither disposition for public speaking or correct reading. Charles must teach himself all that he learns. He will learn nothing from others."

This same Charles in after life prescribed Pope and Milton and other English classics for his own son Charles, who in turn evinced a disrelish discouraging to the parental heart, and has grown up to publicly warn other fathers against the uselessness of such training for their lads. It is quite probable that his little granddaughter and his young niece — the "Abigail Adams" and the "Dorothy Q." of to-day — listen to Kings-

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(Cut by Hubbard, at the White House. Owned by Miss E. C. Adams.)

ley's *Water Babies* and *Alice In Wonderland* and Hawthorne's *Wonder Tales*.

George represented Boston in the State Legislature, but became more or less a prey to intemperate habits, too common a fate for the

"A LITTLE ANCESTOR," JOHN QUINCY.

(Great-grandfather of President John Quincy Adams, on the mother's side. The town of Braintree was re-named Quincy in his honor. Hangs in the old Charles Francis Adams house at Quincy.)

young men of his day. Journeying to Washington in 1829 he was lost overboard from the steamer *Benjamin Franklin* between Boston and New York, and his life was ended at twenty-eight.

John was born in Boston, on a Fourth of July, in 1803. With that name and that date of birth it is marvelous that he escaped being a President. He was the young American whom General Lafayette cautioned to not become ambitious for high places. Perhaps the old Frenchman who had seen so many uprisings in his own land feared that this descendant of the Presidential Adamses might conceive the idea that he could overthrow the republic and make himself Emperor; they may have had this bit of political conversation while they were driving from Washington down into Virginia to pay those famous visits to the two old ex-Presidents, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe, for John accompanied his father and the General on that great occasion.

John, like George, was graduated from Harvard, and afterward studied law. He was not so brilliant a man as his brother, though handsomer, nor so uniformly agreeable, having a certain arrogancy of feeling and some hotness of temper. But he was faithful at work, and he, instead of George, carried off that beautiful cousin at the White House.

In the February of 1828 there was a charming, old-fashioned, small evening wedding in the Blue Room; particulars are in an old manuscript journal kept by one of the bridesmaids, Abby, daughter of Thomas Boylston Adams who was spending that winter at the White House — the same old yellow diary in which was found not long ago the silhouette of a sweet baby, Mary Louisa Adams, the first little girl ever born in the President's House. The bride wore orange flowers and white satin and pearls, and "she looked very handsome," and she had four bridesmaids, and they enjoyed an amusing time, before they joined the groomsmen in the circular room, in arranging flowers and ribbons; and after the ceremony they "passed the cake through the ring" and cut slices to distribute among friends, and the next day they all assembled again in the Yellow Room for the reception, "and," says this young bridesmaid, "it was one of the pleasantest days I ever passed."

It must not be supposed that this bridal had the brilliant setting of a wedding in our day at the White House. There was no conservatory then, the grounds were rough and uncultivated, the house was lighted with candles, and the fine East Room was bare and empty save for the mahogany frames of some sofas and chairs not upholstered at all. When General Lafayette made his visit there, this famous East Room was given up to him to deposit the many curiosities sent him, some live alligators being among them. Just before the close of the Administration Mrs. Adams, as an agreeable surprise, stationed the Marine Band in the great echoing apartment and threw it open for dancing at one of her "drawing-rooms." The city itself was disagreeable and unattractive. The streets were so bad that an "overset" of the carriage was

no uncommon incident in going to a White House reception, and at a ball given by an Embassador, a foreign minister and a member of Congress were tipped over at his very door.

A series of wedding dinners followed John's marriage, when, notwithstanding the depressing views concerning his conversational powers which we find in his diary, the President was the best talker at the table. He tells us that one evening he "went out in search of conversation" — something which he "never knew how to make or control." He sets it down that he is "a silent animal," and that his dear mother's early dictum that "children should be seen and not heard" has wrought his social ruin. After the marriage, in Washington society Mrs. John Quincy Adams was always designated as "Madam," and the younger matron as "Mrs. John."

The youngest son of the family, Charles Francis, was born in Boston in 1807. He was christened in the Presbyterian church, and during most of his life lived near his birthplace, though, as we know, he made a long sea voyage when he was but two years old, at the time his father was appointed Minister to Russia. He staid in Russia nearly six years, and there he learned to speak French, German and Russian, and one may venture to feel that his father ought to have been satisfied with those attainments.

Charles was the only one of the brothers who knew the little sister, Catherine Louise, who lies buried in great Russia so many thousands of miles away from the American home. He saw her christened in the parlor, by a clergyman of the English Church. It was at four o'clock in the afternoon, and there were two godmothers and a godfather and seventeen witnesses, most of them members of the diplomatic corps. We are not told that she acted very differently from her Aunt Abigail who was carried to church, but there was much difference in the ceremony, and the sponsors and witnesses not only took dinner with the family but spent the evening at cards.

Though so able a linguist, the little Charles Francis was very shy and unapproachable, and was not always ready to answer even the kind questions of the Emperor whom they often met. He was a favorite at the Imperial palace, notwithstanding, and was frequently sent for there, to be made much of by the Empress and Grand Duchesses and the various other Royalties. His father devoted several hours a day to his training, and the little fellow committed to memory, among other things, Addison's versions of the nineteenth and twenty-third Psalms. It is small wonder that he became somewhat taciturn.

During the last year of the Russian stay, the whole Continent was at war, and little Charles and his mother made a perilous journey to join Mr. Adams who had been obliged to go to Paris. It was spring-time, but not spring-time of buds and flowers — in that climate spring meant snow and frost and ice. The little boy never forgot that journey. War was everywhere, and when

AN ABIGAIL ADAMS OF TO-DAY.

(Daughter of Hon. John Quincy Adams, Boston; great-granddaughter of President John Quincy Adams.)

they were not driving through wild forests and gloomy little hamlets they came upon abandoned battlefields and saw the traces of bloodshed and

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(In court-dress. From the painting by Leslie, owned by Mrs. Charles Francis Adams.)

suffering. At each stopping place they were obliged to listen to tales of murder, plunder and desolation. They scarcely dared express an opinion lest they should be attacked. Once they became fast in a snowdrift and only after many cries of distress did people venture near to dig them out. It was prophesied on every hand that America must soon fall from her position as a republic, and that, too, afflicted the silent little American with shivers of fear. They reached Paris the night following the re-entrance of Napoleon from Elba, and many strange scenes of street turmoil were fixed indelibly upon his childish memory.

We know he met his older brothers in London soon after, and remained there for three years in school, and perhaps was the fag of some big English boy, thus made to atone for his grandfather's rebellion against British rule. He came home to Quincy, a bookish little lad of ten, to learn to love dearly the grandparents of whom he had heard so much from his brothers.

PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
(From the painting by Leslie, owned by Mrs. Charles Francis Adams.)

He was graduated from Harvard the year his father was made President. He studied law in Washington and Boston, but soon, true to the stirrings of the Adams blood, entered politics. Like his father and his grandfather, he was not a good "party man." His kingly conscience and his clear perception of the truth prevented. He commanded the full respect of all parties. He "made up his mind" afresh, and with perfect independence, whenever affairs presented a new combination, yet was always ready and able and right with his vote as a man, with his argument and advice as a statesman, with his action as a legislator or as an embassador. His most valuable service to the country is considered to be his course in England, as American Minister, during our late Civil War. It has been wittily said that his action at the Court of St. James "prevented England from becoming the Founder of the Southern Confederacy." It is equally true that the national view of the war governed him, never the sectional. He was the Adams of the third generation who had been Minister to Great Britain. He ren-

dered, also, no inconsiderable good to his country when he prepared his father's journals for publication. This great work, in many volumes, must be sought by those who wish to study at first hand the making of our republic.

This youngest son married a wealthy Massachusetts lady and reared a distinguished family. He lived to an old age. He passed the summers of his later years at the old mansion in Quincy where the two Presidents had lived. The house became a more luxurious home in his time; old President John dreaded the New England winter tempered only by wood fires, and wished he could go to sleep at the approach of cold weather, like a dormouse, not to waken until spring.

In February, 1829, there was an evening christening at the White House, and the baby

"SALLY," THE WHITE HOUSE DOLL.
(Belonged to Mary Louisa and Georgiana Frances Adams.)

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Adams was baptized "Mary Louisa." Cabinet Ministers and Chief Justices bowed low around her and presented their good wishes, and she had for godfather the stately old General Stephen Van Renssalaer, "the last of the Patroons," the great friend of her grandfather whom he had made President by the "casting vote" which he held.

THE CHRISTENING PRESENT.
(Cameos given Mary Louisa Adams at the White House, by her godfather, General Stephen Van Renssalaer. Now owned by W. C. Johnson, Esq.)

The prayer-book which her godfather gave the little Mary Louisa is still preserved in her husband's home — for this White House baby grew up, and was married, and lived her life, and has long been dead. (Mr. William C. Johnson, her husband, was her cousin; a grandson of Charles, son of her great-grandfather, President John Adams, and a grandnephew of her grandfather, President John Quincy Adams.) In company with the prayer-book is kept her christening present from the old Patroon — a set of Cupid cameos; bracelets, necklace and a brooch. The triple chains of fine gold are a puzzle of rings and twists and coils. A snowy winged Cupid on a flying run clasps one of the bracelets; pauses to stoop and kiss a slim pet dog on the other; sits to rest and plays Pan's pipes on the brooch; swings a garland on the clasp of the necklace — we can imagine the benign old gentleman smilingly selecting the jewelry with a view to its charms for a baby's eye.

There is an irresistible kissable little silhouette of her in her baby days — the funny little thing found between the leaves of the old diary of her mother's bridesmaid; her portrait as a child,

which hangs in her husband's house, shows her to have been a demure, modest and self-possessed little girl, as it well became the great-granddaughter of Mistress Abigail Adams to be.

Her cousin William first met her when she was about thirteen. He says of her in a recent letter that "she was then, owing to the circumstances of the family's official position and the not very strong health of her grandmother and mother, a fully-matured woman assisting in receiving and entertaining; and it has always been my opinion that she never had any 'young life' in the ordinary acceptance of that term — certainly I never heard of any." Notwithstanding this, it is certain that Mary Louisa had a doll, who is "still living;" "a big rag baby, 'Sally,' the first and only doll," writes Mr. Johnson who owns and cherishes "Sally;" "a personage," he says, "who has served faithfully each subsequent childhood in our family." She had it in the White House days; her aunt, Mrs. Thomas Boylston Adams, made it for her just before these entries in the bridesmaid's diary:

Thursday, 26th Feby., 1829.

Mrs. J. Q. Adams, Mrs. John Adams and Baby left the President's House for Meridian Hill.

4th March, 1829.

Genl. Jackson was inaugurated as President of the U. S. . . And the places that have known us shall know us no more.

Little Mary Louisa was the centre of the home-life, the especial darling of her grandfather, the President; and some verses which her grandmother wrote to her on her second birthday show that "Looly's" baby days tripped past merrily, however early she may have become a dignified little society woman, and that Mother Goose was a familiar friend of the family:

TO MISS MARY LOUISA ADAMS.

The Birthday, 1830.

Sweet lovely little thing!
  I greet thee with my love:
Thy praises fondly would I sing,
  Couldst thou my song approve.

Methinks I see thy liquid eye
  Sparkling with frolick glee;
I hear thy sportive laughing cry,
  So joyous, wild and free,

While running round to catch papa,
  Swift racing to and fro;
Then listening to thy fond mamma —
  "Looly! dance Jimmy Crow;"

So many little tales to tell,
  And little songs to sing
'Bout pussy cat is in the well,
  Ding dong the bells do ring!

. . . . . .

And pray, thou sweet and lovely child,
  That flowers may strew thy way;
That virtuous hours, by bliss beguiled,
  May bless this yearly day.

L. C. ADAMS.

The President delighted to have young people in his home. A niece who was a great deal in the family at the White House some sixty years

MARY LOUISA ADAMS, BORN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

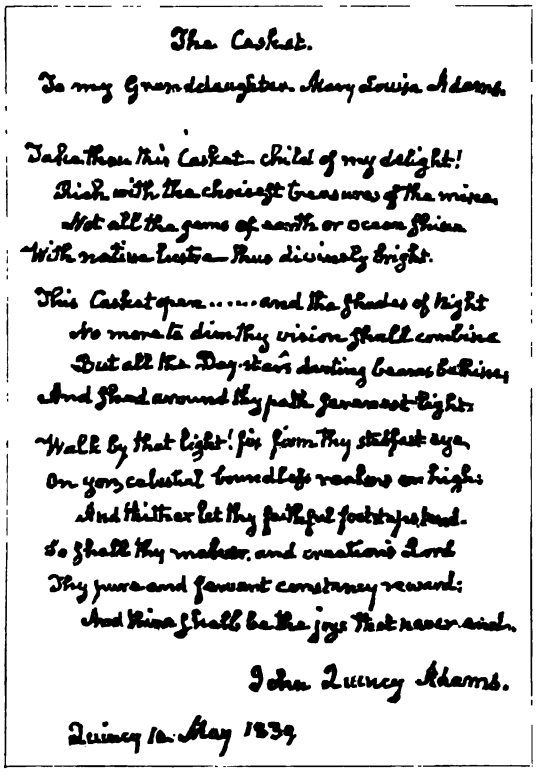
(*Daughter of John Adams; granddaughter of President John Quincy Adams. From the painting owned by her husband, W. C. Johnson, Esq., Newburyport, Mass.*)

ago, and is still, at eighty, a woman of youth and vivacity and elegance, says of her uncle that "he was not cold as he appeared to the world — he took much interest in all the young persons round him. He was especially fond of astronomy and had a fine glass on the top of the house and used to go up in the evening and give us lessons in astronomy." At Quincy, when he and John went to the old homestead upon his father's death, he sought to forget his grief

in the society of his boys, and used to go out in the road in front of the house and trace constellations with George and his young cousins.

He taught the little Mary Louisa her alphabet, and it was a proud day when she did really "know her letters." She was promoted at once to the Bible. Mr. Johnson says in a letter:

"The religious element was a dominant characteristic of President John Quincy Adams; the Bible was to him the Book of books, the sum of all truth, the main staff of life and hope of immortality, the very substance of things hoped for. He was a most assiduous student of its pages and not a day was ever allowed to pass without the reading of at least a chapter, and it was his ever constant resort for rest or refreshment. He thought it should be the first book for infant eyes to peruse, as well as the last


The Casket.

To my Granddaughter Mary Louisa Adams.

Take thou this Casket – child of my delight!
Rich with the choicest treasures of the mine,
Not all the gems of earth or ocean shine
With native lustre thus divinely bright.

This Casket gem ..... and the shades of night
No more to dim thy vision shall combine
But all the Day-star's darting beams be thine,
And shed around thy path fairest light.

Walk by that light! for from thy stedfast eye
On yon celestial boundless realms on high:
And thither let thy faithful footsteps tend.
So shall thy maker, and creation's Lord
Thy pure and fervent constancy reward:
And thine shall be the joys that never end.

John Quincy Adams.

Quincy 1st May 1839

THE INSCRIPTION IN THE BIBLE.

in the hands of expiring age. In this regard his first care was that, as soon as might be, the 'Baby Mary'—child of his delight—should be taught to read; and this he made his personal care with such success that at the age of three years she was able to commence the reading aloud to him of the Bible, in course, as a daily duty. Thus at the period of my first meeting her at thirteen years of age, she was well on in the fourth perusal of the Bible word by word, verse and chapter.

"This fact I have heard repeatedly from the whole family and have often heard it from the President's own lips uttered with a rapt expression of triumph."

Naturally one of her grandfather's early gifts was a Bible; the one he gave her at nine has a presentation poem, "The Casket," from his own pen.

There was a younger sister, Georgiana Frances, and Miss Adams says that they both used to go to their grandfather's room every morning to read the Bible with him. He was often, of course, amused at the remarks they sturdily made, and the questions they asked. "He always," she says, "attended the Unitarian Church in the morning and the Presbyterian in the afternoon, and always some of the young people went with him. He did not like to hear young persons criticise the sermons or the music; he would say, never a sermon that had not *some good* in it for him."

To imagine the great statesman with the little girls at his knee, talking to them over the open Bible, is to see a beautiful picture. It accords with the grandeur of the man who disdained to possess "a language official and a language confidential," whom party could not rule, nor guide, nor hold, nor count upon, whom the mere politician cannot, to this day, understand, fathom, or forgive; it accords with the simplicity of the man who, when an old man, as trustingly as his little granddaughters might, used to repeat every night:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake
> I pray the Lord my soul to take;
> And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

He wrote long letters from time to time to this dear granddaughter. The sheets show the same neatness and precision which characterize the diaries and the state papers, the same elegance of diction and chirography which the venerable gentleman of threescore years and ten commends to the young girl, though the pen-strokes are tremulous; he must have written with the aid of the steel ring and pen-socket which he wore in his old age to steady his pen.

This letter should benefit other girls of fourteen as doubtless it did little Miss Adams.

The Adamses, as we have seen to some extent, were a family of elegant letter-writers. The art of correspondence was taught the young sons and daughters with patience and pains. Miss Elizabeth Adams (one of the daughters of Thomas Boylston Adams who were so much at the White House with their uncle, the President) at eighty writes letters with the light touch and sparkle of a Sevigné; in a recent note she described some characteristic Adams training:

"I have been long accustomed to writing letters, beginning I think when eight years old, continuing up to the time when I write myself eighty years instead of eight. My mother seated us at the table to show us *how* to write letters, and one of our first efforts — my sister Abigail, older than I [the bridesmaid of Mrs. John Adams] — was to write to a Quaker lady in Philadelphia for a Quaker doll dressed in gray silk and Quaker cap, with pincushion and knitting at the side, and a perfect copy of the Quaker style of dress.

"This doll became famous at the Centennial Exhibition where I sent it as a present to the Museum, it having been dressed by a Philadelphia lady, Mrs. Butler, whom my father was very fond of, and all her family. I had the pleasure of seeing it in its new abode during the Exhibition, and the lace scarf that had been worn by Mrs. Abigail Adams, the same, I think, that Stuart painted in her portrait. My mother often said she was rewarded in after-life as her children were away from her so much and always writing her from whatever country they visited."

In the same note she says:

"We are enjoying a pleasant day, and the crackers remind us that the Fourth is near. They do observe the day as our Grandsire John desired — by the firing of cannon and ringing of bells, and illuminations; *but he did not say crackers.*"

To my Granddaughter Mary Louisa Adams, Washington D. C.

Quincy Thursday 22 June 1843

My dear child.

. . . "I was rejoiced also to find your handwriting much improved; because I feel that with perseverance of attention you will ere long write as neat and elegant a hand as your own mamma; and in my judgment that is one of the most precious accomplishments that a lady can acquire — This neatness of handwriting is obtainable only by constant practice continued for years, and that same practice while improving the hand has the same favorable effect upon the style. This is the secret of the fact long observed both in France and England, of the superiority of the female style of Letter-writing — Another and a still more elevated accomplishment for a lady" . . .

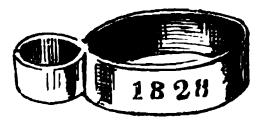
I am your ever affectionate grandfather

J Q Adams.

PART OF A LETTER FROM PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

Another niece, who was part of the White House family in both the John Adams and the John Quincy Adams administrations, was the daughter of Charles Adams, who died in 1800. Her grandparents adopted her — a little creature only four years old — and took her on to Washington. Susanna — her name was Susanna Boylston Adams — was a merry little madcap all her young years. A granddaughter, being asked for some reminiscences of this White House girl, sent a little letter of anecdotes which is given entire, that all the world may know that Mistress Abigail Adams had a most grandmotherly gentleness toward pranksomeness, that she hung her ginger cookies within children's reach, and accompanied her little people when they went to their dances.

"My grandmother's earliest recollections were of going to Washington with her grandparents after her father's death, of the little black frock that was made for her then, and of having the whooping-cough at the White House where in the paroxysms of coughing she would throw herself on the floor, and lie exhausted, until picked up by some compassionate member of the household.



PEN SUPPORT.

(*Steel ring used by John Quincy Adams to steady his pen; the smaller ring held the pen. Now owned by W. C. Johnson, Esq.*)

"Of her childhood at Quincy she never tired of talking and one of her favorite stories was of an old man (whose name I cannot recall) who came every year at Christmas

to receive his annual present from Mrs. Adams. He was quite old and walked with a stick, and sometimes looked

THOMAS BOYLSTON ADAMS AT 17.

(From the miniature painting on copper, owned by his great-grand-daughter, Mrs. H. H. Welles.)

like Father Christmas himself, with his ruddy cheeks and white hair, as he came shaking the snow from shoulders and hat. But his chief attraction for us was his staff which was hung from top to bottom with beautiful golden and red apples, brightly polished; and as we children gathered around him, he distributed the apples to us reciting in a sing-song chant,

'I wish you a merry Christmas,
and a happy New Year,
A pocket full of money, and a
cellar full of beer.'

"She also particularly remembered a bag of ginger-cakes that hung at the top of the cellar steps at Quincy, and from which the children were allowed to help themselves, when they had been *very* good.

"One of my grandmother's fast friends and playmates was little Ann Black, and on one occasion having received from her Uncle Thomas [Thomas Boylston Adams] a present of a dolls' tea-set, Ann was invited to 'Afternoon Tea.' They had real hot water in the tea-pot and real sugar and cream in the cream-jug and sugar-bowl, and cake in the plates. All went smoothly until my grandmother went out of the room for a few minutes. When she returned Ann's envy had overcome her friendship, and though she had fled, the china remained—in little bits on the floor. She had smashed it all. As toys were more rare, and consequently more valuable in those days than now, this incident produced a coolness between the friends, which lasted until some one gave Ann an extremely pretty, but small wax-doll, and she invited my grandmother to spend the afternoon with her. My grandmother went, carrying her own doll, and the two little girls played most happily together, while Ann with proud superiority displayed the advantages of her doll, which was wax and could open and shut its eyes. But in an unlucky moment she turned her back, and like a flash the wax head was in my grandmother's mouth and two rows of vindictive little teeth closed through the neck. With a triumphant 'There!' my grandmother put the severed parts into Ann's hand and walked out of the house; she always ended the story with, 'And I never was sorry that I bit that doll's head off!'

"A story that belongs to an earlier period was of Mrs. Cushing who was a most admirable woman and a valued friend of Mrs. Adams, but she and her husband, Judge Cushing, were rather noted, I believe, for a lack of what an old

MISS ELIZABETH C. ADAMS, AT SEVENTY-SEVEN.

(Daughter of Thomas Boylston Adams, and niece of John Quincy Adams. From photograph made in 1885.)

THOMAS BOYLSTON ADAMS AT 23.

(From the miniature worn by his mother, Mrs. Abigail Adams, as a bracelet-clasp; the original shows the gay colors affected by the young gentlemen of the day; a scarlet waistcoat enhances the soft richness of T. B. A's complexion. Owned by his daughter, Miss E. C. Adams.)

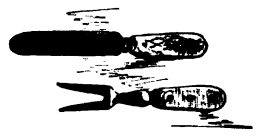
minister I once knew, called 'personal pulchritude.' I have no doubt my grandmother had heard this fact frequently mentioned, and once when driving with Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Cushing, she was so moved by the latter's ugliness that after gazing steadily at her for several minutes, she exclaimed, 'Mrs. Cushing! the Judge and you are the ugliest couple I ever knew.' Mrs. Cushing was so delighted with the youthful (and truthful) poet, that she gave her a hieroglyphic Bible, which was preserved for years.

CHARLES ADAMS IN HIS YOUTH.

(The brother of President John Quincy Adams, and father of Susanna Boylston Adams. From miniature owned by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. D.C. Woods, Baltimore, Md.)

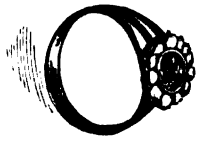
"My grandmother delighted to tell of going when she was a young lady, with her grandmother, to a dance in Boston, when she, being in light mourning, wore a short black satin skirt, black silk stockings, and black satin slippers. A United States man-of-war was in Boston harbor, and several of the officers came to the ball. One, a young Marylander, being a stranger, was asked to whom he should like to be introduced. He looked around the room, and said, 'That's the prettiest foot here,' and choose my grandmothers's black satin slippers. She afterwards married the young lieutenant."

Susanna and her younger sister Abigail (the family has never wanted for an Abigail Adams) were in the Quincy household, gay girls of four teen and twelve, when John and George Adams were there, and Penn's Hill in those years must have echoed back many a ringing peal of laughter. But the noisy little creature was a great favorite with the old President. She had the Adams capacity for a hard task of work, and that always commended any young person to his favor. Being trained at Quincy she was, of course, a very nice penman. When he was a Commissioner on the Fisheries dispute between Holland and the United States she copied for him some thirty foolscap pages, and he set to work to reward her. He had a beautiful ring made for her mounted with twelve great pearls and containing his hair and her grandmother's, and he said as he gave it, "This is a reward for your industry." Susanna was married at the old Quincy homestead, to Lieut. Clark, and her own little Susan was born there.



WHITE HOUSE TOYS.

(Belonged to a set of miniature knives and forks, not over an inch long, presented to the President by S. Pooley, a young mathematical-instrument maker; at the time of the fire at the White House they were stolen, but some were dropped outside and found, this pair among them; they were given Susanna Boylston Adams by the President.)



"A REWARD OF INDUSTRY."

(Ring given by President John Adams to his granddaughter Susanna; owned by her granddaughter, Mrs. Woods.)

She was in Washington again when her uncle was President Monroe's Secretary of State, a gay, witty young society woman, and one of Maria Monroe's friends. The stately receptions at Mrs. Monroe's she disliked, and after paying her respects she and some others of the young society matrons used to slip away to houses where etiquette permitted the guests to sit. She was a widow at the time her uncle entered the White House. She became widely known in after life as Mrs. Treadway. It was to her little Susan that the aged President at Quincy refers in a tender letter:

Kiss the little Cherub for me, though I fear
She would no longer laugh and crow at the sight of the
face of her great grandfather John Adams

The Adamses, the original John and Abigail — some one has said that though eight colonial generations preceded him President John is always spoken of as "the first Adams" — were patriots, fighters and Spartans; but as old letters are yielded up we see that the family pride and family love flowed in a strong tide. John Quincy Adams was fondly proud of his father and father's father, of his sons and his sons' sons. His joy is plainly to be seen when Charles Francis has a son and gives him his name, John Quincy; his heart swells within him, although he uses no adjectives as he chronicles the event, and he sees future generations who will bear his name; and no President, could he come back to take a look at his descendants, would be better satisfied.

THE STOLEN LEAVES.

By Julia H. May.

"WHO stole my beautiful leaves?"
Whispered the old Oak-tree;
"West-wind, South-wind, look for the thieves!
Find them, and bring them to me."
"Not I," said North-wind; "oh! no,
I would not treat an old friend so;
I found them lying upon the ground,
Brown and dead, and I carried them round,
To bring them to life
In the autumn sun,
But I did not steal
A single one.
"Not I," said North-wind; "oh! no,
I would not treat an old tree so."

"Who stole my beautiful leaves?"
Said the Weeping-Willow-tree;
"West-wind, South-wind, look for the thieves!
Find them, and bring them to me."
"Not I," said the Frost; "oh! no,
I would not treat an old friend so.
I covered them over with crystals white,
And talked with them in the cold moonlight,
Till I felt the breath
Of the morning sun,
But I did not take
A single one.
"Not I," said the Frost; "oh! no,
I would not treat an old tree so."

"Who stole my beautiful leaves?"
Said the shivering Maple-tree;
"West-wind, South-wind, look for the thieves!
Find them, and bring them to me."
"Not I," said the Sun; "oh! no,
I would not treat an old friend so;
I painted your leaves all scarlet and green,
With rows of crimson and gold between,
And I saw them fade
Ere my work was done,
But I did not take
A single one.
"Not I," said the Sun; "oh! no,
I would not treat an old tree so."

"Who stole my beautiful leaves?"
Echoed the Poplar-tree;
"West-wind, South-wind, look for the thieves!
Find them, and bring them to me."
"Not I," said the Rain; "oh! no,
I would not treat an old friend so."
I mixed the shades of green and of gold
For the sun to use, and I always told
The little rain-drops
Which way to run,
But I did not take
A single one.
"Not I," said the rain; "oh! no,
I would not treat an old tree so."

"O Maple, Willow and Oak,
No one stole your beautiful leaves,"
West-wind, South-wind, pitying said;
"North-wind, Frost, Sun, are not thieves:
They are dead, the Snow-flakes say—
I tell the tale another way:
Waiting in silence under the snow,
Are the souls of the leaves that shall upward grow
In the resurrection
Of the spring;
When violets bloom
And robins sing,
And new life your heart receives,
To your arms will spring the beautiful leaves!"

DOUBLE ROSES.

M. E. W. Sherwood.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Phyllis approached the altar on Easter Day, for confirmation, it was with a sobered enthusiasm, yet with earnestness. She felt the value of the great "vow, promise and profession" which she was about to make. She sincerely desired "to serve God with fervor and in the manner most agreeable to Him."

Miss Wickham thought as she looked at Phyllis in her pure white dress, and long floating veil (for Mr. Wickham liked the ceremonial dress for communicants and catechumens; he thought it helped to impress the service on their minds), that she was the most lovely creature she had ever seen.

"Phyllis has experienced a change of heart," thought the good woman as she kneeled over her prayer book. She loved the old-fashioned phrase; there is none better.

Yes, two years nearly of contact with a new world, a world where her undisciplined nature had been learning drill as a cadet learns it at West Point, had brought Phyllis to a realizing sense of the beauty of obedience, obedience to social and to heavenly laws, and this day was to be to her ever a memorable one, on which she started, a new creature, into a new life.

It was not enough, she felt, to be heroic, to do heroic things. It is always easy for a person of her temperament to suck the poison from a wound, to nurse a sick friend, to be generous of health, strength and fervor.

But it is not easy to wear the harness of daily life, to accept the yoke of circumstances.

In a month or so Mabel was to be married and the preparations went on calmly, as did all things in Mrs. Bestwick's house, but on a large scale. Wilhelmina was very much delighted to go with Phyllis to the dressmaker's, to attend to her own toilette, and watch the others. She was to be one of two child-bridesmaids, dressed from Kate Greenaway pictures, in broad straw hats and short white dresses with broad sashes of yellow, and bunches of buttercups. She was to carry a basket with buttercups in it, in her hand, and she felt that the ceremony and most of its responsibilities were upon her.

She had found, too, that an artist friend of Charlie's was fond of sketching her, and made many pictures of her playing on her violin.

"A picturesque child, that," she had overheard him say, one day.

"Well," thought Wilhelmina, "that is better than *knife tay*. What a greenhorn I was when I came, to be sure!"

Mabel was to give all her bridesmaids their dresses, and Charlie added a little diamond pin, with his and her monogram interlaced. All the bridesmaids were to wear pink with broad leghorn hats and sweeping pink feathers, a costume very becoming to Phyllis, and they were to carry bouquets of pink rosebuds.

"I don't see what you are going to do with your bouquet when you have to hold Mabel's bouquet and gloves, and everything," said Wilhelmina who always saw all the practical objections.

"I shall pass mine on to Clara Fisher who must hold two, for a minute," said Phyllis.

The day was a lovely one, fit for the bridal of one so good, so radiant as Mabel.

She was dressed and ready for the procession, and sat holding her mother's hand, as Phyllis came in to report that the bridesmaids were all ready. She looked so splendid and flashing in her pink costume. She was making such an effort to control her tears which were trembling on her long lashes, that both mother and daughter smiled at their perfected work.

Mabel rose and folded her to her heart, and her aunt embraced her, saying "Dear, dear Phyllis!"

"No crying, no kissing now," said Mr. Bestwick, bustling in, and determining that there should be no great exhibition of feeling just now.

Mrs. Bestwick went first to the church and the bridesmaids followed, and last of all Mabel and her father. They were all ready, at the church door, and six ushers preceded them up the aisle. The church was crowded, and flowers covered every inch where a flower could be hung. It was in a perfect outburst of bloom, that church.

Wilhelmina and her little friend headed the bridesmaids. She looked smiling, proud and happy. She hoped that Miss Auber and her scholars were in the gallery, seeing her go by, and she knew that Jeannie Burns was looking down. When the great wedding march was played she felt her heart swell, and she almost wanted to throw her buttercups at somebody.

"But I mustn't; I am a part of the show," thought Wilhelmina who had grown very decorous.

She took her stand far to the left, and noticed Phyllis and the other bridesmaids defile to right and left, and saw Charlie and his best man looking very nervous, waiting at the chancel rail.

Charlie was sure that his friend would drop the ring, and turned red and pale by turns, but his expression changed as he saw his bride, his Mabel, looking like a white dove, coming up the aisle. She was leaning on her father's arm, her long white satin train, her long white veil floating behind her. Their eyes met, and all other thoughts left them both but each other.

"She wouldn't have been here, if I hadn't put those ice bags on her forehead, when she had the fever," thought Wilhelmina proudly.

Mr. Wickham read the service, with all the eloquence, the pathos, the solemnity which belongs to the most beautiful words ever written or spoken — excepting those of the Sermon on the Mount. Mabel was one of his especial children. He had baptized her, taught her, and confirmed her. He knew how lovely and how good she was. He blessed her, as if he had borrowed the words of inspiration.

Then her husband kissed her, Mr. Wickham shook hands with them, and to the sound of joyous music, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Jermyn walked down the broad aisle.

The reception at the house was most crowded, and for an hour the bridal pair and their bridesmaids stood under a canopy of white flowers to greet all the world. Wilhelmina stood at her end of the circle, marking all the humors of the scene. "I wonder why the old ladies all cry," said she. Then she was very much pleased when Mabel and Phyllis disappeared, and Mrs. Bestwick, looking less composed than her wont, followed them up-stairs (Mabel to put on her traveling dress). Wilhelmina was given a handful of rice to throw after them.

She was rather crowded and jostled after this, and did not enjoy the half-hour which followed until Mabel appeared in her dark blue cloth and velvet traveling dress, and threw her bouquet for the girls to struggle for.

"The slipper! who has got a slipper to throw after them for luck?" asked the best man. Alas! the slipper had been forgotten — no old slipper.

But Wilhelmina pulled an old article from her pocket, and dashing out threw the fortune-bringing shoe, so that it alighted on the top of the carriage, a very important omen. Mabel and Charlie both saw her and kissed their hands to her.

"I knew they would forget it," said Wilhelmina, "so I put one of mine in my pocket. I had worn it at dancing school all winter, so it wasn't good for anything but luck."

Mrs. Bestwick showed very decided symptoms of nervous depression after her daughter left her, and the doctor had a serious talk with Mr. Bestwick.

"You must shut up this fine house, and go to Europe for a year," said the learned physician. "Your wife has been drawing on her strength and nerves all this time, we will say for the last ten years she has been doing just a little too much every day. She must go away and rest. No care, no duties. Shut up this fine house, send your thirty servants packing. They have each and every one taken just so much out of her."

Mabel was to take a bridal tour in Europe, and her father and mother determined to follow her. But what was to be done with Phyllis and Wilhelmina?

"They must go back to Haffreysburg," said their uncle.

"That seems cruel," said Mrs. Bestwick.

"No; their home is there, their duties are there, their little independence is there. They must take up their life there."

"Not with Aunt Hannah!"

"No; Mr. Wickham has told me of a young clergyman who with his wife will gladly take the girls as part of their family. I shall send out Bluebell for Phyllis, and there is a German professor who will attend to their music. The Reverend Mr. Montgomery says there are very nice people in Haffreysburg."

The kind uncle and aunt forgot nothing. Jeannie Burns was to go as their personal attendant, and a liberal sum was deposited at the bank for their use.

Yet what a change! Phyllis was now a young lady. Wilhelmina stood

> —— "with waiting feet
> Where womanhood and childhood meet."

They were to leave society and company behind them, and the friends of two years. They were to lose Mabel! She who had softened all the hard places, covered up their faults, explained away all quarrels, encouraged all virtues — Mabel whose kindness had been constant and unfailing — "the sweet South over a bank of violets."

No wonder that when they heard their doom, remembering, as they did, Haffreysburg, that their pillows were wet with tears.

They went down to the steamship to see the fortunate passengers leave. How enormous it looked, but how little and barren the staterooms!

They walked up and down the noble deck of the *Aurania*, looked at the smoke stack, big enough for a dining-room, and placed their last little bouquets on their cousin's pillow; Wilhelmina had tied them up with some yellow ribbons from the bridal buttercups.

"Now, Wilhelmina," said Charlie, "when I come back you will be a grand young lady, I suppose, big and splendid like Phyllis — why, see, here is the Black Prince!"

A colored waiter approached, with some shawls, and Wilhelmina recognized the Saratoga worthy who had so awed her. "I'm not afraid of him now," said she.

"No," said Charlie, "but he is awfully afraid of you!"

The time came for the girls to go on shore, and to bid adieu to these kind friends. Mr. and Miss Wickham were there to take care of them. Mabel threw her arms around Phyllis, and both fair young faces were wet with tears.

"I shall write to you once a week," said Mabel, and she kept her word.

The great steamship marched out of the harbor majestically. Mrs. Bestwick and Mabel stood waving their handkerchiefs as long as they could see the two little waifs and estrays to whom they had been so kind. And Phyllis and Wilhelmina, through their tears, saw the *Aurania* disappear.

"Now for plain living, and high thinking,

Phyllis," said Mr. Wickham, as he welcomed them at the Rectory. "My sister and I are going out to Haffreysburg with you."

The cousins found Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery very agreeable. Their house was delightful. It was an old country place, with magnificent trees, and a hill behind the house. In front, was a lawn running down to a river, with a few flower beds adding to the charm.

weeks, but then they began to feel strangely contented. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery showed them how to fill their days with work, how to enjoy the country, which is a science.

The German professor came down to give Wilhelmina lessons on the violin and to train the beautiful voice of Phyllis, which was the great support of Mr. Montgomery's choir.

Bluebell liked to scamper over the prairies.

FAREWELL TO MABEL.

The girls rubbed their eyes — was this their old home?

Yes, a few disenchanting fences had disappeared, a balcony had been thrown out here, a vine planted there, an old outhouse had been removed, a new color had been given to the ancient boards; Mr. Bestwick's money, and Mr. Montgomery's taste, had indeed worked wonders.

And where was Aunt Hannah? She had gone on to San Francisco to live with a nephew. She said she was too old to take care of two New York young ladies.

The girls were not altogether happy for a few

Phyllis found to her astonishment that there were good riders in Haffreysburg and plenty of gentlemen and ladies.

They had book-clubs, and teas and picnics, and all sorts of pleasant things going on. "I believe," said she to Wilhelmina one day, "that if you are a lady yourself, you will find ladies everywhere."

"I suppose they are," said Wilhelmina reluctantly, who with her sharp faculties noticed the little things of life more than did Phyllis, who had now other things to think of. "They are not exactly like Aunt Bestwick, not quite so elegant," added the young critic.

"No," said Phyllis; "but do you know if the *Globule Magazine* has come?"

"Yes; I saw it yesterday, on Mr. Montgomery's table."

Phyllis found it, and there was her little poem, signed "Matilda Foster." How she trembled as she read the following lines:

THE UNCERTAIN TRAVELER.

BY MATILDA FOSTER.

Why do I gain as Life goes on
So little of its purest gold?
Why does my heart to folly hold?
Why gain I not Life's benison?
Why do I not the leaf unfold—
Why do I miss the story told?

Why are some days so bright and fair,
Some days so dark and drear?
Why is my heart so full of fear,
Why does misfortune seem so near?
What hides in yon mysterious lair?
Why does my conscience cry, "beware!"

Fain would I take that upward path,
Strong would I be through sun and showers—
I do not ask for sunny hours,
For clustering vines and wreathed flowers!
O'er stony heights, through tempest wrath,
I'd climb, with ever-strengthening powers!

Yet whose great burden do I bear?
I faint, and leave my task undone!
My weary work is just begun—
I find no rest at set of sun.
Nor I as other pilgrims fare,
Whose good deeds with the minutes run.

Whence comes that prescience; from above?
To find the true, the upland road,
O'er which the hero-pilgrims strode?
Where martyrs their great patience showed,
Where Christopher laid down his load,
And found reward in Master-love,
Who'll find for me that Upland Road?

She read it over four or five times, trembling at its uncertain meters.

What was her agitation as in the evening Mr. Montgomery took up the *Globule Magazine*, and read the lines to his wife.

"How do you like them?" said he.

"They might be better," said she.

"Yes, and they might be worse," said he. "I think there is sincerity behind them—Matilda Foster—did you ever hear of her, my dear?"

"No," said Mrs. Montgomery. "Let me read them now, to you."

"Yes," said Mr. Montgomery, who loved his wife's voice.

Mrs. Montgomery read poetry well.

"They are not so bad," said the parson. "I wish I knew this Matilda Foster."

Phyllis was bending over her crochetting and turning very red.

"I guess I can introduce her to you," said Wilhelmina who had been reading *The Schonberg Cotta Family*, at a distant table. "There she sits, and here is her first copy—I found it on the schoolroom table."

Yes, there it was, all blotted, with erasures, and studies of rhymes, carefully brought out from Wilhelmina's pocket.

"My dear child!" said Mr. Montgomery kindly, "we will try to find that upland road."

Here was a new and a most engrossing occupation, and Mr. Montgomery was exactly the man to foster it.

The next day came letters from Mabel and Mrs. Bestwick, full of the delights of Switzerland, and full of interested inquiries for the two girls.

"Some day," said Mrs. Bestwick, "my Phyllis must see all these wonders, and enjoy the bigger mountains, as she did the White Mountains."

And Mabel wrote a letter brim full of her own happiness. Charlie was so good, so careful, so attentive, so agreeable, so full of knowledge and such an instructive traveling companion—"and so fond of you, Phyllis."

And Charlie wrote a page and a half of commendation of Mabel, who was so perfect a wife that she had not even been seasick, on the *Aurania*.

And Mr. Wickham wrote a very nice letter to "Matilda Foster," for he had not forgotten the confidence. He did not praise the poem so much as the intention. "You know, my dear," he wrote, "if it had been very bad they would never have published it. Go on and write everything you can think of, and perhaps some day you will hit upon something very good, something which the human race needs—that is all we can hope for."

Wilhelmina wrote to her aunt a long letter which ended with this confession:

I think it was time I came back to quiet life where I am not of any importance, for I was getting awful vain. You don't know how splendid I felt when I was a bridesmaid. I think feathers would have grown right out of my head if I had lived in New York long, because you praised me, and uncle praised me, and Mabel praised me, and Charlie praised me and Miss Auber said I was "*assez bien*" — which isn't much, to be sure, but better than nothing. Here I am let alone a great deal, but I am very well and happy and love you.

Good-by,

WILHELMINA.

(THE END.)

AN EVENING AT CARLISLE.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

THE 'P. I. Society'? what does 'P. I.' mean?" asked Trix.

I turned to the President of the Society, an Indian girl of eighteen, whose pale complexion, dark eyes and hair would not have raised in any girls' college a suspicion of her Indian blood.

"The Promotion of Intelligence," she answered in her slow way, a smile dawning in her eyes and then breaking over her face, until when her lips had parted it ended in a laugh.

"O, yes!" I answered, as if I might have guessed it all along. "And how many members has it?"

"Forty."

"And from many different tribes?"

"From the Winnebagoes, the Quapaws, Wyandots, Oneidas, Cheyennes, Pawnees, Peorias and Miamis, Modocs and others," the Indian President of the P. I. replied.

"And the entertainment is all of your own getting up?"

I asked this question for the sake of Trix who sat by me eager to see what the evening would bring, for then the P. I. Society was to give its exhibition in the chapel.

Cecelia widened her eyes and regarded me steadily a moment, gave her head a slight toss and with a sense of injury answered, "Yes, ma'am."

I explained that my friend had come to the Carlisle School that day and did not know what Indians could do. She looked "my friend" over with deliberation, and then answered her smile.

That evening as we ran down-stairs to follow in the wake of the procession filing on to the chapel, Trix asked, "Do the Indians go to all the entertainments?"

"They have to," I laughed. "They give them."

Looking down the rows of faces that filled the chapel from front to back, Trix saw that the navy-blue cloaks of the girls gave brilliancy to their rich complexions and were as picturesque here as they had been on the grounds.

That night there were guests from across the width of a continent; Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the well-known missionary, was present and with him six Indian children whom he had brought from Alaska to Eastern schools. The two boys had come to stay here, the girls were going elsewhere.

"There are here to-night," I whispered to Trix, "representatives of forty different tribes."

The club was called to order, there was the roll-call, and the president asked for minutes of the last meeting. The secretary, a pretty girl, responded promptly.

"And the critic made no particular criticism," she finished.

Two new members who had been proposed were balloted for. There were no black balls; the vote for admission was unanimous. After this one of the club rose.

"The new members have not made any initiation speech," she began, "and they must be fined ten cents each." And she named the by-law which was her authority.

One of the new members rose with alacrity.

"We have just paid ten cents, and that is enough," she responded. After a moment one of the Society suggested that since the new members had taken part in the preparations for the evening, they be excused from the fines.

"Those in favor. Contrary-minded?" The vote released them.

"We've lost the speeches," sighed Trix.

"Lost the speeches!" I echoed. "There'll be speeches enough while you are here."

First on the programme was a chorus rendered with spirit; then a recitation, and after this the song, "No Surrender," by a quartette.

"And they don't mean to do it," cried Trix. "They'll fight it out on this line if it takes the summers and winters of a generation."

speeches when they are full of long words that we cannot understand."

Then dark-browed Edith, a Peoria, with a Quapaw schoolmate performed a duet excellently.

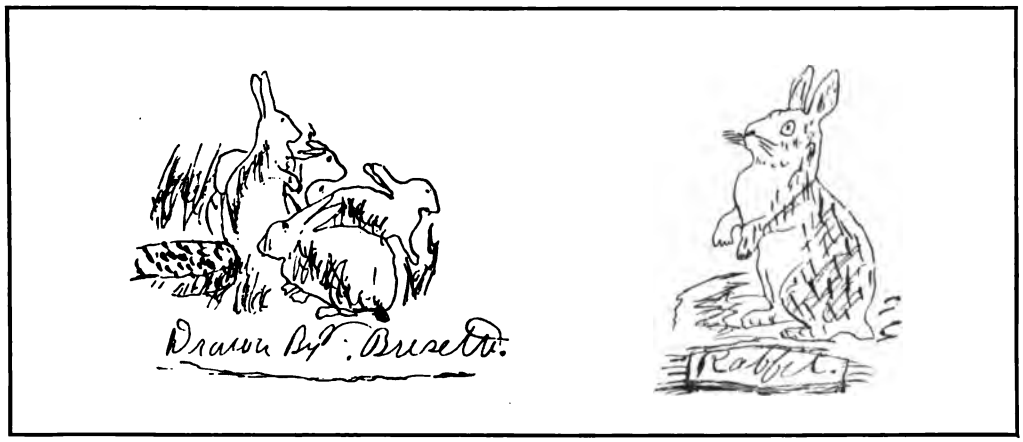
"The boys will be on their mettle at their next exhibition," I said to Trix; "they have never given us anything so good as this."

Four girls were marching up and down the platform holding open umbrellas and crying, "O, dear! O, dear!"

"Reindeer!" suggested some one in the audience.

How the children laughed and applauded the little charade.

"See those little fellows on the front seats," cried Trix. "How droll the rows of little cropped



DRAWN BY FRANK BRISETTE, CHIPPEWA INDIAN, 11 YEARS OLD, STUDENT AT CARLISLE.

Perhaps she did not speak quite low enough, for one of the singers glanced our way and nodded and smiled.

After this a fair-haired, blue-eyed Sioux from Rosebud Agency read us her composition on "Big Words." Dessie was not wholly in favor of these—if she had been a full-blood it would have been the longer the better. "Big words are very useful in studying and writing books," she announced. "To save time and space a big word can be used in place of many little ones. We find the meanings of words in the dictionary, but when we come to put them into a sentence, they do not always keep the same meaning. And we do not get interested in people's

heads look! How their eyes shine with fun! Are those the 'new Apaches' as you call them?"

"Many of them are the children of the Chiricahua prisoners brought to Fort Marion, Florida. They are a wide-awake set. They learn quickly, and they never let a joke go by them."

"The Gossips": Three girls seated on the stage and a fourth hurrying up the aisle with her bonnet on and the busy air of one bringing news. The new-comer hoaxed the gossips well and enjoyed her joke as much as her audience.

Recitations and songs and another charade followed. Then a brown-eyed Quapaw, with dark hair and bright cheeks, announced, "*The Caterpillar:* Editor, Miss Peepabout; Assist-

ant, Meddlesome Mattie." Opening the club paper, she began:

"A caterpillar is a worm, a horrid, ugly worm; but it does not stay that way. After a while it becomes a beautiful butterfly. So we hope to bloom out and far exceed a butterfly." The paper was largely made up of bright locals.

At the close of the exercises Doctor Jackson told the girls that he had never seen any college society conduct its business better, scarcely so well.

The Alaskan children gave us a hymn in their native tongue. Trix tried afterward to get it, but the children did not know how to write it. Like other Indian children they are talking and studying in English.

When everything was over, Trix expressed her delight in no measured terms.

"I liked best of all the scene with the flag," she said, "where the girls were draped in the red, the white, the blue, carrying flags and reciting, '*When Freedom from her mountain height.*'"

"It's not hackneyed to them. That these girls should be draped in the colors and these boys from Geronimo's wild band sit here among the pupils applauding! To teach them to love the flag — that is everything! And yet how much we have to be ashamed of in our treatment of them, how much, even now."

But Captain Pratt's eyes flashed with pride in the old flag as he answered:

"You will not find in all history a nation that has done for any savage race what the United States Government has done and is doing for the Indians."

CAUGHT IN A SNOW-STORM.

By C. S. Messinger.

THE day of the great snow-storm last winter, there was to be a children's performance of *The Mikado* at Bennington, Vt., and Harry Wilcox, who lives in White Creek, about six miles from Bennington, had been promised that he might drive over in his pony sleigh and take Mary Howe with him.

He was a bright, active boy of twelve, and Mary a little neighbor of his of ten. They were rather young folks to go traveling without their mothers or fathers, but Mary had an aunt Lucretia in Bennington, who would take care of her there, and see that she was well wrapped up when she should start to go home.

Harry had a pony named Duncan, which he drove to a small wagon in summer, and now his father had given him a sleigh, as handsome as any large one, and provided with plenty of fur robes. Harry had worked hard through haying and harvesting, and had actually earned the money that was paid for the sleigh.

His father, Mr. Stephen Wilcox, has a large farm and keeps a great many sheep, which he drives up on the mountains in summer and feeds in the valleys in winter. Mary Howe's father also is a farmer whose house is about half a mile from Mr. Wilcox's.

The day of *The Mikado* Mrs. Howe brought Mary over to Mr. Wilcox's and saw her well packed in the sleigh with Harry; and, although the sky was overcast, neither she nor Mrs. Wilcox thought much about the weather, only charging Harry to keep the sleigh-robes tucked in and to start for home as soon as the performance should be over.

The young folks drove off merrily on the snowy road and Harry sang some of the Mikado songs which his mother had taught him. The sleighing was not very good because the snow was too deep; but Duncan pulled them along stoutly and they made the six miles in a little more than an hour, and in good season for the performance. It began to snow before they reached Bennington.

Aunt Lucretia was at the hall to meet Mary and the performance delighted them all. Harry

heard, on the stage, all the Mikado songs his mother had taught him. He now understood better what they meant.

When they came out of the hall it was still snowing, and aunt Lucretia said they had better stay all night. Harry said "Oh! No! Duncan would take them home in an hour," and aunt Lucretia, without thinking very much about the snow, wrapped Mary up well and let them set out.

They found the drive less pleasant going towards home. The snow was falling fast and they had to bend their heads to keep it out of their eyes.

It was hard for Duncan to wade through it.

He broke into a trot now and then; yet Harry did not think for a moment that he would not bring them home in good time.

Harry and Mary talked about *The Mikado* in spite of the wind. Then they talked about snow-houses and Harry asked Mary how she would like a snow-house made of ice-cream, so that she could sit in it and eat the sides with a spoon!

The snow kept covering up their hats and capes but they would brush it off and laugh about it, and pull the bear-skin robe up higher so that it would almost cover their heads.

They had got a long way past the last house in the valley and some distance up the long hill they had to climb and on which there were no houses, when Duncan stopped. Harry spoke to him, but the pony would not start. Harry touched him with the whip and the brave little horse made a few steps forward and then halted.

DUNCAN COULD GO NO FURTHER.

Harry got out of the sleigh and went to him and found him all of a tremble. He was a high-spirited pony and had worked, with all his might, to draw them so far through the snow-drifts, and now was almost dead. He could not go any farther.

Harry did not know what to do. At first he thought Mary and he would have to walk back to the last house, but he saw that the snow was certainly too deep for Mary. She was frightened and began to cry. He said "Don't be afraid! It will be all right in a few minutes," and he covered her up snugly with the sleigh-

robes and put Duncan's blanket on him and told Mary to keep warm while he would go back to the last house and get a man to help them.

He started back through the drifts, which he found very deep. Some of them, through which Duncan had plunged only a little while before, were up to Harry's shoulder. He found he could not possibly go to the farmhouse and turned back to the sleigh wondering what Mary and he and Duncan were to do.

He found Duncan had moved a little to get under the shelter of a clump of birches and was out of the wind. The snow, however, was piling up fast over him and over the sleigh.

Just then he thought of Lieutenant Greely in the Arctic regions; how his men had often lain out in their sleeping-bags, in the snow-storms, when on their long excursions across the ice fields, and he said to himself, "If we had some sleeping-bags!" Then in a moment he thought, "Why can't we sleep in the sleigh with the robes over us?"

"Mary," said he, "we have got to stay here till they break the roads, and we must lie down in the bottom of the sleigh and cover ourselves all up with the robes." "What will mother do if we don't come?" said Mary. "She'll think we are frozen to death!" "Oh! no!" replied Harry, "she'll think we staid at your aunt Lucretia's. We can go home as soon as the farmers break the roads in the morning."

Then he got into the sleigh and holding up the robes toward the wind told Mary to put the cushion on the bottom of the sleigh, under the seat and lie down with her head on it. Then he quickly tucked the robes in on her side and lay down himself on the other side with the robes reaching entirely over them and over the seat of the sleigh.

If they had been nervous, old people, they would have thought, perhaps, that they could not breathe, but there was a little space between their faces and the seat above and they were too young to think much about ventilation.

"Now," said Harry, "go to sleep, Mary, and in a minute it will be morning and you will hear the farmers coming along, breaking the roads." "I don't know as I can go to sleep," replied Mary, but she said her prayers to herself and kept very quiet, and soon was truly fast asleep.

Harry lay awake somewhat longer, listening to the wind and wishing that poor Duncan were as comfortable as Mary and he were. Then he went to sleep too.

Meanwhile, at Mr. Wilcox's the snow had begun to frighten Harry's mother. She could see it piling up in the road, and she said to herself, "If Lucretia lets the children start in this storm, they will never get here." She kept hoping that Mary's aunt had kept them in Bennington, but she was very anxious.

About six o'clock Mr. Wilcox came in stamping his feet and saying, "This is the biggest snow-storm of the season."

"O, Stephen!" said Mrs. Wilcox, "I am so anxious about Harry and Mary. I'm afraid they have started home from Bennington and can't get through the drifts." "Nonsense," said Mr. Wilcox, "Lucretia would never let them start in this weather." "But suppose she has," rejoined Mrs. Wilcox; "they will certainly be lost in the snow and be frozen to death!"

Mr. Wilcox could not help being anxious himself, and after a minute he said, "Well! I'll go over to Eagle Bridge and telegraph to Bennington, and then we shall feel easy."

"How can you get to Eagle Bridge through the drifts?" "Well! I can't go in a sleigh, but I will take Patchen and go on horseback."

Mrs. Wilcox was thankful indeed for this, and Mr. Wilcox went off in a few minutes on his great horse Patchen.

About an hour afterwards he plunged into his neighbor's yard, calling aloud, "Howe, get out your team and bring all hands to break the road to Bennington, Harry and Mary started home at five o'clock and must be in the drifts somewhere."

Mrs. Howe heard this and almost fell to the floor. Mr. Howe sprang for his greatcoat and called to his hired men, while Mr. Wilcox hurried to his own house. As he rode into the yard Mrs. Wilcox came to the door with a light and saw on his face that the children had started for home.

"David," shouted Mr. Wilcox to his man, "yoke the old oxen to the sled — don't stop to take Patchen's saddle off. Hurry! — Wife, where is Hero? call him; give me some bottles of hot water and a flask of brandy, be quick!"

In a few moments his wife had these ready, and when he got into the yard, David Riley his man had the oxen there and Hero, the St. Bernard dog.

"Mr. Howe has gone by with two yoke of cattle," said David, "and called out to me to tell you."

Mr. Wilcox laid the whip over his oxen's backs and pushed on after Mr. Howe. Soon both teams got where the drifts were too deep for them, but the two fathers and their men worked like tigers with their shovels opening a path for the oxen.

Mr. Wilcox kept sending Hero forward, hoping he would find the sleigh with Harry and Mary in it, saying, "Hero, go find Harry, go find Harry," pointing to the road. Hero would plunge forward and be gone ten or fifteen minutes and then come back silent.

The men all worked with desperation. It took them more than an hour to go a mile. At nine o'clock they had not got half-way to Bennington. At ten the storm ceased and soon the moon shone brightly. They were nearly at the top of the hill which Harry was going up when Duncan's strength gave out. At the top Mr. Wilcox looked down the road ahead. He could see nothing but the white lane of snow leading away toward Bennington.

"Now, Hero," he cried, "good boy — on, Hero, find Harry, find Harry." Hero leaped forward again. The men and the oxen labored on.

A few minutes afterwards David Riley spoke. "I heard Hero bark, Mr. Wilcox!" "No," said Mr. Wilcox, "I did not hear it." "Yes, there it is," said David and, in a moment, all hands heard it.

"He has found something," cried Mr. Wilcox. "Oh! my child, my child!"

On pushed the men and the oxen, but very slowly. The sound of the dog's voice came nearer and shortly Hero appeared, barking and wagging his tail. As soon as he had seen Mr. Wilcox and knew he was coming he bounded forward again and was soon out of sight.

When near the foot of the hill the party looking ahead could see Hero in the snow on one side of the road. He was barking loudly. On they pressed and soon came up with the dog.

Mr. Wilcox sprang to Hero's side and there, in front of him, was a mound of snow which might contain the sleigh and the children.

"Oh! my God," said he, "my child, my child!" He stepped forward with his shovel and began gently to push the snow from the top of the mound. In a little while he saw a movement in the snow and then heard a whinny from the pony who was alive, but had been buried so deep that he had not heard the dog. Hero was almost wild when he heard the pony's whinny, for Duncan and he were great friends.

Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Howe threw down their shovels and began to dig down to the sleigh with their hands. They trembled, fearing to come upon the frozen bodies of their children.

Shortly the black bear-skin robe began to show itself and seemed to lie flat as though the sleigh contained no occupant. "They have left the sleigh," said Mr. Wilcox, "and tried to go to the next house, and are probably lost." Mr. Howe worked on, and seizing the bear robe turned it over, when another robe laid flat came in sight. This he pulled off also and there, with their faces turned up in the full light of the moon lay Harry and Mary asleep. They might be dead — they lay so still, but David Riley who had pushed his face down near to them called out, "They're asleep," and so loudly that Harry stirred and opened his eyes.

Mr. Wilcox, strong man that he was, cried like a baby, and I think there was hardly a dry eye in the party.

"Now, men," said Mr. Howe, "get the teams turned round for home!"

When this had been done, the sleigh and the pony were both lifted on to the big ox-sled.

Harry and Mary were seated again in the sleigh with the bottles of hot water at their feet, and the happy party set out for White Creek, Hero barking and leading the way.

When they drew near to Mr. Wilcox's house David Riley said, "I'll go ahead with Hero and tell Mrs. Wilcox," but he was so exhausted with the shoveling he had done that he could hardly go faster than the oxen. As he came into the yard the two mothers heard Hero bark and came anxiously to the door. David staggered toward them and gasped, "They are safe, Mrs. Wilcox."

"I thank my Heavenly Father," she cried, and swooned to the floor.

Mrs. Howe, who was herself crying for joy, with David's ready help, carried her into the sitting-room and laid her on the sofa, and in a minute Harry was at his mother's side. It was not long before she revived and clasped her boy in her arms.

"If I hadn't read Lieutenant Greely's book, mother, I shouldn't have known what to do," said he.

Mrs. Howe and Mary staid all night and Mary helped Harry feed Duncan in the morning. Hero lay in Duncan's stall with one eye open and he and Duncan became greater friends than ever.

WHO SLIT THE BLACKSMITH'S APRON?

By Prof. Otis T. Mason.

EVERYBODY knows a blacksmith wears a leather apron and most have noticed that this apron is split and often fringed at the bottom. An old Sussex smith tells us how this came to be done.

Once upon a time Alfred the Great called all the trades together to appoint a Trades-king. He declared he would make that man king who could best get on without the help of the others for the longest period. He made a feast and asked a workman from each trade to come and bring a specimen of his work and the tools used in making it.

The blacksmith brought his hammer and a horseshoe. The tailor brought his shears and a new coat, the baker his peel and a loaf, the shoemaker his awl and a new pair of shoes, the carpenter his saw and a nice box, the butcher his chopper and a joint, the mason his chisels and a carved stone.

The tailor's coat was of such surpassing beauty that all the guests declared themselves beaten; and the horseshoe, the bread, the shoes, the box, the meat and the carved stone were all thrown aside. The tailor was pronounced Trades-king by Alfred and was duly installed.

The blacksmith was angry and declared that he would do no more work while the tailor was king; and he actually shut up his shop and disappeared.

One day as King Alfred was riding along his horse cast a shoe, and he was the first to need the services of the blacksmith; but he could not get into the shop.

Then all the other tradesmen, including King Tailor, tried to shoe the King's horse, but each one not only failed but broke his tools and could not carry on his proper business until they were mended.

King Alfred and the tradesmen then broke open the shop and tried to use the blacksmith's tools. The King tried to shoe his horse, the tailor to mend his shears, and each one endeavored to repair his tools. The horse kicked the King, the tailor bruised his fingers, the fire would not burn, and everybody got into everybody's way. The butcher shoved the baker, he shoved the shoemaker, who in turn shoved the carpenter, who shoved the mason, who shoved the tailor, and in the general confusion the anvil was knocked over.

About this time the blacksmith walked in looking very angry. The King, however, made a humble bow and said, "I was wrong to be led away by the gaudy color of a coat, and I now revoke my decision and proclaim the blacksmith King."

All the trades, except the deposed tailor, begged the smith to mend their tools. So he shod the King's horse and mended the tools of all who had asked him; but, in order to show his magnanimity, he made the tailor a brand-new pair of shears.

King Alfred proposed to drink the health of the new king and to sing a song in his honor, at a second feast which he gave. The tailor, however, did not reciprocate the blacksmith's kindness, but, while the others were singing, crawled under the table and slit the blacksmith's leather apron and cut the lower edge into a regular fringe. From that day no true blacksmith has ever thought of wearing an apron that was not slit and fringed at the bottom.

THE BABY LOOKS AT THE PHOTOGRAPH.

A PRESSED FLOWER.

By Anna Leach.

We brought the baby her picture
And crowded to hear what she said,
For dear little fancies often
Would arise to the lips so red.

She looked at it long and pensive —
As she bent o'er the pictured face
It seemed like a pale reflection —
And she said with her own soft grace:

"I'm sorry they had to 'take it'!"
"Why, sweetest?" Then, shaking her head,
"For the baby they pressed to make it,
Don't you know?" with a sigh she said.

THE CONTRIBUTORS AND THE CHILDREN.

"Well now, there's nothing in nor out of the world
Good, except truth!"

— Robert Browning.

THERE used to be a nice old lady in the neighborhood who always liked to have children go to see her if they behaved well. They called her "Old Lady Penniman" — except to her face — and it was one of the greatest of treats to be permitted to look at her quaint, old-fashioned things. One day there was a whole troop of small folks at her house, and one of them began to pass her hand back and forth over a table that always stood in the same corner in the "fore-room," with about the same articles on it — a Bible and a few other books, Lady Penniman's basket of knitting-work, her glasses, a "posy" in a blue vase, and sometimes a dish of apples.

It was an elegant table, smooth as glass, and it was a pleasure to slip one's fingers along the polished surface; and it was a delight to the eye as well as to the touch. The color was a rich, deep brown, with shadings and veinings of black, and a mellowness and warmth as if the brown had been deepened by red and then made bright with a tawny yellow — a wonder of glossiness and lustre, of fine lines and curves and beautiful patterns in the grain, and the wood was so hard and compact!

This child, who had more curiosity than the rest, and was a blundering creature, sure to say the wrong thing, suddenly piped out, as her finger-tips flew along the shining table, "Mis' Penniman, what is *veneer?*"

Now what imp of the perverse, what demon of mischief, what sudden impulse of total depravity could have put it into the head of that dreadful child, that little Miss Malaprop, to advance that most unseemly, most irrelevant, most untimely, most impertinent, most unpardonable, and under the circumstances, most exasperating question to Old Lady Penniman, of all persons in the world, no mortal can tell.

And *where* did that youthful offender ever hear of veneer?

The little white old gentlewoman flashed and flushed, and there was an awful silence; then looking down on the audacious culprit and her dazed companions, she softened a little, and in a solemn voice said:

"Little girl, there is no *veneer* about that table. It is the real wood. The grain runs all through it. If you should cut it into little bits, it is just the same; and the same color and gloss would come out by rubbing. It is sound mahogany. Little girl, my dears, all of you, look out not to be *veneer women!*"

And they felt that they were dismissed — dismissed in one common disgrace.

They fled with the guilty party to her home, and bursting into the house, that personage besieged her grandmother with questions: "Grandmother, *what* is veneer? Have *we* any? And is there any disgrace about it that Old Lady Penniman should talk so? Oh! what made her charge me not to be a veneer woman?"

And so it came about after explanation, and uncontrollable laughter from Grandmother, who shook till her gray side-curls danced on her forehead, that they were told of the part that veneer sometimes has in the making of furniture. She showed them a bureau made of some cheap kind of wood, which betrayed its true character on the back side, while all the part in sight was covered with a finish of mahogany carefully glued on. It was nearly as handsome on the surface as Lady Penniman's table, but alas! as Grandmother said, the beauty was "only skin deep," as one could see where pieces of the thin plate had peeled off. And now the children were not slow to understand.

"Dear old Mrs. Penniman sets great store by her precious heir-loom," she said; "it is genera-

tions old, and I know people who almost covet it. It is a very choice specimen of a real thing. And if you had not touched her pride in a tender spot, she would have given you a wise and friendly talk on the subject. What she meant was that you should have principle, integrity of character; that you should not put on a false appearance. I suppose she would call it 'veneer' if you should try to pass yourself off as rich when you are not; if you should dress better than you can afford to; if you should misrepresent your position in order to make people think more highly of you; if you should pretend to being better educated than you are. She wants you to be honest, sincere and reliable all through, in the grain and to the core. You are to be sound and true; your virtues to be an integral part of your nature. She meant that you should have qualities that will wear and stand any test. Some persons want to have people believe that they are amiable and kind and truthful, when they do not in reality possess the traits that those words represent, but are in fact unlovable and hard, unjust and deceitful, when you come to know them intimately.

"She would have you be genuine; not sham, not artificial, not superficial. You will not be likely to forget Lady Penniman's mahogany table that is honest mahogany all through. And I am sure she furnished an apt little text for my preachment. My dears!" — here her eyes twinkled — "it has a good moral: *Don't be veneer women!*" *Amanda B. Harris.*

NOW that the crickets are singing and shrilling, let me tell you that in the county of Donegal, away in the northwest corner of Ireland, the good people think the crickets understand every word you say. There was once a lady at a place called Moyne Hill, who, we are told, had some repairs made in the kitchen without consulting the crickets, and they all left the house in a body. Not long after that, the crickets got tired of wandering about the fields and a party of them came back, led by a big fellow who mounted upon the doorstep and began to sing. "Come in," said the lady, "I am sure you are welcome back, and, indeed, we were all sorry you went away."

Upon this the big cricket and five of his followers hopped into the house. Now this good lady had a sister Kate, full of mischief, though she was a married woman and had a little baby. One day Kate killed one of the crickets, just for fun. That night the friends of the dead one came out on the hearth and held an indignation meeting. They looked around and spied two pairs of stockings hanging to dry; one pair belonged to the good lady, the other pair to Mistress Kate. They were not long in eating up the pair belonging to their enemy, but did not touch those of the lady of the house.

Furthermore, the story goes, all the crickets in the neighborhood were informed and they combined and ate up all the baby clothes they could lay their jaws upon, and the mother was compelled to leave the house with her baby; and ever since that time the crickets eat up the baby clothes in a house where they are persecuted. At least it is so believed in Donegal.

Otis T. Mason.

MUSIC has become an essential part of education, yet what might be called one branch of this science is neglected, though it does not require much study, and its melodies are never old-fashioned.

You can find hundreds of skilled performers on every known instrument, and choirs of trained harmonious singers, but the well-modulated voices in conversation could be easily counted.

A smooth, even tone, as far removed from the high shrill note as from an indistinct throaty murmur, might be cultivated with much less time and expense than are sometimes spent on piano practice with unsatisfactory results.

This every-day music would influence our lives more than occasional concerts. Children are extremely susceptible to such influences. An angry or impatient voice strikes an answering chord in other natures, and sends a defiant thrill through every poor little organism within its reach. One of the most successful masters in the Boston schools kept a list of suggestions on his desk for daily use. "*Be careful of the voice,*" was the first and most important. Not only teachers and tired mothers, but every one should understand that the wonderful vibrations of the human voice will always return corresponding echoes. *Louis Hall.*

TANGLES.

[Communications to this Department must be addressed to FRANK E. SAVILLE, Lock Box 46, Boston, Mass.]

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER TANGLES.

29. Puzzled.

30. Saying and doing are two things.
(Say (*and*) do in G R (*are*) 2 (*two*) TH in GS.)

31. T ampe R
E nrob E
M erit S
P erus E
T endo N
A brup T
T ande M
I nvad E
O riso N
N ocen T

32. I-o; D-ike; F-ides.

33. P a S h A
A l O n G
R a N g E

34. Virtue is better than riches.

35. He conquers who overcomes himself.

The penniless traveler sings before the highwayman.

36.

PAST	STEP
ACHE	TARE
SHOE	ERRS
TEEM	PEST

No. 37. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole is a quotation from Whittier.

(126 Letters.)

Each line gives the title of a poem by the author mentioned.

40, 43, 125, 66, 110, 12, 7, 73, 2, 97, 19, 20, 18, 33, 36. HOLMES.

98, 49, 8, 109, 44, 61, 14, 42, 85, 106. LONGFELLOW.

114, 123, 56, 24, 3, 23, 104, 6, 4, 70, 51. WHITTIER.

76, 79, 99, 77, 28, 21, 30, 113, 66, 45, 53, 15, 9, 103, 84, 37, 35, 22, 57, 32. HOLMES.

115, 71, 29, 122, 118, 83, 13, 48, 67. WHITTIER.

34, 124, 47, 62, 26, 72, 96, 25, 10, 117, 108, 57, 44, 38, 86, 5, 45. WHITTIER.

111. 126, 1, 89, 44, 93, 11, 106, 78, 88, 120, 65, 81. WHITTIER.

23, 38, 39, 16, 13, 35, 65, 101, 88, 91, 44, 95, 105, 23, 124, 46, 90, 78, 80, 100. LONGFELLOW.

94, 25, 105, 59, 58, 92, 100, 28, 31, 96, 54, 121, 105, 55, 87, 82, 20, 17, 52, 27, 39, 102, 75, 64, 60. WHITTIER.

93, 11, 53, 107, 31, 41, 96, 29, 71, 81, 69, 50, 115, 76, 18, 97, 56, 26, 119, 77, 99. HOLMES.

74, 68, 16, 116, 22, 30, 63, 3, 37, 80, 85. WHITTIER.

82, 21, 80, 111, 61, 109, 78, 121, 6, 117. LONGFELLOW.

E. M. C.

No. 38. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: Raw herbs for the table; a married woman's title; stakes; a simple, fixed, opaque substance, fusible by heat; a cord to keep a wound open.

DOWN: A consonant; a verb; to lay over; a masculine name; spaces between hills; to measure; reposed; an exclamation; a consonant.

F. S. F.

No. 39. PICTORIAL SAYING.

No. 40. CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail the catkin, and leave a term of assent used at devotions.
2. A small river fish, and leave the part of a tree under the bark.
3. A water course, and leave an ancient city in Galilee.
4. To turn aside, and leave a water-fowl.
5. An excrescence in grain, and leave therefore.

CYRIL DEANE.

No. 41. CONUNDRUM.

I rule, the world over, with tenderest mien,
In lowliest cot I may reign as a queen.
Found not in a buttercup, or daisy, wild rover,
But nestling so fondly in the heart of a clover.

. . . . . .

The fragrance of spices fills richly the air —
In the clove I lie hidden 'mid odors most rare.

. . . . . .

Should my throne I forsake, from the world take my flight,
The earth is enshrouded in darkness and night.

SOLVERS.

September Tangles were solved by Maud E. Palmer, Marquis, Gladys Varrell, M. J. Tabor, Emily S. Little, H. A. Z., Lewis B. Wheeler, L. E. Wade, Bertha March, Karl Snow, Syl. Burditt, J. McChesney, Nix, Ethel B. Davis, H. D. B. MacNeil, Helen C. Parker, M. E. H. Hammett, Madge E. Clark, Celia A. M. Currier, R. E. Cranson, Clarissa, Alice W. Gale, Anna Blackie, Ernest P. Goodrich, Fannie A. Smith, Luie E. Taylor, Old Ironsides, W. H. Lewis, Annie C. Huck, Gertrude Berger, Louise E. Hill, Alice Rhodes, Mary F. Knight, C. Minta Rutter, A. B. Cameron, Ethel Sanders, S. Sophie Keeler, Florence E. Dunn, Al Addin, Frances Evelyn Hill, Karl C. Pearson, R. G. Warner, M. Bronson, Mabel Bickford, M. H. P.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First complete list, Emily S. Little, Providence, R. I.
Next best list, M. H. Bradley, Georgetown, D. C.
No. 22. Celia A. M. Currier, Iowa City, Iowa.
No. 28. Syl Burditt, Wakefield, Mass.

The winners of the August Word Hunt will be announced in the December number.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Prizes will be given as follows for the first solutions of this month's Tangles.

First complete list, WIDE AWAKE six months; or any $1.25 book from D. Lothrop Company's list.

Next best list, WIDE AWAKE three months.

No. 37. Four fine stereoscopic views; or a game (Jackstraws).

No. 39. Combination pen and pencil holder.

Solutions must be mailed by November 12. We always allow for distance in awarding prizes.

Our readers, old and young, in all parts of the country, are invited to compete for the prizes offered for answers, and to send original puzzles for publication as above directed.

THE AUTHOR OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

(*Dear Old Story-Tellers.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

WHEN by chance we hear the name of Elsinore what other name comes at once to our thoughts like an echo of the first? What name but Hamlet! With Verona are linked forever in our memories the names of Juliet and Romeo. Grand Pré and Acadie summon recollections of Evangeline and Gabriel. Westward of Chili, far out in the Pacific, lies an island visited by few but familiarly known the world over because along its sands and through its woods once roamed Robinson Crusoe. In the Indian Ocean lies another island, once owning allegiance to Holland, then to France, and now to England — the island of Mauritius or Isle de France, which is dear to hundreds of thousands of hearts simply because it was once the home of Paul and Virginia.

Yet none of these people had ever an actual existence. They never breathed our air, never lived and never died, but yet they are more real to us than nine tenths of the people we meet upon our daily walks, more real than those whose names crowd the pages of history. And they will be just as real, just as actual personalities far down the centuries to come as they are to us of the present one. They are part of our individual life and they are part of the world's life also.

Do you ask why this is so? Simply because these men and women stand for vital, enduring facts which the world recognizes as such. Every one perceives in the person of Hamlet the struggle that is eternally going on in souls that acknowledge a duty before them and who lack decision of character to perform it without hesitation. Robinson Crusoe and his adventures represent the age-long struggle of man with circumstances. Disappointed and unhappy but ever-faithful love sees itself reflected in the story of the Veronese lovers, or those of Acadie, or of far-distant Mauritius. It is because these people of the imagination in one sense are in another sense not creatures of the imagination at all, but people of the past and of the future as well as of the present, in that they represent

JAQUES-HENRI-BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

some of the springs of action in human character, that they are so real to us. They do exist as truly as ever Queen Elizabeth or Cromwell did, and Elsinore, Grand Pré, Verona, Juan Fernandez and Mauritius are not more real than they.

In the *salon* of Madame Necker in Paris

there was gathered upon one occasion, one hundred years ago, a brilliant company of literary people to listen to the reading of a romance entitled *Paul and Virginia* by the author, one Jacques-Henri-Bernardin de St. Pierre. As the reading proceeded the attention of the listeners flagged, some of them whispered to each other and looked at their watches, those near the door stole out, and one or two either went to sleep or pretended to do so. Some of the ladies wept over the sorrowful conclusion, but as no word of praise was heard at the end of the reading they did not dare to confess that they had been interested. Who can blame the author if he left the *salon* in the deepest depression believing that his literary sentence-of-death had been pronounced?

He had up to this time published no book, but had for many years devoted himself to the preparation of a work called *Arcadia*, and it is from the materials gathered for this that *The Studies of Nature*, *Paul and Virginia* and *The Indian Cottage* were written. But the result of the reading at Madame Necker's was a blow to his literary ambition, and but for a fortunate accident *Paul and Virginia*, incomparably the best of his works, might never have seen the public eye.

Among the friends of St. Pierre was Horace Vernet, the celebrated artist. Visiting his friend one day in the humble quarters which St. Pierre then occupied, he found him sunk in despair, for the disastrous scene at Madame Necker's was never out of his mind. Vernet inquired the cause of his friend's grief, and when told asked to have the narrative read to him. That St. Pierre was loth to undertake a second reading of the unlucky manuscript can well be believed, but his reluctance yielded to the other's persistence, and he began. Vernet's mood of critical attention soon gave way to one of unrestrained delight, and when the reading was finished he rose and embraced his friend, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Happy genius! you have produced a *chef-d'œuvre!* My friend, you are a great painter and I dare promise you a splendid reputation."

The effect of this warm praise upon St. Pierre's drooping spirits was to give him confidence in his own powers. By and by he took courage and printed his *Paul and Virginia* and became at once one of the foremost literary men of his time. He had been long in winning distinction, but it was substantial fame when it came at last. He was of respectable but not noble origin, and was born at Havre on January 19, 1737, so that when he become famous he was more than forty years old.

As a boy St. Pierre was noted for his affectionate, loving disposition and his fondness for animals. On one occasion his father pointed out to him the lofty towers of the cathedral of Rouen. The boy gazed earnestly upwards and his father, wishing to see how the sight would impress a child, asked what he thought of them. But Henri had eyes only for the swallows circling round the spires, and exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu! qu'elles volent haut!*" "How high they fly!" — a reply which seems greatly to have disappointed his father who looked for a very different response.

A prominent trait in his character was his impulse always to side with the oppressed, and any form of suffering roused his sympathies instantly. When he was very young he read with eager interest the *Lives of the Saints* and once concluded he would be a hermit like some of the saintly heroes of whom he had read. Accordingly he took a lunch with him into the woods, expecting as soon as his earthly sustenance was exhausted that angels would appear with further supplies. Evening came, but not the angels, and the arrival of his nurse who found him asleep at the foot of a tree cut short an experiment that might have sorely tested his faith.

Something of this same simplicity of faith that led him to make the attempt just narrated remained with him all his life. In a century dominated by scepticism, and amongst a people who held their religious beliefs very lightly, he was conspicuous for the depth and sincerity of his faith. But his faith was of the heart and not of the head; it was founded upon sentiment and not upon reflection. This simplicity and singleness of intent, however admirable in itself, led him into a maze of contradictions and absurdities when he attempted to explain the purposes of natural phenomena. He asks in one place in his *Etudes de la Nature:*

"Why do some trees shed their leaves and others do not? It is difficult to explain the cause but easy to recognize the purpose. If the birch and the larch of the north cast their leaves at the approach of winter, it is to furnish a bedding for the beasts of the forests; and if the cone-like fir-tree preserves its foliage all the year, it is to furnish the same beasts with shelter amid the snows."

Regarding this extraordinary statement, a critic says:

"Shelter and bedding at once, it is evident, would have been too good for these poor animals; so it is arranged that their bedding shall be under bare trees, and shall all be covered up by snow, when the time comes for them to fly to the hospitable shelter of the evergreens. Again he tells us that the reason why cocoanuts grow on high trees is that by the noise of their fall they may attract the animals whom they furnish with food. It apparently did not occur to him that the cocoanut on the ground was quite as visible an object as the acorn, which also serves various animals for food, and yet falls without noise. . . It makes no difference to M. de St. Pierre how many different constructions any established order of things may be capable of bearing, so long as there is one out of them all that suits his purpose is quite enough to prove that it alone is the true interpretation of the phenomena. Thus, on the same page, he tells with admiration how some trees are so fenced round with thorns that the birds who lodge in them are protected from all attacks from below, and how other trees, that are fenced round in the same way, have long rope-like growths depending from their branches, so that monkeys and other animals that devour birds' eggs can climb up and take the citadel by surprise. So whether the birds escape their adversaries, or whether they fall a prey to them, there is equal reason to admire the wonderful designs of the Creator, who is now on the side of the birds and now on that of the monkeys."

The unscientific temper of his mind and the inability to see more than one aspect of the case at a time of course renders his conclusions of little value in many instances; but his disposition to see good in everything, though carried by him to illogical extremes, had its root in the best principles of human nature, and was as conspicuous in his childhood as in his later years.

At the age of twelve he read *Robinson Crusoe* and was immediately filled with a wild desire to have an island of his own and establish a society. As years went on this desire deepened. At the Jesuit college in Caen, at Martinique, where he went with his uncle, as a lieutenant in Germany, and at Malta, the notion was still in his mind and at the age of twenty-six he set out for Russia to ask Catherine II. for a grant of land near the Caspian Sea where he might carry out his theories. But as might have been expected he received no encouragement at the Russian Court and the project which had been so long cherished was at length reluctantly abandoned.

At the age of thirty he returned to France, and after the lapse of a year was offered the position of engineer to an expedition to the Isle of France, and Madagascar, which he accepted. Always ready to believe the best of those with whom he came in contact St. Pierre gave a ready ear to those who told him that now he would have the chance to carry out his benevolent theories in founding a community in Madagascar. Hardly had the expedition sailed when he ascertained that it was practically a slave-hunting affair and the people concerned in it very far from being those upon whose assistance he could count. The disappointment was a severe one, but the effects were lasting; he indulged in no more dreams of founding Utopias. He left his uncongenial companions when he reached the Isle of France and remained there a resident of the island for more than two years. During this time he devoted himself to the study of natural history, and possibly the outlines of the story of *Paul and Virginia* were shaping themselves in his mind during that time. Some of the results of his life here were made public on his return to his native country in his book called *Voyage to the Isle of France.* It met with some attention, and the *Etudes de la Nature* was even better received; but as before stated it was the publication of *Paul and Virginia* which made him famous. The world at once reversed the contemptuous judgment which the frequenters of the Necker *salon* had passed upon the tale, and at the end of a century its verdict remains practically unchanged.

A striking instance of St. Pierre's independence of character was shown in 1798 when at a meeting of the Moral Science department of the *Institut* he appended to a report which he read before it a strong avowal of his own belief in God. Hardly had the assembly become aware of his line of argument when the members burst forth with exclamations of rage and

derision. Nearly all his hearers were atheists, and his words at once aroused the most vehement opposition. They scoffed at his age, ridiculed what they called his superstition, and some even challenged him to a duel. Vainly St. Pierre endeavored to make himself heard, and at last when one of the members cried out "I swear there is no God and I demand that his name never again be pronounced within these walls!" he retired from the disorderly assembly. As to the fitness of time and place for making his avowal, there is room for difference of opinion; but in regard to his courage and independence in so doing there can be no question.

If St. Pierre's earlier years were full of vicissitudes and anxieties, the latter half of his life was peaceful and happy. Rather late in life he married M'lle Didot and became the father of two children whom he named Paul and Virginia. To them he thus tenderly refers in his *Harmonies of Nature:*

"When I was unmarried and when I published the first volume of my *Studies of Nature*, I said in that work, without suspecting that there would be any truth in my prophecy, that 'the next generation would in some respect belong to me.' This was meant to apply only to those improvements in education with which I was then occupied; but I have had my wishes fulfilled in other respects, for I can hardly go into a public walk without hearing mothers or nurses, brothers or sisters, call children by the name of Paul and Virginia. I often turn unconsciously around and imagine for the moment that these are my children, for I also have a Virginia and a Paul who form a crown of roses for my gray hairs. I embrace accordingly the opportunity of using their names with the greater pleasure, as it will enable me to exhibit a sketch of their opening dispositions. My Virginia is now five years old, and will soon become capable of understanding such lessons; my Paul is an infant scarcely twelve months old, but he discovers the mildest disposition, and the warmest affection for his little sister."

Some time after the death of the mother of his children, St. Pierre married again and this second marriage appears to have been as fortunate as the first. The last years of his life seem indeed to have been exceptionally happy. His young wife was devoted to him, in his children he took constant delight, and the income from his works, to which a Government pension was now added, enabled him to live at ease and minister to the wants of others. The vexations and trials of his youth were now far in the past and his old age was a calm and peaceful one. He had just passed his seventy-eighth birthday when on the twenty-first of January, 1814, his serene old age was merged into another life.

We may smile at his early follies, his absurdities, his simplicities, but it is a kindly smile, a smile where no trace of a sneer can linger. All his long life he retained a childlike singleness of temper and gentleness and when the final summons came, "Lo! he whose heart was even as a little child's, answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master."

YE KNIGHTLY GAME OF CHESS.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

By Harlan H. Ballard.

THE trouble with chess, that most ancient, beautiful, thoughtful and fascinating of games, is, according to the uninformed, that it takes forever to finish a game, and that it requires unusual intelligence to learn to play.

Neither is true.

A game of chess may be protracted as long as desired, but so may whist, for instance. On the other hand, a game of chess may be completed in two moves, occupying less than ten seconds, and I know of no other game that can be ended in so short a time.

An average game requires perhaps half an hour, or about one quarter as much as a game of base-ball. It is not the best players who grow gray between moves. Captain Mackenzie,

except when engaged in an important match, usually moves within thirty seconds after his adversary relinquishes his piece.

As to the difficulty of learning the game, you may judge for yourselves after reading the remainder of this article.

You know the board — an ordinary checker board. The "men" stand on each side of the board, at the beginning of a game, as in *Fig.* 1.

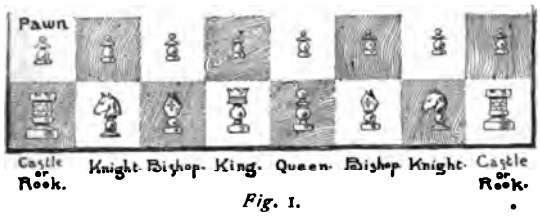


Fig. 1.

These names are self-explanatory, and suggestive of days of chivalry, with two exceptions: "pawn" is a corruption of a French word meaning "foot-soldier," and "rook" is derived from an oriental word meaning "war-chariot," and dates from a period when European chivalry was unknown.

The board is set with a white square at the right-hand corner. The positions of the pieces may easily be remembered, by considering that the castles, as towers of defense, naturally occupy the four corners of the field. Then the knights, as in days of old, come prancing up to the castle-gates, attended by the bishops, and together with them flanking their royal majesties, the king and queen. Of the two central squares, the queen stands on the one nearest her own color.

Whether by original intention or not, the shapes of the various figures indicate their peculiar movements.

You will observe that the castles have square openings in their parapets, and are generally of a rectangular construction. This will remind you that their movements are in straight lines, parallel to the sides of the board. They can move forward or backward, to right or left, and, if the line is unoccupied by other pieces, they may be moved as far as you choose.

The bishops have oblique cuts in their tops, and, accordingly, their movement is oblique, forward or backward, and unlimited in extent. A bishop, therefore, never passes from a white to a black square.

The queen has a round head (in the standard ivory or wooden chess-men, as shown in the cut) and this suggests the universal character of her movements. She may move, in straight lines, in any direction, and as far as she has any unimpeded course.

The round head of the king shows that, like the queen, he, too, may move in any direction; but his head is surrounded by small notches, like the cogs on a wheel, and this reminds us that his majesty can go only one square at a single move.

The knights have a bent outline, in conformity to which their move is a bent move; i. e. one square straight in any direction, and then, in the same move, one square obliquely. In other words, wherever you can form six of the squares on the board into a parallelogram, like *Figs.* 2 or 3, the movement of the knight is from one corner square, as *A*, to the diagonally opposite corner square, *B*, or *vice versa*. Of course it could equally well move from *C* to *D*, or from *D* to *C*. The fact of the knight being figured by a horse, also indicates that, as horses are excellent jumpers, so the knight has the unique power of leaping to his proper square over whatever pieces, either friendly or hostile, may intervene. Thus if both *E* and *F* in the accompanying diagrams were occupied by other pieces, it would be no bar to the progress of the knight from *A* to *B*.

Fig. 2.

The pawns, at their first move, may move either one or two squares directly forward. After their first move, their march is limited to one square directly forward. There is, however, this important exception: In order to capture an adverse piece, a pawn may, and must, move one square diagonally forward instead of straight.

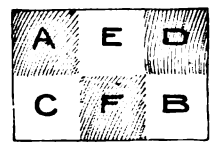


Fig. 3.

The names, positions, and principal movements of the pieces are thus easily learned.

If a hostile piece is within range of any of your men, you may capture it, if you choose, by removing it from the board, and placing your own piece on the square on which the captive

stood. You do not jump over to the square beyond, as in checkers, nor can you take more than one piece at a single move. One piece, however, is always free from the possibility of capture:

The king can never be taken.

It is said that, in a certain battle, an English soldier dashed through the guard, and seizing the bridle of the French monarch, called to his comrades, "Come on, boys, I've captured the king!" Upon this the king, rising in his stirrups, smote off the soldier's head with his sword, exclaiming—"Dost thou not know that in chess the king can never be taken?"

Whenever you find your opponent's king in such a position, that, but for this special rule, he could be taken, you are obliged to give warning of the danger by crying, "check," which is a corruption of an Eastern word, meaning, as, indeed, the word "chess" means, "king." It then becomes the duty of your antagonist to remove his king from the line of your attack. Whenever you can succeed in so hemming in the adverse king, that, being in check, there is no means of escape, you say "check-mate!" (anciently in Persia, "*shah mât*") which is being interpreted, "The king is dead!" This ends the game in your favor. From this it becomes evident why the game is called "chess," or "the game of the king."

In order that our readers may be able to follow on their own boards the games frequently reported by the papers, I offer an explanation of the simple method of notation used in this country. Referring to the first diagram, the squares on which the pieces stand at the opening of the game are named from the pieces, king's square, queen's square, etc. To distinguish the castles, knights and bishops, those to the right of the king are called king's knight, king's bishop, and king's rook; and those to the left of the queen, are the queen's knight, etc. The squares in the next row have the same names, but each is number two; thus king's rook's second square, king's knight's second square, etc. Succeeding rows are named and numbered on the same plan. Each player counts forward from his own king-row. Thus the square which is white's king's fourth, is black's king's fifth; and if black's move is recorded as "queen to queen's sixth square," it means the sixth counting from the black side forward. The pawn are named from the pieces in front of which they severally stand. Thus the pawn in front of the queen's rook, is the queen's rook's pawn.

The figures on the first row are called pieces in distinction from the pawns. If now the first player moves the pawn in front of his king two squares forward, this fact is recorded thus: "P–K 4." It is not necessary to write "K P–K 4," for no other pawn could make that move. If later in the game one player takes the knight which at first stood at the king's right hand, with the bishop which stood at his own queen's left, and at the same time threatened with it the adverse king—this is all comprehended in the terse expression: "Q B×K Kt ch," which is read "queen's bishop takes king's knight, 'check.'"

Before giving one or two illustrative games, there are two exceptional moves that require explanation. The first is called "castling." It may be made once by each player in each game, under proper conditions. The move is a double move, and consists in moving the king two squares either to right or left, and placing the castle toward which it is moved on the square passed over by the king. *Fig.* 4 represents the white king and castle in position after "castling" on the king's side.

Fig. 4.

Castling is prohibited: *First*, if either the king or the castle has been previously moved; *second*, if the king is in check; *third*, if a hostile piece attacks either the square to which the king wishes to move, or the square he must pass over in order to reach it; *fourth*, if any of the squares between the king and rook are occupied.

The second exceptional move is the capture of a pawn *en passant*, or in passing. You remember that each pawn for its first move is allowed the option of one or two squares. Suppose, now, that by moving only one square your pawn would be placed in such a position that an adverse

pawn could capture it. You are not allowed to escape such capture by moving it two squares; but even if you do move it two squares, your adversary has the option at his next move (not later) of taking it with his pawn (no other piece) as if you had moved it only one square. This is perhaps the most difficult move for the beginner to remember in actual play.

A highly important privilege of the pawns remains to be noted: whenever a pawn reaches the opposite "king-row" it may be exchanged for a queen or any other piece its player chooses. Thus if you get eight pawns in, you may have, if you wish, a queen for each of them. This is called "queening a pawn."

I will now present one or two short games by way of illustration; and first the game finished in two moves on each side, to which reference has already been made. It results in what is known as

THE FOOL'S MATE.

(*White.*)	(*Black.*)
(1.) P-K B 3	(1.) P-K 4
(2.) P-K Kt 4	(2.) Q-R 5, *Mate.*

Almost as sudden is

THE SCHOLAR'S MATE.

(*White.*)	(*Black.*)
(1.) P-K 4	(1.) P-K 4
(2.) B-Q B 4	(2.) B-K B 4
(3.) Q-K R 5	(3.) Kt-K B 3
(4.) Q×B P, *Mate.*	

Here the king cannot take the queen because she is "guarded" by the bishop. Here is a very pretty mate in seven moves:

(*White.*)	(*Black.*)
(1.) P-K 4	(1.) P-K 4
(2.) P-B 4	(2.) P-Q 3
(3.) Kt-Q B 3	(3.) Kt-K B 3
(4.) Kt-K B 3	(4.) B-K Kt 5
(5.) Kt×P	(5.) B×Q
(6.) B×P, *check.*	(6.) K-K 2
(7.) Q Kt-Q 5, *Mate!*	

The giving up of the queen by white's fifth move is called a "sacrifice." Of course black should not have taken it, but should rather have captured the knight with his queen's pawn.

The last shall be a lively encounter between Captain Mackenzie and an amateur.

(*White.* Amateur.)	(*Black.* Capt. Mackenzie.)
(1.) P-K 4	(1.) P-K 4
(2.) K Kt-B 3	(2.) Q Kt-B 3
(3.) K B-B 4	(3.) K Kt-B 3
(4.) K Kt-K Kt 5	(4.) P-Q 4
(5.) K P×P	(5.) Q Kt-R 4
(6.) K B-Kt 5, *ch.*	(6.) P-Q B 3
(7.) Q 2d P×P	(7.) Kt P×P
(8.) K B-R 4	(8.) P-K R 3
(9.) K Kt-B 3	(9.) P-K 5
(10.) Q K 2	(10.) K B-B 4
(11.) Castles	(11.) Castles
(12.) K Kt-K 5	(12.) Q-Q 4
(13.) Kt×Q B P	(13.) Q Kt×Kt
(14.) Q Kt-B 3	(14.) Q-K 4
(15.) K B×Kt 3	(15.) Q B-Kt 5
(16.) Q-K sq.	(16.) B-K B 6
(17.) K B×R	(17.) K B-Q 3
(18.) P-K Kt 3	(18.) Q-K R 4
(19.) P-K R 4	

and Black announces "mate" in three moves. To do this will be an instructive problem for the amateur.

From an attentive consideration of these simple games it becomes evident that the game centres in the king. To strip him of defenders, gradually hem him in, and finally effect "check mate," is the purpose to be kept constantly in mind. The better to accomplish this the learner should observe the following maxims:

I. Play with the best possible players, accepting all the odds they will give.

II. Play always the "strict" game: i. e. always move a piece if you touch it, and never take back a move, or allow your adversary to.

III. Play very few games at a sitting.

IV. Look at each piece before you move to see whether it is attacked.

V. Picture to yourself the way the board will look after you shall have made the move in mind.

VI. Play on the supposition that your adversary will make the best possible move in reply. Do not reckon on his "not seeing what you are up to."

VII. Try to forecast the result of at least three moves ahead on each side; more if possible.

Such suggestions might easily be multiplied indefinitely; but these must suffice. There are

certain well-defined methods of beginning the game, called "openings," and "gambits"; and there are many instances of established forms of finishing a game when the number of pieces has been reduced to very few, called "Game Endings." These you will do well to study carefully from *Staunton's Handbook*, or some other standard manual, in which you will also find a large selection of illustrative games. One of the most fascinating books on chess is the little volume by Hazeltine, called *Brevity and Brilliancy at Chess*.

The language of Cicero concerning literary pursuits may without great impropriety be applied also to the knightly game of Chess — "the food of youth, the delight of age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and solace of adversity; a delight at home, and no hinderance abroad; a companion by night, and in travel, and in the country."

SUNGEI PAGU MALAYU: THE GOLD-BEARING LANDS.

(*Our Asiatic Cousins.*)

By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens.

We come now to an interesting group of our Asiatic Cousins, the Malays, Cochin-Chinese, Burmese, Cambodians and Siamese.

A glance at the map is sufficient to show us how these nations came to possess the countries where we now find them.

In that almost ceaseless onward march of the Aryan invaders, company after company must have sailed down the Ganges and the Brahmapootra, entered the Bay of Bengal, crossed and reached coasts where nature lays on all her colors with rich tones, where the palm comes down to meet the sea, and the air is full of melody, and where among its mineral treasures the finest tin, silver, gold, and no end of precious stones abound — the Aurea Chersonesus, or Golden Peninsula, of the ancients; among its forests are found the gutta percha, the camphor-tree, ebony and the exquisite Nipa palm; with those delicious fruits the durion and mangosteen, and no less than two hundred different kinds of rice; sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco, the tall slender areca palm, the wild climbing indigo, magnificent branching ferns, and glowing orchids, and where the nutmeg, clove, cinnamon and cardamon grow. In the depths of its forest wanders the white elephant, overhead among its branches the white monkey, also an albino like the white elephant, chatters and screams the livelong day; in its dense jungle grass stalks the beautiful penciled pheasant, the gorgeous bird-of-paradise, ruby-throated humming-birds, the dial bird, the rainbow-hued kingfisher, and huge butterflies of exquisite forms and colors; in its surrounding waters the famous mermaid is found whose Malay name, Dieyong or Deceiver, is corrupted in Natural Histories to Dugong.

These early Aryan invaders were soon followed by ever-restless hordes of Turanian nomads. Then again, about the third century B. C., large numbers of Buddhists, fleeing from their Brahman persecutors, took refuge in the northern and middle portions of the Golden Peninsula, and by their higher life and nobler religion so influenced all ranks and classes, that Buddhism became the religion of the land, and remained for fifteen centuries the dominant faith.

About the twelfth century of our era, the all-conquering Arab, with the flashing scimiter in hand and the cry, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!" on his fiery lips, appeared on the scene. Taking possession of several outlying islands and the best portions of the mainland, he called it Sungei Pagu Malayu, the Golden Lands of the Malays.

The most remarkable fact connected with this Semitic conquest is that the Arab — with his great physical prowess, his fiery imagination, his fanatical energy, his utter disregard for his own and his neighbor's life and his unshaken faith in a divine Providence — filled the minds of the savages, the semi-civilized Buddhists, and the Hindoos, with such awe that the teachings of the Moslem prophet triumphed not only over Buddhism and Brahmanism, but were accepted among the most savage islanders, where no other form of religion had ever before found favor.

This beautiful land, although known to the ancients as the Aurea Chersonesus, and described by the ancient Romans as the Regio Latrionum or Land of Pirates, possesses little historical record.

According to native writers the first permanent Arabian settlement was made at Singapoor or the Lion's City, about A. D. 1250 by a conquering people calling themselves Malayu. The city of Malacca was next founded on the southwest coast of the main land, whence they spread over different parts of the country, establishing everywhere purely piratical states, robbing, plundering, and converting at the point of the sword to Mohammedanism all the seafaring people of the adjacent isles.

This supremacy received a check in the advent of the great Albuquerque, the "Portuguese Mars," who reduced these piratical Malays to subjection, and held the city of Malacca until he had established the Portuguese power in the east.

From this time, 1511, these piratical states, opposed by the greatest naval power on one side and the Siamese on the other, remained much in the same condition, carrying on to the best of their ability plunder and rapine by land and sea, until in A. D. 1641 they were forced to yield to the Dutch, who, in their turn, gave way in A. D. 1795 to the English; and ever since the beautiful islands of Singapoor and Penang have been the great entrepôt of all the commerce of the east and the west.

The Malays are divided into three classes: Orang Benna, Men of the Soil; Orang Laut, Men of the Sea; Orang Malayu, The True Malay.

The Orang Benna are really the converted savages of the islands. The Orang Laut are the reckless daring sea-gypsies of the archipelago, who still live by plundering the junks and small craft that trade between these inland seas. The Orang Malayu, or Men of Habitations, are of purer Semitic stock than the two others, and far surpass them in civilization.

SOME MALAY NATIVES.

The Malay race has long been looked upon by ethnologists as an entirely independent division of the human family. But later research proves them a mixed race, related on the one hand to the Turanian, and on the other to the Semitic and Aryan races.

The pure Malay is of medium height, of a clear olive complexion, with a short round head, high cheek bones, slightly oblique eyes, small but not flat nose, dilated nostrils, large, well-shaped mouth, fine teeth, and handsome hands and feet. There are, however, some few tribes of the pure Malay stock, such as the Baltas, and Orang Kabu of Sumatra and Java, who are tall, robust, with fine regular features, symmetrical figures, clear light brown complexions, and fine wavy hair, thus showing a larger mixture of Aryan blood and they are therefore called the Indonesian races.

The pure Malay is by nature taciturn, little given to demonstrations of pleasure or pain, extremely courteous, exhibiting almost a romantic sense of chivalry and devotion towards their women and children, and great tenderness to their servants and domestic animals.

Slow to speak, and deliberate in action, a Malay is never too much elated by good fortune or too much depressed by bad luck; but when once roused he is capable of tremendous heights and depths of passion. Love, hatred, revenge, or pity, will stir him to such a degree that he seems suddenly as if possessed by some evil spirit, and so peculiar is its manifestation, that they call it *amök*, delirium. Under its influence a Malay acts like an infuriated monster; he rushes through the streets armed with his dangerous kris, to cut down and kill with incredible fury and without the least discrimination, whoever happens to cross his path. Strange to say, this fearful condition of mind is regarded with superstitious reverence as a divine madness inspired by Allah himself.

The Malay language, like the race, shows distinct traces of Mongolian, Aryan, and Semitic influence. In ancient times, it was written in the old Cambodian characters, and all the words used for trade, agriculture, social and religious rites, were borrowed from the Sanskrit. But after the Malay conquest, the Cambodian characters, introduced into the country by the early Buddhist missionaries, fell into disuse, while the Perso-Arabic alphabet and the Koran were adopted; and the introduction of vast numbers of Persian and Arabic words, with the literature of Arabia, have so enriched the Malay language, that it is now called the Italian of the East.

The manners and customs of the Malay races are curious. The educated among them conform more and more to the teachings of the great Bedouin prophet Mohammed; the husband enters the wife's family, and is called not by his father's name, but after that of his first-born child; and there is none other of our Asiatic Cousins who guard the family honor and good name with such jealous care.

The strangest of all the Indo-Chinese races, the ancient Gioa-Chi or Big-Toed Race is called in our geographies "The Anamese." This extraordinary people are about the ugliest and worst-built of all our semi-civilized Asiatic Cousins. They are much shorter than the Malays, darker skinned, with lower foreheads, less developed skull, a flatter nose, larger mouth, thicker lips, blackened teeth, gums often destroyed by the use of betel-nut, very prominent cheek and jaw bones, so that the face is lozenge shaped, short neck, shoulders sloping abruptly, and a see-sawing sort of gait when walking. But the most curious development of all is the big toe. It is very large, broad and flat; moreover the distance between that member of the foot and the other toes is so great that the Chinese so long ago as 2357 B. C. gave them the name of Giao-Chi or the Big-Toed Race.

This curious physical formation is such that it quite marks them from all other Asiatic peoples who walk barefooted; and strange to say, that though more than forty centuries have passed since this peculiarity was first noticed by Chinese travelers, and in spite of frequent intermarriages with other races, the Anamese have transmitted, without the least perceptible modification, this formation of the foot to their descendants to-day; which fact, according to some ethnologists, serves to prove that the Anamese are not descended from the mingling of indigenous races, but rather that they have existed for an immense period of time as a distinct and peculiar race.

However this may be, in a funny old Siamese legend, the origin of the Anamese race is attributed to the prayer of a pious Buddhist missionary, the sole survivor of a shipwrecked crew, who, finding himself cast on the beautiful coast of Anam, with no living creature in sight save

multitudinous flocks of wild geese, prayed the Addhi Karmâ, or First Cause, to change these wild geese into human beings, so that he might instruct them in the doctrines of the Buddha. Then and there the flocks swooped down at the feet of the suppliant, and were, in the twinkling of an eye, transformed into crowds of men, women and children, without a vestige of their former condition as web-footed creatures save the broad flat distended big-toe.

The Anamese are by nature an extremely indolent people, fond of ease, almost incapable of any deep emotions, and prone to all kinds of deceit and theft. They have great powers of mimicry and their chief delight is to mock, banter, and play off on one another the most startling practical jokes. Owing to their remarkable mimetic powers, they learn with wonderful facility, but are apt to forget as easily. They pay great respect to their parents, ancestors and superiors, and are devotedly attached to their native soil. It is the one deep feeling manifested by all alike, king, peasant and slave, and an Anamese has been known to pine and die from pure homesickness.

The Malays call them Orang Haram, or Unlawful Men, owing to their strange habits of feeding. They will eat fish, pork, frogs, snakes, cats, dogs, rats, tree worms, crocodiles and all kinds of roots and herbs. Their domestic life is of the simplest kind. There is little taste displayed in their houses, buildings or manufactures. But nature is very bountiful in Anam, and plants, grains and vegetables require very little help from the hand of man.

Buddhism and Roman Catholicism are the two great religions of Anam; but they are engrafted on the lowest forms of paganism. The worship of the python is everywhere practiced among the people, while the princes, nobles and more educated of the Anamese profess the higher and more moral doctrines of the great Chinese sage Confucius; and like the Chinese they bury their dead, and worship the manes of their ancestors.

The language of Anam appears to be a very ancient dialect of the Turanian family. It is composed of purely monosyllabic words, slightly varied by what may be called "tone"; thus the same word with a rising, falling, middle, acute or grave tone or accent, may be made to express entirely different objects or ideas.

It is nearly a century since the first treaty of alliance was signed between France and Anam. But instead of securing good will between these two nations, the alliance seems to have given birth to no end of strife, until finding that they could no longer withstand the higher discipline and military skill of the French soldiers, the Anamese signed, in 1874, a new treaty of peace, which has opened to the commerce of the world, two of the most important ports in Cochin-China, the freedom of travel throughout the length and breadth of the land, and perfect religious toleration to Hindoo, Buddhist, Fire-worshiper, Jew, Mohammedan and Christian alike.

CONCERNING CATS.

By Helen M. Winslow.

WHY does not some one write a "Vindication of Cats"? Essays and arguments going to prove the sagacity and intelligence of dogs are abundant enough; and stories illustrating these traits in our canine friends are almost daily subjects for conversation. But nobody seems to think it worth while to attempt to disprove the maligned character of the cat. Even people who think they love pussies join in the general opinion that cats are not sagacious or in any degree intelligent, and, worse still, that they are capable of no affection.

To be sure, there have been several books written about cats. Gordon Staples, an Englishman, wrote one some years ago about *The Domestic Cat;* and Jules Champfleury and Theophile

Gautier, two eminent French writers, have furnished such able defenses of the cat that nobody in France ought to be guilty of believing that cats are selfish, cold-blooded or cruel. But translations of their works do not abound in the juvenile literature of America, and probably few of our young people are familiar with M. Champfleury's ideal cat-character, or yet with Gautier's amusing accounts of the successive reigns of his cats, which he compares to the old Egyptian dynasties, telling us about the "white dynasty" and the "black dynasty," referring, of course, to the color of his quondam favorites.

In ancient Egypt the cat was considered almost sacred. According to Horapollo the cat was actually worshiped in the temple of Heliopolis as sacred to the sun, and he gives as a reason for such reverence the belief that the cat's eyes were regulated in their dilation by the height of the sun-god above the earth.

In ancient Egyptian pictures we find cats represented, too, as being fond of hunting not only for what we consider their legitimate prey, but going into the water and catching fish for sportsmen. Surely pussy was not quite so particular in those days about wetting her feet as she is now! As the cat is mentioned in records dating back sixteen hundred years before the Christian era, she has certainly had time to develop a good many traits of character since Egyptian hieroglyphics were first invented.

Plutarch, in his treatise on Isis and Osiris, says the female cat is an emblem of the moon, adding that her eyes "do enlarge and grow full at full moon, and diminish at the decline of the same." Some naturalists have said that cats have greater strength and more desire to wage war upon mice at the moon's full than at any other time.

The old reverence for cats seems to have lived a good while, and A. D. 1260 the Sultan of Egypt established "orchards" near his mosque at Cairo, the rental of which went for the support of homeless cats. These orchards he bequeathed to the cats of succeeding ages, and it is said to be an actual fact that, although they have been sold and resold, and become degenerated enough during the intervening ages, these orchards yield an income now of fifteen dollars a year, which sum is appropriated for the comfort of vagrant cats. One traveler who has a name for veracity tells us that in Cairo the hours between noon and sunset are given to prayer—and to the feeding of stray cats! Refuse meat is obtained from the slaughter houses, chopped fine, and distributed in the outer court of the Meh kémeh, when crowds of cats of all colors, sizes and degrees, come sliding, jumping, leaping, gliding and running into the court for their dinner.

Cairo is not, however, the only city which keeps up this custom, as the same thing is done in certain portions of Switzerland, and at a cloister in Florence, which is a sort of Home for neglected cats.

It was during the Middle Ages that cats fell into disrepute, and for several centuries we find no mention made of them in old documents, except in a slighting or superstitious tone. They were looked upon in the Dark Ages as diabolic creatures, fit only for the company of witches. They were burned with sorcerers, and sometimes with savants. Just why they were considered especial adjuncts of witches, when the Bible particularly classifies "dogs and sorcerers" together, is not easily understood. Neither can we reconcile the old belief that the devil borrowed the coat and form of the black cat when he especially wanted to torment his victims—a superstition that is held even now by some ignorant people — with the common saying that "A black cat brings good luck."

Humanity did not come to the rescue of the cat and bring her out from the shadow of ignominy that hung over her in mediæval times until A. D. 1618. At that time an interdict was issued in Flanders, prohibiting the ceremony of throwing cats from the high tower of Ypres, a festive act peculiar to Wednesday in the second week of Lent for many years.

After that, civilized people began to realize the virtues of domestic cats; and as kind treatment of animals is ever a mark of civilization and a refined nature, cats began to have a better time in the world.

It is said that only refined and delicate natures understand the cat; and look where you will, you will seldom find a really coarse, vulgar nature that is fond of cats.

Dogs and horses are our slaves; cats are not. This does not prove, however, that they are without affection as much as it does that they possess a dignity peculiar to themselves. Women, poets, and especially artists, recognize the delicacy of their nervous system and are most often the great friends of cats.

Some very noted writers have been devoted to cats. Lord Chesterfield was so fond of his that he left life-pensions to them and their descendants. Petrarch had a cat which he loved nearly as much as he did his Laura. Tasso left a charming sonnet to a cat. Cardinal Wolseley had his cat on a seat by his side while acting judicially as Lord-Chancellor. It is related that while Mohammed was concocting his system he kept his cat curled up in the loose flowing sleeve to his robe, claiming that the soft purring of the animal soothed him to meditation. And one day when the cat had fallen asleep, and Mohammed felt that he must go to work, rather than disturb Muezza, he took the scissors and cut off his sleeve. The nurses of Cairo tell the story to this day to their young charges.

Chateaubriand did very much to restore the cat to public favor, as he was a most enthusiastic lover of cats and wrote about them a great deal. Pope Leo XII., discovering his great fondness for them, presented him with a fine one, which he named Micetto, and which was afterward immortalized in his writings.

At the Quincy House in Boston, may be seen in the office an oil painting of an immense yellow cat. The first time I noticed the picture, I was proceeding into the dining-room, and while waiting for dinner, was amused at seeing the original of the picture walk sedately in, all alone, and going to an empty table, seat himself with majestic grace in a chair. The waiter, seeing him, came forward and pushed up the chair as he would do for any other guest. The cat then waited patiently without putting his paws on the table or violating any other law of table etiquette, until a plate of meat came, cut up to suit his taste (I did not hear him give his order!), and then placing his front paws on the edge of the table he ate from his plate. When he had finished, he descended from his table and stalked out of the room with much dignity.

I have a cat who always comes to the table with us, sits in her particular chair, and is too polite to ever think of putting her paws on the table. She has her saucer on the chair, however, and does not eat directly from the table like the Quincy House cat. The latter is regular to his meals, and although he picks out a good seat, does not always sit at the same table. He is, in appearance, something like the famous orange cats of Venice, and attracts much attention, as might be expected.

Theophile Gautier, among his numerous cats, had one who ate at table with him, and who talked and entertained his callers until her master made his appearance. I can readily believe him, as I had a cat who talked incessantly. One of her tricks was to get on the window-seat, outside, and demand to be let in. She was not always waited upon immediately, and when the door was finally opened to her, she would stop when half-way in, and scold vigorously. The tones of her voice and expression of her face were so exactly like those of a scolding woman that she caused many a hearty laugh by her vixenish tirades.

Gautier says that cats are philosophical; what else but philosophic speculation can they be indulging in when they sit curled up with eyes half shut for half an hour at a time? He says they are methodical; do we not all know how tenacious they are of their habits? He says they are the most orderly of animals; have we not all noticed how careful of their fur and how neat they are? One of my cats, like Gautier's "Seraphina," licks every atom of her fur until it shines, and regards herself with the utmost complacency. If any one touches or strokes her she immediately removes all trace of contact, and cannot bear, evidently, to be mussed. Like "Seraphina," too, this cat gives the idea of being an aristocrat, is fond of perfumes, and is really a duchess among cats.

Gautier says cats do not lightly bestow affection. Perhaps not, but they certainly entertain affection for human beings. My "Duchess" always comes to me when sick to be held and cared for, although unwilling to be fondled at any other time. She has moved from place to place with me, never evincing any homesickness or showing the least desire to go back to her former home. My friends say she would travel

all over the continent with me, and I really believe she would, as she is always perfectly contented where I am.

The "Duchess" is fond of the rest of the family too; and when we boarded in Boston could always tell when any of our family came in at the outside door, although she was kept in a front room upstairs. I could not tell when the front door opened whether any of my family or some other boarder had opened it — except as the "Duchess," then only six months old, used to rouse up from her nap in a big chair, jump down, and go to the hall-door to greet the in-comer. She never made a mistake and got down for the wrong person, or neglected to meet her own people. That may have been "instinct" and the "sense of smell," but I called it "sagacity."

When the "Duchess" was a year old she had some kittens. An accident happened to them, however, and they all died. The cat grieved herself sick, and dragged herself about after me with such an appealing look that in despair I went to the neighbors and begged a new-born kitten. This I carried back to her, and she received it with rapture, and for three days would not leave it day or night, even for her food. This may not seem so remarkable, but what followed proved her capable of both affection and gratitude.

Two weeks later I was ill one morning. The "Duchess" waited until past my usual hour for rising, and then came up to my room. Getting up close to my face she made some dignified demonstration of affection. "Now, Pussy," I said to her, "I am sick. When you were sick, I got you a kitten. Why don't you go and get me one?" The "Duchess" turned and walked away, disappearing down-stairs. But in less time than it takes to write it, she came back bearing her adopted kitten in her mouth, and deposited it in my neck, purring meanwhile, as if to say, "There! see what I've done for you."

I staid in bed two days, and she kept the kitten there during the time, putting it under the bedclothes when the sun shone in too strong for its eyes, but keeping it at the foot of the bed, outside most of the time, except when she wanted to go out of doors, when she brought it up and tucked it away close to my neck. When I recovered from my two days illness the "Duchess" took the kitten away from the bed to an empty bureau drawer and kept it there. Does not the incident show that she appreciated what I had done for her and desired to repay me?

The adopted kitten of the 'Duchess" grew up and had some pretty kittens of her own just at the same time the "Duchess" herself was rejoicing in some new pets. Not feeling an urgent necessity for so many cats, I left the "Duchess" but one, and "Bobbie's" kittens all died. The "Duchess" evinced the deepest affection for and sympathy with Bobbie, and evidently offered to share her one baby with the unfortunate mother. For at the present writing they are both tending and nursing the one kitten, who flourishes and waxes fat, not realizing any difference between his two mothers. It is truly a comical sight to see the two cats curled up in the bureau drawer where the "Duchess" always insists on keeping her kittens, with their one baby between them. They seem to be perfectly agreed as to the best methods of bringing up feline children, and show the greatest affection for each other as well as for the kitten.

One of my neighbors has a very intelligent cat who always eats with the family, never accepting food in the kitchen, but who goes there after she has finished her meal in the dining-room, and picks her teeth on the broom!

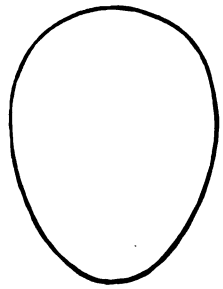
I am told of a cat who heard her master announce one evening that her six kittens must be drowned the next day. In the morning she came in behaving as if she had never seen or heard of such things as kittens, and the gentleman searched everywhere for them in vain. During the day, however, he heard from them at various of his friend's houses. The old cat had bestowed them on six different people who had expressed admiration for them!

"You must have that cat killed to-morrow," said my grandmother to my grandfather one day. "I can't have her around any longer."

The cat was sitting contentedly beside the hearth when she spoke, and immediately walked to the door to be let out. When the door opened she disappeared and never entered the house again, although she was heard from as having

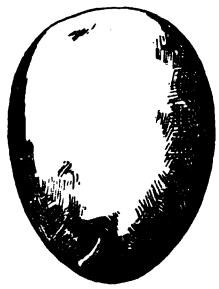
taken refuge with some people who lived on a farm two miles away.

Have I said enough to prove that cats are more intelligent than we give them credit for, and more fond of us than we realize? Knowing them as well as I do, I wonder that any one with any refinement and susceptibility can be cruel to cats.



THE OUTLINE.

THE PRESERVE JAR.



THE BLUE PLUM.

THE GRANDMA.

ONE OF THE ROGUES.

THE OTHER ROGUE.

INSIDE AN OUTLINE.

By Clara L. Knapp.

DID you ever realize how many different pictures can be made within *one outline?* Did you ever realize that mere outline without light and shade seldom represents anything in particular?

Let us take this simple outline, and see what we can make of it. It is of itself as like an egg as anything. We must be careful and not go beyond the outline with our pencils. Here is a *Jar.* I wonder what it contains! Oh! *Plums.* I suppose then that they are the blue plum preserves which Grandma put up with great care last fall; but here are her two grandchildren, Willy and Kitty, who have come to make Grandma a visit. *They* like plum preserves, and I am afraid from Grandma's sorry look that they have been meddling with Grandma's preserve jars.

Now can any one carry this story on still farther and illustrate it by this same outline?

POST AUGUSTAN LITERATURE.

(*Search-Questions in Roman History.*)

By Oscar Fay Adams.

221. Mention a noted epic poet of Spanish birth.

222. Name a satirist exiled by Domitian.

223. Name the most famous writer of epigrams.

224. What historian was made consul by Nerva?

225. What historian was exiled in the reign of Hadrian?

226. Who was the author of *Libri duodecim Institionis Orationæ?*

227. What philosopher was the preceptor of Nero?

228. What philosopher lost his life during an eruption of Vesuvius?

229. Of what was Marcus Aurelius the author?

230. Name a noted grammarian of the fifth century.

EARLY CHRISTIAN HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE.

231. Mention a noted bishop of Alexandria who died in 373.

232. Name his famous theological opponent.

233. Who was the most noted Bishop of Hippo?

234. What Bishop of Milan introduced the practice of chanting the psalms, a custom adopted from pagan ceremonies?

235. What public teacher was murdered at the instigation of Cyril of Alexandria?

236. What noted theologian was banished to Ethiopia at the instance of Cyril?

237. Who was Pelagius?

238. Where and when were the first six General Councils of the Church held?

239. What form of Christianity which sprang up in Constantinople about the middle of the fifth century is now the faith of the Coptic and Armenian churches?

240. When did the final separation between the Greek and Latin churches occur?

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

181. The Senate having been requested by the soldiers to name an emperor, they decreed that the army should do this. Eight months elapsed before the Senate concluded to choose an emperor.

182. Carus.

183. Maximian, Constantius and Galerius.

184. Alchemy.

185. In November, 303.

186. Ten years.

187. He abdicated the throne in 305 and spent the rest of his life in raising cabbages and other vegetables.

188. Maximian and his son Maxentius, Galerius, Licinius, Maximin and Constantine.

189. In 324.

190. The Council of Nice.

191. With aversion and horror as the destroyer of their faith.

192. The building of Constantinople on the site of Byzantium.

193. The prefectures of the East, of Illyricum, of Italy and of Gaul.

194. The legal profession.

195. Christianity.

196. By reason of the exorbitant taxes upon land, cattle and slaves.

197. The tax levy of each province.

198. In 328.

199. Crispus having excited the jealousy of his step-mother Fausta she persuaded Constantine that his son had conspired against his life and the emperor put him to death.

200. In one of Constantine's campaigns he is said to have had a vision of a cross in the sky and beneath it the words *In hoc signo vinces.*

TO THE REFECTORY THOUSAND.

INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

(*See article about "The Indian School at Carlisle," in* WIDE AWAKE *for March*, 1884.)

We publish on this page the names and contributions of the October section of the "Refectory Thousand"; we do it hoping and expecting that the November section will roll up a big increase. We ask each reader of WIDE AWAKE to take this business of a dining-room for the Indian school girl into his or her own charge *and push it.*

These little gifts of the WIDE AWAKE young people to the Indian children are not perishable presents. The givers are giving to future generations of the copper-colored race, and with their kind young hands helping to shape the destinies of whole families and great tribes; they are kindling in Indian breasts the vital sparks of thought, ambition, honor and virtue, desire for knowledge, love of home and love of decencies.

Every breakfast in the beautiful Ramona Hall will be a protest against the traditional meal of wild meat torn from the bone and eaten with the fingers in wigwam or open air. Every dinner of the quiet, well-dressed, polite assembly in our WIDE AWAKE Refectory will put to shame, in the minds of the Indian girls, the barbarous, noisy, disgusting feasts and rites of their tribes. The touching story of "The Little Captive Chief" in this number shows that the Indian nature, unused to Indians, recoils of itself against the native Indian; also that, uneducated, it will lapse back to barbarism. The account of an entertainment given by the Indian girls at Carlisle (see Miss Sparhawk's article in this number) shows the Indian schoolgirls abreast with the white schoolgirls, in spite of heredity.

A thousand boys and girls have not been invited to do so good a thing and so great a thing in any century before as to build this Refectory in Ramona School. The roll of the thousand names will be kept, no doubt, long beyond a hundred years. An untold number of Indian girls will read and remember them, and going home tell other Indian children in the far West dear stories of the Refectory Thousand, since, doubtless, many letters will pass between the Ramona schoolgirls and their young white benefactors, for the Book of Record to be placed in the dining-room will contain the name and full post-office address of every giver.

THE REFECTORY THOUSAND.

(*Money received up to October* 1, 1888.)

Clara Vail	$1.20	Thomas W. Pierce	1.00
Helen B. Tufts	1.00	Edith L. Johnson	1.00
"Rosalie"	1.00	"L. F. C."	1.00
Sallie M. Gay	1.00	"An American Girl"	1.00
Matawan, N. J.	2.00	Ernest P. Cox	1.00
"Jeanie"	1.00	Josie E. Merrick	1.00
Alice G. Ward	1.00	Bessie Holbrook	1.00
"M. E. H."	1.00	Caroline McDougal	1.00
Jennie M. Taylor	1.00	Hazel Kirkpatrick	1.00
Walter C. Yeatman	1.00	Homer A. Howell	1.00
L. M. Horton	1.00	Alice M. Howell	1.00
Edith Raymond	1.00	Laura Johnson	1.00
Eddie C. Pattersen	1.00	Mrs. D. A. Stewart	1.20
John W. Plumer	1.00	Sadie Stewart	1.20
A. Adella Myers	1.00	C. H. Cross	1.00
Rebecca Clarke Lindsay	1.00	Jennie Louise Mabie	1.00
Alice Goodwin	1.20	Y. P. Soc. Christian Endeavor, Cheshire, Ct.	4.00
Jere Lafflin	1.00	Helen L. Smith	1.00

(*Money pledged, ten cents a month, first month paid.*)

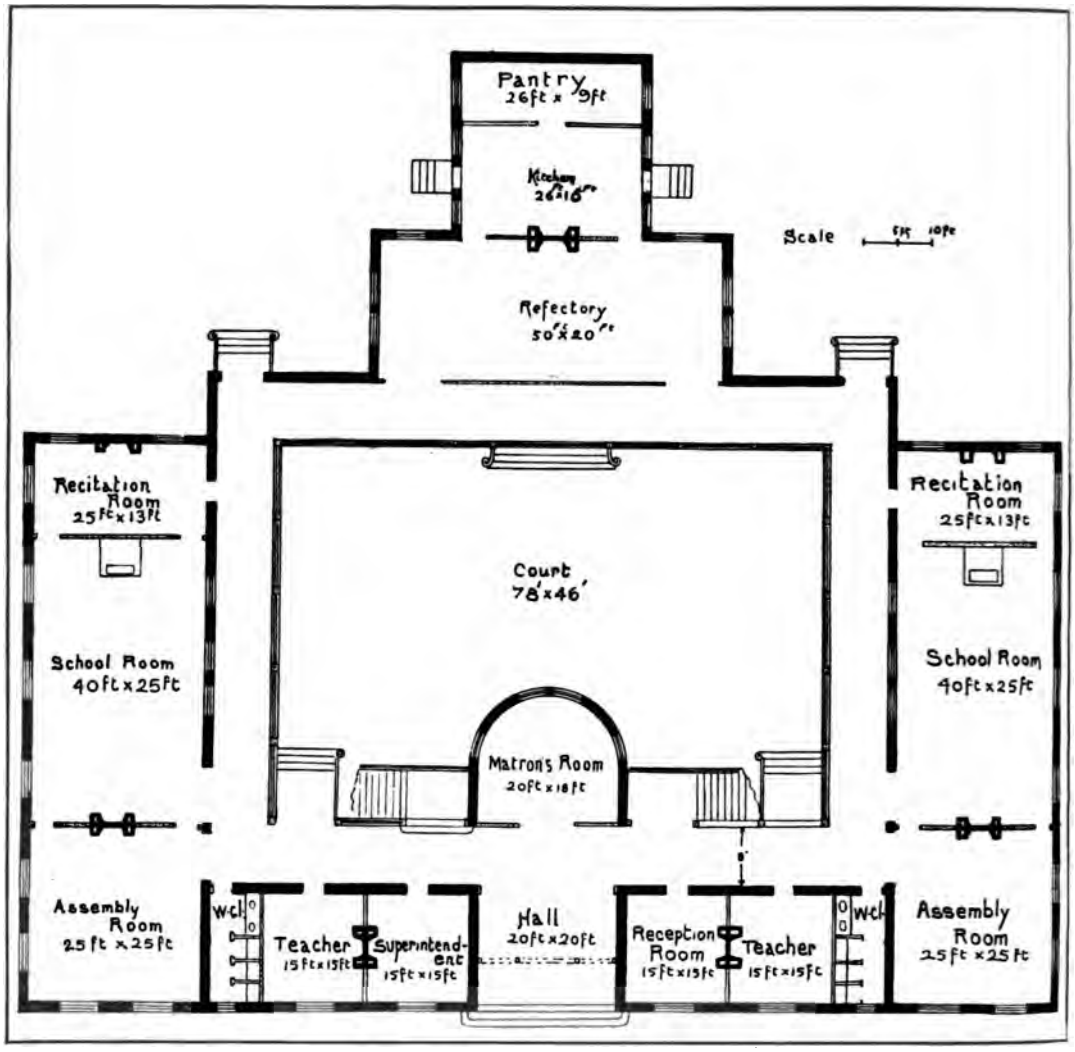
Genevieve Crampton	$ .10	Norman Leslie	10
Lloyd A. Frost	10	Patty Adams	10
Eugene Hunt	10	M. Virgie Wheadon	10
Elizabeth P. Lawrence	10	"T. E. W."	10
James Lawrence Jr.	10	Charles C. Waterman	10
"No Name"	10	L. M. Gillett	10
Richard Lawrence	10		
			$42.10

FIRST RAMONA SCHOLARSHIP BAND.

(*Fifty dollars gives an Indian Girl home, tuition, board and clothing one year in the Ramona School.*)

L. M. Horton	$1.00
L. F. C.	1.00
	$2.00

Many interesting extracts from letters will be given in the Christmas (*December*) *number of* WIDE AWAKE.



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN OF THE RAMONA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

(The above is from the design by Mr. Stanford White.)

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL TO DO.

(*See article, "The Ramona Indian Girls' School," on page* 213 *of September* WIDE AWAKE.)

THE friends of the Indian Girls and those who love "H. H." (Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson) for her noble books in behalf of the Indians — *Ramona* and *A Century of Dishonor* — have now resolved to build a monument to this great woman which shall forever celebrate her name and work — a Memorial Hall, which shall be used as a school for Indian Girls, and be known always as "Memorial Building, Ramona, Indian Girls' School." It will be built at Santa Fé, and belong to the University of New Mexico.

In the erection of this Memorial Hall we all wish to help.

Mr. Stanford White, one of the best New York architects, has made the design for the Hall and given it, as his share of the work. We have shown you a picture of it as it will look

when completed (page 218*) and you can see that it is a beautiful building for a tropical country. Rev. Mr. Ladd, the President of the University, describes it:

"It revives, in some of its most prominent features, the ancient cliff dwellings of New Mexico and Arizona, with its low tile roof, projecting vegas, its porticoes, and quadrangular structure around a spacious court. A portico surrounds this court, which may be inclosed in glass in cold weather for the preservation of plants that will usually fill its open spaces. The court will be about one hundred feet by eighty, and ornamented with flower plats, vines and walks around a central fountain. Opposite to the arched entrance in front will be the memorial room to "H. H.," projecting with bay windows into this court. The first floor of the main building, which will be one hundred and fifty feet long, including the front of the wings, is devoted to the hall, superintendent's rooms, reception and recitation rooms. In the wings are the school, matron and store rooms. The second story contains large dormitories, bath and wash rooms and teachers' apartments. The third story has work and exercise rooms, and small bedrooms for the older girls, and a large hall for music and general exercises. In the rear of the court a one-story building, containing the dining-hall, kitchen, laundry and other domestic rooms, incloses the quadrangle.

"The structure will be built plainly of red brick for the first story, brick covered with a warm colored stucco in the second, and brick with columns of tiles in the first upper portico, for the third. Red tiles will cover the roof, the windows will be arched with old style divisions and glass. The materials will be substantial but plain. The marked grace of the design will thus be increased by its adaptability to its uses for the Indian girls of the Southwest."

There will be room for one hundred and fifty Indian girls and their teachers and matrons. It will cost about $48,000. Money is now being pledged for the different rooms. The personal and literary friends of "H. H." have promised to build the "H. H." Memorial Room.

Let *our* work, readers of WIDE AWAKE, be to build the dining-room, which will be known forever as the WIDE AWAKE REFECTORY. Let us begin at once to provide the funds for our lovely gift to the Indian girls of whom Mr. Ladd has told us. Yes, let us begin. It is estimated that our dining-room will cost $1000.

The *Santa Fé Herald* thus describes the Refectory:

"In the centre of the court there is to be a fountain of appropriate design, surrounded by walks and flower plats. From the court on the south one enters the refectory. This is fifty feet in length, and as a dining hall will hardly be equaled in the Southwest for many years to come. The trim of the room is to be in native woods finished in oil. Panel work will take the place of the ordinary wainscoting, and will extend eight feet above the floor. The ceiling will also be in wood panels, the designs for which represent something very elaborate. The side of this room, facing the court, is almost entirely of glass, and during the winter season, when the enclosed porch is converted into one grand conservatory, one will look out upon a perfect field of floral beauty."

We invite one thousand of the WIDE AWAKE young people to pledge themselves to give *ten cents a month* for one year. This will just leave, as you can see, a slight margin for some dainty things we may like to place in the room after it is completed; perhaps we may be able to buy the tables, the linen, the silver and the china.

Who will be the first to help the Indian children? The names of the contributors shall appear each month in WIDE AWAKE.

A beautiful book with the names of the contributors will be placed in the Refectory, also a tablet commemorating the gift and naming the room. Mr. D. Lothrop has headed the subscription with a liberal sum for this purpose.

The "Refectory Thousand" shall be a company by themselves.

Other WIDE AWAKE Givers shall be divided into "Ramona Bands" to establish scholarships. $50 establishes a scholarship that, with the addition of a certain sum pledged by the U. S. Government, gives an Indian girl home, food, clothing and industrial and schoolroom training for one year, in the Ramona School. Every fifty givers of one dollar a year, or *two cents a week*, shall be enrolled and published as a "Ramona Band."

Members of the "Refectory Thousand" may send $1.00 complete, or *ten cents per month*, according to choice and convenience. All names and offerings will be acknowledged in the magazine.

Write "Ramona" in corner of all envelopes containing money or letters on this subject.

Address EDITORS OF WIDE AWAKE,
Care D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

*See September WIDE AWAKE.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.
MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *ten cents* in postage stamps to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

EIGHTH ANNUAL COURSE.

REQUIRED READINGS (SERIAL).

(*To begin in Wide Awake and Journal for Dec.*, 1888.)

I. A LONG LINE OF HILLS. By Prof. Frederick Starr of Coe College. A dozen geological chapters. Each complete in itself, and relating some interesting geological event. The twelve make a dozen wonder-tales. Prof. Starr is a popular instructor of young men. He is a young man himself. Chautauqua Young Folks are sure to like Prof. Starr.

II. COOKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Mrs. Sallie Joy White. Twelve papers. The best thing yet written on Manual Training. Introduces Mrs. Hemenway's successful experiment, in Boston, to the parents and public school children everywhere else. Makes the whole system easy and clear. These papers will bring about Cookery as a part of the regular school course in thousands of schools. Mrs. White is an able journalist of many years' experience, and has watched the experiment in Boston from the first step.

III. THE STORIES OF THE FAMOUS PRECIOUS STONES. By Mrs. Goddard Orpen. Twelve papers. There are about a dozen pearls, rubies and diamonds in the Old World that have played a great part in foreign wars and politics. The thrilling adventures of "The Great Mogul," "The Regent," "The French Blue," "The Black Prince's Ruby," are as romantic as the plot of a popular novel.

IV. WAYS TO DO THINGS. By various authors. These popular and practical papers will include various home pursuits, doings and pleasures. Diagrams and illustrations.

V. Miscellaneous articles specially suited to needs of the C. Y. F. R. U. will be given as space allows.

VI. SEARCH-QUESTIONS. By Oscar Fay Adams. A new series of Search-Questions will be given, and *book prizes* will be awarded for correct answers as heretofore.

REQUIRED READINGS (BOOKS).

A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II. By Edward Everett Hale and Susan Hale. A new volume of this delightful Series, describing the scenes and events of early New England history, etc. Illustrations.

POETS' HOMES. Volume II. By Arthur Gilman and others. Charming pen and pencil pictures of the homes and haunts of the poets and the poets themselves.

MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS. By Mary E. Bamford. Natural history told by the creatures themselves. For the youngest C. Y. F.'s but equally fascinating to the eldest.

PRICE LISTS.

I	WIDE AWAKE (Special price to members of C. Y. F. R. U.).	$2.25
	A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II.	75
	POETS' HOMES. Vol. II.	.35
	MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS	.60
		$3.95

Postage on books if sent by mail, 25 cents.

II	CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL	$1.00
	A FAMILY FLIGHT AROUND HOME. Part II.	.75
	POETS' HOMES. Vol. II.	.35
	MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS	.60
		$2.70

Postage on books if sent by mail, 25 cents.

No answers to Search-Questions can be credited later than the first day of the second month after the publication of the Questions.

Prizes can be awarded only to those Searchers who are Members of the C. Y. F. R. U., *and have paid their yearly dues* into the Secretary's office, Plainfield, N. J., and who are bona fide subscribers to either WIDE AWAKE or the JOURNAL, and have purchased the Required Books. *Where several members of a family answer the Questions for the month, and but one copy of the magazine and one set of the required books are taken by that family, one prize-book only can be sent to that family.*

Address answers to Search-Questions to Editors of WIDE AWAKE and JOURNAL, 32 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., with the words, "Search-Questions," on envelope.

Prizes will be awarded each month to those who send complete sets of answers as follows: For each complete monthly set, any 75c. book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash; for two complete monthly sets, any $1.50 book on D. Lothrop Co.'s Catalogue — and if a book of higher price is desired it may be had by forwarding balance in cash. Always specify the month for which prize is due. *Catalogues mailed free.*

Correct and complete answers have been received to the September Search-Questions as follows: Clara Lincoln, "X. Y. Z.," Minnie K. Green, J. Withrow, Annette M. Davis, L. Carwile, Byron, Ga. (*no name*), Lydia E. Dral, Jack Spaulding, Rebie E. Hill, Alexander G. McChesney, Mattie Ellis, M. B. Harris, Ethel May Adams, Kate Orgain, Mabel Ralph, H. S. Blackmar, Alice Reynolds, Clifford L. Reynolds, Beulah Green.

Incorrect or incomplete answers to the September Search-Questions: Mrs. S. S. Gilson, Charles W. Pettie, Walter C. Yeatman, J. E. Harnel, Clara Harkness.

Additional correct and complete answers to August Search-Questions: H. S. Blackmar, Alice M. Morgan, R. M. Byam, Clara L. Cutler, Susie E. Houghton, M. B. Frye, Helen L. Bacheller, Annette M. Davis, E. J. Kimball, Rebie E. Hill, Clifford L. Reynolds, Clifford B. Daniels, Mary E. Drew, Clara Lincoln, "X. Y. Z.," Nellie Ward, Edward M. Moore, Ethel May Adams, Frank R. Parker, M. H. Lindsay, Josie Green.

Additional incorrect or incomplete answers to August Search-Questions: Winona Parker, Dora Barstow, Marian H. Lamson, Walter C. Yeatman, Jack Spaulding, Beulah Green, Kate D. Orgain, "Clarissa," Katharine L. Wright.

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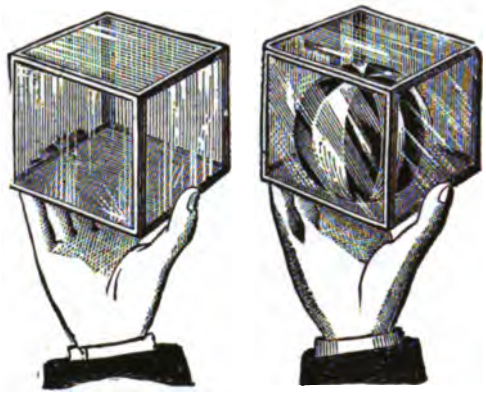

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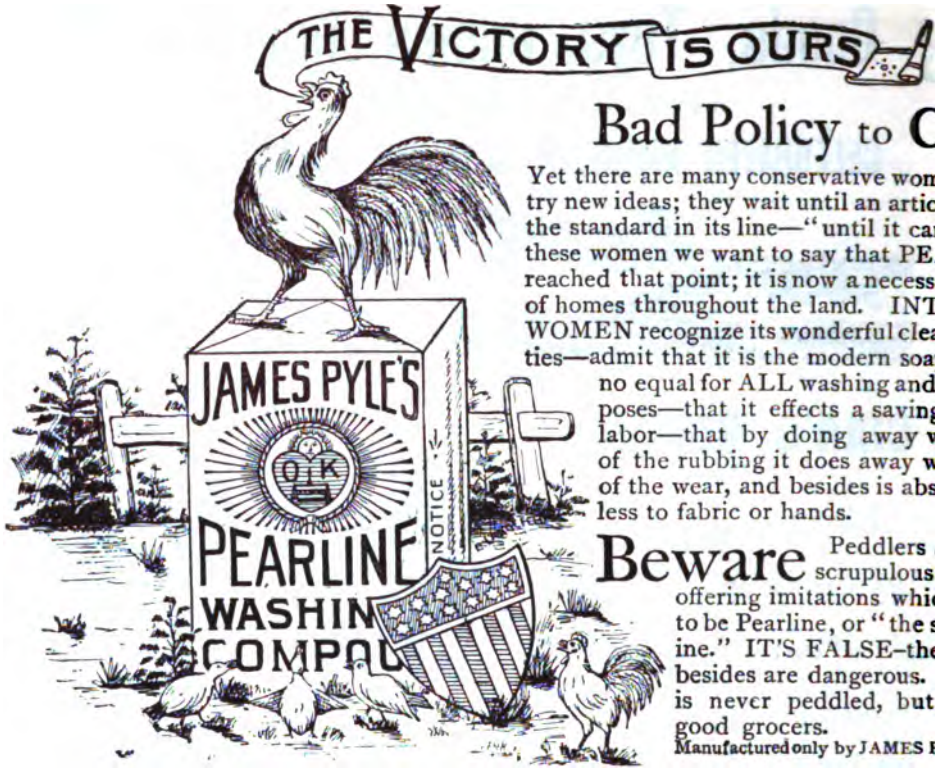

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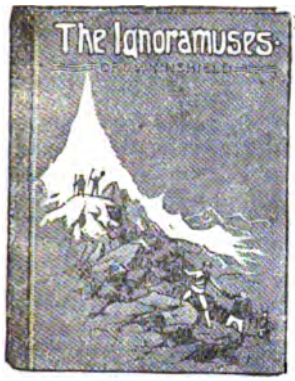

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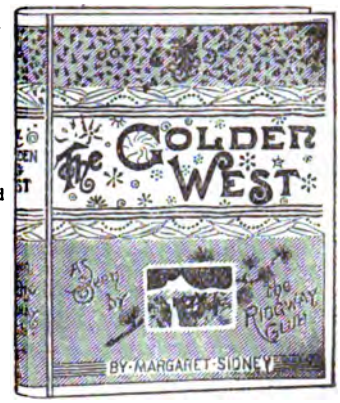

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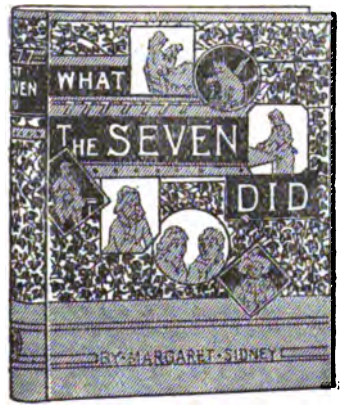

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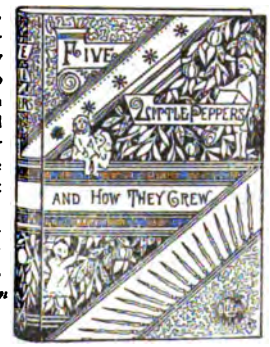

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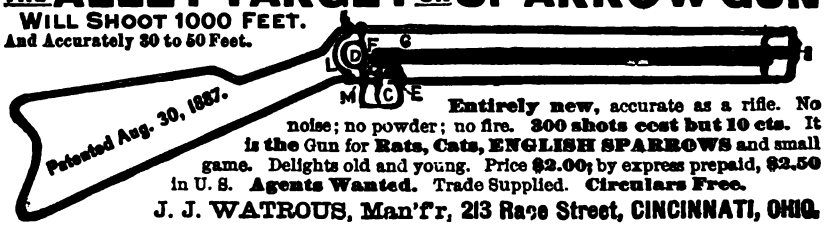

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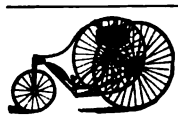

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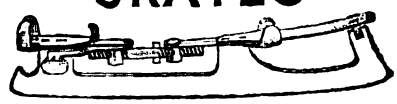

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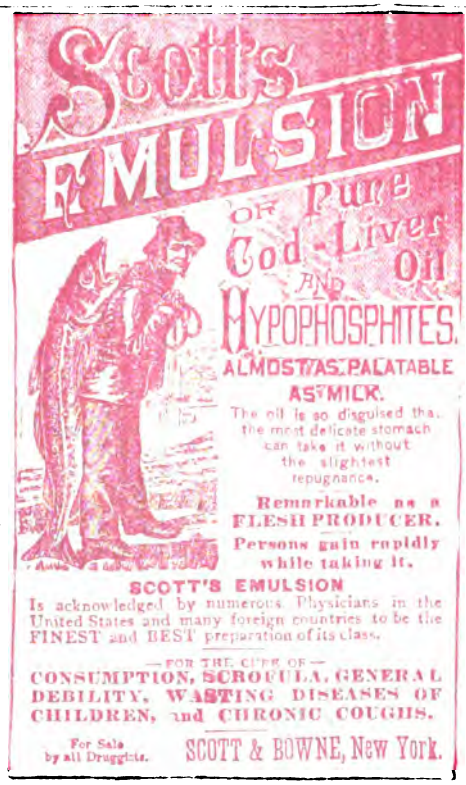

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